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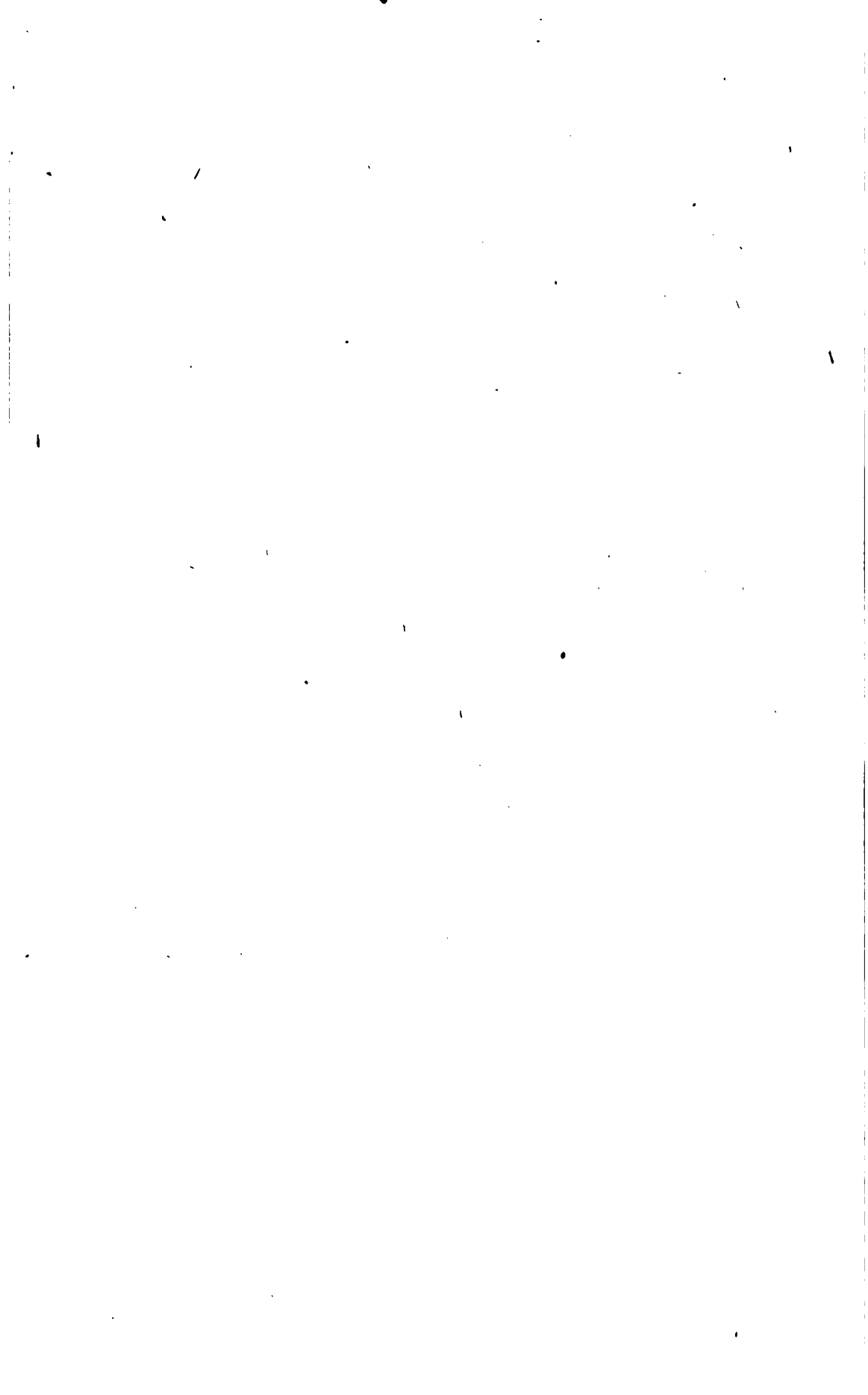
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THE

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

VOLUME XXXVI.

OCTOBER, 1845, AND JANUARY, 1846.

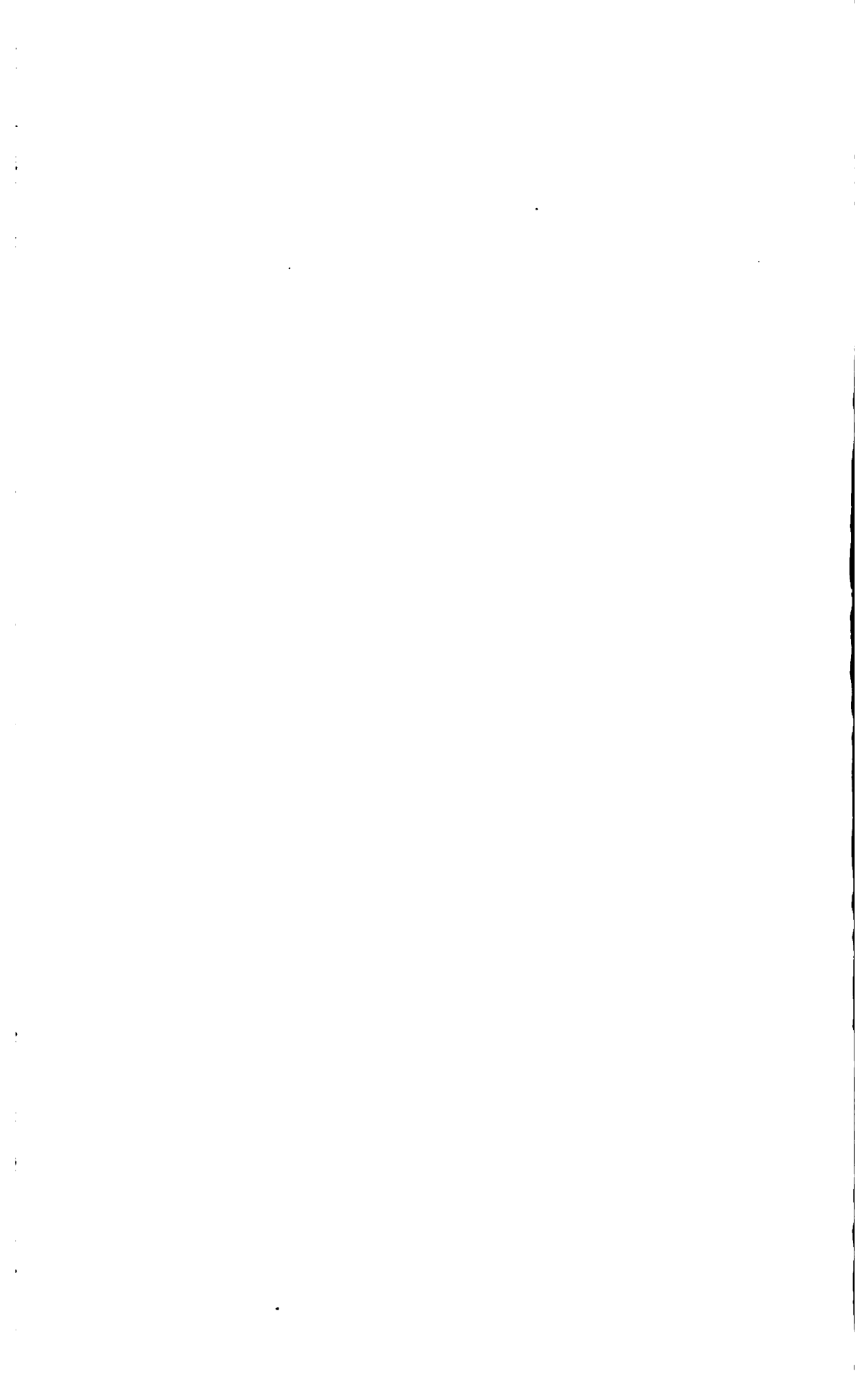
AMERICAN EDITION.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

112 FULTON-STREET.

1846.



THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. LXXI.

FOR OCTOBER, 1845.

- ART. I.—1. *Napoleon im Jahre 1813; politisch-militairisch geschildert.* (Napoleon in the Year 1813, viewed as a Politician and a Soldier.) By CARL BADE. 4 small vols. Altona. 1839, 1840, 1841.
2. *Geschichte des Deutschen Freiheitskriegs.* (History of the German Liberation War, from 1813 to 1815.) By Dr. FREDERICK RICHTER. 4 vols. 8vo. Berlin. 1838-40.
3. *Manuscrit de 1813.* Par le Baron FAIN, Secrétaire du Cabinet à cette Epoque. 2 vols. 8vo. Second Edition. Paris. 1825.
4. *Portfeuille de 1813.* Par M. DE NORVINS. Paris. 1825.
5. *History of Europe.* By ARCHIBALD ALISON. Vol. IX. Edinburgh. 1841.
6. *The Fall of Napoleon.* By Colonel MITCHELL. London. 1845.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, measured by the highest standard, was great only as a soldier. A great MAN certainly we cannot call him, who, in the very outset of his career—in the Venetian business—acted in direct contradiction, or rather in lordly despite of those laws of truth and justice, the capacity to recognize which distinguishes man from the brute, far more certainly than any superiority of merely intellectual endowment: and a great KING, or ruler, he could never be, who, in endeavouring to influence human beings, never appealed to any positive passion more noble than vanity, and whose chief reliance was on the purely negative affection of fear. The heathenish old Romans were bad enough, as we see them; and, perhaps, were Etruscan, Volscian, Samnite, and Carthaginian historians extant, might appear much worse; but their maxim,

“Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos”—
“To spare the yielding, and to crush the proud”—

was a fair enough one (if indeed it existed anywhere except in Virgil's brain) for a nation of heathen soldiers to acknowledge. Bonaparte, however, in that truly diabolical transaction of Venice, acted altogether upon the reverse of this maxim,

“To spare the strong man, and to crush the weak;”

and in so doing at the early age of twenty-seven years, not under any foreign influence, but from the pure dictate of his own gigantic selfishness and despotic baseness, proved himself to be utterly destitute of all those higher qualities of soul, which, in the pages of Plutarch and Quintus Curtius, teach us to overlook the necessary harshness of the soldier in the generosity of the man, and the nobility of the hero. Napoleon was purely a soldier; on the ladder of battles he mounted to his throne; his sceptre was a marshal's baton; his laws were the laws of the sword; and the fruit of his decennial supremacy to France was, after a short fever of military excitement, lassitude and exhaustion from within, from without the hatred and the execration of all Europe. So vain was the attempt to transform the purely military principles of force and fraud, battle and stratagem, into habitual maxims of civilized government. To do so was in fact to establish, so long as it could last, a system of uninterrupted war, to proclaim the soldier the supreme arbiter of all human fortunes, to say that the word Right (not to speak of love and kindness) was to be altogether blotted out from human language, and from human

thought. Such a portentous attempt, like that of the Giants against Jove in the old fable, could not but fail. With all its breadth of outward projection, and greedy vastitude of clutch, it was in fact a thing essentially hollow, and intrinsically little. Napoleon the great soldier, the strong arm of revolutionary France, aspiring to be the political heart and the brain of Europe, proved himself to be nothing as a man, and, as a king, a Titanic phantasm. It was discovered that the will of nations could not be puffed aside always unceremoniously, in the same fashion that the Paris mob was in 1795, by a whiff of grape shot; and the fall of the strong continental despot in the year 1813 at Leipzig (for it was there rather than at Montmartre or Waterloo that he truly fell) proved to the world for the hundredth or thousandth time on a great scale, that man is essentially a moral being, and by moral influences alone can permanently either govern or be governed.

But though Bonaparte was little as a man, and hollow as a sovereign, we are not, therefore, to overlook the political and civil element in forming an estimate of his actions. If he was a soldier more than a king, he was an ambitious soldier; and an ambitious soldier will always subordinate the technical accuracy of his campaign to his prospects of, through victory, achieving, in the first place, military, and with that, among a military people, and in a revolutionary age, as a natural consequence, civil command. The peculiarity of Napoleon's character, indeed, seems to lie in this, that, from the very first, he acted on the principle that the soldier was not merely bound to obey, but entitled to command the state, whose safety he pledged; hence he took into his own hand, not only the strategics of the campaign—which he was perfectly entitled to do, but the conditions of the peace: Campo Formio was as much his work as Rivoli. By an overwhelming instinct, he at this early period, anticipating his future destiny, identified the soldier with the government; and it is only by bringing this, his double character, to bear upon every particular moment of his future fortunes, that a proper estimate can be formed. No greater error, therefore, can possibly be than to take any one of his famous campaigns, and judge it purely on military principles. It may be, perhaps, that his first Italian campaign will suffer little or nothing by such an analysis; but certain we are, that Napoleon the Emperor, in 1806, 1809, and 1812, acted on principles, about which Napoleon the General of 1796, with all his brilliant and confounding rashness, might have hesitated. And above all in the

critical year of 1813, when, after the fatal precipitation from Moscow, so much depended on the maintenance before Europe of an imposing political attitude in Germany, we shall not be surprised, if any judgment passed upon the memorable campaigns of Lützen and Leipzig, from a purely military point of view, prove insufficient and unsatisfactory. Here, if anywhere in his portentous career, a careful balancing of contending military and political motives is necessary to a just appreciation.

That the campaign of 1813, in Germany, is beyond all comparison the most important, the most instructive, and the most interesting of all those in which Napoleon was engaged, will be manifest upon the slightest consideration. The celebrated Italian campaign on which the admirers of the brilliant soldier delight to dwell, was a master-piece of combined nimbleness and vigour that strikes the merely military imagination with an effect truly electric; but there is a uniformity about the strategic progress of the young conqueror, which leads us to suspect that he owes his astonishing success as much to stupidity, indecision, and division of counsels in his adversaries, as to his own unquestionable genius; and for moral and political interest there is absolutely nothing, and worse than nothing; an audacious young hypocrite with a few sounding phrases about liberty and glory, but who believes only in grape-shot, making use of the unsuspecting enthusiasm of one party, and the vacillating weakness of another, to work out objects of the most pure, gross, and unpalliated selfishness. In the future German wars, again, we lose even the one military point which, in his first great campaign, forces sympathy from the most unwilling heart; we see no longer the animating spectacle of an unassisted adventurer triumphing again and again over superior masses, by sheer boldness of conception, and celerity of movement; but we see, as at Ulm, in 1805, a mouse taken in a trap by a rat-catcher, which is no wonder; or, as at Jena, in 1806, a congregation of feeble, vain-glorious lordlings and superannuated aristocrats, having their beards plucked, their teeth pulled out, their ears cropped, and their bare bodies publicly flogged by a bold bravo with a club. In these two wars, if the military interest is little, the moral interest is less; for the conqueror, there can be no sympathy with those who believe that Christianity put an end for ever to the *rights* (if it ever had any) of the sword; for the conqueror, as little with those who feel that a government which trains its people to be mere machines, has no right to be astonished when mere ma-

chines—in the shape of guns and cannon-balls—get the better of them. Nay, even where, as in the campaign of 1809, over which, the chivalrous genius of Stadion, and the soldiiership of the Archduke Charles presided, the Austrian wars, for once, assume a popular and a decidedly moral character—what a sad interest is it to find such days of heroic devotion as Aspern and Wagram, followed up by the weakness and pusillanimity which dictated the peace of Vienna in 1809, implying as it did the treacherous abandonment of the heroic Tyrolese, and the degradation of the imperial family, by a political marriage of which the baseness could be equalled only by the futility? The campaign of 1813, therefore, stands prominently forward, among all the German campaigns of Napoleon, as the only one, in which the immense military energy and concentrated political activity of the French ruler, had to struggle with not unworthy forces, on a fair field, and with a tremendous moral interest. Scharnhorst and Gneisenau were men of the highest order of military intellect that thoughtful Germany could produce: to these were added the French experience of Bernadotte, who, if he might reasonably be a little backward to strike blows against his ancient country, could certainly say how others might most efficiently strike them; and to put the designs of such men into execution with more eagerness than they could plan them, there was always at hand, the fiery enthusiasm, the determined pertinacity, and the hard-hitting energy of Marshal Blücher. Napoleon, therefore, that he might look for some exhibition of hereditary clumsiness from the Austrians, when they had joined the contest was counting without his host if he expected in Lützen and Bautzen from the Prussians only a repetition of the strategic blunders that, as much as his own genius, had brought about the double prostration of Jena and Auerstädt; and much more did his vain military conceit and despotic contempt of others deceive him, if he imagined that any sublime talk about French glory and honour, and fuming denunciations against Prussian defection, revolt, treason, and anarchy, were moral forces of any available weight, when set against the sworn determination of a once divided brotherhood to agree, and an insulted people to be avenged. Great truly were the forces, military and moral, strategical and political, now combined against the conqueror; but, on the other hand, his genius was undiminished; the forces at his command superior to those with which he had gained his first laurels in Italy; his control of these forces altogether despotic; and now at length on

her great central battle-field of Saxony, Europe was to witness a mighty struggle, not as before of military genius with military mediocrity, of energy with weakness, of decision with vacillation, of audacity with timidity; but of material might against moral might, of soldiers against citizens, of a conqueror against the nations. On the issue of this struggle the decision of the most important question in our modern social state depended. Is it possible, and *how* is it possible, for civilized nations at the present day to save themselves from being ridden over, trampled down, quartered and cut in pieces, at the pleasure of any mere conqueror, after the fashion that Asia and Africa were in ancient times by Alexander the Great?

In endeavouring to gather from the campaign of 1813, an answer to this momentous question, our principal aids, hitherto, have been imported from France;* and it is needless to say that, had our strong feelings and interests not served as a constant counteracting principle, we should have gathered little military instruction on such a point, from such a quarter, and in the name of morality, for the most part mere hallucination and jugglery. The French, indeed, of the present age, are morally speaking incapacitated for writing the history of the war of 1813, for many reasons,—First, as they are men, it were hard to see what strong motive they could have for dwelling curiously over the story of their own greatest crimes and misfortunes; such a history it is not their business to write, so much as to use when written; and if they do write it, as they have done in several shapes, the chance is, it will be more with the view of excusing than of explaining their faults; more to show by what a strange conspiracy of untoward circumstances Napoleon was accidentally overthrown, than by what a pig-headed persistency in gross fraud and ambitious folly he overthrew himself. This is human nature, that Frenchmen in the year 1845 should think and write so of Napoleon Bonaparte; nothing more; and this is all the criticism that a sensible man requires to make on many thick-strewn passages, or rather on the whole slavish, puerile, foolish, or extravagant tone, of such works as those of Fain and Norvins; but when, beyond the mere weaknesses of frail mortality, we take into account the peculiar faults and follies of French nature, so far

* We think we are not mistaken in saying, that the vigorous and spirited work of Colonel Mitchell is the first in this country, which has displayed an extensive knowledge of the best German authorities on a subject so essentially German.

from being astonished at much of the perverseness of their judgments on the great events of 1813, we wonder rather that among the many interested witnesses, one and the other should have been found, who could speak on these overpowering events, *sine ira et studio* comparatively, more like a man than a Frenchman, and more like a philosopher than a man. Such, for example, is Labaume, who, so early as the year 1820, in his introductory observation, to the 'Fall of Napoleon,' speaks of the catastrophe of 1813, in a tone of manly candour, dispassionate clearness, and classical chasteness, which contrasts very favourably with the superficial tinsel and false excitement of the later authors just named. Even Labaume, however, as a Frenchman and a soldier, cannot shake himself free from the magic of Napoleon's name. For, as Norvins very truly observes, though a foreign reader might rest content with a purely historical judgment on that great Epos of recent history, '*le lecteur Français, qui aime à rester sous le charme d'une grande mémoire, veut de plus un jugement sur Napoleon. Il a besoin de connaître celui auquel il a obéi vingt ans. Personne ne veut renoncer à ses souvenirs; ce serait abjurer sa vie passée.*' Alas, for the poor Frenchman! it is indeed a sad retrospect; these twenty years of glory, shall we say, or of shame? if it be of glory, well; but if of shame, then, however French vanity may wince, the reminiscences of that shame the sinner must forget before he can become a saint; the foolish man must abjure his past life, before he can become wise; and the charm of a grand memory must be broken—the nimbus of a false military glory dispelled—before any Frenchman can form a sound judgment of Napoleon, or of the year 1813 which saw his fall.

The fact of the matter, indeed, is, that except in the way of purely military and diplomatic detail, as furnishers of the raw material, the French have nothing to do with the subject; for wanting the true inspiration, which is German, they must either write without inspiration and become stupid, or write with a false inspiration and become absurd. No man, be he ever so clever a poet, can write an epic poem, without sympathizing with the character of the hero; and the hero of the great European epos of 1813 was not Napoleon in any sense, but the GERMAN PEOPLE, and Marshal Blücher. Or if you will have the Frenchman to be the hero of this truly German epos, he is the hero, not as Achilles is in the 'Iliad,' or Ulysses in the 'Odyssey,' but as Satan is in 'Paradise Lost;' a hero to strike terror and fear, and in a certain

subordinate sense to be admired, but above all things to be heartily hated, and in the ultimate catastrophe to be damned. To the Germans, therefore, who, of all European nations, have the best right to hate Napoleon heartily, and damn him unconditionally, the literature of his final precipitation belongs; and we proceed now to inquire shortly how they have executed their task.

Of the two works which stand at the head of the present article, the one is a strategico-political statement and explanation of the campaign by a close-reasoning Prussian soldier, and the other a detailed history of the same by an accurate, honest, and judicious civilian. The first, for impartiality of tone, comprehensiveness of view, closeness of investigation, and justness of military and political judgment, is in our view, a perfect master-piece; a work of which any nation might be proud, which perhaps no nation, but philosophic, and scientific, truthful and cosmopolitan Germany could produce. This is the opinion also, as we are glad to see, of that highly intelligent English soldier, Colonel Mitchell: though our readers must not suppose that the Prussian officer of artillery is at all inspired with the polemical and almost persecuting hatred of Napoleon, which so characteristically distinguishes the Englishman. The German is as cool as a judge; he does not, on the one hand, call in the 'genius of Napoleon,' as a *Deus ex machina*, on all occasions to explain things with which it has nothing earthly to do; but as little does he show any desire to deny, or undervalue that genius; you feel at every step of his great arbitration, that he is perfectly just; his award falls indifferently on either side as the plain and unvarnished evidence may dictate: and if, in the end, the strong criminal is condemned, the impartial spectator feels that he stands self-convicted, that no indecent note of exultation is lifted over his fall, and that not even a jury from Heaven could have tried the case of the French invader with more patient and conscientious scrupulosity than he has received at the hand of a Prussian soldier, and a German gentleman.

Of Herr Richter's work again, though the same absolute and philosophical impartiality cannot be predicated, yet on the whole we may say, that the tone is moderate and gentlemanly; that, though perfect justice is not on all occasions done to the French, nor the bungling of the allies (where they do bungle) castigated with due severity, yet he is perfectly free from those foolish exaggerations and vain-glorious exultations, which make Norvins and the Bonapartists on all possible occasions so lamentably ridiculous. The Germans, indeed, are plain honest men in

general : and in this particular matter they have no occasion to resort to those vulgar devices of sounding rhetoric, and dazzling 'sophistry, which are unfortunately as familiar as they are necessary to the French. The German cause of 1813, being accurately and distinctly stated, is proved.

With all this, however, it is, we fear, but too plain, that no German writer of high historical genius has, as yet, applied himself in a worthy manner to this worthy theme ; no writer that has handled this particular epoch with the same manly independence, vigorous sympathy, and decided historic talent, that so favourably distinguishes Menzel's general 'History of the Germans.' The reason of this also is obvious ; and the blame lies with the Prussian government plainly, not with the German people. That government, as all the world knows, after rousing the whole population to arms, in 1813, with the war-cry, not of national independence merely, but of liberty and constitutional rights, and by this means restoring the monarchy, suddenly fell back into its old slavish system of military despotism, and basely betrayed that generous people, by the pouring out of whose blood the national existence was secured. The consequence has been, that freedom of speech, and, with that, political literature in Germany, has, as we have so often had occasion to lament, since 1819, ceased to be, and those biographical and personal details of great statesmen and warriors, which give flesh and blood, and a human interest to history, either do not exist in an accessible shape, or, where they do exist, may not be used. How lamentable, in this view, is the following statement in the preface to Herr Richter's second edition : 'In Germany, we want altogether biographies of the princes and generals, which, being drawn from authentic sources, might reveal their share in the course of public events, whether in the cabinet or in the field, in the same manner that the secret springs of Napoleon's proceedings lie open to us in the political memoirs of the French. In place of such, we have mere external sketches, as of Kaiser Franz and Prince Schwarzenberg, which instead of throwing any light on the doubtful points of the war, are nothing better than mere compilations from those military histories whose defects they ought to supplement.' Such a state of things, in an intelligent country like Germany, is an insult to the national understanding, and ought not to be tolerated.

The campaign of 1813, in its gigantic development, naturally divides itself into two parts, of which one is exactly the opposite of the other. It is, in fact, when compared

with the common course of Napoleon's wars, not one war, but two ; the first presenting again the type of an impetuous and overwhelming offensive, with superior masses, already exhibited in 1809, and the other being mainly defensive, with inferior masses, from a central and stationary position. So far, therefore, as strategics are concerned, there is a variety and richness of attitude here, which you seek for in vain even in the famous Italian campaign ; and for diplomatic and political views, we have the interlude of an armistice, *not* followed by a peace (a rare thing in Napoleon's campaigns), from which the most interesting conclusions may be drawn as to the character and policy of this most audacious and highly-gifted adventurer. The dates are as follows :—

1. Successful advance and progress of Napoleon ; Lützen, Bautzen ; from April 15th to May 30th.

2. Armistice and Negotiation, from June 4th to August 12th.

3. Struggle and prostration from this last date, to October 18th, the last of the terrible three days at Leipzig.

When the rash and inconsiderate invasion of Russia, in 1812, was followed by what some sagacious men, even at its outset, foresaw as its natural result, the headlong precipitation from Moscow, all the world, except a few profound thinkers, and sanguine patriots, were willing enough to believe the bulletin of the emperor, which proclaimed, to soothe the offended vanity of the Parisians, that the elements only, the fire from earth and the snow from heaven, had been able to achieve the overthrow of their darling Invincible. People did not, and perhaps could not, see then, as they may see now, that the same precipitous haste and reckless audacity which had made Napoleon's fortune, among a conclave of timid and wavering aulic councillors, in 1797, might and must, even without the help of snow and fire, be the certain cause of his ruin, so soon as it should be met by a steady and dogged resistance on the part of a patriotic PEOPLE. This steady and dogged resistance old Kutusoff, with his Muscovites, was the very proper man to oppose ; and had Napoleon's memory not deserted him habitually, whenever wisdom rendered it necessary to form a just measure of his adversary, he might have brought with him from Tilsit, in 1807, one or two wholesome Eylau reminiscences, that he was about to deal with an enemy that would not likely be paralysed by one brilliant stroke, or even two, of a '*grande bataille*.' Still, whatever might have been the fate of Napoleon in Russia without the fire (for the snow must have

come, and ought to have been expected); and however wise the wary old Muscovite was, in not insisting upon wasting his energy in doing that which the elements were doing for him; his Fabian policy certainly enabled the French soldier to say, without boasting, that he had never yet been beaten by the Russians, never yet by anybody (for Aspern was a passing disaster) in the field. Smolensko, and the Borodino, and even the horrors of the Beresina, proved the soldier-ship of the French, in 1812, as heretofore, to have been irresistible. The weak point, indeed, in Napoleon's generalship, the instability of his towering strategics,* had been revealed to the wise; but the masses know nothing of strategics; they judge of soldier-ship only by battles; therefore, the snow and the fire might justly bear the whole blame, and Napoleon still be deemed, and not without specious reason, the invincible. To confirm this public opinion, accordingly, was the first and paramount necessity with Napoleon. '*Coute qu'il coute*,' Richard must mount the war-steed again, and make peace only, after one, or perhaps two bloody battles, which, though they were merely so much murder, unless followed by results, might, nevertheless, be sounded through Europe as 'glorious victories,' which brightened again the 'dulled sheen of the military '*prestige*,' and confirmed the wavering faith of all who had any misgivings as to the profoundness of the military philosophy of the Russian bulletin. And truly one cannot help admiring the imposing attitude which the baffled invader contrived to assume within three months of his terrible downfall.

Thirty thousand men was the utmost that Eugene could collect out of the half million that accompanied the modern Xerxes upon his march to destruction; yet, on the 1st of May, 1813, only a few days after the Cossacks had passed the Elbe, the routed captain was again on the banks of the Saale, as eager as ever on the offensive, boasting that he would launch a '*coup de tonnerre*' on those hordes of uncircumcised Tartars and Jacobins, and scatter their thick-drifting hosts like hail before the wind.† On the evening of the 1st of May, he found himself quartered in the village of Lützen, hard by that very Stone of the Swede, where Gustavus Adolphus, the Christian champion of a Christian cause, had fallen, in the year 1632. On this day he had had a sharp skirmish with the vanguard of the allied forces under Winzingerode, no less eager than himself to strike the first blow; but taking no warning

from this circumstance, and continuing to believe that the enemy would retreat before him, make some false movement, and fall into an obvious trap, he, in perfect consistency with that blind rashness and vain confidence, which had always characterized him, dashed forward eagerly on the road to Leipzig, and was within view of that city, when suddenly a sound of great guns was heard from behind, and eager messenger on messenger came spurring up with the news—We are attacked!—the enemy is on our flank, and threatens our rear!—we shall be cut in two! It was only too true; with his troops in a long line of march, between twenty and thirty miles from the rear to the van—in the known presence of the enemy—the greatest general of the age had been surprised, out-manceuvred, and out-generated (as Wellington was not at Waterloo), 'caught,' as Norvins honestly says, '*in flagrante delicto*;'* put, in short, in a position where he could be saved no longer by his own skill, but only by the obstinate valour of his soldiers, or the blundering execution of his opponent, or by accident, or by all the three. He had, in fact, only one course open; retreat, under such circumstances, would have been equally ruinous and disgraceful. He could only stand still where he was attacked, and resist to the very last with his centre, till time was given to his wings to march up, support the main body, and perhaps—for what is too sanguine for a Napoleon to conceive?—drive the centre of the enemy back, outflank its wings, and gain a 'glorious victory!' Not an instant was lost; Marshal Ney was sent back from the emperor's side, to make a firm stand with the centre, and orders were despatched to the wings to gather gradually round the nucleus engaged, till a sufficient front should be developed to meet the onset of the enemy. But the game was plainly a difficult one; and everything depended, not upon the genius of Napoleon, but upon that band of beardless conscripts whom Marshal Ney commanded, and who were now to be exposed to the whole weight of an enemy nearly double their own number, and furnished with a mighty host of splendid cavalry, in which formidable arm of war the French (the natural result of the Moscow business) were yet extremely feeble.†

* Labaume has a theory of the battle of Leipzig, in which, so far as we know, he is quite singular—'*afin de le mieux tromper, Napoleon venoit d'aller à Leipzig!*' After this we may believe, that the French did beat, and were not beaten at Waterloo.

† Even the few horses which they had were of comparatively little use; for 'whoever is acquainted with cavalry service must know that there is an essential difference between a man who causes him-

* 'By strategics, we understand those operations in war which are performed beyond the reach of the enemy's vision.'—*Réale*.

Here surely was an opportunity to beat Napoleon, far more opportune than was offered to our firm and steady Arthur at Waterloo. What prevented it from succeeding? In the first place, the conscript striplings did their duty; they fought like devils, as Ney said. In the next place, there happened to be some 30,000 or 40,000 of them at breakfast, among a knot of villages on irregular ground, when they were attacked; no position could have been more favourable for their green tactics; the cavalry could not touch them, and if they happened to be broken, they had point after point to rally round in succession. In the next place, Wittgenstein, the commander-in-chief of the allies, finding a strong nucleus of 40,000 men at a place where, according to his calculations, there should only have been a small detachment, seemed to have been a little disconcerted; and instead of modifying his plan, and instantly attacking the body opposed to him, with his whole concentrated force, he sent against Ney's corps only detachment after detachment, so that surprised as they were, with their troops singularly scattered, the French had a real superiority of numbers actually engaged at the point of attack! Here was a manifest blunder; a scheme ably conceived (it was the work of Scharnhorst), but marred for lack of enterprise in the execution; the projected breaking of the enemy's line, and the falling upon his rear, became a mere obstinate fight for posts, in which both parties lost 10,000 men, but neither party gained an inch of ground, nor forced the other to leave the field.* Before any impression could be made on the central nucleus attacked, Napoleon himself was present on the spot, and his wings were gradually gathering round the disputed ground, in the form of a crescent, when night put an end to the struggle. So far as the battle-field was concerned, neither party could claim the victory; for both slept upon it; but if we consider the object for which the parties fought, and the strategical and political results that followed, it clearly belonged to the party who was the most nearly vanquished; that, is to Napoleon. For not only did the allies fail in their immediate object—to surprise the Frenchman on his march, and divide his army—but the French emperor, on the morning after the battle,

self to be carried by his horse, and one who is acquainted with its management on the march.—*Baron Odeleben.*

* Strictly speaking the Germans gained ground; or they took four villages from the French, and then lost three of them. Those who take a material view of these matters have not been slow to assert that, for this reason, the allies gained the battle!

gained his; the allies retreated in the most perfect order indeed, but still it was a retreat from the banks of the Elster to the banks of the Elbe, and from the banks of the Elbe yet further to the banks of the Spree; and Napoleon marched to Leipzig first, and then to Dresden. The dubious, and, so far as preparatory generalship was concerned, to Napoleon inglorious, battle of Leipzig became thus, in its accessory results, one of the most important victories he ever gained. Saxony was secured; the confederation of the Rhine confirmed; Austria was startled; Europe looked pale; 'the world,' to use the foolish French slang, 'was astonished;' and Paris, which to a Frenchman is more than the world, was pleased. 'Eh bien, Narbonne,' said the conqueror to his Austrian courier, a few days after the battle, at Dresden, 'what do they say of Lützen at Vienna?' 'Some,' said the dexterous count, 'say you are a god, others say you are a devil; all agree that you are more than a man!' So, no doubt, also Napoleon thought himself, and had long thought that he was something more than a man; his heart was lifted up within him; he attributed to his own invincible genius, to his star, to his destiny, and so forth, events which were the results of causes altogether different; and this proud imagination, vainly and obstinately cherished to the very last, was the grand cause of his downfall. For pride verily, now, as in ancient times, goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

We have sketched the main features of the battle of Lützen with as much of circumstantial detail as our limits would permit, giving the gross result of a minute comparison of the several accounts of Vaudoncourt, Baron Fain, Labaume, Bade, and Richter, with the express view of enabling the reader to judge for himself, how little the trumpeters of the genius of Napoleon are to be trusted on certain occasions, even in matters of purely military concernment. Napoleon, himself, in his foolish vaunting style, had proclaimed to his soldiers: 'La bataille de Lützen sera mise au-dessus des batailles d'Austerlitz, d'Jena, de Friedland, et de la Moscowa!' and the mass of the French authorities, as well as some German and English writers, seem to have taken him at his word. Labaume, who, as we have seen, is no Bonapartist, concludes his second book, entitled 'Lützen,' in these words: 'Enfin, si l'on songe aux talens que deploya Napoléon, et aux inspirations que lui dicta son génie, pour faire échouer le plan des généraux alliés, on pourra mettre cette bataille au rang de ses plus belles combinaisons.'

sons militaires, et la considéret comme une des plus brillantes de toutes celles dont les annales de la guerre conserveront le souvenir.' And our own Tory historian, Mr. Alison, in the same strain, says: 'The battle of Lützen must always be considered as one of the most striking proofs of Napoleon's military abilities.'—'It was the highest effort of the military art.' Now, in the plain account which we have endeavoured to give of the matter, and in every word of which we are supported by the close military criticism of Herr Bade, what can the impartial reader point out of 'beautiful combinations' and 'striking proofs of military abilities?' So far as Napoleon is concerned the battle of Lützen presents but two very simple things; *first*, a gross and dangerous blunder, ignorance, or rather disregard of the presence of the enemy, where, from the previous day's skirmish, there was every reason to suspect its presence; the most culpable rashness, and the most inexcusable vain confidence; *then*, a decided and successful attempt to remedy that blunder, by no extraordinary inspiration of genius, but by doing the one only thing which a soldier of common sense could do on the occasion. Marshal Blücher, or Barclay de Tolly, or any other soldier, without any extraordinary 'inspiration,' would, in the same circumstances, have done exactly the same thing; and with the same brave soldiers, and lucky blunders on the part of the adversary, would have achieved exactly the same success. Let us disabuse our minds, therefore, of this cheap jugglery of referring Napoleon's successful battles to Napoleon's extraordinary genius; let us rather scrutinise them minutely, and weigh them scrupulously, and confess honestly, that his genius, which was unquestionable, did as much on some occasions to lose his battles as to gain them, and, on not a few other occasions, to render them, when gained, altogether useless and unprofitable. How strange would the good people in Paris have looked in 1813, and how different would many a dazzling page of history look now, if the bulletin of the battle of Leipzig, remaining substantially the same, with a slight change of phraseology, had appeared in the 'Moniteur,' something to this effect: '*On May 2, at mid-day, the emperor, having incautiously advanced on the road to Leipzig, was, in the middle of a long line of march, surprised and attacked by the allied forces. This blind precipitancy had well-nigh occasioned his ruin; but he was saved from the fatal consequences of his own rashness, partly by the steadiness of his soldiers, but principally by the want of vigour displayed by the enemy in the execution of a plan con-*

ceived with no less boldness than wisdom. A desperate struggle ensued, in which both parties suffered equal loss, and neither achieved any gain. Night ended the contest, and on the following morning the emperor continued his march unmolested to Leipzig, while the enemy retreated in the finest order to Dresden.' This is one of Napoleon's 'glorious victories,' which 'astonished the world;' and there are not a few others which are not much better; but the world, as Napoleon well knew, was always willing to judge of events by their results, rather than by their causes, and to conclude that the man who in the great game of war threw sixes six times for his adversary's once, must, for that reason only, have been six times a better player than the other.

After the battle of Lützen the onward career of the remounted and apparently unhurt equestrian continued; more slowly, however, than his impatient nature could easily brook; for the enemy in their retreat inflicted more harm than they received, and it was necessary also to spend a few days in Dresden for obvious political purposes. Not, therefore, till the 21st of the month did the baffled conqueror, for he was baffled in spite of his victories, come a second time in view of his retiring, but not yielding adversaries; on the heights of Bautzen, on the east side of the Spree, in Lusatia, they had intrenched themselves in a formidable-looking position, which, however, had one great fault—it was too wide and scattered for the troops they had to occupy it; and the consequence was, that Napoleon's practised eye, with the advantage of superior and well managed numbers, attacked them for two days with terrible slaughter to them, and *more* to himself in front; while at the same time Marshal Ney's corps, brought to bear upon their right and most exposed wing from the north, endeavoured to come round upon their rear, anticipating the operation which in two years afterwards Grouchy *should* have performed at Waterloo. The Russians and Prussians at Bautzen, however, on the 22d of May, 1813, were too stiff fighters to allow such an operation to be performed in their presence; they coolly broke off the battle, and left the nominal victor a second time to content himself with a few acres of barren ground, and a—bulletin! How his volcanic heart must have raged at such a result! two great victories, and yet a nation not conquered, *not* even an army beat; if Jupiter could no more reign by thunder, what was Jupiter? Smolensko and Borodino, glorious victories also, had proved but deceitful death-lights to seduce the conqueror to the

brink of a precipice : what if Lützen and Bautzen should prove the same ? what if the Goths of Berlin understood as little of the arts of polite French war as the Scythians of Moscow ? 'Another such victory, and I shall be ruined !' There is no help for it ; 'tis a little humiliating certainly ; but the proudest of proud conquerors finds himself constrained, even at the risk of the threatened, armed mediation of Austria, not so much to dictate an armistice, as to have an armistice dictated to him. This armistice, in fact, is one of the grand turning points in the history of the fall of Napoleon, and deserves to be carefully considered. Some speak as if it were the real cause of his ruin, and look upon it as proceeding from a mysterious sort of infatuation. Should Napoleon have granted the armistice of Poischwitz, 4th of June, 1813, or should he, immediately after the battle of Bautzen, have pressed on the traces of the retiring enemy, and dictated terms of peace, only after a third battle, on the east bank of the Oder ? This is the question.

Jomini, quoted and approved by Mr. Alison, has pronounced the armistice to be "the greatest political blunder of Napoleon's life ;" but, on the other hand, Vaudoncourt in his introductory observations (p. 10) ; not only sees no harm in the matter, but considers it to have been highly advantageous to France, in enabling it to recover from its great losses, and to prosecute the war afterwards with great vigour. We think it admits of plain proof that Vaudoncourt is right. The battles of Lützen and Bautzen were victories indeed, as we have stated them, but victories without results ; victories which weakened the victors as much as the vanquished, and dispirited the French more than they did the Germans. Nor was this all ; Napoleon was by no means sure, that if he prosecuted the war further, he might not provoke Austria to an immediate warlike interference ; and such an interference, with a fresh, vigorous force thrown on his wearied flank and rear, might have been much more dangerous than six weeks afterwards, when he had prepared himself by every possible means to receive it. Besides, his rear was already menaced, and his line of communications cut through on several points by the flying corps of Cossacks and others, whom the great wholesale dealer in artillery might, indeed, affect to despise, but who, it was impossible to conceal from his troops, were in a condition to inflict on him, and were, indeed, already inflicting, the most serious injuries. A gad-fly can sting an ox, and drive an elephant mad. To say that an armistice

which, at all events, held out a hope of peace in the distance, and for the present moment insured rest and remission, was 'a great political blunder,' is to commit, we apprehend, the very historical fallacy of judging the event by the result. In 1809, after the obstinate days of Aspern and Wagram, the French emperor had reaped from the armistice of Znaym, a peace as advantageous as any that his arms when most overpowered had achieved. What blunder was there, unless futurity could have been divined, in expecting a similar result from a similar state of things in 1813 ? An intermission from war, with a cautious power like Austria, always produces wavering ; with a coalition of powers, actual or contemplated, it may haply produce division. We may say, therefore, with decision, in the face of Jomini and Mr. Alison, the armistice was no blunder. The blunder, and it was a gigantic one, lay in the overestimate which the haughty Frenchman, spoiled (as he himself admitted at St. Helena) by continued good fortune, made of his own powers and prospects ; in the assumption on which he proceeded, that after an armistice, solicited as much by himself as by the allies, he was as much entitled to dictate terms, and to refuse concessions, as Wellington was after such a rout as Waterloo. Here, as on other occasions, his obstinate pride overmastered and swallowed up any little prudence (for this was none of his virtues) that he might possess : but not here, as on many occasions, could a brazen front, an overbearing carriage, an insolent tone, and a forward audacity, beat down the big waves of popular wrath, that were now gathered against him. The boundary of the Rhine was refused ; and the arbitration of the sword was the consequence. Austria declared war on the 13th of August, and active hostilities commenced a few days after.

Let us state here shortly the position and relative strength of the parties at the commencement of this memorable struggle. The Bober, a stream that descends from the Bohemian mountains, and flows northward between Breslau and Bautzen, through Silesia into the Oder, may be taken as a line dividing the two parties towards the east ; on the further side of this, Marshal Blücher, like a wild mountain-cat ready to spring, watches eagerly for the onset, with 80,000 men, Prussians and Russians ; on the nearer side, occupying the whole country westward to Dresden, stands a strong body of French troops, varying in number, sometimes inferior to the Silesian army. Dresden itself, and the Elbe, with its long line of

fortresses from Königstein (a few miles above Dresden) down to Hamburg, is the main line, from which, as from a strong base and starting-point, Napoleon's offensive operations towards Silesia and Prussia must proceed. Dresden is at once his grand dépôt, and the main pivot of his movements; the pivot, in short, which, without giving a complete swing to the whole campaign, and with a bold plunge facing in an entirely different direction, he cannot afford to lose.* Let the reader attend to this, and the whole plan of one of the most beautiful war-games ever played will soon be clearly before him. From this fixed point of Dresden, the great captain, looking round him in three directions, must prepare to receive an enemy that may at any moment, from a wide-sweeping range of hostility, make a rush upon his vitals. Looking directly east, he expects, as we have already stated, his most eager and adventurous enemy, Blücher; on his left hand, to the north, Berlin lies before him—a much coveted prize; protected, however, by a general who bears the famous military name of Bülow, and by one of his own captains, Bernadotte, an adversary, however, whose counsels are more dangerous than his sword; and in this direction, if Oudinot and Ney do not achieve something brilliant, we may say either that the French marshals are unskilful captains, or that the German people are determined not to be beaten. Lastly, on his right hand, directly southward, Napoleon beholds the strong, natural bastion of the Bohemian mountains, hanging almost over his head, and from which, by half-a-dozen ill-guarded glens, the whole Austrian army, with several Prussian and Russian divisions, may at any time emerge, and, with one bold stroke, at once seize upon Dresden, and cut off the emperor's communications with France. This is a great danger—the most imminent danger of the position—one, indeed, which makes it, notwithstanding the large river and the strong fortresses, truly a very weak, and essentially a bad position; for the Bohemian passes are not more than a day's march from Dresden; and they are upon the Saxon, not upon the Silesian side of the Elbe. But to compensate for this perilous weakness

* In this fixedness of the one point, Dresden, we see a notable and most important distinction between this campaign of 1813 and that of 1796. There Napoleon had no fixed point; he could spring about like a lizard; this greater freedom of motion was the result partly of his smaller army, partly of other circumstances; but with the immense machinery congregated on the line of the Elbe in 1813, the emperor could not afford, except in the very last necessity, to give up Dresden. See the very sensible criticism of *Frederick's*, p. 162.

of the position, the enemy that threatens here is no enterprising Blücher, no vengeance-breathing Prussian, but only an Austrian; a slow, cautious, undecided, unaccentuated, 'stupid' Austrian—for Prince Schwarzenberg, the generalissimo, is nothing more—and the congregation of kings and kaisers that accompany him (a perambulatory aulic council!) is only likely to make matters worse. In this quarter, therefore, however unfavourable the ground, Napoleon and Berthier may with reason look for some 'false movement,' for some clumsy, undecided attack, that, when met by the quick eye and the steady hand of Napoleon, cannot but lead to a decided result.

We again request the reader to realize to himself the position of the parties. It is quite simple; and the strategical results that flow from it are alike interesting and instructive, and, at the same time, intelligible to the plainest understanding.

The relative strength of the parties was as follows: On the side of the allies were—

1. Numerical superiority; inconsiderable at first, but more decided towards the conclusion of the struggle.

2. The troops of the allies were physically of superior quality, and in a better condition.

3. They were superior in cavalry, though Napoleon was not now so utterly destitute of that arm, as at the commencement of the campaign.

4. They possessed a most important advantage in their clouds of Cossacks and other light troops, which not only harassed the enemy at all points, and dispirited his soldiers, but, what is often the decisive hinge of war—*put them uniformly in possession of his movements, while he was often utterly in the dark as to theirs.*

5. They fought in the midst of a friendly population, while, to Napoleon, a courtly Saxon peasant could only give the welcome—'Very glad to see you, sir, but would rather not see your soldiers.' The French indeed, independently of their position as foreigners and invaders, were universally hated in Germany, and deserved to be so.

6. The principle of union that held the Austrians, Russians, and Prussians, together was much stronger than that which united the members of the Rhenish Confederation to Napoleon. A manly indignation, roused by years of experienced wrong, was on the one side; a vulgar fear to break the bonds of a gilded servitude, on the other.

7. The Prussians fought for their hearths and for their altars; the French for honour

and glory. The one party to regain their liberty as men; the other party to maintain their character as soldiers. A great party among the French were, in fact, weary of the war, and saw no practical end to be attained by it; the Germans were weary of ignominy and insult.

To this must be added:—

8. The immense strategic advantages of the allied position in Bohemia, overhanging Dresden, and threatening the enemy's main line of communication between the Elbe and the Rhine.

On the other side, the French could depend:—

1. On the long line of fortresses on the Elbe.

2. On their great experience in the art of war.

3. On the 'prestige' of invincibility which Lützen and Bautzen had only ended to confirm.

4. On unity of plan and decision of execution, arising from the fact that their generalissimo and their emperor was the same person, and a person exercising despotic authority.

5. On their nimbleness and celerity of movement; by which mainly, if not altogether, Napoleon had gained his brilliant series of victories against four superior Austrian armies, in his first Italian campaign. This was a military virtue belonging as much to the French character, as to that which crowned their whole list of advantages, viz:

6. The genius of Napoleon; and in this they might well hope to find a counterbalance to any merely numerical superiority of force that the allies could bring into the field against them. Not without reason might they appropriate the words of Wallenstein's captains in Schiller's play:

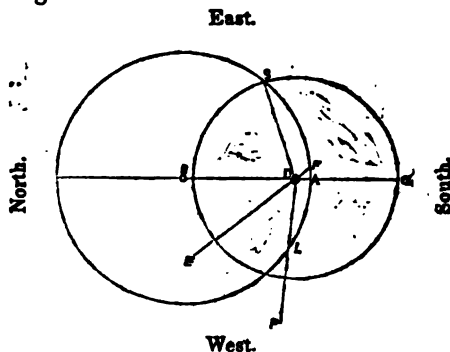
"The emperor has soldiers, but no general.
This Ferdinand of Hungary understands
Nothing of war—and Gallas, he's unlucky.
More skilled to ruin armies, than to lead them;
And for this snake, Octavio—why he
Will sting you in the heel, but never stand
In open battle 'gainst the Duke of Friedland."

The parties, therefore, in this Europe-shaking struggle, might be said to be equally balanced. If Napoleon's genius was of that transcendental excellence which his admirers believed, and if that genius did not fail him then when it was most needed, in this case, France, bating the accidents of war, had no reason to complain that her chief had plunged her into any unequal, much less hopeless, contest. We shall see immediately (what, indeed, is the most instructive thing in this eventful history) that

Napoleon's genius did not fail him, but that it led him astray, as genius in other cases is apt to do; and that, next to the roused patriotism of the Prussian people, no element contributed more decidedly to the important results of the campaign of 1813, than the genius of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The military reader will observe, that we have not included among the advantages of the French in this campaign, the possession of a *central position, the operating*, as it is technically called, *on the interior line*; and the reason we do not include this in our enumeration is, because we have been satisfactorily convinced by Herr. Bade's clear and cogent reasoning on the point, that the advantages of such a position, even in the most favourable case, have been greatly overstated; and that in certain cases, as in the present, it is, in fact, no advantage at all, but rather a decided disadvantage. In maintaining a defensive war round a point nearly central, which cannot be turned—as, for instance, the capital of a country when invaded, say Paris, in 1814—it is manifest that the central position has this clear advantage, that while the defender has, in the outset, nothing to fear for his rear, he may, if he be nimble and enterprising, make a series of adroit springs on a divided enemy advancing by various radii from an extended circumference, beat their forces in detail, and with very inferior forces keep a vast multitude at bay. Some very brilliant feats of this kind Napoleon executed in 1814; till, however, by an eccentric move, he foolishly compromised his rear, and then, of course, the central position being seized by his antagonists, the game was over. It is manifest, however, that even in such a case, several conditions, not always to be commanded, are absolutely necessary, in order that strategics of this kind may be successful. In the first place, the enemy must be divided; and not merely divided, but so divided as to be incapable of any communication; otherwise, that may take place, which took place in the campaign of 1815, when, also, Napoleon operated on the inner line; a Blücher may be defeated at Ligny, retire to Wavre, be pursued by a Grouchy, and yet unite and conquer with a Wellington at Waterloo! It is necessary, also, that the separate divisions of the enemy should have no concerted plan, but quietly allow themselves to be attacked and beaten, whenever the general occupying the central position chooses to fall upon them with his whole mass: otherwise, if they agree to retreat and advance alternately, as occasion may call, to operate together on a combined scale of well-calculated offensive and defensive, they

may so manoeuvre as to perplex and wear out their antagonist; and, finally, may either work him out of his central position altogether, or, while he retires upon that, attack him with concentrated masses: and, perhaps, if their numbers are sufficient, surround and overwhelm him. If any person, for instance, will consider Napoleon's perilous position at Mantua, in 1796, while the Austrians were pouring in upon him in three different lines, and threatening to surround him, he will clearly perceive, that had not the Lago di Garda intervened between the two main bodies of his enemies, so as absolutely to prevent a junction, or had his elastic, springy strategics been met by a well-calculated Fabian policy on the side of the Austrians, he must have been utterly ruined. Or again, if he had fought, not with slow Austrians, but with an enemy as nimble as himself, could his central point of Mantua (which, by the way, he was forced to give up) or his interior line have saved him from destruction? Instead of Mantua, let us now take Dresden, and see what advantages the central position and the inner line offer there. We shall use a simple diagram, for greater clearness.



If the reader will open any common map, and measure the distances and directions roughly with his eye, he will find, first of all, that, Napoleon does not stand in or near the *real* centre of the position occupied by his enemies; but he stands at D, that is, Dresden; B being Berlin, Bernadotte, and Bulow; S, the Silesian army and Marshal Blücher; and A the Bohemian boundary, and the natural mountain bastion occupied by Austria. Now, in this diagram, if Napoleon, instead of standing at D, occupied the true central position, B, while his enemies menaced him from several points of the larger circle; or if, on the other hand, occupying as he does the position D, and (Bulow and Blücher remaining where they are) Austria were removed from the position A, to the position a, on the circumference of the smaller circle—in such a position, the

real advantages of a central position, whatever they may be, might fairly be said to belong to Napoleon. But as matters really stood at the reopening of the campaign of 1813, observe at what a perilous disadvantage the position of Dresden places the French emperor. Operations are commenced, we shall say, by the eager and impetuous Blücher, from Silesia, at the point S; simultaneously with him, Bulow is engaged before Berlin, and with him Bernadotte; Napoleon, knowing who is his most active enemy, rushes from Dresden, to fall with as large a force as he can on Blücher, at the point S. Well, what happens? Blücher, instead of allowing himself to be beaten, as the Austrian generals did, in 1796, merely retires, fighting all the while, however, like a Parthian; in consequence of this, instead of gaining a great battle, and beating his enemies singly, Napoleon is only withdrawn further and further from his vital point, D; and before he has time to come back, the whole mass of the Austrian forces comes down by the short line of A D, and Dresden is in their hands! Will any one say, in this plain view of the case, that such a position as D is an advantage to Napoleon? Theoretical men, in books, may talk about the advantage of a central position, and of the inner line; but in this particular case, it is sleeping at the mouth of the lion's cave, not a whit more safe. But observe what further happens. Supposing (what actually was the case) that Napoleon arrives from Silesia in time to save Dresden; still the allies (if they retreat adroitly) stand at A, secure among the gorges of the Bohemian mountains; from this position they threaten the point D every moment, and keep the occupier of the central position in a state of constant anxiety as to their possible movements; they reduce him, in a great measure, to the disadvantage of a mere defensive (for the point D he cannot afford to lose); and, not only that, but they may move round to his rear, and come out at Leipzig (L), on the road to Paris, while a single successful battle, in the direction of Berlin, will enable Bulow and Bernadotte to cross the line of the Elbe, E F, and to advance on the same point, Leipzig, from the north. This, of course, would be total perdition; for the line D L P is the road to Paris, and Napoleon's *only* line of retreat. It is manifest, therefore, that if the so-called central position be not given up in time, it will end in a very natural consequence of a central position—viz., in the holder of it being surrounded. Napoleon, consequently, must leave Dresden, and retreat to Leipzig, and fight there, it may be, more for the honour of the

French arms, than for salvation, or for victory.

In discussing this strategical point we have inadvertently betrayed to the reader the whole secret of the great military operations that ended in the terrible three days, 16th, 17th, and 18th of October, at Leipzig. We may now shortly notice the historical succession of events. One point, however, is very important to be determined first. If Dresden was such a dangerous position, why did Napoleon choose it? Herr Bade answers truly, from political motives, certainly, rather than from military ones. Nothing but the blindest confidence in his own genius, and his adversary's blunders, could, indeed, blind him as to the peril of his strategical position; and that he was so blinded to some extent is quite conformable with his general character; but as a politician and a conqueror, he could not afford to give up Dresden, which was to him, in fact, the political key-stone by which the tottering arch of the Confederation of the Rhine was then held together. This is infinitely more satisfactory than to assume, as some have done, that because Napoleon chose the position, and even enlarged upon its advantages to his generals (Fain, ii., 25), we are, therefore, bound to look upon it as a good position in a military point of view, and draw strategical conclusions from such an assumption. If Napoleon really believed it to be

a strong position, we must rather conclude that the general had been outwitted by the emperor, and military policy fooled by political pride.

The march of events, after the first decided beginning, was rapid and startling. From the 23d to the 30th of August clap after clap of dark thunder came from the east, and from the north, and from the south, against the invincible captain, with only one bright glimpse of blue for the French arms, which, however, promised fair to be a permanent day of joy, and might, perhaps, have been so had Napoleon not been over confident of success. The first move, as we have hinted, was made by Blücher: he came forward from the Bober, and drove the French retreating before him (a prophetic commencement) back towards the Spree; but on the 21st the emperor himself was on the spot, and a vigorous offensive was of course the result. The marshal retreated, and Napoleon advanced eastward, 'driving the enemy before him,' as the bulletins would

'Encyclop. Britannica,' Article WAR, Edinburgh 1841.

OBSERVATIONS.

(1.) The reverse of all this was the case with Saxony in 1813. It was the *exterior* line of operation on that occasion, the point of Bohemia, that 'led to the flank and rear of the opponent's defensive line.'

(2.) Not for this reason, but because it has no analogy whatsoever to the two other situations.

(3.) This assertion we believe to be altogether incapable of proof. Napoleon chose the central point of Dresden, from political rather than from military motives, and he remained there to the last possible moment, partly from obstinacy, but much more from necessity.

(4.) Should Napoleon have confined himself altogether to a stationary defensive?—With any soldiers' this would have been discouraging, with French soldiers impossible. Moreover the fact that no impression was made on him at Dresden arose not from the strength of the military position (as here assumed), but from Schwarzenberg's inability to take advantage of its weakness.

(5.) Where did the writer learn this?—Napoleon's plan of operations was offensive only towards Berlin, defensive at Dresden, with occasional offensive towards Silesia, as opportunity might offer. This is *Bade's* formula of the campaign; and we think no other will explain the actual operations.

(6.) Napoleon never did so, except in pursuing their retreat. His future expeditions to Bohemia were merely for the purpose of reconnoitring. This also is *Bade's* view, and is sufficiently proved by the events themselves.

(7.) What if Napoleon was forced to do this by the enemy advancing upon him all at the same time?—They were (all except Bernadotte) as 'impatient' as he was.

(8.) Say rather, till the natural disadvantages of his strategical position, joined to the admirable generalship and vigorous soldiery of the allies, forced him to leave his original ground, and save himself by the only retreat that was left for him, under cover of a desperate defensive, at Leipzig.

* The following extract is a remarkable example of this procedure, and the inevitable series of blunders to which it leads:—

"The configuration of a frontier may have important influence on the direction of lines of operation. Central positions forming salient angles towards the enemy, such as Bohemia forms towards Prussia, Switzerland towards Austria, or Saxony as it was circumstanced in 1813, are the most advantageous, because they are naturally interior, and lead to the flank and rear of the opponent's defensive line (1). The sides of these salient angles are, therefore, so important that all the resources of art should be added to those of nature to render them impregnable. Switzerland and Bohemia are sufficiently proved to possess these natural advantages; but Saxony appears more doubtful because Napoleon was at length defeated at Leipzig (2). Yet it was his conviction of these central advantages that made him neglect to change the line of his operations upon the pivot of Magdeburg (3); and if we examine the character of the operations, though the allies were numerically, and especially in excellent cavalry, superior, we discover that when his defensive measures were confined to a moderate distance from the Elbe and the ridge of the mountains of Bohemia, no impression could be made upon him (4); but his system was solely that of attack (5), and his impatience sought the Prussians deep in Silesia, the grand army beyond the defiles of Bohemia (6), and the northern army in the sands of Berlin; not successively, but all at the same moment (7). He was thus on all sides inferior, but not dislodged till, by his own indecision (8), he allowed the enemy to turn both his flanks simultaneously, and to bring him to action between the two lines at Leipzig."—

say, and exhibiting great hilarity at the idea of gaining ground on his adversary. Little did he, in his foolish way of undervaluing his adversary's talents, at that time understand, how all this retreat of the eager marshal was a matter of pure calculation with the allies; but he had little time to enjoy his fancied triumph, for messengers arrived calling him to Dresden; and in that direction, without being able to achieve anything against Blücher, he returned the next day. No sooner, however, was the Prussian marshal aware that he was no longer opposed by Napoleon in person with superior forces, than he immediately resumed the offensive, attacked Marshal McDonnald, as he was incautiously coming up to meet him, and the famous battle of the Katzbach (26th of August), was the consequence.

"On the Katzbach, on the Katzbach
There the strife was red and ruddy!
There we danced the fearful war-dance
With the Frenchmen base and bloody!"

as Follen, in one of the red-hot songs of that time, not more strongly than truly sings. The Katzbach, indeed, to say nothing of the French marshal's admitted strategical blunders—arising, partly we have no doubt, from the rashness and vain confidence with which his master's example inspired him—was a notable index to the manner in which this terrible war was to be fought by the Prussians. It was a day of fearful rain: flint and gunpowder could not be used; it came literally to a murderous grapple of man with man: and with the butt-end of their muskets, the infuriate Germans, like some Hercules prostrating wild beasts with a club, drove the French in confused rout down the steep bank into the red-flooded, wild-gushing stream of the Katzbach.

"Where the whirling waltz was hottest,
In the thickest sultry slaughter,
When both blood and brain were boiling,
He cooled you in the Katzbach's water.

"Hear the river roaring vengeance,
Sleep no more on stranger pillows!
Ye have sucked the blood of Deutschland,
I will suck you in my billows!"

"Thus with sabre sharp, bold Blücher,
In death's dark book thou didst write them;
Through the surly smoke of battle,
Like a war-god thou didst smite them!"

"Thus 'twas fought by German people,
Not by bondmen, not by princes;
God to right the wrongs of ages,
Measures not revenge by inches."

In the substance of this last verse, more

than in anything else, we see the true cause of the French disasters in the Leipzig campaign; other supposed causes were merely occasions; and if by help of them the Germans had not conquered Napoleon in 1813, they could have done so in a few years afterwards. So much for the Katzbach. Meanwhile, a stroke not so brilliant in its character, but equally decided and equally characteristic of Prussian mettle, had been delivered by General Bulow in front of Berlin. On the 23d, Marshal Oudinot had advanced with an army of 80,000 men in three great divisions against that capital. This middle corps was attacked at six o'clock in the evening, by the corps of Bulow, and in two hours so completely discomfited, that a retreat of the whole army became necessary; whereat Napoleon was so much disappointed, that (in his usual ungenerous fashion he took the command from Oudinot and gave it to Marshal Ney. But to seek for the real cause of the defeat in the deficient generalship, and false strategies of Oudinot (as the Bonapartists naturally do) would be to throw a veil over a very plain and palpable fact, and then to say that you see nothing. The French could not advance to Berlin, because the Prussians were determined that they should do so only over their bodies; and the proportions of the two armies being as five to four at least in favour of the attacked, it is manifest that without some egregious strategical blunder, not to be looked for from Bernadotte, it was physically impossible that Oudinot could execute the plan which Napoleon cashiered him for not having executed. It was easy, indeed, to say in the sounding slang (for it deserves no better name) of the insolent French emperor—"You, Oudinot, with an army like yours, will drive the enemy quickly before you, take Berlin, disarm the inhabitants, and dissipate to the four winds, the whole Landwehr, and this swarm of a tatterdemalion army!" but the effect of this inflated bombast with an enemy such as the Prussians were, and had proved themselves to be at Lützen and Bautzen, was rather to inspire his generals with a pernicious vain confidence, than to arm them with a salutary resolution. So much for the offensive measures of the French marshals. The French emperor himself (to whom, in fact, in order to conquer in such a position, and with such enemies, ubiquity was necessary) stood at the very same moment in the most perilous defensive at Dresden. The grand Austrian army, under Schwarzenberg, had, on the day of the battle of Grossbeeren (the 23d), issued from the passes of Bohemia, and was gathering together immense masses to make an attack

on Bresden, while Napoleon was still in Silesia. This, as the reader will have seen from our diagram, was the most natural and obvious move in the world. While his adversary is engaged at S with Marshal Blücher, Schwarzenberg comes down from the point A upon Dresden: and in proportion as the point from which he advances is nearer the central pivot of operations, than the point from which Napoleon has to return, in the same proportion are the chances in his favour great and overwhelming. It is plain, indeed, that the only thing necessary for the success of the Austrian movement is decision and rapidity; for Dresden is only slightly garrisoned, and cannot hold out above a day or two at the utmost. Schwarzenberg, however, is, as we have said—an Austrian; and in this one circumstance lies the salvation of the French from the most perilous risk: nay, and more than that, the ultimate conversion of the most imminent danger (as at Lützen) into a decided advantage. Austria, indeed, has the similitude of an eagle only upon its painted scutcheon: actually it is an elephant, or a hippopotamus, or, if a bird at all, then a Cassowary, or a dodo, or any other clumsy creature, having the presence of feathers, but not the power of wings. Not, therefore, with the sweeping pounce of an eagle did Schwarzenberg come down from his Bohemian bastion upon the Frenchman's heart: not with the fire of a Blücher, or the steady decision of a Wellington—but with a lumbering, irresolute, cautious crawl; so that instead of seizing on a prey to all human appearance doomed irretrievably, he only roused—like a silly barking terrier—an indignant lion to make a spring, and rang the bell in due preparation for an attack, not *by*, but *on* himself, and which was to end, *risum teneatis, amici?*—in his own limping and disgraceful retreat. Napoleon had great faith in his fortune and his star; and, truly he seemed to have reason: for the same kind blundering chance, that in 1805 had opposed to him a Mack, in 1813 threw in his way a Schwarzenberg. It was the evening of the 26th, the day of the battle of Katzbach, before the slow Austrian could muster weight enough (for on weight only will an Austrian depend!) to attack Dresden; but by this time Napoleon with his whole army was seen hastening to the scene of action from the opposite side of the water; and unless the allies could contrive to send a cannon ball through him as he passed (which was possible, as there was only the Elbe between them), their hopeful enterprise might well begin to look pale. But the man who had stood proof against so many balls passed on, this time

also, in safety; the bridge was crossed, and instantly in Dresden his energetic and vivid presence displayed itself like the arrival of a new soul into a dying body; the enemy was bravely repulsed at all hands that day; and next day, the 27th, the indefatigable captain turned a difficult defence into a well-conceived attack; one of Schwarzenberg's widely extended corps, isolated clumsily from the rest, was taken gallantly, like Mack, in a trap; and before evening the whole mass of the Austrian army, above 100,000 men, was in disconcerted retreat back to their Bohemian fastnesses! A gallant affair this altogether, and the French may well boast of it. Never did example show more clearly, how necessary a thing it is for a great soldier to have legs as well as arms: but the preachers of Napoleon's military genius should bethink themselves coolly here, how admirably the enterprise and expedition which he displayed were relieved, and brought into a lucky prominence, by the incredible clumsiness and hereditary awkwardness of his adversary. They must learn to moderate their admiration also by considering how that genius, divorced as it so often was from discretion, became, immediately after the brilliant battle of Dresden, the cause of the calamitous affair of Culm, which immediately followed.

On the 28th, the emperor rode in the track of the retreating army a few miles up the Elbe to Pirna, where, instead of pursuing the enemy with the vigour which the occasion required, he made the speech—'Eh bien! je ne vois plus rien: faites retourner la vieille garde à Dresde! la jeune garde restera ici à bivouac;' and immediately returned to Dresden, 'very gaily,' as Odeleben says, 'and with the greatest tranquillity.' This careless indifference after a great victory was perhaps natural enough to poor humanity; but in a great commander at an important crisis altogether inexcusable. A fortunate moment was here, such as this threatening war had not hitherto presented, and might not again present; a 'false movement,' such as he had expected or something that was practically equivalent to it, had now actually occurred; to improve this occasion with all his concentrated genius was now his imperative duty as a soldier, perhaps his only chance for rule as an emperor. The great road to Toplitz lay open, pioneered indeed, at his own express wish, by Vandamme; it would have been easy by this shorter road to have anticipated the enemy as they were debouching into the Bohemian valleys, to have attacked them before they were formed, to throw them into utter confusion, and perhaps force Metternich to con-

clude a favourable peace. Why was this not done? why did he, who was wont to be so keen and eager in the pursuit, neither follow himself in the path where Vandamme led, nor send the young guard to help him? What is the meaning of that memorable sentence—"la jeune garde restera ici à bivouac?" for on this sentence, so far as the favourable chances of war might go, hinged the fate of Napoleon in the autumn of 1813. The partial and most unsatisfactory answer to this question given, by saying that some garlic or other matter had disagreed with the emperor's fastidious stomach, on the day after the battle, did not even satisfy Vaudois, who so early as 1819 admitted, 'Ce fut sans doute une faute de l'Empereur Napoléon, de n'avoir pas poussé, dès le 29, le 14 corps jusqu'à Nollendorf (on the great road to Prague); il le pouvait, sans se compromettre, puisque sa garde occupait Pirna, et que le 6e corps avait dépassé Dippoldiswalda.' Mr. Alison, accordingly, and Herr Bade, have, with due prominence and decision, brought forward this important matter, each referring the French emperor's remissness on this critical occasion to its true source, in the peculiarities of his own mental character. Mr. Alison says: 'Napoleon judged of present events by the past. He conceived that the opposition of 30,000 men in their rear, immediately after a severe defeat in front, would paralyse and discomfit the allies as completely as it had done in the days of Rivoli and Ulm; and he was unwilling to engage the young guard in the mountains, as it might ere long be required for his own projected march on Berlin.' This solution of the enigma is entirely satisfactory, and can be proved in detail, so far as the Berlin project is concerned, from the documents published by Baron Fain; and if we probe deeper still, and ask *why* did Napoleon set such a value on the taking of Berlin, Mr. Alison furnishes a satisfactory answer to this question also, when, a few pages further on, he talks of 'Napoleon's anxiety to *dazzle the world by the capture of the Prussian capital*.' That this anxiety was altogether out of proportion to the importance of the object, has been shown by Herr Bade most clearly on military principles; Frederick William, indeed, by the very act of leaving Berlin for Breslau, at the commencement of the war, and keeping himself, during the course of it, with the main body of the allies in their Bohemian head-quarters, had shown that he did not look on the stone and lime of Berlin as a matter that could have any decisive effect on the strategics of the campaign. Napoleon, therefore, was deceived on this occasion by his French genius; as

in the previous year at Moscow, so now his eager desire to dictate a bulletin at Berlin, and tickle the fancy of the Parisians, overruled the plain dictates of military common sense, and made him subordinate the prosecution of a real and immediate advantage offered by the blundering of the enemy, to the attempted realization of a favourite idea, twinkling vaingloriously in the distance. And verily he had his reward. The corps of Vandamme pushed forward into Bohemia, being unsupported, proved unequal to the achievement of the task imposed on it; and instead of cutting off the enemy's retreat, was surrounded among the defiles of the mountains at Culm (30th of August), and itself cut off utterly from existence. The French general's rashness on this occasion has been the frequent theme of declamation with French writers; but the fact is (as the reader will find most ably developed both by Mr. Alison and Herr Bade), that if Vandamme, in advancing upon Töplitz, was the eager steed that rushed upon destruction, Napoleon was the foolish rider that spurred him; and on this, as on other occasions, the great French emperor showed to the intelligent his essential moral littleness, in imitating the conduct of a cowardly and ungenerous boy, who, being caught in a fault, throws the blame on his brother, perhaps on that very person who was but the instrument in performing the deed of which himself was the author.

The battle of Culm decided the fate of Napoleon. The victory at Dresden was thus altogether neutralised; the south was as threatening as ever; and on the east and the north, Blücher and Bulow were gradually advancing to weave a net of iron round the terrible lion of war; and the quality of their troops (not to speak of their quantity) had, by the two ominous days of Katzbach and Grossbeeren, been already proved to be such, that they were beyond reach of injury from any of Napoleon's marshals; and as for the feared Invincible himself the experience of this campaign had triumphantly shown, that a wise system of strategics, conceived in the spirit of old Fabius,

"Qui nobis cunctando restituit rem,"

might reasonably hope to prove victorious against the modern Napoleon, as it had against the ancient Hannibal. The whole month of September, accordingly, was spent by the fretted French captain, in vain endeavours to force the well-instructed Blücher to submit himself to some decisive blow from Napoleon; a sort of reconnoitring also was once and again made on the ridge of the Bohemian hills, above Töplitz; but on

that side no blow was given by the emperor, nor, so far as appears, ever seriously intended. Meanwhile, Marshal Ney was sent out from Wittenberg, in the place of Oudinot, to make another grasp at the glittering prize of Berlin; but as might have been expected, this also proved a failure; on the 6th of September, Ney was totally defeated by Bulow and Tauenzien near Jüterbogk, and the battle of Dennewitz was only a repetition on a larger scale of Grossbeeren. Both battles were won, not by any refined or curious tactics, but mainly by hard fighting. The Prussians were *determined* not to be beaten, sworn, rather, so long as soul and body should hold together, to beat: this temper of mind, the result of their superior moral inspiration, insured them victory, unless in the event of gross blunder or accident. Salvation was now impossible for Napoleon; the army of the north advanced as rapidly as the slow Bernadotte would allow them to the Elb; and at the same moment the Silesian army with its green laurels, advanced to meet them. Both parties crossed the Elb; Blücher at Wartenberg, a little above Wittenberg (October 3d), in a style in no whit inferior to the far-famed Lodi;* the Silesian army and the army of the north effected a union on the south side of the Elb: Napoleon was strategically defeated. With one army of superior quantity and quality hanging over his right flank, and another hanging over his left, and both threatening to effect a junction between him and the Rhine, and pour their overwhelming masses upon his rear—what could the greatest captain of the age in that ‘central position’ of Dresden now do? He could do nothing but retreat, happy if even that were possible when determined upon unwillingly at the eleventh hour; but before his haughty spirit could reconcile itself finally to this step, it gave birth, in the desperation of baffled energy, to one of those bold schemes which genius alone can conceive, but genius alone is not sufficient to execute. In the small castle of Düben on the Molda, between Wittenberg and Leipzig, Napoleon spent four days of dismal doubt and bitter chagrin; at war terribly with his own generals, at war more terribly with himself; and there, as a last possible hope he conceived the adventurous idea of shifting the seat of war by a violent leap from the banks of the Elb—not to the banks of the Rhine, which seemed the more natural move in the cir-

cumstances—but to the banks of the Spree, the Oder and the Vistula! He would leave Dresden, giving up the whole line of the Elb, and falling upon Berlin, now exposed by the forward march of the Prussians, make the capital of the enemy the pivot of his future operations, while he surrendered to him his own base, and the line of communication with Paris! A most original project, unquestionably—a ladder that might reach to heaven, if it had only an inch of ground to rest upon; a project which, perhaps, as Bado very justly remarks, *General Bonaparte* might have executed with success, had he been prepared, as an indispensable condition to its success, to reconstruct the kingdom of Poland, but which in the *Emperor* Napoleon, as he then stood and felt, would have been the mere exasperated plunge of a noble fish, after it has been firmly hooked. The project, accordingly, whether by the dictate of the emperor’s own good sense, or by the clamorous protests of his generals, assisted by the defection of Bavaria, was given up: and a backward movement finally resolved on to Leipzig. The result of that was, as it could not otherwise be, a great battle of the concentrated forces of the parties; a battle, where, as at Dresden, with his enemies pressing round him from all quarters, Napoleon again occupied a central position, and was forced to repeat again, tactically and on a small scale, the great strategic operations of this memorable campaign. He posted himself in the middle of his enemies with his back to the wall of the city, and fought as a brave man will do who fights mainly to show that he can fight, and that he will not yield but on compulsion. Another thing, also, he showed by this obstinate stand of three days, that with whatever tremendous energy his genius could display itself in attack and advance, to anticipate and prepare for a RETREAT was beyond the compass of its power. From Leipzig, as from Moscow before, and from Waterloo afterwards, he was precipitated with a ruin that required not the pursuit of a foe to make it sure. So a building falls that is reared to topple proudly on an artificial foundation: so water, when made to mount violently beyond its natural level, recoils: so force tumbles, that is without moderation and ambition that is not wise. The most instructive and the most evangelical sermon, that Providence has preached to men in these latter days, is to be read in the rise and fall of Napoleon Bonaparte

*Colonel Mitchell considers it in every respect far superior as a feat of gallant soldiery to Lodi, and adduces it as a remarkable instance how little the military value of any action can be estimated by its degree of military fame.

ART. II.—*Virginie. Tragedie en Cinq Actes.*
Par M. LATOUR DE SAINT YBARS. Paris.
1845.

On the 7th of May, 1842, a 'drame' was produced, and barely escaped damnation, at the Odéon; it was called 'Le Tribun du Peuple,' or something to that effect; and was written by a young creole, M. Latour, who in extravagance, ambition, and withal a knowledge of theatrical 'situations,' promised to be an assiduous disciple of the celebrated 'romantic' creole, Alexandre Dumas. The piece was not without marks of dramatic talent; but we 'assisted' at the performance with considerable yawns.

On the 5th of April, 1845, the same young author obtained a brilliant success at the Théâtre Français by a tragedy written in the classic style: wherein simplicity and passion supplied the place of rant and 'bustle;' the tragedy of 'Virginie,' which the exquisite Rachel rendered fascinating, but which for its own sake merits the applause it has received.

We bring these facts and dates together, not simply to illustrate the progress made by the young author, but to illustrate the decay and downfall in France of that noisy, tawdry, lifeless thing, called the Romantic School. M. Latour, like many other young men, had been seduced by the pompous promises of the Romanticists, and stunned perhaps by the noise they made. But he failed. A new era was dawning: in a few months the Classic and Romantic Drama were to meet in battle; and though the Classic had every disadvantage of position, its triumph could not be concealed. We then called attention to the struggle; and may venture here to borrow what we then said: The chief, the most celebrated, and unquestionably the most able of the Romanticists, after a long silence, brings out at the Théâtre Français his trilogy of 'Les Burgraves.' This drama, obviously the fruit of immense care, produced with all the splendour the Parisian stage could afford, heralded by preliminary puffs, protected by a name celebrated throughout Europe, and supported by bands of enthusiastic followers—this play could not keep possession of the stage for twenty nights. About the same time a young man from the provinces had presented a play to the Odéon: it was after the model of Racine; the dagger and poison-bowl were absent: the stage effects, the violent contrasts, the ranting passions, the unnatural characters of the drama were replaced by pure and elegant verses, an antique simplicity of conception and execution, and characters distinctly and faithfully delineated. Nobody

went to see 'Les Burgraves;' all Paris flocked over the water to see 'Lucrèce,' by M. Ponsard. A bad theatre—indifferent acting—an unknown author venturing to revive a decried and neglected school of writing—these obstacles did not prevent the triumphant success of 'Lucrèce.'

What, meanwhile, became of 'Les Burgraves?' No one read it, no one talked about it. Nevertheless, it is not a whit more absurd than 'Hernani,' 'Angelo,' 'Le Roi s'amuse,' or 'Ruy Blas;' and it is quite as effective in *coups de théâtre*, and much better written. Why then did it fail? and why did 'Lucrèce' succeed? Because, in truth, the public had recovered from its intoxication, had got tired of the novelty of the drama, and welcomed 'Lucrèce,' not as a novelty, but as a return to a healthy style—the national drama.

The success of 'Lucrèce' doubtless opened the eyes of M. Latour; and 'Virginie' is the result. In the history of the drama, however, 'Virginie' will look more like a definite conquest than 'Lucrèce.' It was produced at the Théâtre Français—the very ground of classical tradition; and was not a mere tentative of a new form of composition, but one appearing before a prepared and willing audience. M. Latour is the Napoleon of the revolution of which M. Ponsard was the Mirabeau. The reign of the Romanticists is now at an end.

There are two questions which present themselves on a consideration of the history of this Romantic School, about which so much has been written. It must have had some element of truth and strength in it, or it never would have lasted so long. It must also have had an element of weakness, or it would not have fallen. The questions then are: Wherein lay its strength? Wherein its weakness?

Its strength consisted in the weakness of its enemy, if we may be allowed the phrase. The 'literature of the Empire' was in about the same decrepit state as our own literature when Hayley was the glory of England. The language, in particular, had become feeble and conventional. Nothing could be mentioned by its proper name, unless it were something dignified. Periphrasis, cold and academical periphrasis, accompanied by pompous conventionalisms, had become the language of the drama. The language of Racine and Voltaire became daily more impoverished; daily was it made to resemble less and less the language spoken. A rupture was at last inevitable: it came; and though the innovators damaged their own cause by violence and extravagance, yet the cause was too strong not to prevail. The

change" was sudden, and, because sudden, to many revolting. The public, after being sent to sleep with sonorous periphrases, were somewhat rudely awakened by having words, long banished, bawled in their ears. In the heat of reaction the poets were systematically trivial, in order that they might avoid academic conventionalism. It was the same with Wordsworth, whose horror of Darwin and Gray threw him back upon such wondrous platitudes as made all England stare, and the Edinburgh critics facetious.

The influence of modern writers upon the French language has been decidedly and immensely beneficial. If there be no living poet to be compared to Racine, which there certainly is not, on the other hand the language of Racine is very poor and colourless compared to that of Lamartine and Victor Hugo; and all the beauties of the prose literature of the seventeenth century, put together, would not equal the prose of George Sand. As a recent critic has justly remarked, 'Never before has the French language had such richness; never such variety: capricious and energetic beneath the pen of Victor Hugo; clear and precise with Prosper Mérimée; ardent and elevated when M. Lamennais speaks it; ready to excite languor or to ravish the ear in the verses of Lamartine, what treasures we have inherited; And if it were necessary to descend to particulars, I would say that of all which has been written of the same kind by all the writers of other epochs, I see nothing that can for an instant be compared to certain descriptions—to whole volumes of George Sand.*

But inasmuch as the Romanticists were men of very perverse minds, and not gifted with the requisite taste which should guard them against gross errors of system, they have also damaged the current language by the excess of colouring and *materialism*. If the muse of Racine is sometimes a pale and languid beauty, the muse of Victor Hugo is also too often a highly rouged wanton; and as to the muse adored by the imitators of Mr. Hugo, she mistakes *devergondage* for grace, effrontery for confidence.

Some merit is also due to the Romanticists for having destroyed several classical conventionalities, for having enlarged the sphere of the drama, and, above all, for having made people aware that tragedy is not confined to kings and queens. They have brought forward the eminently human nature of the drama. They have made passion paramount. They have also enlarged the notions of stage-effect; and have

taught dramatists the value of situations. Droning dullness had usurped the stage, and dullness in its worst form—the academical.

We call it the worst, because it had a tendency to perpetuate itself beyond all other forms of dullness; robed as it is with all the dignity of conventionalism. To that, anything was preferable. Any signs of vitality would assuredly have been welcome: and the galvanic signs of *le drame* were accepted for want of better. The *drame* with its coarse effects and moral paradoxes, with its new and improved language and its *couleur locale*—the *drame* with its rants, its tears, its daggers, and its *prefaces*, created a sensation; it did not create a lasting influence.

We said that they made passion paramount: so they did—in their *prefaces*. In their dramas passion was lost in paradox and exaggeration; or was buried under history. Take Victor Hugo, and we prefer him because the greatest. Look at the structure of his plays. Does he, we are told, wish to delineate parental love? He selects a Triboulet and a Lucrece Borgia, both stained with horrible crimes, and *réhabilité* by the poet, because of this parental love. Does he wish to paint man's love? He selects a monk, a monster, and a valet: a Claude Frollo, a Quasimodo, and a Ruy Blas. Woman's love? He has no fitter types than two notorious courtesans, a Marion de l'Orme and Tisbe. Does he wish to picture the sacred grandeur of old age, and the reverence we owe it? His old men are a bandit and a fratricide, whose ferocity and crimes are lost sight of in their courage and prowess. In the same spirit of paradox he makes his Burgrave vigorous and full of life in his hundredth year, while the only young girl in the play is dying of a slow disease.

Victor Hugo has been often reproached for his use and abuse of antithesis—and the above are examples of the abuse—but he, with a truly French bombast, declares, that 'Le Bon Dieu' is a greater 'faiseur d'antithèses' than he is. Is not this delicious? It is a fit companion to De Balzac's answer to the numerous complaints of his alarming fecundity in the production of novels; 'comme si le monde qui se pose devant moi,' he says, with superb disdain, 'n'était pas plus fécond encore!'—Certainly none but Frenchmen could be insensible to the bathos of such things.

Passion was buried under history. All the world knows that one of the great points in Romanticism, is its attachment to *couleur locale*. Now if the theatre is to be a Collège de France, where history is to be expounded for the instruction of ingenuous

* 'Revue Nouvelle,' Mai, 1845, p. 130.

youth, well and good; if not—if the stage is to represent the drama—that is, human passion in action; then is this ambition of *couleur locale* immensely displaced, and somewhat dangerous. The drama may be *instructive*, but it dare not be *didactic*: it may teach, but it must teach through the emotions, not through the understanding. By picturing an epoch so forcibly that it stands before us with an objective truth, we may draw our own lessons from it; but the poet must not read us a lecture—least of all an historical lecture.

Is then *couleur locale* useless? *Couleur locale* is not useless; neither is it very useful: it is a critical excellence which the learned may taste, but which must be indifferent to the great mass of the audience, who know not whether it is correct or not. Remember this also, that it is one thing to be faithful to the epoch in which you place your scene—another thing to display your own research, and to show the audience how *you* have studied that epoch. But even when at the best, *couleur locale* can only be partially true: it must be contradicted by the characters and actions of the *dramatis personæ*. A striking instance of this may be seen in the best historical play recently published—‘Catherine Douglas’—wherein the mastery of historical delineation exhibited in King James, and in the subordinates, only serves to bring out into stronger relief the essentially modern and metaphysical nature of the lovers; or in Victor Hugo’s ‘Ruy Blas,’ the hero of which is the aspiring, democratic, dreamy *prolétaire* of our day. If the ancients were to be represented as ancients, they would fail to interest our sympathies. The Greek hero could never be a modern hero. The Roman’s patriotism could never be thoroughly sympathized with; his religion could never be believed in. Nor could, in general, the men of the middle ages be accepted as representatives of our present conception of humanity. We should all revolt at the Sforza or the Borgia, as unnatural; we could never be made to believe in the sincerity of such villains’ religious convictions. And so of the other differences created by difference of race and difference of times. We come then to the conclusion that the drama can never attain historical truth: it can only approximate to that truth, and in the approximation runs great danger of being tedious.

Are then anachronisms to be permitted? That depends upon the anachronism. There are three kinds: anachronism of feeling and character; of manners and customs; and of geography and chronology. The first

are often inevitable. It is such an anachronism to make Achilles, or any Greek, a *lover*. Where passion and character are concerned, the poet must be modern, for he has to touch modern hearts. The anachronisms of manners and customs are to be avoided, in as far as they offend the general knowledge of the audience; the audiences of the present day, understanding antiquity much better than those of the time of Shakespeare, would not tolerate any gross anachronism: but then it is not to be expected that the poet would make it. As to anachronisms of geography and chronology, such as Shakespeare’s making Bohemia a sea-port; placing lions in the forest of Ardennes, and nuns at Athens; or making Hector quote Aristotle—they are amenable to the same laws as those of manners and customs.

But in saying that the poet should be on a level with the knowledge of his age, we are not advocating any ambition of succeeding in *couleur locale*. And, therefore, cannot applaud the tendency introduced by the Romanticists of making history—or rather lectures on history—an element of a drama.

From this survey of the merits and demerits of the Romantic School, we see that it is one which could only serve as a transition; it could not endure, after its revolutionary purpose was fulfilled. It rose against academic dulness, and wide-spread prejudices. These it destroyed. It pointed out the errors of its predecessors; and exemplified the errors of its own system. This was preparing the way for the revival and improvement of the old classic drama: and this revival has been attempted with success.

The ‘Lucrèce’ of M. Ponsard, and the ‘Virginie’ of M. Latour, may be regarded as having founded this new school. Its elements are such as must endure. On the one hand, it is based upon the classic drama, which is the truly *national* form; on the other hand, it sees the necessity of adapting and modifying that form to the exigencies of the age. It is classic, with the advantages derived from the Romanticists. It is indeed to its age, what the drama of Racine was to his age. It is a real child of the epoch, and as such has vitality.

There may be some inclined to dispute our assertion, that the classic is the truly *national* drama of France. True, that it did not spring from the people; it was the product of the learned, fostered by a court. Nevertheless, two centuries of worship have consecrated it. If it did not immediately spring from the people, it has been found so admirably adapted to the people, and has formed such a part of national culture, as to be regarded, and justly, as the *national*

drama. The Romantic School is fifteen years old, and it has been dying for the last six or seven years. Fifteen years of a noisy, disputable existence, never, even at its most vigorous period, accepted by a large portion of the leading intelligences of the day—this is what the Romantic School has to oppose against a dynasty of more than two centuries! In spite of the preface to 'Cromwell'—in spite of the grand discovery of the grotesque and deformed—in spite of the war waged against Racine, in the *Feuilleton* of 'La Presse,' by the incomparable coxcomb Adolphe Granier de Cassagnac—in spite of a band of critics and poets, Racine's fame has remained unshaken, Racine's pathos still draws tears, Racine's mastery in art is still unrivalled. The Romanticists have had their day.

It is time, however, to say a few words respecting 'Virginie.' It is a tragedy of remarkable merit; the story is well presented, the characters drawn with a firm, clear outline; the style level, and occasionally rising to eloquence. 'Virginie' is a creation almost worthy of Racine. She has the simplicity and affectionateness of a girl, joined to the courage and proud spirit of a Roman. Her courage, however, though rising with danger, is not virile: it is essentially the courage of a woman. As long as her virtue is in peril she is calm, firm, and superbly scornful; when the danger is for a moment over, she is without force, and yields to sadness. It is just the character for Rachel. Who that has seen her can fail to imagine the quiet dignity with which she rejects the offers of Claudius?

"Virginie!.....Et ces dons et ces vœux empressés
Qu'on a du vous offrir....."

Virginie.—Je les ai repoussés.

Claudius.—Repousser les présents d'un homme
qui vous aime!

Est ce mépris pour moi?

Virginie.—C'est respect pour moi-même."

And then fancy her delivery of the tirade at the close of the second act! Those thrilling tones of hers—that piercing sarcasm—that crushing contempt, and that *crescendo* of passion which no one can manage like her—fancy these, reader, in this reply to Appius Claudius:

"Quelle audace!

Vous osez me parler, me regarder en face!

Au lieu de fuir d'ici, confus, pâle, interdit,

Vous osez m'aborder après ce qu'elle a dit!

Vous, notre ennemie; vous, à qui tout sert de proie;

Vous, par qui j'ai perdu mon amour et ma joie!

Icilius est mort, frappé par des Romains,

Vous avez mis le fer dans leur cruelles mains,

Et vous venez ici, près d'une autre victime,

Solliciter le prix de votre premier crime;

Et vous venez ici, m'offrir presque à genoux,
Vos présents teints de sang! du sang de mon époux!
Sortez! sortez!—Mais non; écoutez ma réponse:
Je vous crois criminel quand Fausta vous dénonce.
Le sort d'Icilius ne me changera pas,
Et je hais votre amour autant que son trépas.
N'employez avec moi ni détour ni surprise,
La Romaine vous hait, l'amante vous méprise."

This passage will convey a fair specimen of the author's style, which, though somewhat deficient in colour and elegance, is direct and without triviality or bombast. He is, perhaps, a little too much open to the charge of thrusting in commonplaces for the sake of a rhyme; he has not yet attained the art of concealing his art. And in one or two instances he has fallen into the system of periphrasis patronised by the Empire. Thus he speaks of gold, in these terms:—

"Et ces ornements vils qu'il m'ose présenter
Sont faits de ce métal qui sert pour acheter."

The character of Virginius, though relieved by some fine touches, is somewhat conventional; and we must object to his constant talk about shedding his blood for his country: as a soldier, it was his duty to shed it: as a brave soldier, it was his duty to talk as little about it as possible. During the trial he has one reply to make which is quite up to the passion of the scene, and which forms a magnificent point for an actor. He is led away by his vehemence, and Claudius interposes to remind him where he is:—

"Claudius.—Vois tu cette hache qui brille
Dans la main du licteur?

Virginius.—Je ne vois que ma fille,

Dans mon cœur sont gravés mes droits et mes affronts.

Claudius.—Crains, soldat insolent, d'irriter ma colère!

Car je suis Décemvir.

Virginius.—Tremble, car je suis père!"

M. Latour has dispensed with the character of Icilius altogether, and he has done wisely. The temptation to introduce the lover was, doubtless, great; but we believe that lovers are always prejudicial, except in a love story. Shakspeare knew this well. In 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' 'Lear,' 'Othello'—his four greatest works—he has no lover. M. Latour has given Virginie all the advantage to accrue from her affections being another's, and at the same time preserved her from the presence of Icilius. The struggle—the dramatic 'collision' is clearly between Virginie and Claudius. The father is introduced as a necessary instrument, and as exemplifying the manly pathos of the situation. Icilius could only repeat the character of Virginius: he would be another man out-

raged, indignant, pathetic; he might be so in a different manner, but the true economy of art renders him superfluous. As the piece now stands, by the non-introduction of Icilium, Virginie has a grief the more, and a protector the less.

Fabius is altogether a mistake; and, curiously enough, it is a mistake referable to the Romanticists: the mistake of *couleur locale*. Some of the French critics have lauded the author for the happy manner in which he has, in the person of Fabius, contrived to picture the condition of patron and client in Rome. To us it seems neither a good picture, for it is not exact; nor a good intention, for it is historical, and not dramatic. Fabius *does* nothing in the piece. He talks, and talks superabundantly, but he is in no way wound up in the threads of the plot so that he could not be omitted without injury. Now this is precisely the fault we find with those poets who seek *couleur locale*, and think more of displaying their historical knowledge than their knowledge of art.

But we must have done with sermonising, and content ourselves with recommending to our dramatic readers this most recent product of the new school of dramatists, which, founded as it is on the truly national taste, must have a better chance of success than the clever but mistaken productions of the Romantic School.

ART. III.—1. *Versuch einer getreuen Schilderung der Republik Mejico*. Von EDUARD MUEHLENPFORDT, &c. (Essay of a Faithful Description of the Republic of Mexico. By EDWARD MUEHLENPFORDT, formerly Director of the Works of the Mexican Company, and afterwards Road-Surveyor to the State of Oajaca.) 2 vols. Hanover. 1844.

2. *Mexico as it was and as it is*. By BRANTZ MAYER, Secretary of the United States' Legation to that Country, in 1841 and 1842. New York and London. 1844.

3. *Life in Mexico*. By Madame CALDERON DE LA BARCA. London: Chapman and Hall. 1843.

4. *Texas and the Gulf of Mexico*. By Mrs. HOUSTON. 2 vols. London. 1844.

5. *Mexico*. By H. G. WARD, Esq., his Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in the Country during the years 1825, 1826, and part of 1827. 2 vols. London. 1829.

6. *Journal of a Residence and Tour in Mexico in the Year 1826*. By Captain G. F. LYON, R.N., F.R.S.

7. *Six Months' Residence and Travels in Mexico*. By W. BULLOCK, F.L.S. London. 1824.

8. *Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution*. By WILLIAM DAVIS ROBINSON. Philadelphia. 1820.

9. *Narrative of the Santa Fé Expedition*. By GEORGE WILKINS KENDALL. London. 1844.

RECENT changes and revolutions are again attracting the attention of political observers to the shores of the Mexican Gulf: The late overthrow of Santa Anna, the decision of the question long pending between the Republic of Mexico and the United States of the north, as to the annexation of Texas, and the contingency of war or peace in regions which have so many claims on the attention of Europe, combine to revive no small portion of that keen interest which, twenty years ago, was felt when the fancied El Dorado was laid open to the enterprise of Europe, and seem to show that a new page of the many-leaved volume of the future is unfolding. The mighty current of human action sets in with increased volume and intensity towards the west and south of the American continent. At the present moment, therefore, we persuade ourselves that we shall render no unacceptable service to our readers, by throwing together such information as we have been able to collect, on the present state and prospects of a country which, in spite of modern tourists, still remains in many respects a *terra incognita* to the mass of readers. This we shall preface by a succinct view of the leading events of Mexican history, from the outbreak of the revolution, interweaving such considerations of a more general kind as the subject may naturally suggest.

In thus restricting the range of our speculations, we are well aware of the sacrifice we make, in foregoing themes which have a perpetual and unfading charm for those who love to linger on the storied memories of the past. A more tempting task might be to recall our readers to the days of the pilgrim of Palos, who explored the awful mysteries of the ocean stream, till he found 'a temperate in a torrid zone.'

"The feverish air fann'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales set round with shady trees;
And guiltless men, who danced away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime."

Nor less pleasing would it be to make our canvass gorgeous with the barbaric splen-

dours of the Indian monarchy and hierarchy, to retrace the career of Cortes and his adventurous cavaliers, and to tell

"Of the glorious city won
Near the setting of the sun,
Throned in a silver lake;
Of seven kings in chains of gold."

These are themes whose romantic interest awakens a never-failing response in the imagination at all times, and which with the youth of modern Europe rank second in fascination only to the fairy tales and national legends which are the time-consecrated food of juvenile fancy. But leaving such splendid scenes to Irving and Prescott, to whom they rightfully belong by the double tenure of indigenous association and prior occupancy, let us proceed to our own more sober, but, perhaps, more useful task of sketching the development of that society which, in the sixteenth century, was founded by the sword of Castile amidst the ruins of the Aztec Venice.

Mexico, from its advantages of situation, its endless diversity of soil and climate, and its capacity of sustaining an immense population, would seem to be a land destined by nature to play no humble part in the affairs of the world. In the hands of a stirring and warlike race, the country would in fact afford the military key to both divisions of the American continent; for, from her mountain-throne she overlooks the vast levels of Texas and the United States, while by way of Guatemala and across the Caribbean Sea, the forces of a strong and compact state might dominate the feeble and divided communities of the South. She is seated on the great table-land formed by the Mexican Andes, which, springing from their southern roots in the Isthmus of Panama, stretch their vast system of ridges and valleys over the whole breadth of the country as far as to the mouth of Rio Bravo, and then receding to the west and north, traverse the length of the continent to where the towering peaks of the St. Elias glitter in their gorgeous icy robe, beneath the rays of the Arctic sun. The belt of coast which intervenes on each side between the mountains and the sea, forms a sure bulwark against foreign aggression, interposing by its tropical climate, and the diseases thence generated, to which the European falls a helpless prey, insurmountable obstacles to the passage of an army. Defended by resolute spirits and energetic hands, such a country would be impregnable, and even with the listless and indolent race by whom it is held, would be found no easy conquest to an invader; for though the opinion which is sometimes hazarded may

be well-founded, that a modern Cortes might repeat the march from Vera Cruz to Mexico, he would find that on arriving at the capital, he was but on the threshold of his undertaking, even if his army had not long before melted away in the pestilential levels of the sea-coast. The Alpine conformation of its tropical region presents in its numberless terraces and valleys, elevated plains, and deep-sunk slades, that wondrous variety of climate and scenery which it has tasked the pens of all geographers and travellers to describe, with every shape of wildness, grandeur, and luxuriant beauty that can fill the fancy or charm the eye. Amid the mountain heights, from which spring the fire-born cones, with their stainless cinctures of perennial snow, we find the forests of Scandinavia reproduced; further down on their slopes, the delicious climate of Southern Europe, yielding in abundance the grain that nourishes the life of man, and the rare and exquisite fruits that crown its enjoyments—the grape, the orange, the olive, and the lemon; whilst at the base of the giant hills, the rich soil teems with the coffee-plant and the sugar-cane, and glows with the dazzling colours of the tropical flora. The European race which occupied the empire of the Aztecs was in fact conducted by the dispensations of Providence into a country which exhibits in many respects the natural counterpart of their own. In the Spain of the New World, the same physical features which characterized their ancient dwelling-places, appear, though on a far wider and more magnificent scale. The lofty sierras and table-lands, once forest-clad though now treeless, of Castile, the net-work of ridges and stream-fed dales which interlaces the territory of Biscay, the fertile vegas and sterile wastes which bask under the suns of Andalusia and Granada, all find their likenesses in that region of America which the first discoverers, struck with the resemblance borne by its shores to those they had left behind, greeted with the appellation of New Spain.* The parallel holds good, and will probably continue to do so, in the moral as well as the physical features of the picture presented by modern Mexico; for the

* Describing the voyage of discovery made by Grijalva along the Mexican coast, De Solis tells us: "Some one of the soldiers then saying that this land was similar to that of Spain, the comparison pleased the hearers so much, and remained so impressed on the memories of all, that no other original is to be found of the name of New Spain being given to those regions. Words spoken casually are repeated but by chance; save when propriety and grace of meaning are perceived in them, to captivate the memory of man." (*Conquista de Mexico*, l. i., c. 5.)

populations of its various provinces show differences of character and manners no less striking than are remarked at the present day in those of Old Spain. These are partly called forth by climate and situation, but their most fertile source is no doubt the greater or lesser proportion in which the intermixture of Indian with European blood has ensued. There results from the diversities of character to which we allude, and still more from the difficulties of communication and the weakness of the general government, an interprovincial isolation of the same kind with that which prevails so remarkably in the mother-country, and exercises on its political changes and revolutions an influence still plainly appreciable.

It will assist our readers in forming a more accurate idea of the physical conformation of the Mexican territory, and its infinite variety of climate, if we subjoin to the general view we have ourselves attempted to present, some well-digested and able observations on the subject by Mühlenpfordt:—

“Although the mountain-chain of Mexico appears to be one and the same with that which, under the name of the Cordilleras of the Andes, intersects all South America, from south to north; yet its structure on the north and south of the equator is entirely different. On the southern hemisphere we see the Cordilleras everywhere furrowed, lengthwise and crosswise, by valleys, which seem as if they had been formed by a forcible severance of the mountains. Here we find tracts perfectly level at a great absolute elevation. The richly cultivated plain around the town of Santa Fé de Bogota lies 8700, the high level of Coxamarca, in Peru, 9000, the wide plains about the volcano of Antisana, 13,429 English feet above the sea. These elevated flats of Cundinamarca, Quito, and Peru, though quite level, have an extent of no more than forty-two square leagues; difficult of ascent, separated from each other by deep valleys, surrounded by lofty peaks, they have no connection with each other, and offer but trifling facilities to internal communication in those countries. In Mexico, on the contrary, we find the main ridge of mountains itself forming the table-land. High-raised plains, of far greater extent, and equally uniform, lie near together, stretching from the 18th to the 40th parallel of latitude, in unbroken succession, overtopped only by individual cones and lines of greater altitude. The direction of the table-land determines, as it were, the whole course of the mountain-chains. The craters, of 16,000 to 18,000 feet high, are partly scattered on the table-land, partly arranged in lines, whose direction is not by any means always parallel with the general track of the Cordilleras. In Peru, Quito, Cundinamarca, as observed, the lofty platforms are divided by cross valleys, whose perpendicular depth amounts sometimes to 4500 feet, and whose steep precipices are only to be climbed by travellers on mules, on foot, or carried on the backs of Indians. In Mexico, on the other hand, the table-lands are so continu-

ous, that from Tehuantepec to Santa Fé, in New Mexico, nay, even into the territory of the United States, wheel-carriages might roll.”

Ascending from Tehuantepec, on the Pacific coast, which is but 118 feet above the level of the sea, the table-land stretches from Oajaca to Durango, at an elevation of 6000 to 8000 feet,* its surface intersected by ridges which run from 9000 to 11,000 feet in height, while above this only isolated mountains ascend. Beyond Durango, in the territory of New Mexico, towards Texas on the one side, and the head of the Californian Gulf on the other, the general level of the ground rapidly sinks, the Sierra Madre or mother-ridge, known further northward as the Rocky Mountains, stretching away in solitary grandeur.

“Conformably to the law of nature, which makes the climatic effect of an elevation of 3000 feet, equal to a difference in latitude of ten degrees, we find in Mexico all imaginable variations and shades of climate, piled above one another, as it were, in stories; and may in a few hours, often several times in the course of a day’s journey, descend from the world of hyacinths, mosses, and lichens, from the region of ever-benumbing cold, of perpetual snow and ice, into that of ever-dissolving heat, where the inhabitant goes naked, his brown skin anointed with grease, to make it less sensitive to the sun’s burning rays, and dwells in bird-cage-shaped huts, open to the air. Situations more or less sheltered from the wind, especially the north-west wind, more or less exposed to the influence of the sun-beams; greater approximation to the west coast, where the air is perceptibly milder than on the east; want or abundance of wood and water; are all circumstances which modify the temperature in the most surprising manner, at the same height above the sea and in the same parallel.”

The Colonial system of Spain was one of the most curious engines of oppression ever devised by human avarice and rapacity; its only palliation, perhaps, is to be found in the ignorance and folly of the Spanish rulers, from the days of Philip II., who squandered the resources and ruined the prosperity of Spain herself. The nineteenth century found the same maxims and principles in vigour, which had prevailed under the most cruel and imbecile of the successors of Charles V. Not only were the interests of the colonists sacrificed in every point, by a political exclusiveness, which practically interdicted to every American the exercise of any but the most inferior offices in the public service—a spiritual

* To this general statement, of course, exceptions may be pointed out. Thus the valley of Toluca, near Mexico, reaches an average elevation of 8500 feet.

tyranny, which threatened with the penalties of the Inquisition all freedom of thought or speculation—and a commercial monopoly enforced with such unrelenting rigour, that the punishment of death was denounced against all who were detected in trafficking with foreigners, whilst the vines and olives of Mexico were rooted out, that its inhabitants might be compelled to draw their supplies from Spain; and the wheat which the colonists of La Plata were forbidden to export, was applied to fill up marshes in the vicinity of Buenos Ayres. These things, and much more of the like sort, might have been borne, but the bitterest fruits of tyranny are not always political grievances. To be a native of American soil stamped the brand of social degradation, even on a man who traced his descent from the conquerors; the Creoles were regarded by the Europeans such as the free-coloured population of the United States now are by their white countrymen. Even ties of blood could not overcome their insensate prejudice, which led often to the disinheritorship of a son by a father, in favour of some adventurer from Europe. For the Indians again were reserved the dregs of the cup of oppression! In the continental provinces they were too numerous to be extirpated, as in the Spanish West Indian Islands; there they continued to form the bulk of the population. In Mexico, it is calculated that four-sevenths are Indians, two-sevenths persons of mixed blood or mestizos, and only one-seventh whites. They were reduced by the system of repartition among the landed proprietors to a bondage, of which the negro slavery of the present day exhibits no inexact parallel;*

* "All the property of the Indians, moveable and immoveable, was considered as belonging to the conquerors, and only a very limited allotment, of 600 yards in diameter, was conceded to them for a residence in the neighbourhood of the newly-built churches. At a time when it was gravely disputed whether the Indians were to be counted among reasonable beings, it was believed that a benefit was conferred upon them by placing them under the guardianship of the whites. During a succession of years the Indians, whose freedom the king had fruitlessly promised, were the slaves of the whites, who appropriated them indiscriminately, and frequently quarrelled about their right. To avert this, and, as it imagined, to give the Indians protectors, the court of Madrid introduced the *encomiendas*, by which the Indians, in divisions of several hundred families, were assigned to the soldiers of the conquest and their descendants, or to the jurists sent from court to administer the provinces, or counterpoise the encroaching powers of the viceroys, and other favourites. A great number of the best commanderies were given to the convents. This system did not improve the condition of the Indians; it fettered them to the soil, and their labour was the property of their master." (Mühlenpfordt, i., 233.)

but they cherished the memory of the greatness of their race, and a vengeful sense of the sufferings they had so long endured. At this source, too, it was fated that the Erinyes of retribution was to light her torch!

It was the crafty policy of the Spanish court to retain the Mexicans in a state of intellectual childhood, teaching them to look upon Spain as the sovereign power of Europe, and keeping them studiously in ignorance of the very existence of other nations.* Yet they had long entertained the design of throwing off the Spanish yoke, and waited but the opportunity of effecting their design. We have the testimony of Humboldt in his 'Essay on New Spain' as to the existence of discontent among the higher classes, and the American General Pike, who travelled through the northern provinces in 1807, speaks still more strongly of its diffusion and intensity among the inferior clergy and the officers of the provincial army, who were debarred by the accident of birth from all chance of promotion to the higher grades. Insurrections and isolated revolts had not been wanting in the course of the two centuries and a half which had elapsed since the conquest. Such was the revolt of the Indians in the north-western provinces during the latter half of the last century; and the insurrections of Mexico in 1624, 1692, and in 1797, under the vice-royalty of Count Galvez, whose conduct in several particulars, notwithstanding his apparent zeal in its suppression, gave the greatest umbrage to the Spanish court, and is said to have resulted, after his recall, in his death by poison. In such a state of society as we have described, the materials of explosion were rife, and a concurrence of extraordinary events, which had their spring in the ambition of Napoleon, at length sounded the knell of Spanish domination in America. The renunciation of the crown of Spain by Charles IV., and his son Ferdinand VII., into the hands of the French emperor—that basest of treasons, unparalleled even in the annals of royal infamy—and the subsequent invasion of the Peninsula by his armies, were the signal of a general fermentation throughout all the transatlantic dominions of that country. Spain being now left without a regular government, propositions were made by the Creoles for the formation of executive juntas, and the assembly of provincial congresses, to act in the name of the absent

* In 1823, Bullock found it difficult to persuade the natives that England, France, Germany, Holland, and Italy, were anything else than so many paltry provinces, with governors set over them by the King of Spain. (*Travels in Mexico*, p. 63.)

sovereign, and to strengthen the hands of the mother-country in its struggle against foreign aggression, which were in some instances favourably listened to by the viceroys. The old Spaniards beheld with alarm the awakening sense of popular rights and the national spirit which these proceedings evinced; the Audiencias, or supreme courts, charged among their other functions to watch over the interests of the crown, became the organs of the Europeans, and strenuously resisted the efforts of the colonists to assert their right of sharing actively in the vindication of Spanish independence against French invasion. Had Spain at this time possessed public servants with heads and hearts competent to appreciate the justice and expediency of a conciliatory policy, the enthusiasm of the Creoles might have been diverted to her own service; and the latent desire of independence, to which, undoubtedly, the movement above mentioned was in part to be ascribed, might possibly have been extinguished by judicious concessions. But this was not to be looked for, save in a few isolated instances, among men hardened in the traditions of a depraved despotism, and practised in all the mysteries of fraud and corruption under the flagitious administration of Godoy. A striking observation of the Duke of Wellington's is on record, to the effect, that in all his extensive experience of Spanish official men, acquired during the Peninsular war, he met with hardly a single man, whose abilities arose above the meanest order of mind, or who possessed a respectable share of political knowledge. If such men there were, their influence was neutralised by the swarm of court-drones and noodles by whom they were surrounded. The prevalent feeling of the Spaniards toward their American dependencies may be gathered from the fact, that in the Cortes of 1812 there were many orators who denied the colonists to be superior in any respect to brutes, or entitled to any better treatment, and found not only patient hearing, but favour and applause in that assembly. Whatever administrative talent the Spaniards possessed, indeed, seems to have been employed in the colonies. Iturrigaray, Venegas, and Calleja, were men far abler than any of those who composed the government of the mother-country at the same time. Many of their measures were conceived with a skill, and executed with a vigour, unknown in the contemporary annals of Spain; and such state-papers of the colonial government as we have seen (for instance, 'Calleja's Report on the State of Mexico in 1814') are far superior to those,

which emanated from the Central Junta and the Regency.

Iturrigaray, the vice-king of Mexico, had gained great popularity among the natives by his conciliatory demeanour throughout the pending crisis; and was disposed, from whatever motives, to accede to the demand of the Creoles for the convocation of a Mexican Cortes. He is said to have suspected the fidelity of some of the Spanish officials around him, and looking to the shameful desertion of the national cause, of which so many examples had been witnessed in the Peninsula, and the intrigues of French emissaries in America, it is probable he might have good reason for suspicion. His claim to be regarded as the sole depository of the royal power and authority gave deep offence to the Audiencia, and the European faction pretended that he favoured the natives from a desire to make himself an independent sovereign.* However this may have been, the Audiencia determined to have him arrested and deposed; and, on the night of the 15th of September, 1808, accordingly, a band of Europeans, chiefly merchants, entered his palace, and seized his person as he lay in bed. After a short confinement in a neighbouring convent he was removed to Spain, and the Audiencia invested with the vice-regal functions Lizana, Archbishop of Mexico, whose vacillating and feeble policy tended only to exasperate the eagerness of the Mexicans for the contest which it was now evident had become inevitable.

Two years elapsed from the date of Iturrigaray's arrest, during which the absence of any concessions on the part of the government, and the insolence of the Europeans, aggravated the irritation produced by that event among the natives.† An extensive conspiracy against the Spanish domination was organized, composed chiefly of ecclesiastics and lawyers, with some military men. Dr. Hidalgo, curate of the small town of Dolores, was the leader of the conspiracy in the province of Guanajuato, which, with that of Mechoacan or Valladolid, continued throughout to be the main support of the

* It was at least not from any natural aversion to arbitrary measures, for in his former post of Administrador des Obras Pias, or steward of pious donations in Mexico, the severity of his exactions gave rise to loud complaints.

† Iturrigaray was released by the Central Junta, afterwards arrested by the Regency, and again set at liberty by a decree of the Cortes. This did not save him, however, from being condemned by the council of the Indies, in a residencia, to a ruinous fine of 284,241 dollars, which absorbed all his capital. His wife, who was afflicted with palsy, and family, were reduced to absolute destitution in the town of Jaen, where they resided.

insurgent cause. Hidalgo was an intelligent, and, for his country, well-informed man; enterprising, and of an austere turn of mind; of engaging conversation and manners, some of his chroniclers tell us, yet showing himself both cruel and vindictive in the sequel. He had private as well as public injuries to avenge, for having, among other projects for encouraging the industry of his parishioners, formed large plantations of vines, he had the mortification of seeing them rooted out by order of the government. The viceroy obtained information of the plot, and issued orders for the arrest of Hidalgo, with his associates Allende and other Creole officers in garrison at Guanajuato. Hereupon, the daring priest resolved instantly to raise the standard of revolt. On the 16th of September, 1810, he commenced the struggle by the seizure of seven Europeans resident in the town of Dolores, whose inhabitants, mostly of Indian descent, immediately joined his banner. The news of the outbreak spread like wildfire, and was hailed by the Indians of the neighbouring territory as the dawning of their deliverance from their ancient oppressors. For them, it seemed, the day of retribution was come, and they obeyed with eagerness the call which their leader addressed to them for a sanguinary vengeance. In less than a fortnight 20,000 joined him—a proof of the intolerable nature of the sufferings under which they had so long groaned, and of the tenacious memory of wrong which distinguishes their race, impassive and resigned in outward seeming. To the incitement of patriotism and of the prospect of revenge were added the figments of superstition; and the Virgin of Guadalupe, under whose standard they marched, was invoked as the patroness of their cause, and the guide of their arms. Hidalgo was soon joined by two Creole regiments, and found himself strong enough to march upon Guanajuato. This city, the second in the kingdom of Mexico, and the depository of immense treasures, the produce of the neighbouring mines, fell an easy prey into his hands; the Europeans, with not a few of the Creoles, who made common cause with them, were put to the sword, and their property given up to plunder. So eager were the Indians in the work of destruction that, in less than twenty-four hours, not one stone of their houses was left standing. An enormous booty, to the amount of five millions of dollars, rewarded the zeal of the insurgents, who committed many excesses which their leader made no attempt to restrain. Like the *Jacquerie* of France, the Indians were infuriated by the thirst of vengeance, and Hidalgo was but too well inclined to give loose to their passions.

Various reasons have been assigned for the conduct of the rebel leader in encouraging the outrages which an ignorant and undisciplined rabble, such as that which followed his banner, is always prone to commit. Resentment for his personal grievances may have had its share; a powerful motive was supplied in the first instance by the wish to commit his followers irrevocably in the struggle with the Europeans. To these we may add the sanguinary instinct which the Spaniard has always betrayed in civil dissensions; more remarkable with that nation since the times of Ferdinand and Isabella than in days more ancient, and, perhaps, derived from the Arabs, so long the denizens of their soil.* Hidalgo's war-cry was 'Death to the Gachupins,†' and he scrupled not to act up to its fearful import. One of the darkest tragedies of the revolution, was the massacre shortly afterwards perpetrated by his orders at Guadalajara; here the Europeans, to the number of 800, were shut up in convents, and conducted at the dead of night, in parties of twenty and thirty, to lonely places amidst the hills lying round, where they were dispatched by the steel or the club, the use of fire-arms being forbidden for the sake of secrecy. But cruelty is always as impolitic as it is inhuman, and Hidalgo soon found that he had committed a fatal and irremediable error. The Creoles of wealth and influence, connected, many of them, by ties of affinity with the old Spaniards, were alarmed and disgusted by proceedings which outraged humanity, and seemed to menace with ruin all the possessors of property; the old Spaniards were reduced to despair, and seeing war to the knife proclaimed against them, were not slow in resorting to retaliatory measures, which equalled or surpassed those of the insurgents in atrocity.

In Felix Maria Calleja, the military com-

* The Audiencia of Mexico, in their memorial to the Cortes (paragraphs 40 and 41), attributed 'the ferocious spirit that characterized Hidalgo's rebellion, exemplified in the massacres of Guanajuato, Valladolid, &c., to the motive of getting into his hands the resources of the Europeans; as if he could not have obtained them but by wholesale shedding of blood. 'Without the riches of Europeans, he could not pay his own debts, much less undertake an expensive war; without these same riches as a bait, he could not gratify that thirst for plunder which possessed the immense legions by which he was followed.' But the Spaniards have generally shown themselves incompetent to conceive the attainment of a political object, without the most violent and extreme means. So far they have not even yet shaken off barbarism.

† Gachupin, a nickname for a European Spaniard, from the Aztec word *gatzopin*, a being half man, half horse, applied by the Indians to their conquerors.

mandant of San Luis Potosi, to whom the new viceroy, Venegas, committed the charge of suppressing the rebellion, they found a hand ready to execute whatever their direct malevolence could prompt. He was a soldier of fortune, who had passed his life in the military service of the crown in America, where, by the vigour of his operations, and the relentless spirit in which he crushed disaffection, he approved himself a worthy disciple of the school of Cortes and Pizarro. He knew and cared little for any other rule of government than the sword; the 'extermination of the disaffected,' and the reduction of the country to order by the establishment of martial law, was the 'heroic remedy' which he unceasingly urged on the adoption of the Spanish government. Hidalgo, with an army of more than 50,000 men, Indians, with the exception of the Creole regiments already mentioned, armed principally with bows, clubs, slings, and such other weapons as are used at times when 'furor arma ministrat,' had advanced upon the capital, but shrunk from attack, defended as it was by 7000 regular troops and numerous batteries. On a disorderly and ill-conducted retreat, he fell in with Calleja's force, composed almost entirely of Creoles. The fidelity of these to the royalist standards, in a contest with their countryman, was doubtful; and, but for the imprudence and mismanagement of the insurgents in precipitating hostilities, the result of the ensuing battle, fought on the 7th of November, in the plains of Aculco, might have been very different. The royalist troops are said to have wavered in coming into action, and would probably have refused to open their fire on the opposite ranks. But the unwieldy array of the rebels, struck with terror at the spectacle of a regular army, arranged in five columns, performing its evolutions with silent and orderly celerity, fell into confusion on their approach, and fired upon them at random. This insult provoked the Creole troops to take a bloody revenge, and from the day of this battle their line of action was decided against the rebels throughout the whole of the first period of the revolution. The latter fought with desperation, the Indians rushing with their clubs upon the bayonets of the regulars, and, so ignorant were they of the nature of artillery, trying to stop the mouths of the guns with their straw hats. They fell in heaps; in the battle and pursuit, not less than 10,000 perished. Calleja re-entered Guanajuato after an ineffectual resistance from a part of the rebel army under Allende. His stay there was signalized by a tragedy equalling in horror any that can be found even in the blood-stained

annals of Spanish warfare. The populace of the town, furious at their desertion by Hidalgo's troops, had wreaked their rage on a body of 239 Europeans, the survivors of the first assault and capture of the place, who were put to death to a man. Calleja exacted a terrible retribution by the decimation of the inhabitants of this unfortunate town. Without believing the incredible tale of Robinson, that 14,000 of the inhabitants had their throats cut in the great square, while its fountains ran with blood,—though Mayer and other recent writers have been incautious enough to repeat the statement,—we may conclude that the amount of carnage was sufficiently great to glut even the wolfish appetite of the Spaniard, and almost to rival the atrocities of Cortes at Cholula.

Hidalgo, after his defeat, had occupied Guadalajara in the western country, in defence of which he resolved to make another stand against Calleja. With this view he fortified the bridge of Calderon, about fourteen leagues north-east of the city, on the road by which the royalist general was approaching from Guanajuato. It is thrown across a branch of the Rio Lerma, a swiftly-flowing stream, with precipitous banks and hills rising upon the side of Guadalajara. Here Calleja attacked the insurgents on the 16th of January, 1811. They fought gallantly and repulsed several assaults, but being thrown into confusion by the explosion of an ammunition waggon in their ranks, and having their flanks turned by the royalist cavalry, were in the end completely routed. Their army broke up. Hidalgo, Allende, and the other leaders, endeavoured to gain the frontiers of the United States, but being betrayed by one of their adherents, were taken and shot at Chihuahua.

Morelos, also a Creole ecclesiastic, was the next leader of the revolutionary troops, whose movements he conducted with greater forecast, skill, and success, than his predecessor. He disciplined his troops, and showed more of forbearance and humanity than belonged to Hidalgo. Fortune smiled for a considerable time on the patriot cause. Collecting a considerable force in the south-west territory, he advanced to Cuautla, within thirty miles of Mexico. It is an open town, but by availing himself of the advantages of the ground, and constructing trenches and barricades, he rendered it defensible against attack, and was enabled for more than two months to resist all the efforts of Calleja to dislodge him. After a resistance signalized by many brilliant acts of heroism, want of provisions forced him to evacuate the place. In Puebla, Oaxaca, and the south and west, however, he retained the ascend-

ency for some time, defeating several Spanish divisions, and reducing Acapulco after a six months' siege. A congress of representatives of the Mexican people met at Chilpanzingo, in September, 1813, under his protection, and issued the declaration of Mexican independence. With 7000 men and 100 pieces of artillery he arrived before Valladolid, intending to besiege it. His lieutenant, Matamoros, imprudently ordered a review of the troops within half a mile of the town. The gallantry of Iturbide, then a colonel in the royalist army, improved the opportunity by a sally which threw the insurgents into confusion. A party of confederates arrived at the moment to the assistance of Morelos, whom his troops unfortunately mistook for enemies. Iturbide immediately charged them in flank, and put them to the route with great slaughter. Another defeat by the same officer completed their disorganization. Matamoros was taken prisoner and shot, and after a year of ineffectual struggles against the tide of adverse fortune, which everywhere overwhelmed the arms of the patriots, Morelos shared the same fate. A Mexican historian relates a curious anecdote of Calleja, who had now replaced Venegas in the vice-royalty. He visited Morelos in disguise, while a prisoner in the cells of the Inquisition, and being entreated by the vice-queen to save his life, is said to have replied that he would do so, were he not afraid of being dealt with in the same fashion as Iturrigaray.

Morelos was the main stay of the patriot cause, and had he been duly supported by the Creoles, would, no doubt, have achieved the independence of Mexico. After his death, in December, 1815, the insurrection lingered on for two years more, reduced to a partisan war, conducted in different provinces under Guerrero, Victoria, Bravo, and Teran, all able and active chiefs of the guerrilla school. But there was no unity or concert in their operations, and the isolated successes which they obtained led to no general result of importance. The congress was hunted from town to town, and finally from one hiding-place to another, by the Spanish troops, till it was dissolved by General Teran, who found it impossible to satisfy the pecuniary demands of its members. Calleja's unsparing hand had all but crushed the rebellion, which was now in a great measure confined to the Baxio, or central plains of the middle provinces. In 1819 occurred the expedition of the younger Mina, who had borne a gallant part in rescuing Spain from foreign domination. But he arrived at the most unfavourable moment, when the cause of those he wished to aid was at its lowest ebb;

and he failed to rouse the sympathies of the Mexicans, for he came to proclaim the constitution, not independence. Disembarking at Soto la Marina, with 400 men, chiefly English and Americans, he was joined by a few Mexicans, and effected a remarkable march of nearly 700 miles in thirty days over a most difficult country, fighting three actions on the way. Arrived at the Baxio, he found the various parties of insurgents scattered over that wide district, acknowledging the authority of Padre Torres; the elder chiefs of the insurrection having disappeared, except one or two who continued a precarious resistance in the desert fastnesses of the eastern and western coast. This man, who exercised absolute sway over the husbandmen of the Baxio, was one of the selfish and greedy tribe of public robbers, in whom all revolutions are more or less fertile. His sole aim was to enrich himself by rapine and extortion, and such was his disregard of the interests of those whom he professed to protect, that under pretence of cutting off the enemy's supplies, he laid in ruins, one after another, the towns and villages of the district over which he tyrannised. With such co-operations as these, the fate of Mina's expedition may be guessed. An overwhelming force was sent against the insurgents; their strongholds were reduced by siege, and Mina, falling into the enemy's hands, met the same fate, which had overtaken Morelos and Hidalgo.

Apodaca, who had succeeded Calleja in the vice-royalty, was disposed to milder measures, and the work of pacification appeared to be completed by the indulgence or amnesty granted to the insurgents, on condition of their return to obedience. In the autumn of 1819, he wrote to the home government that he would answer for the safety of Mexico without a single additional soldier being sent out, as the kingdom was perfectly tranquil and submissive to royal authority. But though active revolt was thus at an end, the spirit of independence, far from being extinguished, had gained strength from its enforced restraint; as the subterranean fire gathers force and volume from the pressure of the superincumbent mass. The establishment of the constitutional system in 1812 allowed a short interval of free discussion, during which a tide of liberal opinion had rushed in, whose influence soon pervaded all classes of society. The insurgents who had laid down their arms under the guarantee of the indulgence, laboured in secret to make proselytes; the Creole troops were gradually gained over, and the patriots, with an immense accession of strength, prepared to seize the first fa-

favourable conjuncture for a new rising. They had not to wait long. In the autumn of 1819, an army of 18,000 men was assembled at Cadiz, destined to rivet the chains of the Americans. It was placed under the command of Calleja, who since his recall had been created Count of Calderon. But the soldiers beheld with dread and discontent the prospect of embarking for the scene of that fatal warfare, from which so few who took part in it ever returned, and disaffection soon became general in their ranks. Riego seized the opportunity to proclaim the constitution on the first of January, 1820, marched at night to Arcos de la Frontera, Calleja's head-quarters, and made him prisoner with the chiefs of his staff.

The re-establishment of the constitution in Spain led to its second promulgation in Mexico. Apodaca, however, openly showed his hostility to the new system, and a plot was speedily formed under his auspices and those of the heads of the Mexican church, for the restoration of absolutism. Iturbide, the same officer who had defeated Morelos, and been mainly instrumental in upholding the Spanish sway, received a commission to put himself at the head of a small body of troops on the western coast, and proclaim a return to the old state of things. This is one of the first examples of that proceeding to which the Spaniards and Mexicans gave the name of *pronunciamiento*, a term familiar to us from numberless subsequent instances. Iturbide was one of those restless and aspiring soldiers, of whom the last half century, an age propitious by its civil discords, revolutions, and wars, to military ambition, has produced so many. But he showed few of the more generous or elevated features of the military character; he was the slave of fierce instincts and violent passions; his career proves sufficiently that, as in similar instances, selfishness rather than principle was the main spring of his conduct. His ambition had neither consistency nor grandeur; he was without the virtue to decline a crown, or the firmness and tact to preserve it when he had obtained it. Disposed by his birth (of a respectable family in the province of Mechoacan) and connexions to the independent cause, he made overtures to its leaders in 1810, when a young subaltern in the provincial army; but he would be content with nothing short of an independent command, and found them not inclined to place so high a price on his services. Throughout the revolution he was conspicuous for his hatred and persecution of its adherents, equalling or exceeding in cruelty any of the Spanish commandants. The present position of affairs offered the most

favourable opening he could have wished for his ambition. The patriots wanted only a leader; the Creole regiments, twenty-four out of thirty-five forming the military force of the country, were ripe for revolt, and would obey his call to arms in preference to that of any other chief; whilst in the existing state of Spain nothing was to be feared from that quarter. Iturbide determined, therefore, to employ his influence, and the forces placed under his command, for a very different purpose from that expected by the viceroy. On the 24th of February, 1821, he proclaimed in the small town of Iguala, not far from Acapulco, his famous 'plan,' by which he proposed to secure three objects: national independence; the exclusive maintenance of the Roman Catholic religion; and the union of all classes of the population of Mexico, by preserving to the old Spaniards the rights and privileges of native Mexicans, and the possession of all public employments held by them at the time of their joining his party. These were the three guarantees which he offered to his adherents. His force did not amount in the first instance to 1000 men, and had the government taken a prompt and vigorous part, the movement might have been crushed in the bud. But Apodaca remained inactive; and the Europeans, incensed at his delays, suddenly deposed him as they had done Iturrigaray, placing an officer of artillery, named Novella, at the head of affairs. Iturbide effected a junction with Guerrero, who was still in arms on the west coast, and moved towards the Baxio, reinforced at every point of his march by the veterans of the first insurrection and bodies of Creole troops. The clergy and the people declared unanimously in his favour, while Novella shut himself up with the European troops in the capital, which was threatened with investment. Meantime a new viceroy despatched by the constitutionalists, Don Juan O'Donoju, had landed at Vera Cruz. Iturbide immediately sought an interview with him, and proposed to him the acceptance of the plan of Iguala, as the only means of averting a civil war, and the possible dangers to the lives and property of his countrymen. O'Donoju, seeing the hopelessness of attempting a renewal of the conflict on behalf of Spain, acceded to these terms, and by the treaty of Cordova recognized in the name of Ferdinand the independence of Mexico, giving up the capital to the army of the three guarantees.

Iturbide was for the moment unquestioned master of Mexico. By one of the articles of the plan of Iguala, it was provided, that its government should be a con-

stitutional monarchy; by another, that a prince of the Spanish royal family should be called to the throne. The Cortes of Madrid having declared the treaty of Cordova, homologating the plan, to be illegal and void, the design of inviting one of the Infantes to the crown was soon abandoned, and in the congress which met in February, 1822, the number of Iturbide's partisans, who wished to offer the crown to himself, was considerable. Stormy discussions ensued on various subjects, and the reduction of the army from 60,000 to 20,000 was voted, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of its chief. His influence was every day growing less, and his friends resolved to anticipate its decline, and to place him on the throne. On the night of the 18th of May, the non-commissioned officers of the garrison of Mexico, who were devoted to his person, assembled before his windows, attended by the rabble of leperos who swarmed in the streets of the city, and proclaimed him emperor; next day, the congress passed a decree confirmatory of this mob-election. Iturbide was hardly on the throne, when he began to indulge his arbitrary predilections; claiming a veto upon the articles of the constitution which the congress were discussing, the right of appointing and removing judges at will, and the establishment of a military tribunal with formidable prerogatives in the capital. The congress resisted; and the consequence was, first, the arrest of fourteen of the obnoxious members, and next, the dissolution of the assembly, and the installation of a legislative junta appointed by the emperor. Insurrectionary movements broke out in various provinces; Santa Anna, then governor of Vera Cruz, declared in favour of the congress, and his example was followed by Victoria, Guerrero, and every military chief of importance, in rapid succession. Iturbide, deserted by the army, abandoned the throne without a struggle. Convoking the members of the congress resident in Mexico, he tendered them his abdication; they refused to accept it, because they wished not to appear to admit his right to the crown, but offered no obstacle to his departure from the kingdom. Next year, he attempted to re-enter Mexico, but set foot on its soil only to be outlawed, arrested, and shot.

The story of the revolution has some breadth and dignity; for it is always interesting to watch the efforts and trace the progress of a people struggling for independence. But it would be a bootless and ungrateful task to enter minutely into the history of the civil wars by which, since her separation from the mother-country, Mexico has been

continually torn; and this because they are for the most part destitute of any wide political significance, being rather contests of persons than conflicts of principle. What Milton said of the wars of the Anglo-Saxons may be applied with equal truth to those of the factions of Spanish America. 'Such bickerings to recount, what more worth is it than to chronicle the wars of kites and crows, flocking and fighting in the air?' In Mexico as in Spain, the political weatherglass is ever variable; the changes of position undergone by parties and individuals are as singular and sudden as tricks in a pantomime. Their revolutions have many features in common; both countries seem equally given over to the prey of state-quacks and adventurers, since all who possess a sufficient share of audacity may aspire to supreme power. Yet the curse of barrenness lies on the Spanish race, for among the many who have had their brief day of ascendancy, not one has been acknowledged by the voice of Europe as a man of eminent skill in the science of government, or has achieved the civic laurel-wreath which, even in moderately-enlightened communities, sagacity in counsel, integrity of purpose, and administrative vigour, never fail to earn for their possessor. Grovelling selfishness, corruption, favouritism, the most flagrant dereliction of principle, and shameless tergiversation, are the general characteristics of their public men. In an impure state of the moral atmosphere, these qualities are no bar to popularity. The late regent of Spain is almost the sole exception that can be pointed out to this description, and we know what his reward has been.

Before we proceed with our sketch of Mexican politics, the reader may not be sorry to turn aside, for a moment, to glance at some of the books whose titles we have prefixed to this article. Mr. Ward's work is entitled to be placed beside Humboldt's as the foundation of our knowledge on the subject of modern Mexico. Though not free from official formality and dryness, this trifling defect is more than compensated by his accuracy, candour, and liberal feeling, and the authenticity of the sources from which his materials are drawn. He was the first to lay open to European readers the riches of this unexplored world, to which all eyes were then eagerly turned, as a storehouse of wonders and romance. His sketch of the revolution, and the subsequent series of civil dissensions up to 1829, is a valuable contribution to history. Bullock and Lyon are amusing travellers, the former with much homely humour, the latter with a clear, easy, and lively narrative style, and

much relish for natural beauties. Recent seasons have been unusually prolific of works on Mexico and the neighbouring countries, and among all these records of travel, we do not know that one can be pointed out which is fairly chargeable with the crime of dulness. It must be admitted that they have been fortunate in their subject; for a country as rich in striking contrasts, and startling novelties of character and manners, as in picturesque natural scenery, furnishes ample matter for description. Of the wide popularity attained by 'Madame Calderon's Life in Mexico,' we need not speak; it is an accession to our literature, and in our opinion the best book of travels by a lady which has appeared since, 'Montague's Letters.' Nothing can exceed the grace and humour of her sketches of society, the rich colouring of her descriptions of nature,—so truthful and vivid, that, as we read, the fruits and flowers of the tropics seem to breathe their odours and array their lustrous hues around us,—or the unflagging spirit of enjoyment with which the fair authoress wings her way from one scene of gaiety to another, showing us Mexican life in all its *funcions*,* and in every phase; in the palace and the hacienda, the convent, the theatre, the bull-ring, the gambling-room, rural festivities, religious ceremonies, civic celebrations, or revolutions. Yet we might wish her less predilection for pomp and power, and more real sympathy with humanity and its rights, less sentimentality and more earnestness. The American diplomatist, Mr. Brantz Mayer, is always entertaining when he describes what he has himself seen, and his views on the political relations of Mexico are sound and well-judged; but his book is hasty and ill-digested, compiled in great part from well-known works, and containing some crude speculation on Indian antiquity, which would have been better omitted. Mühlensfordt's work is the most complete account of Modern Mexico extant. He has been much indebted to Humboldt, as well as to Ward and the English writers, but he gives us a mass of recent information as to the politics and commerce of Mexico; and on the topography of the country, to which the whole of the second volume is devoted, no other author has approached him in fulness

and minuteness. There is not a single district or town of any importance as to which he does not put us in possession of the whole stock of available information.

No other writer on Mexico has so well treated the extremely interesting and almost untouched subject of the condition of the Indian race, on which his long residence in the country, and ample opportunities of examination, makes the testimony the more valuable.

"It is hardly possible," he says, "to judge of the true character and intellectual capacities of the Indian, at a time when he has but just partially recovered his rights as man, and has had little opportunity of giving independent culture to his mental faculties. Though the civic oppression under which the Spaniards and Creoles held the copper-coloured race, and the coloured people generally, before the revolution, for the most part disappeared, yet their emancipation has, as yet, only nominally taken place. Hierarchical oppression has yet hardly decreased, and the clergy, both the inferior secular priests and the monks, who have the greatest influence over the Indians, find their account in declining to promote, if they do not positively retard, their intellectual development. Time only can inform us what advantages will accrue to the Indians from the new order of things. Up to this time, the introduction of the boasted civilisation of Europe, as well as of the Catholic religion, has been of but trifling benefit to them, and only a trace here and there of progress to an amelioration of their condition is to be remarked."

In the following passage we have a striking portrait:—

"The Mexican Indian of the present day is generally grave and taciturn, and almost sullen, when not excited by music and intoxicating drinks to joviality and loquacity. This serious character may be remarked even in the children, who appear more knowing at the age of five or six, than those of northern Europeans at that of nine or ten. But this appearance of steadiness is by no means consequent on a quicker development of mind, and the looks of these young people, dejected and void of all the cheerfulness and confidence of children, have nothing that gladdens. Gruffness and reserve appear to be essential features of the Indian character, and it cannot, I think, be assumed that these qualities were implanted in them exclusively by the long oppression which weighed down the Mexican race, first under their native rulers, and afterwards under the Spaniards; since they recur among the aborigines almost universally throughout America, even where these have never suffered any curtailment of their political liberty. To that cause may rather be attributed the stubbornness and selfishness which constitute a striking trait in the character of the present Indians. It is almost impossible to move an Indian to anything which he has once resolved not to do. Vehemence, threats, even corporal punishment, are of as little avail as the offer of gold or reward; persuasion, entreaties, and coaxing help as little. The Mexican Indian loves to give an appearance of mystery and importance

* It may be as well to explain, that we do not use this term, as might be supposed by the unwary, in its scientific sense of functions, but in the Spanish meaning, which makes it the exact equivalent of our homely vernacular *row*, evidently the same with the Swedish *ore*, unquiet, disorder or *dust*—a venerable old Gothic word, by no means to be confounded with the other dust, but meaning noise, or tumult.

to his most indifferent actions. If stirred up by weighty interests, he breaks his customary silence, and speaks with energy, but never with fire. Jokes are as rare with him as railery and laughter; I never heard an Indian laugh heartily, even when excited by spirituous liquors. His uncommon hardness of character allows him long to conceal the passions of indignation and vengeance. No sign betrays externally the fire that rages within, until it suddenly breaks out with terrible and uncontrollable violence. In this condition the Indian is inclined to practise the greatest cruelties, the most fearful crimes. The Mexican aborigines bear always with great patience the taunts which the whites were formerly, and still are, apt to indulge in against them. They oppose to these a cunning, which they dexterously hide under a highly deceitful semblance of indifference and stupidity. Despite their long slavery, despite the means which have been employed to rob the Indians of every historical recollection, they have by no means forgotten their former greatness. They know right well that they were once sole lords of the land, and that those Creoles who are so fond of calling themselves Americans, are but the sons and heirs of their oppressors. I have myself frequently heard Indians, when their ordinary reserve has been overcome by spirituous liquors, declare that they were the true masters of the country, and all others mere foreign intruders; and that if the Creoles could expel the Spaniards, they had themselves a far better right to expel the Creoles. May the latter be taught by their own acuteness to grant the Indians, while it is yet time, the practical exercise of these equal civic rights theoretically conceded to them, for the revolt of the copper-coloured natives would be a fearful spectacle! Once broken out on one point, it would quickly spread over the whole country, and undoubtedly end in the utter extermination of the whites."

Connected with this subject, and as a specimen of the kind of information Mühlentpfordt has amassed in the topographical portion of his work, much of which is scarcely elsewhere to be found, we will quote an interesting passage from his account of Tlascala, the territory which was the seat of the old Indian republic, whose inhabitants became so famous in the history of the conquest.

"Tlascala was one of the first Mexican States which joined the foreign invaders for the overthrow of Tenochtitlan, and it is well-known what important services the Tlascaltecs, ever the faithful allies of Cortes, rendered to him in his undertaking. After the conquest, these powerful confederates were the objects of especial vigilance on the part of their conquerors, and the Machiavelian maxim of 'divide et impera' was applied towards them in a certain sense. Strong and numerous divisions of Tlascaltecs were transplanted to San Luis Potosi, and other quarters of the north country, to settle there, and by persuasion and example to civilize and reduce under Spanish dominion the still unsubdued savage inhabitants. Meanwhile, the Spaniards were compelled from political motives to show some friendliness and gratitude to the

Tlascaltecs, zealous for freedom, and inclined to civil divisions. Here their state was allowed to subsist in its entirety, preserving its republican constitution, but under Spanish superiority, and subject to the payment of a yearly tribute, in the first instance small. The country was governed by its own cacique, an Indian, with four alcaldes as assistants, the representatives of the former chiefs of the four quarters of the town, which are still named as they were before the conquest.* The cacique was immediately subordinate to the audiencia and vice-king of Mexico, and had the rank and privilege of a royal lieutenant (*Alferez Real*). According to a royal decree of April 16, 1586, no white man could be admitted into the municipality of Tlascala. By the revolution the former privileges of this province lost their importance, having partly become the general rights of all portions of the republic, and partly ceased to be compatible with these; but the Tlascaltecs held themselves entitled to claim compensation for their loss, and demanded as such their political independence. The population being too small to form a separate state, the province was obliged to be content with being placed as a so-called territory, preserving the most important of its ancient institutions, under the immediate superiority of the general congress."

Tlascala, whose Indians are said to be distinguished by their lofty and regular figures, animation, and energy, has not been visited, so far as we recollect, by any modern traveller, though enough might probably be found to repay the researches of an enthusiastic antiquarian. We cannot help pointing out, as among the *desiderata* of historical literature, a good history of the settlement of Mexico, subsequent to the conquest, and of the administration of the viceroys up to the revolution. Upon the former subject we had expected some light from the recent work of Mr. Prescott; but he seems to suppose that the conquest ended with the reduction of the capital, where he has, most unwarrantably we think, and to the injury of his own reputation as a historian, stopped short. Madame Calderon mentions that Señor Cuevas, keeper of the archives of Mexico, had composed a long and elaborate history of the viceroys, which was stolen or destroyed in one of the late revolutions. Very much also remains to be done for the exploration of the Mexican territory, and in particular that portion of it lying between California and New Mexico, which is only nominally subject to her authority, and remains in undisturbed possession of the Indians. Large tracts of this immense region have, perhaps, never been traversed by a man of European race, and the uncertain rumours which wandering missionaries and hunters have furnished as to the portions

* Its population is stated to have been 100,000; it has now sunk to 4000.

they have visited, whet our curiosity as to its internal condition. It is the only portion of the earth which the darkness still hanging over it, and the traditional greatness of its indigenous race of inhabitants, combine to invest with an aspect of mystery and romance. Here it is possible the remains of the Aztecs, left behind in their migration to the south, may yet be traced. On the banks of the mighty stream of the Zaguana, ruins of ancient cities or palaces, and inhabited towns resembling in structure and arrangement the remains of Aztec architecture in Mexico, are said to have been found by the missionaries. The Indians possessing this country are still unconverted and unsubdued; their religion and customs are unknown, and by an examination of these much light would very probably be thrown upon the mythology and character of the Aztecs. Even in the long-settled territory of the republic there are Indian villages in various quarters, as Acapantzingo, near Cuernavaca, not 100 miles from the capital, whose inhabitants preserve their own blood, laws, and customs, free from foreign admixture, are governed by caciques of their own, and avoid as much as possible intercourse with the Spaniards. Mr. Stephens heard of an Indian city among the mountains of the south, unvisited by white men; similar reports may be heard among the natives of Peru. It would be idle to speculate as to the truth of these rumours; it is sufficient that they may possibly be true—and this, we think, cannot be denied—to induce an eager desire that the obscurity in which so great a part of the American continent is still wrapped may speedily be dispelled. As some earnest of what an industrious search may be expected to produce, let our readers take, on the authority of Mühlentpfordt, the following wild scene of Indian necrology:—

"In the state of Durango, especially in the yet entirely unknown tract called the Bolson de Mapimi, many considerable relics of antiquity, important for the old history of this country, are probably hidden. It was here that in the summer of 1838, an extremely remarkable old Indian place of sepulture was discovered. Among the few establishments which enterprising settlers have founded in that territory, overrun by savage Indians, one of the most important is the estate of San Juan de Casta on its western border, eighty-six leagues north of the town of Durango. Don Juan Flores, the proprietor of this estate, was taking a ramble one day with several companions in the Bolson, far towards the east, when he remarked an entrance into a cave on the side of a mountain. He went in and saw, as he supposed, a great number of wild Indians sitting round in silence on the ground of the cave. Flores rushed in affright from the cave to communicate his discovery to his companions. These took the whole

for imagination, nowhere observing any footpath or trace to show that any one had visited the spot. They entered the cave with lighted pine-splints. The sight that met their eyes was more than a thousand corpses in an entire state, the hands folded under the knees, lying on the ground. They were clad in a kind of mantle excellently woven, and wrought of the fibres of a bastard aloe, indigenous in these regions, named lechuguilla, with bands and scarfs of different variegated stuffs. Their ornaments were strings of small fruit-stones, with balls formed of bone, earrings, and thin cylindrical bones polished and gilt. Their sandals were woven of a kind of liana."

Mexico emerged from the struggles of the revolution, with little or no change in the institutions that have the most important influence in regulating national life, and forming national character. A federal commonwealth, she retained much of her old monarchical organization, and under the guise of republican simplicity hides the trappings of regal and oligarchical pomp. Her church is richly endowed, though not, perhaps, beyond the religious wants of the population; but the monstrous inequality with which its revenues are distributed has no parallel in any other ecclesiastical establishment in the world, not even in that of England. Her army is out of all proportion to the public necessities, and the proprietary aristocracy is of the most powerful and opulent in the world. The causes of this state of things are obvious. The Mexican revolution was lighted up and carried on under priestly influence and sanction, and brought to a conclusion by the army; nor has there yet sprung up any enlightened public opinion sufficient to counterbalance the power thus thrown into the hands of these bodies. Both the army and the church, however, are now recruited from the democracy, whilst under the old system they were aristocratic preserves. The great incubus on the national resources, and the origin of those financial embarrassments into which Mexico is plunged, is the enormous expense of the military force. In 1840, it consisted of 35,000 men, and absorbed 8,000,000 of dollars out of a revenue not amounting to 13,000,000; whilst under Santa Anna's administration, the outlay on account of this branch of the public service was considerably increased. To reduce the army, to curtail the superfluous riches of the church, to adopt the wholesome and necessary measure of subdividing landed property, which would call forth the energies and elevate the moral character of her population, would have been a legislative scheme befitting a wise and patriotic statesman, if Mexico had ever really possessed one; and would speedily raise her from her present stationary and in-

ert condition, into one of healthful activity and progress. Of the effects of the latter measure, when tried upon a small scale, Mühlensfordt gives a remarkable instance, which convincingly demonstrates the potency of the remedy. In the department of Orizaba, the increase of population has led to the division of extensive estates formerly belonging to the municipalities among a number of small proprietors, though we are not informed by what process or upon what conditions, except that the partition was made in a strictly legal form, and that each participant became the possessor in fee simple.

"New divisions," he continues, "at the convenience, and by the free consent of those interested, followed the first; small properties were enlarged and larger diminished; the spirit of private speculation fastened on estates withdrawn from the mortmain tenure of the corporations; a new class of landed proprietors arose, new establishments and enterprises of every kind were undertaken, and the beneficial results appeared after the lapse of a few years. The condition of the lower orders of people was speedily improved; the necessities of life became cheaper; the dwellings were enlarged and beautified, new water-works constructed, mulberry and olive plantations formed. Those of sugar and tobacco have considerably increased, while the maize-crops exceed the wants of the locality."

With such privileged classes holding in their hands the wealth of the country, no middle class which could counterbalance their weight, and a population ignorant to the last degree, impulsive, and totally unacquainted to self-government, it is not surprising that the public liberties should have been surrendered to be the sport of unscrupulous adventurers, whose selfish and unprincipled ambition availed itself of the support of the anti-popular elements we have pointed out. The weight of the sword in Mexico was demonstrated, fatally for its peace and prosperity, by the closing scenes of the revolution, and afterwards by the events of November and December, 1828; when Pedraza, head of the aristocratic party or *Escoceses*, having been constitutionally elected president, the *Yorkinos*,* or pseudo-democrats, took up arms to annul his election, and the installation of their candidate, General Guerrero, was celebrated amidst the orgies of a pronunciamiento, in which the city of Mexico, abandoned for the better part of a day to the tender mercies of its mob of leperos, was given over to the hor-

rors of sack and pillage. The events of this year, too plainly revealing the anarchical passions by which the country was torn, encouraged the Spanish government to make an attempt for the recovery of its forfeited ascendancy; and an invading army under General Barradas disembarked from the Havannah, July 27th, 1829, on the coast near Tampico. Guerrero, who was a Zambo, or man of mixed Indian and African blood, and popular from that circumstance with the coloured races, showed but little of his old revolutionary energy; and though armed by congress with extraordinary powers for the assembly of troops and the deportation of the old Spaniards, remained inactive in the face of the enemy. The danger was averted by the activity of Santa Anna, then governor of Vera Cruz, who collected a force of several thousand men, routed the enemy, and obliged them to capitulate, before the government troops had rendezvoused at Xalapa. The legislatures of the estates of Yucatan and Tabasco, provoked by the imbecility of the administration, declared in favour of a central constitutional government, and requested Santa Anna to place himself at the head of the movement. The proposal, however, failed of obtaining any general support, and the commanders of the government troops, assembled at Xalapa, who were in the *Escocese* interest, entered into an agreement pledging themselves to restore the constitution and laws of the republic to their original purity. The result was, the annulment of the illegal election of Guerrero, and the committal of the executive powers to the Vice-President Bustamante; but the interests of Pedraza, who was clearly entitled to the presidency, in this view of affairs, were for the time forgotten. All the states, with the exception of Yucatan, which adhered to its former sentiments, and continued at variance with the general government, intimated their acceptance of the Plan of Xalapa, as this convention was termed. In the course of the year 1830, several risings of the military occurred and were suppressed; at the head of one of these was the deposed President Guerrero, who was betrayed into the hands of the government, tried by court-martial at Oajaca, and shot. The new administration had not a more easy tenure than its predecessors. In January, 1832, the garrison of Vera Cruz, influenced by the intrigues of Santa Anna, pronounced against the government, on pretence that they had unduly favoured the old Spaniards, expelled by a decree of congress under Guerrero's presidency, and intrigued against the independence of Mexico; they demanded, likewise, the re-

* The names of these factions were derived from two politico-masonic clubs, or lodges, one of which was supposed, on what account does not appear, to be of Scottish origin; the other was affiliated to an association in New York, and influenced by Mr. Poinsett, formerly American minister in Mexico.

call of General Pedraza, who had retired to the United States, and his reinstatement in the chief magistracy until the expiration of his term of office. Santa Anna put himself at their head, and declared that he would not lay down his arms until a new congress should meet, and investigate the conduct of the government since its accession to power by the plan of Xalapa. A bloody civil war ensued, which was terminated at the beginning of 1833 by the reconciliation of Bustamante and Santa Anna, and their agreement to recall Pedraza, who accordingly returned from exile, and filled the presidency during the brief remainder of his term. Santa Anna was elected to succeed him, but scarcely had he entered office when a centralist insurrection broke out, the pretence of which was an act passed by congress for the regulation of the right of ecclesiastical patronage. This was suppressed for a moment, and the executive power was committed to the hands of Gomez Farias, a man of strong and sincere democratic opinions, during a temporary retirement of Santa Anna to his estate of Mongo de Clava near Xalapa, the motive assigned for which was a wish to arrange his private affairs. This was a step to which he resorted at critical moments in the fluctuation of politics in order to gain time to watch events, and reappear on the stage to throw his weight into the scale, which seemed likely to preponderate. Congress now proceeded to discuss a measure for the appropriation of part of the monastic estates to the payment of the national debt. This was the signal for a new centralist outbreak, instigated by the priesthood under General Bravo.

Santa Anna had hitherto been regarded as the leader of the federalists, with whom he generally acted, though his conduct in the latter part of 1829 had sufficiently shown that he was only to be counted upon so long as he could make them subserve the purposes of his ambition. Now that the tide seemed setting in the opposite direction, he suddenly abandoned that party, and declared his adhesion to the centralists, dissolving the congress by an unconstitutional assumption of power. A new congress met in July, 1835, and passed an act for the establishment of the central form of government, with a president eligible for eight years, and re-eligible for life; a senate consisting of six generals and six bishops, named by the president; abolition of the state legislatures, and their conversion into military prefectures. The result was the separation of Texas, Yucatan still refusing to acknowledge the authority of the general government, and a general insurrection of the

northern provinces, not quieted without much bloodshed in Zacatecas and Durango. Santa Anna lost his army and his liberty at the battle of San Jacinto, April 22, 1836, and when released by the humanity of the Texian president, Houston, found that he had irretrievably forfeited his popularity with his countrymen. He had been suspended from the exercise of his functions during his captivity, by a decree of congress, and did not recover them on his liberation; the friends of Bustamante having availed themselves of the opportune disgrace of his rival, to elect him to the presidency. Under the new administration occurred the federalist pronunciamento of 1840, in Mexico, under General Urrea and Gomez Farias, of which we have so graphic a description in the letters of Madame Calderon. In 1841 occurred that of Guadalajara under Paredes, which, after some bloodless military promenades, terminated in the abdication of Bustamante, Santa Anna being invested with dictatorial power for the re-modelling of the constitution. It was evident, however, that to this arrangement the people were no parties; it had been brought about by private contract between the rival chiefs, while the public had remained idle spectators of the issue. The acute and intelligent observer to whom we have just referred, witnessed the entry of Santa Anna into the capital after the conclusion of the plan of Tacubaya, and saw his public appearance at the theatre, and on other occasions. Not a single viva greeted his triumph; indifference or aversion were the only feelings common to the mass of the public. A convention elected by the municipal bodies was returned, to agree on a new constitutional scheme; but as it did not show the due measure of subserviency, it was dissolved, and a junta of notables, composed of his own creatures, was convened in December, 1842. The result was the promulgation of the scheme known as the "Bases of political organization of the Mexican republic," a compromise between the federalist and centralist, or unitarian principle, more equitable than might have been expected under the circumstances, and which seemed to give promise of a moderate and constitutional administration. The events of the last winter, which attended the overthrow of his power, and the return of the moderate party to office, are still fresh in the recollection of our readers, and it would be very unprofitable to enter on a minute discussion of them. Revolution was again begun by Paredes, the Commandant of Guadalajara, who is well known to have been discontented with the results of the pronunciamento of 1841,

from which he derived no accession of power or consequence, though it was supposed at the time that most men would have rather seen him president than either Bustamante or Santa Anna. He is a man of liberal views, in favour of religious toleration, and granting permission to foreigners to hold property,—a favourite scheme with the northern departments, who are conscious that their interests have been sacrificed to those of the south, and their immense resources left undeveloped by the exclusive and anti-social policy followed by the centralists, who have ever cherished a truly Spanish hatred of foreigners. If we are to believe the charges advanced in the November manifesto of Paredes, and subsequently enforced against him, Santa Anna is to be ranked amongst the most corrupt and tyrannical rulers of ancient and modern times; embezzlement and speculation of the public funds have been carried on under his auspices to an enormous extent. For the other charges of jobbing military patronage, financial embarrassment, and disorder in the public offices, Santa Anna is no more responsible than any of his predecessors of the government. But his obstinate persistence in the Texian war, the extorted contribution of four millions levied for its support, and enforced with the utmost rigour of exaction, the waste of the public resources in the discreditable hostilities with Yucatan, and the odium justly incurred by Santa Anna, as the main violator of the public peace, and disturber of the country, during the last twelve years, are causes sufficient to account for the outburst of public indignation which has hurled him from power. As to infractions of the constitution, it would be hard to point out any public man in Mexico, who is not chargeable with them. We do not regard Santa Anna as much more guilty than his rivals, but we do not lament his fall, and we rejoice that he has been replaced by a government formed of men of principle and integrity; who, though some of them are untried or of limited experience, are not personally obnoxious to any great body of their countrymen by the parts they have hitherto played in the political arena. It remains to be seen whether they will exhibit greater administrative vigour and capacity than their fallen opponent. *

Santa Anna has twice held the destinies of Mexico in his hands, in 1835 and 1841, and on each occasion shown himself unequal to the trial. Never had a ruler a nobler field for the gratification of an exalted philanthropy, or the exercise of legislative skill, in healing the wounds of civil war, and giving peace and prosperity to his country

under the protectingegis of a strong government. Among such a population, accustomed to command, supine and ignorant, heedless of the restraints of moral discipline and self-control, it admits of doubt, whether the central form of republicanism would not be best adapted to their wants and character, as well as to their comprehension. The federal system of the United States requires for its operation, defective as that has been proved to be, an energetic, intelligent, and informed community; but in Mexico, a government justly administered, in the hands of a chief at once competent and well-intentioned, would have been blessed in the insurement of present repose, and the preparation of a happier future. But never was there a more signal exhibition of incapacity for any of the nobler purposes of statesmanship than has been witnessed in Santa Anna. Boasting himself the Napoleon of the New World,* he was foiled shamefully at San Jacinto by a force not amounting to one-fourth of his own, and was reduced to beg abjectly for life from men whose dearest relatives he had butchered, and whom he had threatened with a like fate if they fell into his power. His administration satisfied not one of the national requirements, and only aggravated the embarrassments into which Mexico has been thrown by a long course of civil dissension and misrule. His fall has been complete and irretrievable,—*Zeus γὰρ μεγάλῃς γλασσοῦ κορυφῇ ἐπὶ τοῦ θύρατος*.

It is to be hoped that the government which has succeeded him will see the necessity of staying, by firm and vigorous measures of reform, the progress of internal disorganization, and the advancing wave of foreign aggression, which threatens to overwhelm them. Mexico has hitherto seemed unable either to govern or defend itself, and, if it escape domestic tyranny, is in peril of foreign dismemberment. Texas and Yucatan have for ever separated from the confederacy, and the northern provinces have more than once within the last ten years attempted to follow their example. Armijo set up, as Kendal informs us, a separate tyranny in New Mexico, scarce yet suppressed. The incursions of the Indians in the states of Chihuahua, Durango, and Cohahuila, are becoming every year more formidable; the inhabitants are left without protection against their attacks, and the latter state has in consequence recently given

* When taken prisoner by the Texians, and introduced to their president, Houston, his vain-glorious exclamation was: 'You may esteem yourself fortunate, in having conquered the Napoleon of the New World.'

notice of refusal to pay its quota of taxation to the general government. The latest accounts further inform us, that the Yankee squatters and sympathisers of California have driven out the Mexican governor and his guard, and intend to deal with that magnificent province, remote from and almost unknown to the Mexican government, as they did with Texas. Disaffection to the general government pervades all the northern and western states, and there seems an increased probability of their separation, especially if the federal system be again adopted by the congress. But if the present cabinet of Mexico be composed of men, who will boldly look the difficulties of the country in the face, and set themselves to apply effectual remedies, abandoning the chimerical hope of recovering Texas, devoting themselves to the task of restoring order, purifying their vicious administration of justice, and elevating the moral condition of the people, there is yet a chance that the dismemberment of Mexico may be averted, and that the American vulture, which waits to swoop upon its lifeless carcase, may be disappointed of its prey.

In this good work, we trust they will have the aid of the British government. It remains to be seen whether we will acquiesce in the occupation of California by the Americans, as we have in that of Texas. The views of the United States have long been directed to that beautiful and fertile territory, with its immense line of sea-coast, and noble harbours, unrivalled on the whole western coast of the continent. An active minister, who had a forecast of the future, might secure it as an appendage to Oregon, our unquestionable right to which is too clear to be surrendered. The Mexicans would not be sorry to part with it to us upon fair terms. But this is a degree of energy that may be vainly expected from the nerveless hands to which the direction of our foreign relations is at present confided.

ART. IV.—*La Revue Nouvelle*. Nos. II., III., and IV. 1646. Paris. (London, Jeffs.)

THE '*Revue Nouvelle*' declares itself to be an attempt to imitate the English *Quarterlies*; or rather to carry out the principles which distinguish the Review from the Newspaper. It is not always fair to judge of books according to their titles, nor of periodicals according to their prospectuses;

we may, therefore, abstain from inquiring how far the numbers of '*La Revue Nouvelle*,' already published, bear out the promises which were offered in its prospectus. A slight survey of the state of literary journals in France will enable us to judge of the claims of the new comer, by enabling us to answer the question always meeting a new periodical: Is it wanted?

The '*Revue Française*' and the '*Revue Encyclopédique*' having been for some years discontinued, the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' and the '*Revue de Paris*' were the sole literary journals; and as the '*Revue de Paris*' was much more like our magazines, and altogether of a slighter character than the '*Deux Mondes*,' the latter may for a long time be said to have monopolised the field of serious periodical literature. Those were the glorious days of the '*Revue*.' Not only the first men in philosophy, history, criticism, and political economy, were seen writing in it: the most popular novelists, and the most admired poets, were also amongst its contributors. By the side of Cousin, Remusat, Jouffroy, Nisard, Saint-Beuve, Gustave Planche, Augustin Thierry, Saint-Marc-Girardin, Duvergier de Hauranne, Michel Chevalier, Lerminier, Marmier, Rossi, and others—men who knew how to invest serious lucubrations with the graces of style—were to be found George Sand, Alfred de Musset, Balzac, C. de Bernard, A. Dumas, Alfred de Vigny, A. Briseux, Ch. Nodier, Méry, &c. The '*Revue*' then was a valuable work. It had the learning and careful writing of the best articles in English Reviews, together with novels, tales, and poems, such as rarely, if ever, appeared in English Magazines. Its fortnightly appearance was just frequent enough to keep it *au courant*; at the same time the interval between each two successive numbers was sufficiently long to prevent the precipitation inevitable in newspaper writing, and to enable the writers to bestow the requisite attention on their style. We confess this seems to us to have been the happiest union of qualities and circumstances in the history of periodicals. But it was doomed to suffer a severe shock.

M. Buloz, the proprietor, could not keep on good terms with his most popular contributors. One by one they fell off. He entertained the very ridiculous, but very common notion, that the authors were more indebted to him, than he to them: in a word, he fancied they could not do without him. He was mistaken. First, Balzac, then George Sand, then Dumas, left him; others quickly followed. The result was that the '*Revue*' was left to its literature and philo-

sophy, while the newspapers eagerly caught up the novelist, and turned feuilletons into imitations of the most attractive portions of the 'Revue.' This was a sad blow to the circulation of the latter; another swiftly followed. The 'Revue Independante' was established, with George Sand as the leading contributor; Pierre Leroux as the *philosophe*; and Louis Viardot (the admirable translator of 'Don Quixote,' and the husband of Pauline Garcia) as critic on art. George Sand's novels of 'Horace,' and 'Consuelo' would have been enough to insure the success of any review. But the success of the 'Independante' was in a great degree hampered by the humanitarian doctrines of Pierre Leroux. Fortunately, the philosopher resigned in time. The 'Revue' now numbers some important names amongst its contributors.

M. Buloz, seeing the mistake he had committed, endeavoured to rectify it. He turned the 'Revue de Paris' (which was also his) into a newspaper appearing three times a week; but the speculation was a bad one, and the 'Revue de Paris' is now no more. M. Buloz has the credit of being considerably illiterate, though proprietor of two revues, 'dont il est l'ame,' said M. Harel, with exquisite felicity, 'avec l'attention habile de n'en être jamais l'esprit.' But, illiterate or not, he is a man of considerable tact and readiness, as his success in life plainly shows: for though originally only a printer's foreman, he has founded one of the first periodicals in Europe by his own exertions, and conducted it for fifteen years. It is in vain that his detractors endeavour to explain this, by saying that he sold himself to the ministry. This may be true, yet not affect his cleverness. How many thousands are there equally willing to sell themselves, but who find no buyers! If M. Buloz was bought, it is to be supposed that he was worth paying for. The cause of his success must lie elsewhere than in a mere easiness of conscience. Besides, the fact of sale is not proved; so far from being proved is it, that the rumour in many quarters is that he has *recently* sold his 'Revue' entirely, and sold it to the government. This rumour has a colour of probability given to it by the return of certain writers, whose names have not figured in its pages for years, and who are all ministerial. The whole question is, however, of no importance to us.

The 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' having lost one great element of popularity, had only to endeavour to strengthen its other resources. This, it has done. It is now not so widely circulated. It is more exclusively serious. It addresses itself to another

audience; but if it continues to keep its present aim steadily in view, we have no doubt of its securing a sufficient audience. In the last year or two it has been occasionally heavy, seldom *amusing*, in the confined sense of the word, but very instructive, and often enriched with really valuable contributions in the shape of biographies, travels, history, and political economy. In its subjects it has approached our Reviews; in its treatment it has often surpassed us. In literature, as in everything else, it is something to know your position, and to accept it: to see clearly what can be done, and to do it. The 'Revue des Deux Mondes' has this advantage.

The 'Revue Nouvelle' seems to want this advantage. It has no definite aim. It attempts nothing new, and does not frankly accept what is old. The articles which it publishes might just as well have appeared elsewhere; some of them had better have appeared nowhere. The writers are principally writers in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes'—or were so; and there is no new element introduced, which is to separate this review from its more ancient rival. The only novelty is a novelty of publication: it appears at intervals of six weeks, and a single number may be bought, without the purchaser being forced to a three months' subscription. It is like our own Reviews in appearance; only not so bulky, and issued twice in the quarter. Its intention is to be less a review than a periodical publication of books, the books made up of essays. As we wish the Review well, we cannot forbear entreating the editor to reconsider his plan. The notion of periodical essays looks well in prospectuses; it will not do in execution. We have seen an example at home. A Review, having all the advantages of money and talent, was forced at length to give up after a long struggle in vain. Why was this struggle in vain? principally because the Review was less a Review than a periodical publication of essays. Neither money nor courage—neither learning nor talent—could save it. Against a similar fate we warn the 'Revue Nouvelle.' There is an essential difference between the book and the review, which it is fatal to overlook.

Looking at the 'Revue Nouvelle' with a view to the question, Is it wanted? we are forced to admit that at present it shows no signs of filling any want in French literature. But it may succeed; it may establish itself beside the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' and by important articles become important. Let it, however, clearly settle its aims. If it aspires to be popular, it must be more popular; if it aspires to be grave and useful, it must be more frankly so. We will make

our meaning clear by a reference to No. IV. The articles on Abélard, Henri Fonfrède, and on 'M. Quinet's 'Cours,' are admirable specimens of Review articles; whereas the other three articles should not have found admission; though we would except that on Mr. Disraeli's 'Sybil,' had not that novel been already copiously reviewed in France. M. Gobineau's paper is altogether unfit; and the Prince de Broglie's is a pamphlet, not an article. Thus half the volume is, we believe, a mistake.

In the article on 'Sybil' we were much amused with the gravity of the exordium, wherein France is called upon to study England more closely than she has hitherto done: a feeling to which we cordially respond. France could not have studied us less. But she is beginning to see the folly of this, and *perfidie Albion* is to be *approfondie*. To return to the exordium, M. Robin tells his countrymen that they must not suppose England is to be accurately known by a perusal of parliamentary debates and newspapers. Very true; there are other purer sources of information; and where does M. Robin advise France to seek them? In our novels, and particularly in the novels of Mr. Disraeli! It may be as well to add that the 'Revue Nouvelle' is conservative in its politics; defends Guizot; and professes a friendly feeling towards England. This latter point is important. The anti-English feeling is so strong in France, so mad, so unreflecting, so certain, if not checked, to involve the two countries in a war, that any serious periodical raising its voice against such folly cannot but be of service. We English are so little occupied about France—we are so little desirous of war—that we cannot, without an effort, bring ourselves to believe that the war-cry in France is anything more than the agitation of a small faction. This is a serious error. The feeling against England is deeply rooted—widely spread; it is, moreover, a *national* feeling. The middle classes—above all, the manufacturers—are of course strongly averse to war; but the mass of the nation hungers for it. 'The feeling exists,' says one of the most eminent men in France, in a private letter now before us, 'it increases, and will increase daily. I think I see the Channel grow wider and wider. France is repressed by two millions of shopkeepers and manufacturers—for how long? No one can predict. And we have a military and agricultural population of thirty millions, and more.' The struggle for peace must needs be a difficult and precarious one. Any ally on the side of peace is therefore welcome;

such an ally as the 'Revue Nouvelle' may be very important.

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- ART. V.—1. *Revelations of Spain in 1845.* By an English Resident. London. Colburn. 1845.
2. *Scenes and Adventures in Spain from 1835 to 1840.* By Poco Mas. London. Bentley. 1845.
3. *L'Espagne en 1843 et 1844. Lettres sur les Mœurs, Politiques, et sur la dernière Revolution de ce Pays.* PAR J. TANSKI, Ancien Capitaine de la Légion Etrangère au service de France et d'Espagne. Paris. 1844.
4. *Spain, Tangier, &c. Visited in 1840 and 1841.* By X. Y. Z. London, 1845.
5. *A Hand-book for Travellers in Spain.* By RICHARD FORD. London. Murray. 1845.

SPAIN has long been a paradox to the rest of Europe. Enthusiastic writers have regarded it as the dwelling-place of pure romance; men of austere and censorious habits have described it as a country whose inhabitants are incurably corrupt. Truth has little to do with either of these decisions. To acquire a just notion of Spain and the Spanish people, we must refuse to take counsel of our imaginations, and listen to that common sense which in reality is so rare and uncommon a possession. Now, one of the first suggestions of this principle is not to regard the problem of national character as one easy to be solved. It is no doubt a topic upon which a witty and eloquent writer may be very brilliant, may pile up glittering common-places, adduce striking illustrations, and occasionally, perhaps, put forward original remarks. Still, the true key to the subject may remain untouched.

It is far from being our intention to insinuate that we are about to succeed where every one else has failed. We do not even design to make the trial. It will for the present be enough for us to glance at some few of those considerations which impart a peculiar interest to the actual state of Spain, and may help us to form some conjecture respecting its future destiny.

Among the most obvious theories which may be made use of to account for the idiosyncrasies of the Spanish character, is that which attributes their unlikeness to the other nations of Europe to the intermixture of Arab with Gothic blood in their veins. It is certainly true that the populations of

the north and the south have met in the Peninsula, that they have in part blended, but in part, also, refused to blend there; and that, after desperate struggles and extraordinary alternations of fortune, the iron race of the north has prevailed, and rolled back the tide of conquest upon Africa. All this, we say, is true. And yet even these remarkable circumstances scarcely, in our opinion, suffice to explain the type of character now found in Spain. In morals, as in physics, the commingling of two ingredients appears to produce a third totally different from the rest. The new substance does not unite the qualities which distinguished its constituent elements while they remained apart, but acquires qualities which were found in neither. This fact may suggest the propriety of speculating with modesty on national character. But there is another important observation to be made, and it is this—that before we undertake to determine what effects the Arab immigration produced upon the Spanish character, we should study carefully the manners and mental peculiarities of the Arabs themselves, as well as of the Christian population of Spain before their arrival. In this way some approach might possibly be made towards a correct estimate of the changes which were effected in the Spanish character by the Mohammedan conquest.

No writer, however has gone through these investigations; and therefore the Spaniard still remains an enigma, about which it may be amusing to speculate, though without chance of arriving at satisfactory conclusions. Another obstacle is found in the tempers and intellects of our travellers in Spain. These, for the most part, seem far more intent on displaying their own cleverness than on elucidating their subject. Instead of meditating before they begin to write, it is clear that they take up their pens, and suffer the impulse of the moment to produce their theories as they go along. There is, consequently, no consistency in what they teach. The end of their commonwealth forgets the beginning. Not reflecting on the danger of generalising on insufficient grounds, they huddle a few circumstances together, and fancy that they have got at the root of the matter, and that they are entitled to impose their opinions upon us as maxims in political philosophy.

Thus Mr. Hughes, author of the 'Revelations of Spain,' perpetually contradicts himself in his estimate of the Spanish character. There is no analogy between his facts and his conclusions. If we accept his statements we must reject his references. In his summing up he describes the Spaniards

as noble, generous, full of chivalrous sentiments, and consequently averse from sordid villany. He illustrates this position by affirming that there is more vice and baseness revealed in one English police-sheet than could in a long period be found in the Peninsula. It is impossible to mistake the motive in which this palpable misstatement originated. The writer fancied it would prove him to be free from national prejudice, and from the irresistible partiality that springs from education, from family ties, from the influence of early associations, from all those habits of thought and feeling which constitute nationality, and impress a local character upon the minds of all the individuals composing, by aggregation, what is called a people. But he is mistaken; it only proves him to be unphilosophical. There is no consistency or coherence in his work. His testimony overthrows his reasonings. According to what he relates, we must believe the Spaniard to be ignorant, lazy, and prone to purchase self-indulgence at the expense of other men's exertions; that is, dishonest to the core. But Mr. Hughes does not draw this inference. On the contrary, when he comes, as we have said, to recapitulate, he appears to lose sight of his own facts, and to arrive at conclusions wholly independent of them.

In saying this, however, we would not be understood to set no value on Mr. Hughes's labours: we think him a diligent observer, and a very lively writer. He tells an anecdote well, describes city life vigorously, is familiar with the history of Spain, and is a man of liberal tendencies. His work, consequently, is highly entertaining. It abounds with illustrations of manners, and information of every kind, smartly conveyed, and arranged skilfully. Occasionally, too, there are touches of the picturesque, not in painting external nature, for which Mr. Hughes has no aptitude, but in hitting off revolutionary groups, the interiors of turbulent *cafés*, of disturbed council halls, of courts filled with plotters and intriguers. Frequently, his pages are deformed by affectation. He begins a period in earnest, but while he is proceeding with it some ludicrous idea presents itself, and he suffers it to explode in a jest, sometimes effective and sometimes not. He is guilty, too, of unmerciful reiteration; not that precisely the same forms are repeated, but that one idea is suffered to run into various moulds, and thus to pass muster for two or three dozen. And it is to this defect that we are to trace the lengthiness of his work, which is too voluminous by far; yet the 'Revelations of Spain' deserve to be read with attention;

for, if the author's opinions be often incorrect, he himself supplies the antidote to them in the shape of facts.

It is said that the Spaniard, to whom we must now return, is proud, and unreflecting persons are apt to associate in their minds the idea of pride with greatness of soul. There cannot be a greater fallacy. The pride of the Spaniard springs from a stupid misapprehension of his own worth. Incapable of instituting a just comparison between himself and his neighbours, he derives from this very inability sustenance for his overweening self-conceit.

But what is there in the circumstances of Spain that should make a Spaniard proud? Is he to be proud of standing in the rear of all other Christian nations in policy and refinement? Is he to be proud that he has no settled government, no living literature, no art, no commerce, no industry? Is he to be proud that his very religion has melted away from about him, and left him nothing wherewith to cover the nakedness of his mind but the flaunting theatrical ceremonies of a material church, fallen into its decrepitude, and dreaming, in that state of dotage, of recovering the splendours of universal dominion? If these be circumstances suggestive of pride, then may the Spaniard be proud indeed. In our opinion, it would better become him to be humble, for in humility there would be hope. If there is ever to be a day of regeneration for Spain, it must dawn from the thorough conviction that nations reap what they sow, and that ignorance, and laziness, and pride, can beget nothing but social misery and political degradation.

It is full time that Spain should be invited to look at her own rags, and consider whether it be not possible to substitute something more seemly in their place. The poor Andalusian gentleman, who hides beneath his threadbare cloak, the absence of coat, and vest, and linen, and, while dining off garbage, thinks his blue blood a sufficient warrant of personal dignity, is the real type of his unhappy country. Both seem to think that there is nothing discreditable in starving, and that true greatness consists in idleness. On this field we think the revolutionary spirit might display itself to advantage. Here is an old idol, with which the rage for innovation should be invited to deal. Generally we are not the advocates of new creeds, or new modifications of old ones; but if the Spaniard could be taught to put faith in the power of industry, and to believe that there is more merit in making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, and in multiplying the materials of

breeches and petticoats, than in going with a hungry belly and nether extremities very badly covered, we should think that he had made some progress towards true refinement and national greatness.

At present the Don is obviously carrying his nose in the wrong direction. He thinks it a fine thing to be a Don, and fancies that some marvellous virtue resides in his thread-bare *capa* and battered *sombrero*. But that he is in an abnormal state appears clearly from this, that along with the political consequences of his country, its population is daily becoming scantier and more deteriorated. This is the most alarming circumstance in the condition of Spain. We would guard, however, against mistake. It is not our opinion, that the strength of a country consists exclusively in its populousness; but we do believe that so long as a nation continues in its healthy state its numbers will increase. If then the mothers of Spain bear and rear fewer children than formerly; if the altar and baptismal font are less frequented, there must be some powerful cause at work to account for this extraordinary phenomenon.

And what is that cause? what is it suffices to render men regardless of the best affections of the heart, that makes them indifferent to the happiness of being beloved by wives and children? Is it not the increasing passion of selfishness? In all states that have passed their meridian, marriage is at a discount, and men encumber themselves as little as possible with families. When the Roman Republic had been merged in the empire, as a briskly flowing river is lost in a morass, numerous laws were passed encouraging, nay, even compelling men to marry, lest the greatness and glory of Rome should lack heirs; but those laws were inoperative. The state of progress had been exchanged for a state of stagnation, and the torpidity of the government communicated itself to the hearts of the people. Men, seeing the rapidly multiplying uncertainties of life, refused, by contracting marriage, to give additional hostages to fortune. They found the task of providing for the happiness of one more than sufficient, and, therefore, concentrated all their cares upon themselves. Other causes, also, concurred to promote selfishness and celibacy, which need not here be dwelt upon. There is, however, a remarkable analogy between the laws which regulate the development of a family, and those which promote the progress of a commonwealth. The citizen, having a voice in the government of a state, thinks for that reason that it will be well governed. He boldly, therefore, rears offspring, feeling that

he has something to transmit to them, besides the beggarly rudiments of material property. He is conscious of carrying about with him all a man's dignity, and knows that the sons who follow him will succeed to no slave's inheritance. In despotisms men are ashamed to look their children in the face, because they must behold there the reflection of their own baseness, and, therefore, care little to become fathers. This accounts in part, at least, for the listless inactivity of servile races; this explains why Turkey, and Persia, and Egypt are thinly peopled; and if in China we find an apparent exception, it is more apparent than real, for the waste tracts of that country and its dependencies far exceed the cultivated.

One of the leading features of the Spanish mind is, we are told, a dislike of foreigners, and their productions. We can understand this dislike. It is the natural reluctance which most people feel to compare themselves with persons more advantageously situated, or to place the fruits of their own industry in juxtaposition with those of an industry far more enlightened and ingenious. This gives us some hope of Spain; for if it be ashamed of its own inferiority, it may some day, perhaps, be excited to enter upon a course of generous rivalry with other countries. At the same time, however uncomfortable may be the feeling that accompanies them, foreign manufactures necessarily find their way into Spain, because she herself may almost be said to produce none. But how do they find their way? In the natural, straightforward manner, through the ports and custom-houses provided for that purpose, enriching at the same time the legitimate merchant and the revenue? Oh no! That would not be a Spanish mode of doing business. That would be imitating the plain, dull, and humdrum fashion of other countries. Spain has a commercial system of its own. It does not patronise revenue officers, and hates with a persevering hatred, both excise and custom-dues. Its warmest preferences are always bestowed on a bit of contraband, for the fact of its being smuggled deprives even a foreign article of its odiousness.

From these causes it has come to pass, that there is no scene in Spanish life without a smuggler mixed up in it. The peasant smuggles through necessity, the rich man through avarice, or the pleasure of cheating the revenue. Even the queen, we are told, robs her own exchequer by wearing contraband finery; and if the priest does not flourish a smuggled breviary, it is because Spanish breviaries are produced nowhere but in Spain. Many of the peculiarities that dis-

tinguish the Peninsula may fairly enough, therefore, be traced to the practice of smuggling. The whole southern coast, from Barcelona to Cadiz, is perpetually transformed at night into one long strand for the landing of contraband goods. An army of smugglers, four hundred thousand strong, is said to hover about the Sierras, for the purpose of keeping alive the only element of romance in the country, by descending under cover of darkness to the sea-coast, holding communion there with proscribed foreigners, and receiving from them the materials of rendering millions of people comfortable, free of duty.

It is impossible not to admire the sagacious policy in which this state of things originates. The government wants money, and therefore levies upon foreign goods, not a reasonable duty, which the people might perhaps be inclined to pay, but a monstrous duty, which the least glimmering of common sense would show to be uncollectable. To this is added the closing of the ports, together with every other regulation which can possibly obstruct commercial intercourse with other states. Upon these wise proceedings the managing gentlemen at Madrid hugely pride themselves, and sit down chuckling proleptically at the golden harvest they suppose themselves about to reap; they have moreover done, they hope, the business of England, and put a spoke in the wheel of France. But how does the drama terminate? Does the exchequer, replenished by a thousand channels, overflow with gold doubloons? Are the half million *empleados*, or government officials, rendered wealthy by their employment? Receives the army its arrears, together with that extravagant pay which made the soldier of the old monarchy look down upon every other service in Europe?

On the contrary, most lame and impotent is the conclusion of all this law-making, of all this bottomless policy, of all this Iberian statesmanship! Nothing comes of them but an empty treasury, the annihilation of trade, the paralysis of industry—the ruin, in one word, of the whole nation. It is quite true that we also, here in these islands, are guilty of many foolish things on the subject of commerce. But of that some other time. Our business just now is not self-examination, but the catechising of a neighbour, a far more agreeable task!

Some writers have imagined they could discover a glimpse of hope for the Spanish people in its attachment to the old forms of its institutions; others have derived a good augury from the rage for overthrowing everything. We agree with neither. The old Spanish monarchy is as dead as Charles

V., and you might as wisely, therefore, attempt to resuscitate the one as the other. At the same time there is no necessity, even in the Peninsula, for razing society to its very foundations in order to renovate it, and therefore we derive small satisfaction from the wholesale projects of the destructives.

Is there no third party? Truly we are told there is—the party of “Young Spain!” What a transmigration of folly! Young France was a silly thing enough, and Young Germany, Young Italy, and Young England, each, in their turn, descended a step lower on the ladder of imbecility. What then must we think of the fifth remove from original stupidity, this dull imitation of the last of a series of dull copies? Young Spain! We have, as the schoolmasters say, a great affection for the juveniles, quite as much, at any rate, as for the seniles. But then we like things to keep their places. It would not at all heighten our respect for the discipline of an establishment were we to behold the minuter urchins flourishing the birch, and the hoary-headed teacher undergoing flagellation. ‘*Pædagogus Patiens*’ might be a good comedy, but we hold that legislative comedies, though infinitely humorous, bode little good to the country in which they are enacted. An old philosopher, it is true, once inquired, what have we children for, if it be not that they may instruct us in our duties, caution us when we are in difficulties, and correct us when we do amiss? He saw around him, no doubt, tokens of a mania similar to that which we witness, and heard the declamations of young professors, indignant at the infirmities of their elders. But even in those pagan ages there was nothing, we will dare affirm, droller than Young Spain. As well might one talk of the recent antediluvians, of the yesterday preadamites! There is and can be nothing young about Spain. It is a downright ‘solemn ancient;’ it smells of the Middle Ages; it tastes like a dose of mummy powder; there is a ghostliness in its very antics.

Let us hear no more, therefore, of Young Spain. It is a contradiction in terms. A man may travel back three centuries, and become contemporary with Queen Elizabeth, by crossing the Pyrenees. Falstaff and Nym, and Poyanes and Pistol, are to be met with in bodily presence at Toledo. Every road in Andalusia is a Gad’s Hill, on which fat choughs, who would be grand-jurors, may get their purses lightened any hour of the night or day. Mrs. Ratcliffe’s romances speak of a far more modern state of society. Egypt is civilized; the Turks read ‘*Vattel*’; the very Druses study Ben-

tham’s ‘*Panopticon*.’ Spain will have nothing to do with these new-fangled gewgaws, but will stick to her bull-fights, her smugglers, and her banditti, who cry, ‘Stand and deliver,’ even in the open streets. Nay, the refinement of Spain has advanced a pitch even beyond this. Elsewhere, if nations have hit upon the invention of magistrates, these solemn functionaries operate as a sort of terror to robbers. But in the Peninsula, the whole economy of this matter is reversed. There, it is the robbers who are a terror to the magistrates, who come and seek them in their offices, and attempt to take them prisoners in the midst of their *cavabieros*.

Will our spruce travellers by railway believe themselves to be contemporary with such transactions? Will they not rather fancy we have been foraging among the remains of some musty chronicler, or some comic hidalgo claiming kindred with the author of ‘*Don Quixote*?’ We have commonly here in England, when we have not swum in a gondola, a notion that Spaniards are all as grave as sextons, and that, in the depth of their fanaticism, a priest may lead them by their peaked velvet hats whithersoever he pleases. How different is the fact! Though Spain be antiquated, real comedy thrives nowhere so well as in the Peninsula. The Don is never serious. Even while rifling a church, or burning a friar, or cutting his neighbour’s throat, he cracks his jokes as usual.

“Spaniards mock and scoff at everything. It is difficult to know when they are sincere. They laugh at death; they make a joke of the most solemn functions of life; they laugh in church, and are often graver outside than within it. The female population is generally, at least, half sincere in its devotion, yet one whom I knew to be rather pious, in drinking a glass of wine said, ‘It must be good, for it is the blood of Christ!’”—*Revolutions of Spain*, vol. i., p. 358.

What else could we expect? Thousands of comic gentlemen, who have studied drollery at Salamanca, are scattered through all the glens and sierras of Spain, for the purpose of teaching its population how to make a jest of their gravest duties. These professors of jocularity—the priests, we mean—strive to make the church attractive by converting its services into a comedy. Old Rowland Hill used frequently, we have been told, to amuse his congregation with laughable anecdotes, odd turns of thought, grotesque images, and flashes of wit. He had, perhaps, studied rhetoric in Spain, for what here seemed peculiar to him, is quite an ordinary accomplishment in that country. People there go to church to shake their

sides and get fat. They have discovered the secret, nowhere else known, we believe, of rendering theology entertaining, and illuminating sermons with jokes. A stranger passing through a Spanish village on Sunday, might very well mistake the church for a *posada*, and put up his mule in the vestry-room, mistaking it for a stable. For the inn would probably be the abode of silence, while the very rafters of the other edifice were shaking with merriment.

Nevertheless, politics and revolutions have done something towards restoring reverence to religion. The comic opera of the pulpit has now glided away from towns and cities, to take refuge among the peasantry. Preaching has begun to affect morality, and a phraseology has got into vogue, more analogous to serious subjects.

"The rich burlesque extravagance of Fray Gerundio has been exploded in these modern times, by the comparative advance of enlightenment, but when you get into the mountain parts and ruder districts, where every man wears leather leggings, and every woman a woollen gown, the parrocos and their assistants are frequently of the same primitive stock, and their addresses to their flocks, of aboriginal simplicity, and often of comical effect.

"The rich but coarse proverbial language of Spain, strews every part of these discourses, and the pastor, in bringing himself to the level of the comprehension of his auditory, cannot fail to take the hue of their familiar thoughts and phraseology, and occasionally to verge upon the ludicrous.

"A Granadine, lecturing his flock on their irreverent bearing in church, told them not to be like the soldier, who, when he entered the sacred edifice, nodded to the images of the Saviour and the Virgin, with a 'Dios te guarde, Don Christo! Dios te guarde, Donna Maria!' and turning to the images of the saints, exclaimed, saucily, 'Vosotros no, sois simples caballeros como yo!' 'No need for you, you're but plain gentlemen like myself!' A Cuencan having declared from the pulpit that all the Creator's works were perfect, a jorobado stepped forth from the congregation, and laying his hand on his hump, asked him whether that was perfection. 'Enrazon de giba,' said the padre, 'no es posible ser mas perfecto?' 'As a hump, it could not be more perfect!'"—*Revelations of Spain*, vol. i., p. 358.

Some peripatetic philosopher in his perambulation through the United Provinces, observed formerly among the Dutch a strange way of showing respect for the ordinances of religion. Though by no means a volatile people, the mynheers still found their fancies inclined to stray from the preacher's theme, and, therefore, carried their meerschaums along with them to church, by which means they were enabled to fix their attention upon what they heard; the material division of the microcosm being sufficiently

engaged in smoking, to enable the spiritual part to exercise its functions unimpeded. Preacher and congregation were involved in thick clouds of this Dutch incense. There was nothing to tempt the eye to wander. The beauty of the vrows concealed itself behind a screen of Virginian vapour, through which the solid maxims and massive theology of the pulpit descended towards the listeners by their own gravity. Physically, therefore, as well as figuratively, the doctrines of these worthy Teutons were involved in smoke. They saw the truths that were set before them, through a mist, darkly, and their descendants and neighbours have ever since been partial to obscurity.

In the course of time, the haughty hidalgos of the Peninsula consented to imitate their revolted subjects, though, by way of rendering the enjoyment sweeter, it is tasted semi-clandestinely.

"The practice of smoking has at last crept into the church, encouraged, perhaps, by the example of the deposed Bishop of Leon, who used to smoke between the courses at Don Carlos's table. Inveterate smokers bring their segars into the churches, during the long and somewhat theatrical *funcions*, and take an occasional whiff under shelter of their cloaks, the puffs being so distributed as to be barely discernible by those in their immediate neighbourhood."—*Revelations of Spain*, vol. ii., p. 20.

War reconciles people to strange irregularities, and its vicissitudes palliate, if they do not justify them. For smoking at church there is no excuse, but most persons, perhaps, would take the liberty, were they cold and hungry and destitute of shelter, to make themselves comfortable if they could, even in a church. The act of desecration, therefore, which, in the language of a recent traveller, we are about to describe, must be imputed to necessity, rather than to irreverence. Nevertheless, we are not the less startled at seeing a soldier's mess spread upon the communion table, and officers making a bed of their church's altars.

"The only remedy was to flee to the sanctuary—the church. It was extensive and handsome, though in a very neglected state. The sacristy, or vestry, had been appropriated to the use of the duke, as a matter of course, that being the only habitable chamber; his grace's bed, consisting merely of a paliasse spread upon a large *arce* in a corner of the sacristy, in which there were a couple of chairs, and, I believe, but I am not quite sure, a table.

"Walking up to the nave of the lofty church, with a gallant and highly-esteemed English friend, in search of a night's lodging, we reached the steps of the high altar, which we ascended; the altar table was unoccupied, on each side of it

stood a capacious arm-chair, with leathern seat and back, and the chancel was sufficiently extensive to admit of moving about as in a little room.

"Here we will take up our quarters!" we both exclaimed; "and make ourselves comfortable!"

"The servants were summoned, and our little personal effects brought to us; we found, too, that the domestics had discovered a suitable place for cooking and for lodging themselves; and as for the horses, there was plenty of accommodation for them in the sheds attached to the hermitage—so all was right.

"We strolled about the bivouac, and on our return at dusk, found the cloth spread:—where, think you, oh! most respected reader? Verily, upon the ground altar-table.

"Before we had time to make any reflections upon this unusual appropriation, the servants were mounting the steps carrying the smoking *puchéro*, the tempting *estofado*, or *a-la-mode* beef, and the crisp fried potatoes—the rear being brought up by my broad-as-long servant, Hilario, with the *bota* under his right arm, like the pouch of a bagpipe, in readiness to give us an enlivening strain in due season.

"What was to be done? To dine, or not to dine—that was the question. Whether 'twere better to fast or eat our dinner off such a board, must, and did make us pause; but our appetite overcame our scruples, and approaching the table that had been spread for us, we ate our meal standing, and afterwards complacently reposed in the ample leathern chairs on either side of the altar.

"Let me state, in palliation of what may be considered an irreverent act, that the church had long been applied, like other parts of the Ermita, to garrison purposes alone, that nothing remained but the bare wood of the altar, and that we had no other feelings in making a temporary use of it for a dining table than those of respect for the sacred purpose to which it was originally destined, and to which it is to be hoped, it has long since been restored.

"Having rested in the large arm-chair for a brief space of time, I sallied forth again to chat with some friends in the bivouac.

"It was a very romantic scene? the cavalry horses were picketed in rows, with their bridles slung round their necks, eating the provender in their nose-bags; the officers and soldiers were congregated in groups, some taking their meals, others in friendly conversation; whilst the wooded heights on the left were illumined by the fires of the advanced posts, and of the troops bivouacked in that direction. At the foot of the slope, running by the side of the fortification, flowed the little river Urguliola, and the hum of the camp mingled with the bubbling sounds of its rapid waters.

"After making the round of the bivouac, and enjoying that frank converse which is so natural and so pleasant between men who are passing year after year together amid the vicissitude, and excitements, and the friendly intercourse of military life, I returned to the church.

"Strange and solemn was the aspect it exhibited. There were four dismantled lateral altars, and, suspended from the columns adjoining two of them, but on the opposite sides of the church, were two small roughly-fashioned iron lamps;

the red smoky flames arising from them shed a mournful light upon the objects in their immediate vicinity, and exhibited the nave in dim perspective; whilst the upper end of the church was rendered barely visible by our own light burning on the altar-table.

"Perfect silence reigned in the church. On the pavement, here and there, the *asistentes* of some of the officers were sleeping, rolled up in blankets, or merely wrapped in their great coats. On each side of the four lateral altars reposed a Spanish officer, enveloped in his cloak, and having the appearance of a sculptured effigy on a tomb. Recognizing the countenance of each, I contemplated them with deep interest; their features were fine and noble; their moustaches stood out in bold relief, and the cloaks in which they were enveloped up to the chin, lay in graceful drapery over their motionless frames.

"As I was turning away from the side of one of them, he said, without stirring, in a low and almost sepulchral tone:

"*Buenas noches, amigo, Don Juan.*"

"*Buenas noches*—may you sleep in peace," I replied; and under the impression of a variety of indescribable feelings, I slowly paced the remainder of the nave, and passing close to the door of the sacristy, where our beloved general was, I trusted, reposing tranquilly, though on a bed of straw, I ascended the steps leading to my own resting-place adjoining the altar. For some little time, I stood looking down the church from that elevation. By the almost expiring light from the lamps I descried the outlines of my friends' figures slumbering on their tomb-like couches. All was still, save ever and anon the sharp cry of—*Senténela alerta!* repeated from sentry to sentry in the bivouac.

"May the Almighty watch over and guard you from every danger!"—these were my aspirations. "May your distracted country soon find repose; and when your mortal career shall be run, and you are sinking in the sleep of death, may you have the comfort of knowing that the efforts and sacrifices you are now making have produced the desired fruits of national harmony, prosperity, and strength."

"Never did I sleep more comfortably than by the side of the high-altar of San Antoni de Urguliola.

"At daybreak a general *Diana* in the camp aroused me, and soon the morning sun pierced the windows of the church, casting fans of light across the pavement, which by degrees became animated by the brisk movements of the *asistentes*. The figures rose slowly from the altars, and for an instant felt doubtful as to their actual state of being. But this uncertainty did not last long; one or two of the gallant officers sat up, and, after making a paper cigar, struck a light, and then in a semi-recumbent position, and leaning upon one arm, inhaled the grateful vapour, thus beguiling the few minutes which elapsed before the *asistentes* brought the needful apparatus for their ablutions and toilet."—*Poco Mas.*

The history of religion in Spain illustrates one of the greatest defects in the Spanish character. When there was a strong faith there was likewise a sanguinary jealousy

that it should be preserved unadulterated. No tolerance was extended to investigation, because to investigate implied a previous doubt, and doubt was heresy, and heresy was a capital crime. These facts were all traceable, of course, to the national pride; it was an unpardonable offence to call in question the judgment of Spain, represented in theology by the Church, as it was in politics by the king. Much of the horror inspired by a disposition to inquiry arose from the absence of energy in the popular mind; for it is laborious to reply to arguments, to fence with objections, to elude the darts of controversy, to face the rude onsets of logic. It is much easier to say there shall be no dispute. The laziest man in the world can muster up vigour enough to profess his unwillingness to have his convictions meddled with, and when irritated by opposition, to silence those who disturbed his ease, by stripes, or imprisonment, or death. This accounts for the whole theory of the Inquisition. It was a short method to burn an adversary. The flames of an *auto da fe* would consume the doubt with the doubter, and purify the public mind from all inclination to question authority; at least, so it was hoped, though the event has not quite answered the expectations of those rack and dungeon sages, who continued, until very recently, to enlighten the Peninsula.

It may, at first sight, appear difficult to reconcile this interpretation with occurrences known to have taken place. For instance, the Spanish Jesuits distinguished themselves in the seventeenth century above all their brethren by the subtlety of their casuistry, and the profound controversies they carried on respecting the obligations of morality, the nature of faith, the theory of honour, the laws and constitutions of states. A single observation, however, will suffice to show that their polemics cost them very little effort. They only enacted a sort of drama, in which they played the parts of all interlocutors. They put the questions and gave the answers, urged objections and demolished them all in the cool retirement of their own cloisters. No fierce field preacher could stand up there to inveigh against the excesses of inquisitors or princes, no appeal could be made to the Scriptures, no reference to the eternal principles of right and wrong. The Bible was a prohibited book, and reason ranked with the seven deadly sins. Polemics, therefore, were a sort of innocent fencing, in which the good fathers fought with their own shadows by way of keeping themselves in spiritual health, arguments were handled like dumb-bells, not to floor error, or break the jaws of the father of

it, but for pleasant pastime, because the disciples of Loyola had nothing else to do. The defence of theft, of lying, of adultery, and homicide, was only a sort of merry interlude between the acts of their great piece, such as roasting heretics, and stabbing kings.

When these grim theatricals lost their charms for the Spaniards, the case of religion seemed hopeless. Inquisitors, priests, and friars soon came to be regarded as good for nothing supernumeraries, whose haunts were a nuisance and an eyesore to be got rid of as speedily as possible, together with the spiritual article they were accustomed to vend. Hence the suppression of convents, the sale of ecclesiastical property, the desecration of churches, and the dreadful state of destitution to which the monks were reduced by the *Progresistas*. The clergy had forbidden their flocks the use of reason, and were now taught by experience how terrible a thing it is to depend for subsistence or penury, for life or death, on an unreasoning multitude. They had inculcated no respect for principles, and could not now, therefore, appeal to them in their own behalf. In one of the dreadful accessions of popular fury, occasioned by disease, mental and bodily, the rabble of Madrid pushed to the utmost extreme their suspicions of the former objects of their reverence, and massacred numbers of friars at the very altar. Scenes like these could not possibly have happened had the rights of conscience been recognized in Spain. Instead of murdering or famishing their monks, they would have invited them to share the labours of the community, would have exposed their errors, would have ridiculed, perhaps, their false notions of sanctity, would have convinced them how much better it is to earn one's livelihood by honest labour, than to subsist idly like drones on the labour of others.

At present the piety of Spain is of a very equivocal description. Formerly, people could prove their devotion by displaying abundant zeal against heresy and heretics, and they found a great deal more facility in persecuting their neighbours, who, in matters of opinion, did not agree with them, than in subduing their own evil passions, and practising in truth and sincerity the rules of holiness. There is at present very little persecution carrying on. Few persons in the Peninsula have energy or uprightness enough to differ from the mother church, we mean openly and in the spirit of martyrs. It is thought better to lapse into indifference, to let the priests have their way ostensibly, and to laugh at them in private. And the clergy themselves, it is to be feared, too

generally act so as rather to stimulate than to extinguish this inclination. Their lives are far from exemplary. Jolly, cheerful, good-humoured sinners, they are far from shaming the age into seriousness by their self-denial, or into mortification by their penance. Too much, it is true, ought not to be expected of them, seeing that they are members of a church which has outlived its own efficacy, whose institutions are no longer in harmony with the times, and which demands of its ministers the sacrifices of a fanatical period in the midst of general enlightenment.

A priesthood which professes celibacy provides by that very act for its own degradation. Shut out from the society of well-educated and well-principled women, such as respectable clergymen would be likely to marry, the sacerdotal caste in Spain, as in all other Catholic countries, associates habitually with females of inferior principles, placed too low to be reached by public opinion, and sufficiently enveloped in the net of superstition to be satisfied with substituting devotion for virtue. In this circumstance we may discover one of the most powerful causes of the superiority of Protestant communities. A sort of rude comfort gladdens, no doubt, the priest's house in Spain, while the smattering of learning he acquires, and his innate leaning towards hospitality, procure him occasionally the pleasure of superior society. It is unnecessary to criticise severely the aberrations of men so situated, but they bring their punishment along with them, though in many cases, perhaps, the priest is exactly suited to his station. Our readers will, doubtless, be of opinion that this was the case with the *cura* who figures in the following scene:—

"At eight in the evening we reached a village of small extent. It was pitch dark, and the rain fell in torrents. The only venta in the place was crammed, as the ventero gruffly declared as he leaned out of a narrow window. 'There was stabling for the mules belonging to the galeras,' he said, 'but that was all.'

"What was to be done? Don Ignacio thrust his head out of the galéra, and cried—

"Amigo Don Juan, estamos muy mal—muy mal. My friend Don Juan, we are very, very badly off."

"Yes," I replied, "we are, Don Ignacio; and I particularly, for I am wet to the skin."

"All at once I bethought me of the *cura*."

They inquire the way to his reverence's abode, and reach it after much splashing and floundering.

"We at length arrived at a door, within which we heard sounds of mirth and jollity. We struck

it with the palms of our hands, and presently a female voice cried, 'Quien?'—who's there?

"Gente de paz"—peaceable people—we replied.

"Quo quieren ustedes?"—what do you want?

"To speak to the *señor cura*; be pleased to open the door, *señora*."

"After a delay of not more than two minutes the door was opened. In the passage was the *cura* himself, and by his side his *ama*, or house-keeper, a handsome young woman, holding a lamp in her hand.

"We saluted his reverence, told him our story, and asked him if he could put us in the way of getting housed for the night.

"Certainly," said the *cura*, who could not have been more than eight-and-twenty or thirty years old, "certainly, señores, here in my poor house I shall be most happy to receive you. I can accommodate you better than any other person in the village. Come in, señores." Seeing my servant holding my horse, he added, "There's a good stable at the back of the house, Tomas; take a lantern and show the way. Come, señores, come up stairs; there is to be a ball here to-night. You could not have arrived at a better moment."

"So saying, he conducted us to an apartment on the first floor, consisting of a sitting room of moderate dimensions, adjoining which was an airy bedroom with two beds in it. Holding the door of the chamber open, the worthy *cura* told us it was for us. Our delight may be imagined at the prospect of so comfortable a resting-place after the toils of the day, and after the dreary prospect we had on entering the village.

"But, *señor cura*," said I, "we shall be depriving you or some of your household of their bedroom, I fear."

"By no means; my room is on the other side of the house, and this is the visitor's chamber."

"Don Ignacio had prudently brought his carpet-bag in his hand from the galéra, but my man had not thought of such a precaution. I was about to send for him, but as the horse required attention, I was prevailed upon by Don Ignacio and the *cura* not to do so; they therefore jointly undertook to supply me with a change whilst my own clothes should be dried before a kitchen-fire. Being in such kind and considerate hands, I readily consented, and prepared to dress for the *cura*'s ball.

"Don Ignacio handed me from his carpet-bag a pair of new black trousers made of prunello; the *cure* brought me a shirt as white as snow, a grey bob-tail jacket with a narrow upright collar, and a pair of shoes. Having first put my whole frame in a glow by rubbing myself with a rough towel which I found in the bed-room, I dressed myself in a few minutes, and entered the ball-room.

"A very original costume was this my ball-room dress. Don Ignacio was considerably taller than I, so that his trousers were more than half a foot too long for me. I turned them up. I had no stockings, and the *cura*'s shoes were such as persons' shoes are apt to be all over the world, that is, stout, square-toed, and ample; moreover, they were beautified by a pair of massive silver buckles. The bob-tail jacket, though no doubt it fitted the *cura*'s portly frame, hung loosely upon my slender frame; and the sleeves being, like Don Ignacio's trousers, too long for me, I turned them up, and

displayed my pure white wristbands, my shirt collar being adjusted in the most approved Byronic style. The pumps, however, were the most attractive part of my toilet, and showed off my ankles to great advantage, as I perceived by the flattering circumstance of the eyes of all, male and female, being complacently, that is, quizzically, directed towards them.

"Although my servant had not thought of bringing my portmanteau, he had found time to go for the *alforja* and the wine-skin, knowing that his own comforts depended on this section of the baggage. Speedily a tolerable supper was prepared, and brought smoking hot to the table, the kind-hearted cura joining us frankly, at our invitation, and adding to the meal various fruits and sweetmeats. We were waited upon by a very good-looking servant girl, whilst the handsome ama stood by the cura, attentively waiting upon him, and pointing out, with tender interest, any tit-bit she thought he would like, or took his fork gently from his hand, and conveyed the said delicate morsel to his plate herself. Nor was she less kind to us—his guests. Sweetmeats, olives, almonds, and figs were handed to us in profusion by her hospitable hands; whilst ever and anon she would fill our glasses with wine, not forgetting the cura, however, in this particular. I pressed my wine on his reverence, as being, what it really was, good. He admitted this, and cheerfully partook of it; but when the repast was over, excepting the *pasties*, or dessert, he whispered to the ama, who, smiling significantly, went to a closet, and taking down a key from a hook, disappeared, returning presently with a large narrow-necked pitcher fit for a crane to drink out of, which she placed on the table.

"'Now, señores,' said the cura, 'now you shall taste my wine,' and pouring out a glass for Don Ignacio, myself, and himself, he pledged us by touching our glasses gently with his own. We quaffed the ruby contents. Ye Gods! what luscious wine! its nectareous stream found its way rapidly to the heart, and filled it with the most enlivening sensations.

"'Now for the ball,' said the cura.

"The table was removed to a corner of the room, and presently an old man entered with a slow step, and bowing to the cura, began playing on an ebony pipe, ornamented with ivory, which he accompanied by a little drum or tabor. He was followed by the ama and three or four peasant girls, one of whom was particularly good-looking, and two men; the ladies had an absolute majority at the cura's ball. The piper struck up a lively air, and the cura, selecting for his partner the prettiest girl, began to dance. As they became more and more animated, the cura applauded and encouraged them.

"The dance being over, the panting ladies were complimented on their performance, and presented with sweetmeats. The piper was a Biscayan, and seventy summers had passed over his venerable head. Having quaffed a large tumbler of wine, he commenced playing one of his native airs on the *silba*, or pipe, using only one hand, whilst with the other he sounded the accompaniment on the little drum called *tun-tun* (pronounced toon-toon). From these simple instruments he produced truly harmonious sounds; and, as he warmed with the

recollection of his native Biscayan mountains, his aged eyes glistened with delight.

"A sort of bolero was now danced by a young man and one of the peasant girls. The cura pointed out to me the different movements made by the dancers, clapping his hands in cadence with the *silba* and *tun-tun*. Whether it was the effect of his own libations, or of mine, I will not pretend to say, but somehow the remarks of the gay and hospitable cura became to my ear more and more indistinct every minute. Suddenly he leaped up from his chair, and cried, 'Bien! bien! buena moza! Well done! my pretty lass!' and whisked into his seat again.

"The ama now made a sign to a man who was leaning against the sill of the door, saying at the same time,

"'Vaya! Bartolomé—let us have your dance!'

"The person thus addressed, advanced in a slouching manner. His complexion was nearer to black than brown; whether he was young or old, I know not to this hour. He was bent, but did not seem infirm; his eyes were black and piercing, though sunken in their sockets; his upper lip overshoot the under one, and at each corner of his indescribable mouth, projected a long tooth, or tusk. His dress consisted of a loose jacket and trousers of shaggy brown cloth; they seemed to me to be all one piece, and looked like a bear-skin.

"He advanced into the middle of the room, and began by putting himself into a succession of quaint attitudes. By degrees he worked himself up into a highly excited state, and finally rushing to the front of the table, at the ends of which we were sitting, began to grin in the most ghastly manner, the two tusks looking like the teeth of a decayed portcullis. He then began to produce the most unearthly sounds, by striking his under lip with his knuckles, croaking, grinning, and gesticulating, with the accompaniment of the old Biscayan's *tun-tun* at intervals. Bartolomé's performance reminded one of the grotesque dances of the African negroes.

"We begged permission of the gay and hospitable cura to retire, as we wished to continue our journey early in the morning. Making my bow, then, as well as the capacious shoes would permit, I vanished as folks do from ball-rooms, and hastened to the adjoining chamber. The *silba* and the *tun-tun* again struck up, but in a few minutes my ears were deaf to all sounds. I slept till daylight."—*Poco Mas*.

Among the works recently published on Spain, the one from which we extract the above is the most instructive. Not that it pretends to give a complete picture either of the country or people, but without effort or ostentation, it enables the reader to form a correct idea of both. It is to be regretted that the author should have adopted a *non de guerre*. He would have added to the authority of his work by openly taking upon himself the responsibility of it; and he must be fastidious indeed, if he be of opinion that the authorship of two such volumes could be discreditable to any man.

If the clergy of Spain have done little to-

wards enlightening and humanising the population, the court and government have done still less. Nowhere, perhaps, in Europe, has the palace been more prolific of wickedness. From the earliest periods of Spanish history, favourites have ruled the land in the king's name, and these favourites have generally been worthless women, or still more worthless men. The word *camarilla*, used in the Madrid vocabulary to signify the small coterie that commonly flourishes in the sovereign's private chamber, has passed into the language of Europe, to designate the worst species of court intriguers. The thing signified by this too-famous word, still constitutes the bane of the Peninsula, where its influence is perpetually fatal to worth of every kind. No minister can long stand his ground who is not backed by the *camarilla*, no governor of a province can be secure of his place, unless he purchases the good-will of the dwellers in that foul den. An illustration of this fact has just been supplied by the fate of General Concha, late Captain-General of Catalonia, who has been dismissed from his office because he accidentally obstructed the designs of the *camarilla*, which Chico, its sanguinary agent, was carrying into execution at Barcelona.

According to some travellers, not without talent for observation, the democratic spirit is rapidly gaining strength in Spain, aided much more by the disreputable proceedings of the court and government, than by the spread of common sense. The queen is a puppet, sometimes engaged in devouring sweetmeats, and sometimes in uttering falsehoods for the purpose of effecting the ruin of a popular minister. More blame attaches, of course, to those who prompted the wickedness, than to the pale, capricious little girl who was made to perpetrate it. The mischief lies in the system, in the monstrous absurdity of employing, as an important agent in the machinery of a state, a minor, incapable of taking care of herself. This, however, forms part of the great comedy of politics now enacting at Madrid, where men, the most reckless, the most unprincipled, direct the progress of the nation, if progress the sort of activity exhibited here, can be called.

Let us first look inside of the palace, and then outside; notice what little Isabel is doing, and then bestow a moment's attention on the turbulent rabble at the Puerta del Sol. We shall find the same feeling in both places, but modified a little by favourable circumstances among the ruffians and ruffianesses of the *paré*. Most persons remember the affection of Ferdinand the Seventh for petticoats, not those sported by

condesas, or queens, but those which conceal the worm-eaten images of Spanish superstition from the public gaze. Isabel, being petticoated herself, entertains no reverence for that article, but transfers her veneration to *bon-bons* and friars, spoiling her complexion by means of the one, and her conscience by the other. Of the museum of sweetmeats at Madrid, we have the following picture:

"This pastrycook museum, which extends over every apartment of the palace, contains some most interesting specimens—the *tortas*, or tarts of Moron, the most celebrated in Spain—the *panes pintados*, or painted buns of Salamanca—the pascal *ojalores*, or carnival and Easter dainties—the hard *turonos* of Alicante, composed of almonds, nut kernels, filberts, and roasted chestnuts, intermixed with honey and sugar—*dulces*, of coconut, frosted with sugar—roasted almonds—avellanas, a peculiar nice sort of filbert, whole and in powder—cinnamon, pine-apple kernels, jelly, blanc-mange, and custard—ginger-bread in its several varieties, and sugared rice in its sundry convolutions, marmalade, jam, and *blando de huevos*, or sweetened yolk of eggs; *capuchinas guindas* (cherry-brandy), barley-sugar, imitation walnuts, and sugar-stick; *alfajor*, or spiced bread, and the delicious cheese; *jijona*, pomegranate jelly; *melocotones*, Madroño strawberries, and other curious specimens. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the youthful majesty of Spain is her relish, and constant use of these *bon-bons* and sweetmeats. Her papers of confits strew the palace, her bags of sugar-plums visit the council chamber, her *dulces* line the throne."—*Revelations of Spain*, vol. i., p. 107.

Sweetmeats enter also into the other picture, in which the royal child plays so humiliating a part. Christina was spoiled, we suppose, by Muñoz—if the supposition does not do him too much honour—and by the way of proving her proficiency, she at a very early age seems to have spoiled her daughter. Certainly, at least, they form between them a trio, which it might not be easy to match out of Spain. Christina has every reason in the world to be proud of her hopeful daughter. She herself could not have displayed a greater ability in lying, a more imperturbable power of face, a more truly Castilian contempt of human life, than did the charming little Isabella in her attempt to destroy Olózaga. We introduce our readers to the scene, as it is altogether characteristic:—

"On the night of the 28th of the month last past Olózaga presented himself before me, and proposed to me that I should sign the decree of dissolution of the Cortes. I answered that I did not like to sign it, having this, amongst other reasons, that these Cortes had declared me of age. Olózaga insisted; I again refused to sign the said decree. I rose,

directing myself towards the door, which is to the left of my table for despatch of business. Olózaga placed himself before me, and fastened the bolt in that door; I directed myself towards the door in front, and Olózaga again placed himself before me, and fastened the bolt of that door. He caught hold of my dress, and obliged me to sit down. He seized my hand and forced me to sign. After this he left, and I retired to my apartment.'

"The declaration, as attested by Bravo, proceeded thus:—'The foregoing manifestation having been read over by me, the undersigned, Her Majesty deigned to add the following:—'Before Olózaga took his departure, he asked me if I would give him my word not to tell any person what had happened; and I answered that I would not promise.' Her Majesty then invited all present to enter the room in which she despatched her business, and examine the place in which what she had just told them happened; and so they did in effect, all entering the royal cabinet. Afterwards I placed the declaration in Her Majesty's royal hands, who, attesting that that was her true and free will, affirmed and signed it in the presence of the above-mentioned witnesses, after I had asked those present if they had possessed themselves of its contents, when they all answered that they had so possessed themselves, whereupon the said act was announced to be terminated. Her Majesty commanding that all should withdraw, and that this her royal Declaration should be deposited in the office of my department, where it is now archived. And in order that it may be known hereafter, and produce the effects for which it took place, I give these presents in Madrid, this first day of December, 1843.

'LUIS GONZALEZ BRAVO.'

"Such was the Royal declaration and solemnly attested act, which bore upon the face of it the stamp of impossibility, and ere four-and-twenty hours had elapsed, was universally discredited. Its disproof, as will be seen in the sequel, was of the most convincing description; and never indeed was calumny confuted by a stronger array of human evidence. The Moderados imagined that none would presume to question the royal word, but, happily, they were hugely mistaken.

"A remarkable feature in this transaction is, that amongst the great officers of state, and of the legislature who repaired to the palace, to receive queen Isabel's declaration, was her confessor, the Patriarch of the Indies. Her statement, therefore, was made in the presence of the only person in the world who could ask her, in the name of her God, for an account. Perhaps the eye of the right reverend father, when it met hers, rather troubled her; and perhaps this, in some degree, accounts for the excitement with which she ran to and fro, and said:—'Here it was Olózaga caught my arm.' 'Here he held my hand,' *et cetera*; with sundry '*palabras d'honneur*.' Probably the Patriarch has told her, that a sullied throne is a throne undermined."

There is here nothing unworthy of the sweet pledge of the loves of Ferdinand and Christina. Even the slight token of faltering at the look of the confessor, is strikingly in keeping with the rest. It matters little

that Olózaga was the Proteus of Spanish politics, for though a man may shift and cut capers on the floor of the Spanish Cortes, he may not like or deserve to figure on a scaffold, which was what the pale, delicate, imperial liar intended.

By way of contrast, carry we now our eye down yonder long street, and observe as well as we can for the smoke of the *cigarillos*, the wild groups assembled there for the discussion of politics. Uncourtly, of course, are the tones and gestures, abrupt the language, fierce and fiery the looks which accompany it. But in proportion as the disputants have less to gain or lose, by the fluctuations of public affairs, is the enthusiastic earnestness with which they interest themselves.

"Here there are no palatial conveniences, nor social conventionalisms, to mislead or to suppress; no parliamentary forms of phraseology and discussion to hamper and cramp the utterance of undisguised opinion. Truth flourishes in the open air—a hardy plant—shoots up in the dew and ripens in the sun, without pruning, training, or covering with glass-houses. The debaters here are frank and plain spoken, and the audience mingles unrebuked in the discussions. With every *cigarillo* a character is puffed away, and with each fresh demand for *fuero** new light is thrown upon the world of politics.

"Here is a fellow in rags, who wears his tattered cloak with the dignity of a grandee, for every Castilian deems himself noble; there is a more youthful *picaro*, with a hat more peaked than ordinary, and an inordinate supply of tags adorning its velvet round—that is the energetic youth of the assembly—the Gonzalez Bravo of the *paré*—the young Spain of lanes and alleys; there, with a loose *faja*, or red sash swathed round his waist, with leggins thrown wide open and displaying those muscular calves, with a short and tight-fitting jacket, exhibiting to full advantage his amazing breadth of shoulder and depth of chest, is the Mars and Massaniello of the party. Prepared to take the lead of a popular army: and around and in the midst of every circle is the due proportion of Madrid Manolas, the viragos of metropolitan low life, discussing more eagerly, and far more fluently than the rest, with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, and each with a formidable knife stuck between her right leg and stocking, beneath the garter; some, too, smoking their paper cigars with as much *nonchalance* as the men. In this centre of intelligence and focus of popular disturbance, you will hear more in one hour of the scandalous secrets of Madrid, and learn more of its patriotic or treasonable designs, than in the choicest *réunions* of its most exalted diplomacy."—*Revelations of Spain*, vol. i., p. 220.

"The Puerta del sol, so often alluded to in the accounts of the last revolutions of which Madrid has been the scene, is the general rendezvous of all

* "Fire;" a light transmitted from one paper cigar to another.

political aspirants, of the idle, of street speakers, in short, of all the discontented and turbulent. At this central place, at this famous square, three of the principal streets of the city meet and cross each other. Situated between the most populous and the most fashionable quarters of Madrid, it is, in fact, as though the Faubourgs of St. Honoré and Chaussée d'Antin were placed beside those of St. Martin, at Paris. It is the forum wherein the affairs of the state are discussed. There the first royal decree of Ferdinand, after the insurrection of Madrid, was torn in atoms. There, also, the priest, Vinuesa, accused in 1822 of conspiracy against the constitution of Cadiz, was publicly tried, and there he was subsequently condemned and put to death. This is the reason why M. de Martignac called the Puerta del Sol the '*unofficial seat of government*.' More than one minister has changed his whole system, more than one orator has delivered his speeches with the view of securing the good opinion of the Puerta del Sol. It is a certain fact that when, contrary to his general plan of campaigning, Cordova gave battle to the Carlists at Arlaban, his only object was to please the brawlers of the Puerta de Sol, who had reproached him with his pretended inaction. It is known, also, that General Seoane came hither in person, on the day following the revolution of La Granja, to announce his nomination as Captain-General of Madrid, in the room of the unfortunate Quesada, assassinated by the national guards.

"The Casa del Correos, situated in this square, serves also as an additional attraction to the crowd; on account of its lofty flight of steps, and commanding position, it has frequently been employed as a citadel by the revolutionists. Its possession, in fact, has on more than one occasion decided the issue of the contests between the government and the national guard of Madrid. Such speakers as are desirous of haranguing the multitude, generally take their stand upon the raised pavement which surrounds this building—one of the finest in the city. The people who, at Madrid, are passive spectators of all insurrections, generally occupy the middle of the square; the high functionaries, and the wealthier inhabitants, who come hither between the hours of one and three, group themselves about the opening of the street Montera, which commands a view of the whole place. On the opposite side, near the hôtel of Victory, assemble the soldiers, the *empleados*, and the partisans of the existing government. Last in the list, about three o'clock, the bankers and the stock-brokers come to discuss their affairs beneath the shade of the Casa del Correos.

"The Puerta del Sol extends its influence throughout all the surrounding neighbourhood, where clubs, the furnace of political fanaticism, were once formed. In the *cafés*, situated in the streets Alcala, de Montera, and de Carrera San Gerónimo, are by turns assembled the *Chevaliers Communes*, the Isabelists, the Federalists, the *Carbonaros*, the members of Young Italy, of Young Spain, and many others. There was even once at Madrid and Barcelona a secret society established, composed of the Avengers of Alibaud. Now, the Café Nuevo is the rendezvous of the *Esparterists*, of the *Exaltados*, and of the united *Republicans*, but the Café de los Amigos is the place where the *Moderados* and the Constitution-

alists, the friends of peaceful progress(?) assemble to confer. Even the very shops situated in the neighbourhood of the Puerta del Sol resemble political clubs. To each a number of newsmongers resort, and pass sometimes the whole day in discussions and disputes on the affairs of the country. And this causes such injury to trade, that several of the more prudent shopkeepers, particularly a hatter of the street Montera, have hung up in their shops the announcement, 'Conversation not allowed here.'

"A foreigner with a taste for political gossip, and an easy recklessness of consequences, soon becomes initiated into the mysteries of the Puerta del Sol. Journals, extraordinary bulletins, flying sheets, are cried and sold by blind men and children, and are eagerly passed from hand to hand. Private letters relating to the affairs of the day are communicated even to foreigners; in fact, to any one desirous of beholding them.

"The Castilian pride, so intolerant of foreigners, is exchanged for the most perfect familiarity, in these sort of communications, and in all-political conversations. On entering a *café* or a public square, whatever seat you occupy, at whatever table you place yourself, you are sure to hear state-affairs discussed, and no change in the conversation is discernible, no train of thought appears to be disturbed by your presence; you are at full liberty either to listen or join in it, of whatever opinions you may be, or whatever side you may choose to take."—*Tanaki L'Espagne*, p. 10.

With such a court and such a people, with such a clergy, and such manners, where lie the hopes of Spain? Is it susceptible of regeneration? Can order possibly succeed to the existing confusion? Can honesty be substituted for selfishness in its councils? Can its slumbering humanity be awakened? Can it again have commerce, and industry, and military power, and naval greatness, and, along with these, the freedom which it never possessed?

Our hopes are not sanguine, though there be doubtless circumstances in the character and condition of the Spanish people which may justify us in refusing to despair. The civilisation of modern times is rough and ready, and may be brought to the state of maturity of which it is susceptible, through the instrumentality, in a great measure, of material agencies. If Spain had railways run into the heart of her Sierras, her industry might, perhaps, be awakened, and instead of cutting each other's throats, her children might take to making embankments, and building bridges, and mining, and smelting the ores that so richly abound in her mountainous districts. From this step she might go on to reconstruct her foreign trade, by placing on a rational footing her relations with other states. But who is to commence this process? There is little enterprise among her *hidalgos*, still less among that locust swarm of *empleados*, that subsists upon

the vitals of the country. Most persons who have given the subject any consideration, look exclusively to the peasantry, whom opposite authorities agree in admitting to be a hardy and robust race, lazy from habit and accident, but capable of great exertion, and not so averse from entertaining new projects, as persons acquainted only with the upper classes of Spaniards might be naturally enough inclined to believe.

It is somewhat humiliating to science and philosophy, that the juices which have renovated antiquated communities, have often entered at the very roots of society, and circulated upwards. The Christian religion itself began with the peasantry, and was the religion of the barn, the stable, and the fishing hut, before it became the religion of palaces. Again, the reformation of this religion originated with a humble ecclesiastic, born in the north of England, and for many years an obscure student at Oxford. It was taken up and carried on with more brilliant success in Germany by another son of a peasant, who smote with his rude hand the pontifical tiara, and shattered it past repair. The peasants of Spain will probably subvert the Spanish monarchy, and direct for themselves in its stead institutions more favourable to industry, more prolific of popular happiness, better adapted to promote the growth of national strength, and externally more respectable. Something like this we must believe, or cease to have any faith in the destiny of the Peninsula.

There are many writers, we say, and the author of the "Revelations of Spain" is among the number, who discover the germs of political regeneration in the Spanish lower classes. It would be contradiction in terms to denominate them industrious, though they certainly do whatever work is done in the country. Slight is the superstructure of hope which can be raised on such a foundation. But as it seems to be the only one, there can be no harm in making the most of it.

One sign of a capacity for progress exhibited by the Spanish *Labradorés* is the willingness with which they begin to listen to the suggestions of respectable foreigners. In imitation of our merchants, they have on several points of the southern coast, erected themselves comfortable dwellings, reformed their slovenly habits, and attended to a considerable degree of neatness, even in their agricultural processes. This change is more especially visible in the pleasant town of Xeres de la Frontera, where the cleanliness of the streets, and the brilliant colours of the fronts of the houses, are proofs of the prevalence of English taste. They feel, moreover,

the want of internal trade, and would apparently be willing to make some sacrifices in order to give it an impulse. In manners rough and uncouth, they are still affectionate in their domestic relations, and lead upon the whole a very simple life. Instances of generous self-devotion might no doubt be found among all rude people when subjected suddenly to the influence of wide-spread calamities calculated to put men's feelings to the proof. But it would be difficult to discover in the annals of any nation an action more truly heroic than that of the father related by the author of the 'Revelations of Spain.'

"I was informed of the case of an aged and infirm father, who drowned himself in the province of Granada, to exempt his only son from the fatal chance of the conscription. They repaired together to the periodical *Quinta*, the son drew his own name from the urn; and in crossing the river Frangirola in a small boat on their return home, the father suddenly flung himself overboard, and was irrecoverably lost to sight. He had filled his pockets with stones to make death certain, and his body was not found until next day. This inflexible *gef  de familia* had discharged his promise; his boy was exempt from service, being now a widow's son!"—Vol. i., p. 334.

Self-devotion and energy of character necessarily develop themselves in various ways. Here we find a man sacrificing his life for his son; anon we observe an humble rustic functionary exhibiting a remarkable act of daring in order to purchase security for himself and his neighbours. In England, of course, any policeman would pursue a thief to his den and fearlessly grapple with him there. But he would be conscious of carrying along with him that which the Spanish *alcald * cannot rely on, the majesty of the law. In pursuer and thief we observe the same spirit of daring, the same recklessness of life, the same ferocity. The writer to whom we are indebted for the details, describes the mayors of towns in the wilder parts of Spain as being themselves often implicated in offences against society. It may be very well so. Princes and nobles here among us formerly played at the same game, and fearlessly took purses on the highway. The Spanish *alcald *, therefore, who breaks the eighth commandment may plead the force of respectable examples. Our authority's account of the matter is as follows:—

"The environs of Olvera were long haunted by a very determined robber, a *ladron afamado*, who levied contributions from all comers indiscriminately, from the period of Espartero's and Concha's hurried visit to Andalucia, and, when purses were scarce upon the highway, resorted to

the adventitious aid of smuggling. The *alcaldé* of the town, a determined fellow, at last resolved to abate the nuisance, and having received private information of the robber's whereabouts, placed himself at the head of the Ronda municipal, and proceeded to take him prisoner. He found the robber in bed with his enamorada, but nevertheless prepared.

"He was asleep upon the woman's arm when the *alcaldé* in person seized him. In the wild districts hereabouts the *alcaldés* are often rude men, contrabandists, and perhaps with a touch of the robber in their composition—strange qualifications for a mayor! The *alcaldé* had a huge horse-pistol in his hand, but the robber did not mind this. Rapid as thought, he drew two pistols from beneath his pillow, and discharged them both, at the *alcaldé*, in quick succession. The magistrate, strange to say, was not hit by either, but, discharging his own pistol, wounded (without intending it) the prostrate and defenceless woman. The exchange of shots was sufficient to rouse all the savage nature of the municipal picquet, who, with one common accord, poured their fire upon the bed, and shot both robber and female. Neither of them ever stirred after. To render this transaction entirely characteristic, it was made a political handle of, and the *alcaldé* was charged with persecuting *Ayacuchos*."—*Revelations, &c.*, vol. i., p. 385.

Unfortunately, the irregular energy of the good people of Spain is constantly mixed up with robbery and murder. There is no excitement without a few deaths, and even with them very little. The affair is of every-day occurrence, and what happens constantly ceases at length to produce surprise. The writer, or rather compiler, of the '*Revelations of Spain*,' having to reconcile contradictory authorities, does not see his way very clearly through the labyrinth of the Spanish character. He consequently represents them at once as murderous and innocent, thievish and chivalrous, vulgar, quackish, full of imposture, and noble. In the teeth of all testimony and experience, he desires to persuade us that there is more crime in England than in Spain. We have already alluded to this absurdity, but it may still be worth while to adduce the evidence of another anonymous traveller, whose pages, nevertheless, bear about them the appearance of genuineness.

"A French guide, settled at Granada, who accompanied us as such, when we were once visiting some of the distant churches, pointed out to us crosses painted on the houses; saying that, like the monumental crosses on the roads, they signified that a murder had been committed there. He told us there were two thousand such crosses to be seen in Granada! I have myself since noticed great numbers of these marks."—*Spain and Tangiers*, p. 342.

No incident in Spanish life is so common as a robbery, no character so familiar as that

of a thief. Among ourselves, adventures on the highway are retreating rapidly into the mists of antiquity, so that our very romance-writers, who chronicle the gesta of highwaymen, are compelled to assume an historical character. Even then their fictions interest us very little. They belong to a past age, and the present has slight sympathy with them. It is quite otherwise in Spain, where every story you hear turns upon a robbery, attempted or accomplished, and accompanied generally by murder. Of course, they who compose the records of the hour, and consign them to tradition for the benefit of future ages, sometimes take a few liberties with their subjects, so that it would not do to require a traveller to swear to the truth of all the narratives which he relates at second hand. He had them from the people themselves, and if they are not always correct to the letter, they are at least characteristic. The reader will be fully prepared to recognize the verisimilitude of the following piquant little story.

"A rich miller in the country was fixed upon by three persons as a fit object to be plucked. It so chanced that shortly before the time appointed for the attack of his house, a party of travelling soldiers had requested lodging of him for the night, which he had granted; and these soldiers were sleeping above, when the robbers arrived and demanded his money. The miller told them he would go and fetch it; he woke the soldiers, and with their assistance killed the three thieves and left them lying. The next day, as it was proper the authorities should be made acquainted with the circumstances, he went to the house of the *alcaldé* of his *pueblo*, or village, to call him to make his examinations. The *alcaldé* was not at home; on finding which he proceeded to the next in office, who was not at home either. He then went on to the third: neither was this one to be found, nor did anybody know anything of either of the three. At last, therefore, he returned home and prepared to bury them himself; when on taking off the masks which concealed their faces, lo, and behold, THERE LAY THE THREE *ALCADES*!!"—*Spain and Tangiers*, p. 342.

The same writer supplies a good companion to the above.

"A party of brigands had determined on plundering a farm. One of them was sent forward in the daytime, in woman's clothes, to effect an amicable entrance, while the male individuals of the family were absent; and thus prepare the way for the night's attack. He had succeeded so far, and was seated by the fire, when a little girl noticed his tell-tale whiskers; on which, after locking up the mother in an adjoining room, he, in his rage at the discovery, put the unfortunate child on the fire to roast! The poor mother, hearing her child's screams, called out to give the alarm; when desisting from his brutal attempt on the child, the robber thrust his head through a hole in the door of the room containing the mother, to

threaten her. She, however, seized the moment; and, putting to effective use a hatchet she had at hand, actually chopped off the monster's head! The girl then let the mother out; they found a whistle on the man's body, and rightly concluding this was to be used as a signal to call his confederates, the woman, with admirable discretion and coolness, quietly collected a party of armed friends in the house and in ambush about it; and at night-fall, blowing the whistle, drew the miscreants into the trap. Two were killed; and one (a famous brigand I hear) was taken, and is now in confinement; two others escaped."—p. 307.

The anonymous volume entitled 'Spain and Tangiers,' which has supplied us with the above passage, is a light and unpretending, but clear and agreeable book. It chronicles the experience of a single observer, and does not aim at generalization. The reader, however, who desires to understand the present state of Spain may derive instruction from the perusal of it.

In one of those works judiciously denominated 'Hand-books'—because they are as heavy as a sailor's musket—we find this whole theory of Spanish violence and dishonesty peremptorily contradicted. "Of the many misrepresentations regarding Spain, few have been more systematically circulated than the dangers and difficulties which are there supposed to beset the traveller. This, the most *romantic*, and peculiar country in Europe, may in reality be visited throughout its length and breadth with *ease and safety* (!) for travelling there is no worse than it was in France or Italy in 1814, before English example forced improvements."—'Murray's Hand Book of Spain,' Part I., Preface, i.

It is not necessary, just now, to inquire into the degree of '*ease and safety*' with which France and Italy could be traversed in 1814; but we feel ourselves compelled to remark, that we distrust Mr. Ford's testimony, on this as on many other points connected with Spain. In fact, his is a biform testimony which may be adduced to establish whichever view of the question we please to take. This mode of writing has its inconveniences, as it sometimes renders one doubtful whether one ought to believe the traveller in either case or in neither. Mr. Ford is a smart writer, too smart by far to be accurate. He likes the Spaniards, for which we by no means blame him, and he likes himself, for which we blame him still less; but then he treats spiteously all those other unlucky wights of Englishmen who have perpetrated travels in the Peninsula, and is resolved to convert their positions at all hazards, even at that of contradicting himself. With his notions of high breeding we feel no disposition to quarrel. He has a

right to think a thief high-bred if he pleases. It is likewise lawful for him to entertain and enunciate whatever theory he thinks fit of what it is that constitutes a *caballero*. We claim, however, the same liberty for ourselves, and, making use of that liberty, we shall most frankly state that what appears a *caballero* to Mr. Ford, appears a coarse, unmitigated ruffian to us. We apprehend also that Mr. Ford is under some hallucination respecting the delicacy of his *ladrones* toward women and children. There can be no harm in his cherishing that notion if it afford him any particular pleasure; but we believe it to be as ill-founded as his fancy about the *safety* of Spanish roads, and his hypothesis on Spanish politeness. In the Peninsula, at all events, no such idea prevails, since the stories which the people relate to travellers—a sample of which we have given above—represent robbers roasting children alive, and plotting, nay, often accomplishing, the murder of their mothers. Nor is this quite all. If the ladies who fall into the hands of our polite *caballeros* happen to be particularly adroit and quick in disentangling themselves from their baubles—good. If not, those refined gentlemen out with their knives, and slice off ears and gentle fingers, with a coolness and rapidity that might have astonished our own knights of the post. A recent traveller in the Peninsula speaks of the—

"Hacking off, by Carlist ruffians, of the ears and fingers of some miserable women, who could not divest themselves of their ornaments fast enough to please the brutal plunderers. I do not know whether this last act of atrocity found its way into our newspapers at the time; but I have been told that the boxes belonging to the wretches were found at the Café Naevo in Madrid, with their disgusting contents rotting within—baubles, fingers, and ears, altogether, still lying as they were torn from the living victims.

"And yet they say that Spanish robbers are *very civil*!—*remarkably gentlemanly men*! May be so!—but though I commonly like judging of things for myself, I think I had rather on this point, take anybody else's word for it."—*Spain and Tangiers*, p. 138.

Respecting the superlative security enjoyed by travellers in Spain, we have one or two further observations to make. Mr. Ford remarks wittily, that our tourists who commemorate the achievements of Spanish banditti all escaped themselves by a miracle! It should be remembered, however, that books are seldom written by men whose throats have been cut, but by such as have eluded that operation. Besides, all do not entirely escape the polished hidalgo of the Spanish highway, at least if M. Tanski may be believed; for that gentleman assures us

that he himself, in the north of Spain, fell into the hands of the spoilers, who not only pillaged the whole diligence, but, with a selfishness altogether unworthy of a Spanish thief, took every practicable measure for defrauding each other. And lest our 'Hand-book' maker should imagine us to be fireside adventurers, terrified by the awful relations of those who have made their own legs their compasses, we may here state that we have travelled through regions as lawless, turbulent, and barbarous as Spain, where Europeans have been shot like robins, in the street, where throats have been cut, and heads chopped off by the dozen, and yet returned without ourselves encountering the point of a single poniard. It would, nevertheless, not be quite correct on that account to maintain that in those countries there are few risks to be run, few robberies committed, and that the vagabonds who frequent the highways are all of them high-bred *caballeros*.

But let us hear Mr. Ford :—

"The mode of travelling," he says, "in a '*coche de colleras*,' and especially if accompanied with a baggage waggon, is, of all others, that which most exposes the party to be robbed. When the caravan arrives in the small villages, it attracts immediate notice, and if it gets wind that the travellers are foreigners, and still more English, they are supposed to be laden with gold and booty. Such an arrival, with such a *posse comitatus*, is a very rare event; it spreads like wildfire all along the road, and collects all the *mala gente*, the bad set of idlers, a class which always was a weed of this soil, and which the poverty and marauding spirit, increased by the recent troubled times, has by no means diminished. In the villages, near the inns, there is seldom a lack of loiterers, who act as spies, and convey intelligence to their confederates; again, the bulk of the equipage, the noise and clatter of men and mules, is seen and heard from afar, by robbers who lurk in hiding-places or eminences, who are well provided with telescopes, besides with longer and sharper noses, which, as Gil Blas says, smell gold in travellers' pockets. The slow pace, and impossibility of flight, render the traveller an easy prey to well-mounted horsemen."—*Hand Book*, &c., vol. i., p. 38.

In touching on this very ticklish subject, Mr. Ford displays a great deal of prudent reserve. He is averse, he is says, from frightening us! In his opinion robbery in Spain is the exception, not the rule. A majority of those who venture on the high roads escape being robbed and murdered. This is consolatory, as it shows that people have some chance of reaching their own firesides though they do venture into the Peninsula in search of the picturesque. It would appear, moreover, that things are improving a little in this particular, in proportion as society becomes more and more disorganized.

From such premises we ourselves should have been led to a different conclusion. But, as men have different tastes, so also have they different modes of reasoning. "It is not, however, to be denied, that Spain is, of all countries in Europe, the one in which the ancient classical and once universal system of robbing on the highway, exists the most unchanged. With us these things have been much altered; Spain is what England was sixty years ago, with Hounslow heath and Finchley common; what Italy was very lately and may be again next year."—*Hand Book*, &c., vol. i., p. 38.

There was, then, a time when robbery was the rule, and escape the exception, and though matters are no longer in that position, still they approach nearer to it in Spain than anywhere else in Europe. But at what epoch are we to fix those good old times, when the system of robbery was classical and universal? And how happens it that circumstances, calculated in themselves manifestly to deteriorate the character of a people, have produced in Spain a contrary result? We shrewdly suspect that our lively traveller found himself puzzled in this part of his undertaking, because he desired to represent the Spaniards as not peculiarly addicted to brutal violence and dishonesty, and, at the same time, to season his pages with the piquant ingredients supplied by the banditti system. If the reader who considers the following passages can suggest any other method of interpretation, we shall be most happy to adopt it.

"That sort of patriotism, *à moyen de parvenir*, which is the last and usual resource of scoundrels, is often made the pretext of the ill-conditioned to throw a specious mantle over the congenial vocation of living a freebooting idle existence by plunder rather than by work and industry; this accounts for the facility with which the universal Spanish nation flies to arms. Smuggling again sows the soil with a dragon's teeth, and produces, at a moment's notice, a plentiful crop of armed men, or *guerrilleros*, which is almost a convertible term with robber.

"Robbery in other countries has yielded to increased population, to more rapid and more frequent intercommunication. The distances in Spain are very great; the high roads are few, and are carried through long leagues of uncultivated plains, *dehesas*, through deserted towns, dispeopled districts, *despoblados*, a term more common in Spain, as in the East, than that of village is in England. Andalusia is the most dangerous province, and it was always so. This arises from the nature of the country, from being the last scene of the Moorish struggle, and now from being in the vicinity of Gibraltar, the great focus of smuggling, which prepares the raw material for a banditti. These evils, which are abated by internal quiet and the continued exertions of the authorities, increase with troubled times, which, as the

tempest calls forth the stormy petrel, rouses into dangerous action the worst portions of society, and creates a sort of cachexia, which can only be put down by peace and a strong settled government—blessings which, alas! have long been denied to unhappy Spain. First and foremost come the *ladrones*, the robbers on a great scale: they are a regularly organized band, from eight to fourteen in number, well armed and mounted, and entirely under the command of one leader. These are the most formidable; and as they seldom attack any travellers, except with overwhelming forces, and under circumstances of ambush and surprise, where everything is in their favour, resistance is generally useless, and can only lead to fatal accidents; it is better to submit at once to the summons, which will take no denial of ‘*boca abajo*,’ ‘*boca a tierra*—’ down, mouth to the earth.’ Those who are provided with such a sum of money as the robbers think, according to their class of life, that they ought to carry about them, are very rarely ill-used; a frank, confident, and good-humoured surrender, generally, not only prevents any bad treatment, but secures even civility during the disagreeable operation. Pistols and sabres are, after all, a poor defence, as Mr. Cribb said, compared to civil words and deeds. The Spaniard is by nature high bred and a *caballero* (?), and responds to any appeal to qualities of which his nation has reason to be proud. Notwithstanding these moral securities, if only by way of making assurance doubly sure, an Englishman will do well, when travelling in exposed districts, to be provided with a bag containing fifty to one hundred dollars, which makes a handsome purse, feels heavy in his hand, and is that sort of amount which a Spanish brigand thinks a native of this proverbially rich country ought to have with him on his travels. He has a remarkable tact in estimating, from the look of an individual, his equipage, &c., how much ready money it is befitting his condition for him to have about him: if the sum should not be enough, he resents severely the depriving him of the regular spoil to which he considers himself entitled by the long-established usage of the high-road. The traveller who is unprovided altogether with cash, is generally made a severe example of, *pour encourager les autres*, either by beating, *echandole palos*, or by stripping to the skin, *dejandole en cueros*, after the fashion of thieves of old near Jericho. The traveller should be particularly careful to have a watch of some kind, one with a gaudy gilt chain and seals is the best suited. Not to have a watch of any kind exposes the traveller to more certain indignities than a scantily filled purse. The money may have been spent; but the absence of a watch can only be accounted for by a premeditated intention of not being robbed of it, which the *ladron* considers as an unjustifiable attempt to defraud him of his right. It must be said, to the credit of the Spanish brigands, especially those of the highest class, that they rarely ill-use women or children; nor do they commence firing or offering violence unless resisted. The next class of robbers—omitting some minor distinctions, such as the *salteadores*, or two or three persons who lie in ambush, and jump out on the unprepared traveller—is the *ratero*, ‘the rat.’ He is held in contempt, but is not less dangerous. He is not brought regularly up to the profession and organized, but

takes to it, *pro re nata*, of a sudden, commits his robbery, and returns to his pristine vocation. Very often, on the arrival of strangers, two or three of the ill-conditioned, worst classes, get up a robbery the next day for the special occasion, according to the proverb, *la ocasion hace al ladron*. The *raterillo*, or small rat, is a skulking footpad, who seldom attacks any but single and unprotected travellers, who, if they get robbed, have no one to blame but themselves; for no man is justified in exposing Spaniards to the temptation of doing a little something in that line. The shepherd with his sheep, the ploughman at his plough, the vine-dresser amid his grapes, all have their gun, which, ostensibly for their individual protection, furnishes the means of assault and battery against those who have no other protection but their legs and virtue.

“The regular first-class *ladrones* are generally armed with a blunderbuss, *retajo*, which hangs at their saddles, the high-peaked *albarda*, which is covered with a fleece, either white or blue, the *zalea*. Their dress is for the most part very rich, and in the highest style of *aficion*—the fancy; they are the envy and models of the lower classes of Andalusians, being arrayed after the fashion of the smuggler, *contrabandista* or the bull-fighter, *torero*; or, in a word, the *majo*, or dandy, who being peculiar to the south of Spain, will be more properly described in Andalusia, which is the home and head-quarters of all those who aspire to the elegant accomplishments and professions to which we have just alluded.”

We now return to the questions, what hope of being regenerated has Spain? and by whom is her political salvation to be accomplished? Revolutions in themselves are bad things; yet, if the Peninsula be ever purified, it must be by their means. The blue blood must be got rid of, and the red or black puddle of the roturier on which Mr. Ford and his friends, the *hidalgos*, look down with so much contempt, must be made to flow over the loftiest heights of politics. Until this shall be done, there can, we fear, be no hope of beholding free institutions in Spain. Unquestionably, the worshippers of the hat will never become the reformers of their country. They have played the fool too long, eaten too much iron, brayed too frequently beneath their mistress’s windows, hiding their long ears beneath the flaps of their *sombreros*, ever to achieve anything worthy of notice. Masters they may be of a stiff, formal, stolid etiquette; they may exclude from their circles the rough contemners of their *Espanolismo*; they may go on in the dark, groping about for some issue from their state of contemptible degeneracy; but they will never find it, till the toe of the peasant has not only galled the courtier’s kibe, but kicked him boldly out of the track of improvement, where he now lies a mere doltish obstruction.

This may be deemed rather rough treat-

ment of the *hidalgos*; but they have had too much flattery already. What they now want, is truth; and, for the first time, perhaps, they will here meet with it naked. To some forms of aristocracy we make no objection; they are useful in certain stages of society; but the *grandees* of Spain were always an unmixed nuisance, a vile excrescence on the body politic, a thing in its pride and littleness offensive both to God and man. The system, politically speaking, is defunct now; for though efforts are still made, both in Spain and out of it, to keep up the appearance of vitality, no success has attended them. The peasants of the *Sierras* are looking over the heads of the nobles, and must change places with them, before society can acquire a healthy tone. There is, we believe, an old proverb in the Peninsula, which says that pride will not boil the pot, which, had it been acted upon, might have saved the country. Let the Spaniards return to the philosophy of this homely old saying, and deserve to be reckoned once more amongst the nations of Europe.

ART. VI.—*Fichte's Sämmtliche Werke. Neue Ausgabe. Herausgegeben von J. H. FICHTE.* Berlin: 1845. (Complete Works of J. G. FICHTE.)

IN the history of physical science it is generally admitted, that though our highest prizes may be awarded to successful endeavour, we shall not fail to give honour due to courageous and well-meant exertions, which may fail in reaching the wished-for goal. To dare peril and death in the attempt to find a North-east or a North-west passage, or to penetrate into the interior of Africa, is to establish a claim to public respect and gratitude. It is something even to show that in this or that direction no pathway is to be found. But very different is the fate of those, who, through a thousand bewildering entanglements, would break out for themselves and others the way to moral truth. The purest intentions, the most undaunted courage, cannot shield from obloquy and persecution the unsuccessful seeker, and instead of expecting honours and rewards, he may esteem himself fortunate if he escape our vengeance; if, like the Sphinx of old, we do not tear him in pieces, for failing to solve our riddle. Long and sad is the record of the world's glorious benefactors, whom the

world has persecuted and hunted down; and even those who, like the subject of the present article, have lived at a time when absolute persecution was out of the question, have often had to suffer penalties sufficient to deter persons of ordinary courage from any such undertaking. Few would woo the bride in the legend, with whom the alternative of success was not rejection merely, but death. Few will bear to have 'hopes sapped, name blighted, life's life lied away,' in the attempt to enter in at the straight gate, when the road of worldly compliance lies so broad and inviting before them. Among these honoured names, however, we may justly place that of Johann Gottlieb Fichte—as brave and honest a soul as ever truth enrolled in her noble army of martyrs—who lived and moved and had his being in her alone. The announcement of a new edition of his works may excite surprise in the present stationary, if not retrograde, condition of mental science in Germany, where matters of purely philosophical or poetical interest no longer take any strong hold on the public mind, and where the best thinkers have long been engaged in endeavouring to call back the spirits of their countrymen from their excursions into the regions of abstract speculation, and concentrate them on points of practical and national interest. The Germans are no longer content to have the dominion of the air assigned to them, but are beginning to look into the business of every day life, with a searching keenness of vision exercised hitherto chiefly in a loftier and more abstract sphere. We cannot, therefore, but regard the publication before us, rather in the light of a tribute of respect to the noble personal character of Fichte, and to his memory as a patriot, than as a symptom of revived interest in a philosophical system too lofty in its pretensions, and making too high claims on the powers of the intellect, and the energies of the will, ever to have found general acceptance. It is not our purpose in this article to enter into any examination of it; such an undertaking would require more space, and a more patient and laborious attention on the part of our readers, than they might be inclined to accord to us. We shall be satisfied if we can make it appear probable that it is, at all events, worthy of examination; that what occupied the life of such a man was not a 'mere metaphysical card castle, or logical hocus pocus,' but a system eminently practical in its tendency, and one of the noblest attempts ever made to solve the enigmas that beset their earthly existence.

With respect to the charges brought against Fichte, on the score of religion,

which have thrown a cold shadow over his fame, however ill-founded such accusations might be, he was himself, in some measure, to blame for them. There was in his character a certain element of defiance—of pugnacity, that led him, when conscious of the purity of his intentions, rather to seek, than to avoid collision, and wilfully to clothe his thoughts in the hardest and most offensive expressions. It is to be hoped, however, that the time is past when our Christian faith was of such feeble temperament, as to make us shrink from bestowing our sympathy on those less fortunate than ourselves in the clearness of their convictions, or whose religious character, it may be, had been subjected to suspicion, merely because they sought to establish it on a deeper and surer basis than we deemed sufficient. Fichte did not wear religion as a garment to shield him from the pelting of the world's censure, nor lay it aside as holiday attire, to be put on once a week in the intervals of worldly business; it was the basis of his whole spiritual being, the breath of his nostrils, which he must struggle for or die. If we have reached a clearer atmosphere it is well for us, but we need make no boast, if it do not enable us to put forth better fruit. Whether as a philosopher, a patriot, or, we may add, a Christian (for 'not every one that calleth Lord, Lord!' shall be accepted as such), few characters in history have more claims on our respectful regard. His life-long devotion to abstract speculation chilled nothing of the warmth of his affections; nor did his tender care for those dear to him render him forgetful or regardless of his duty to his country. He lived at a time when patriotism was no winning game; when there were examples enough of unfaithfulness, when some who held the highest rank among Germany's most gifted sons were sitting calmly as spectators, while she lay groaning under a foreign yoke, and safely speculating on theories of art, or busying themselves with the minutæ of physical science. With whatever admiration we may be inclined to regard the wonderful and versatile genius of Goethe, we cannot help thinking that Germany owed little thanks to her Magnus Apollo for presenting her with a classical play or a mystical poem, while she was struggling for her life with the invader. It is much to enlighten the intellect and refine the taste of a nation; it is more to arouse its moral strength, to kindle the divine force in the heart, to enable a whole people to rise at once above all considerations of private, selfish interest, striking the electric chain which unites the human soul with all that is highest in the universe.

No grander spectacle has been seen in modern times, than that witnessed in Germany, in 1813, when the whole people, rising as one man, burst the bonds that could never have been imposed, but for their overcredulous faith in the promises of those who had professed to come as deliverers. Among the very foremost leaders of this great movement was the man whose life had been spent in the closet, and the professor's chair. Fichte's system of philosophy may be but a hollow delusion—the life he led was assuredly no vain show, and in these faint-hearted days, when the best endeavours of most of us halt between the services of God and Mammon, when not what is true, but what is reconcilable, with worldly expediency, is likely everywhere to find acceptance, there is no more instructive spectacle, than that of a man, living in singleness of heart after his innermost convictions, and pursuing 'what conscience dictates to be done,' through good and evil report.

In the most beautiful district of Upper Lusatia, between the villages of Bischoffswerda and Pulsnitz, near the frontier line separating the territory of Meissnitz from that of Lusatia, lies a little hamlet called Rammenau, which was the birth-place of Johann Gottlieb Fichte. The country around is richly cultivated, intersected by fine wooded hills, watered by limpid brooks, and contains numerous thriving villages, famous thereabouts for industry and good conduct. The inhabitants retained, during the last century, to a remarkable degree, the simplicity of manners characteristic of a former age, having scarcely altered in any particular since the era of the Reformation. Their notions of morals were not obtained from books, but from living and present examples. A man regarded in the neighbourhood as especially pious, or sagacious, was held up as a pattern to his descendants, and his family connexions; the possessors of names thus honoured, were regarded as advantageous parties for matrimonial alliances. Particular families, it is said, retained for many generations, the reputation of possessing certain virtues in an eminent degree; and these distinctions, transmitted from one to another, like hereditary jewels, became the more sacred the longer they were preserved. Some races were famous for integrity, others for chastity, others for piety; and, alas! others again for covetousness, or various evil qualities; for all things tend to perpetuate their own likeness. The ancestors of Fichte passed for sturdily upright men, of strong will, whose word was always to be relied on, and their descendant main-

tained in a higher sphere the honourable characteristics of his race.

A Swedish soldier belonging to the army of Gustavus Adolphus, being wounded in a skirmish that took place in the neighbourhood, was kindly received in the family of one of these country people, a zealous Lutheran, who sheltered his fellow-believer through many vicissitudes of the ever-changing fortune of war. The sons of this honest reformer perished one after another, in this miserable contest, and the stranger whom he had taken in, remained to become his son-in-law, and the heir of his little farm.

In these striving, unquiet days it is pleasant to linger on these simple annals. The grandfather of Fichte, besides his portion of the garden and field, inherited a loom for the weaving of tape, with which he carried on a little trade in the village and the surrounding country, and he was ambitious enough to send his son to the neighbouring town of Pulsnitz, to obtain a better knowledge of the manufacture, and a more extended sphere for his exertions. Like the Industrious Apprentice, this Christian Fichte, the son, obtained the reward of his skill and fidelity in the hand of his master's daughter; but his prosperity was not, in all respects, equal to that of the celebrated example of 'virtue rewarded,' for the burgher of Pulsnitz regarded this marriage as a *mésalliance*, and though he yielded, at last, to the constancy of the lovers, whose attachment continued through many years of patient waiting, he would not consent to the settlement of the humble pair too near to his civic dignity; and Christian accordingly returned to his native village, bringing with him his youthful bride, built with her marriage portion a house, still inhabited by his posterity, and for the remainder of his peaceful life, plied the shuttle, the sound of which is probably still heard under the same roof.

There, on the 19th of May, 1762, was born their first son, Johann Gottlieb, and thither at the christening came an aged grand-uncle, renowned for his wisdom and piety, who knelt in prayer beside the cradle, blessed the infant, and foretold that when it became a man it should make the especial consolation and joy of its parents. Exhausted by his emotion, the patriarch had scarcely strength left to rise and return to his own dwelling which he never left again. His death following immediately after, confirmed the faith generally entertained in the prophetic truth of words thus spoken on the brink of eternity.

The father especially laid them to heart, and refrained in consequence from putting any constraint on the inclinations and ep-

ployments of Fichte, which he soon perceived to differ from those of other children. The prophecy, therefore, exactly by the faith with which it was received, had undoubtedly great influence on Fichte's subsequent development. The boy is described as quick of comprehension, and ready in reply; but fonder of lonely wandering and reverie, than of the boisterous plays of his companions. The shepherds of the neighbourhood took notice of his remaining for hours in the fields, lost in day-dreams, with his eyes riveted on the distant landscape, or the setting sun. Fichte's first teacher was his father; for Gottlieb's intellectual growth outstripped that of his bodily frame, and he was found capable of receiving instruction, while he was still considered too young and tender to be sent to school.

In the evening, when the daily toil was over, and the work in the garden was also finished, the father heard his little son read, and taught him the pious songs and proverbs which formed his own simple stock of erudition, varying these serious studies with stories of his own early wanderings in Saxony and Franconia, and on the beautiful shores of the Saale. The boy advanced rapidly, for no associations of constraint or disgust mingled with his lessons, and he was soon intrusted with the important office of reading the morning and evening prayer to the family; whilst his father, to whose rustic apprehension the office of the pastor of the village appeared as the highest and holiest dignity, began in secret to nourish ambitious hopes that his gifted son might one day pronounce a blessing on the congregation from the pulpit of his native village.

But the fruits of the tree of knowledge, which 'brought death into the world and all our woe,' were not invariably sweet to Fichte.

The first book which fell into his hands, after the 'Bible' and 'Catechism' was the renowned history of 'Siegfried the Horned,' and it seized so powerfully on his imagination, that he lost all pleasure in any other employment, became careless and neglectful, and for the first time in his life was punished. Then, in the spirit of the injunction, which tells us to cut off our right hand if it cause us to offend, Fichte resolved to sacrifice the beloved book, and taking it in his hand, walked slowly to a stream flowing past the house, with the intention of throwing it in. Long he lingered on the bank, ere he could muster courage for this first self-conquest of his life; but at length, summoning all his resolution, he flung it into the water. His fortitude gave way as he saw the treasure, too dearly loved, floating away for ever, and

he burst into a passionate flood of tears. Just at this moment the father arrived on the spot, and the weeping child told what he had done; but either from timidity or incapacity to explain his feelings, was silent as to its true motive. Irritated at this treatment of his present, Fichte's father inflicted upon him an unusually severe punishment, and this occurrence formed a fitting prelude to his after life, in which he was so often misunderstood, and the actions springing from the purest convictions of duty, were exactly those for which he had most to suffer. When a sufficient time had elapsed for the offence to be in some measure forgotten, the father brought home another of these seducing books; but Fichte dreaded being again exposed to the temptation, and begged that it might rather be given to some of the other children.

It was about this time, when the boy was eight years old, that an apparently trivial occurrence exercised the most important influence on his subsequent life. The clergyman of the village, who had taken a fancy to Gottlieb, and often assisted in his instruction, happened one day to ask him how much he thought he could remember of the sermon of the preceding day. Fichte made the attempt, and to the astonishment of the pastor, succeeded in giving a very tolerable account of the course of argument, as well as of the texts quoted in its illustration. The circumstance was mentioned to the Count von Hoffmannsegg, the lord of the village, and when one day another nobleman, the Baron von Mittiz, who was on a visit to the castle, happened to express his regret at having been too late for the sermon on the Sunday morning, he was told, half in jest, that it was of little consequence, for that there was a boy in the village who could repeat it all from memory. Little Gottlieb was sent for, and soon arrived in a clean smock frock and bearing a large nose-gay, such as his mother was accustomed to send to the castle occasionally as a token of respect. He answered the first questions put to him with his accustomed quiet simplicity; but when asked to repeat as much as he could recollect of the morning's sermon, his voice and manner became more animated, and, as he proceeded, entirely forgetting the presence of the formidable company, he became so fervid and abundant in his eloquence, that the count thought it necessary to interrupt him, lest the playful tone of the circle should be destroyed by the serious subjects of the sermon. The young preacher had, however, made some impression on his auditory; the baron made inquiries concerning him, and the clergyman,

wishing for nothing more than an opportunity to serve his favourite, gave such an account that the baron determined to undertake the charge of his education, in case he could obtain the consent of his parents. A countryman with a numerous family, it might be thought, would not hesitate much to accept an offer of this kind; but the mother of Fichte was by no means so much dazzled by the proposal, as to overlook the possible effect of such a change on the character of her hitherto pious and innocent child.

In the luxurious household of the baron he would breathe a very different atmosphere from that of his simple and secluded home; and he had better remain uninstructed, than purchase intellectual improvement by the loss of moral purity. The conscientious scruples of this virtuous and single-minded woman, were at length overcome by the joint persuasions of the clergyman, and the baron, who had also the reputation of being a pious and honourable man. He departed, carrying his *protégé* with him, to his castle of Siebeneichen, in Saxony, near Meissen on the Elbe; and the heart of the poor village boy sank, as he beheld the gloomy grandeur of the baronial hall, and the mountains and dark oak forests by which it was surrounded. His first sorrow, his severest trial, had come in the shape of what a misjudging world might regard as a singular piece of good fortune, and so deep a dejection fell on him, as seriously to endanger his health. His patron here manifested the really kindly spirit by which he had been actuated; he entered into the feelings of the child, and removed him from the lordly mansion to the abode of a country clergyman in the neighbourhood, who was passionately fond of children, and had none of his own. Under the truly paternal care of this excellent man, Fichte passed some of the happiest years of his life, and to its latest day looked back to them with tenderness and gratitude. The affectionate care of this amiable couple, their sharing with him every little domestic pleasure, and treating him in every respect as if he had been, indeed, their son, was always remembered by him with the liveliest sensibility, and certainly exercised a most favourable influence on his character.

In this family, Fichte received his first instruction in the languages of antiquity, in which, however, he was left much to his own efforts, seldom receiving what might be called a regular lesson. This plan, though it undoubtedly invigorated and sharpened his faculties, left him imperfectly acquainted with grammar, and retarded, in some measure, his subsequent progress at Schulpforte.

His kind preceptor soon perceived the insufficiency of his own attainments for advancing the progress of so promising a pupil, and urged his patron to obtain for Fichte, what appeared to him the advantages of a high school. He was accordingly sent, first to Meissen, and afterwards to the seminary at Schulpforte.

This establishment was the most celebrated of what were called the 'Prince's Schools,' founded in 1543, by the Elector Maurice of Saxony, in the buildings formerly belonging to the monasteries, with whose lands they were richly endowed.

In their internal arrangements, these schools retained also much of the conventional character, and the scholar was surrounded at all times by a system of the most rigid and unvarying discipline, admitting neither of change nor relaxation. Teachers and pupils lived together in cells, and the latter were only allowed to quit the walls once a week, in order to visit the appointed playgrounds in the neighbourhood. The system of flogging existed in full force, and with its usual consequences, tyranny on the one side, dissimulation and cunning on the other. Even Fichte, whose native strength of character, in some measure, guarded him from evil influences that might have been fatal to a mind of a feebler order, confesses that his life at Schulpforte was anything but favourable to his integrity. He found himself gradually reconciled to the necessity of ruling his conduct by the opinion of the little community around him, and compelled to practise occasionally the same artifices as others, if he would not with all his talents and industry be always left behind.

Into this microcosm of contending forces, the boy of thirteen, nurtured amidst lonely mountains and silent forests, now found himself thrown. The monastic gloom of the buildings, contrasted at first most painfully with the joyous freedom of fields and woods, where he had been accustomed to wander at will; but still more painfully the solitude of the moral desert. Shy and shrinking within himself he stood, and the tears which furnished only subjects of mockery to his companions were forced back, or taught to flow only in secret. Here, however, he learned the useful lesson of self-reliance, so well, though so bitterly taught, by want of sympathy in those around us, and from this time to the close of his life it was never forgotten. It was natural that the idea of escape should occur to a boy thus circumstanced, but the dread of being retaken and brought back in disgrace to Schulpforte occasioned hesitation. Whilst brooding over this project, it happened that he met with a

copy of 'Robinson Crusoe,' and his enthusiasm—the enthusiasm of thirteen, was kindled into a blaze. The desert should be his dwelling-place! On some far-off island of the ocean, beyond the reach of mankind, and of the students of Schulpforte, he would pass golden days of freedom and happiness. It was a common boyish notion, but the manner in which it was carried into execution, shows traces of the character of the individual. Nothing could have been easier than for him to have taken his departure unperceived, on one of the days when the scholars were allowed to go to the playground; but he scorned to steal away in secret; he would have this step appear as the result of necessity and deliberate determination. He, therefore, made a formal declaration to his superior, a lad who had made a cruel and oppressive use of the brief authority intrusted him, that he would no longer endure the treatment he received, but would leave the place at the first opportunity. As may be supposed, the announcement was received with sneers and laughter, and Fichte now considered himself in all honour free to fulfil his resolution. It was easy to find an opportunity, and accordingly having taken the precaution to study his proposed route on the map, he set off, and trudged on stoutly on the road to Naumburg. As he walked, however, he bethought himself of a saying of his beloved old pastor, that one should never begin an important undertaking without a prayer for divine assistance; he turned, therefore, and kneeling down on a green hillock by the road-side, implored, in the innocent sincerity of his heart, the blessing of Heaven on his wanderings. As he prayed it occurred to the new Robinson that his disappearance must occasion grief to his parents, and his joy in his wild scheme was gone in a moment. 'Never, perhaps, to see his parents again!' This terrible thought suddenly presented itself with such force that he resolved to retrace his steps, and meet all the punishments that might be in store for him, 'that he might look once more on the face of his mother.'

On his return, he met those who had been sent in pursuit of him; for as soon as he had been missed, the 'Obergesell' had given information of what had passed between them. When carried before the rector, Fichte immediately confessed that he had intended to escape, and at the same time related the whole story with such straightforward simplicity and openness, that the rector became interested for him, and not only remitted his punishment, but chose for him, among the elder lads, another

master, who treated him with the greatest kindness, and to whom he became warmly attached.

From this time his residence at Schulpforte was not only supportable, but as his active mind became more and more engrossed in intellectual pursuits, even happy. The irregular manner in which he had acquired much of his knowledge, had left him many deficiencies to supply, many a gap to fill up; and when he rose into the upper classes, where a lively spirit of emulation prevailed, the night as well as the day was often devoted to labour.

The great moral earthquake which, in the latter half of the last century, shook European society to its foundations, made itself felt even in the remote seclusion of Schulpforte; and the contest between the old and new generation, between the governors and the governed, was fought out even on that confined theatre. The teachers attempted to establish a *cordon sanitaire* against the spirit of the time, by rigidly prohibiting all writers of the new school, Wieland, Lessing, Goethe, and all whom they regarded as *Illuminati*. Of course the effect of this prohibition was that of bestowing an additional charm on books fascinating enough without it, to youths hitherto fed on the hard and meagre diet of school classics; with the windows of his little cell carefully veiled, to hide the glimmer of the lamp, Fichte passed many hours, either alone, or in company with other students, in eagerly devouring their contents.

As Fichte advanced to the years of manhood, his external situation began to wear a less favourable aspect than it had hitherto done. The death of his kind patron, and the inability of his parents to furnish even the humble pittance required to enable him to continue his studies, rendered it necessary for him to look about him for some means of support, and though he had attained the rank of *Candidatus Theologiæ*, there was now little prospect of his ever obtaining the modest dignity of a country clergyman to which he had looked forward. Little record has been left of the hardship and vicissitude of this period. Such occurrences are not uncommon in the lives of German students; but he seems to have brought what Jean Paul calls the 'arts of hungering' to a very respectable proficiency. He never participated, in the smallest degree, in any of the foundations for the benefit of poor scholars, and in the year 1788, the continually darkening horizon of his fortunes seemed to have lowered into their deepest gloom. Every attempt had failed; no prospect of any honourable means of existence appeared open

to him, and with his high, perhaps overstrained notions of independence, he had firmly resolved to perish rather than apply for any other assistance than such as he deemed compatible with it. On the evening before his birth-day, he returned to his sad and desolate abode, believing that it would be his last, and that the world was leagued against him. In this hour of utmost need unexpected help arrived. He received a message from an old acquaintance, desiring to see him immediately, and when, scarcely daring to hope for any good news, Fichte hastened to obey the summons, the unexpected offer of the situation of private tutor in a family in Switzerland, came to him as 'good tidings of great joy,' for which he could not be sufficiently thankful. In his emotion he confessed to his friend the state of despair from which he had just been rescued, and agreed to accept the help kindly offered to enable him to pass the three months that must elapse before he could enter on his appointment. At length the wished-for time arrived, and poor as ever in this world's goods, but rich in health, and youth, and hope, he joyfully set out to travel on foot on his pilgrimage of more than 300 miles. He went by the way of Nuremberg, Ulm, and Lindau, then crossing the magnificent Lake of Constance, he arrived at Zürich, where he was to enter on his new office, in the house of an opulent and distinguished citizen. A curious relation, perhaps unheard-of under the circumstances, was soon established between the parents of the pupils and the new tutor. Although neither perfectly comprehending, nor, as far as they comprehended, approving his plans, they were unable to resist the influence of Fichte's character, and were induced to submit their own conduct with respect to their children to his direction. He kept a journal which he laid before them every week, pointing out the faults they had been guilty of during that period; and it affords strong evidence of the respect he must have inspired that he was allowed to continue this preposterous censorship two years. During these two years, he was occupied, in addition to his educational labours, with various literary undertakings, among which was a treatise on epic poetry, with especial reference to Klopstock's 'Messiah,' then high in fame and fashion, but which he attacked on æsthetic grounds. He also formed a plan for the establishment of an oratorical school, in which the art should be regularly taught; from the simplest exercises in composition and delivery to the highest and grandest efforts of the art, and he preached several times, with very decided approbation, in

Zürich and its neighbourhood, where there were many very distinguished pulpit orators. Among these were Lavater, Pfenniger, and other well-known literary persons, with whom he formed acquaintanceships of greater or less intimacy, and here he also became acquainted with a lady, a niece of Klopstock, to whom he appears to have been warmly and devotedly attached, and who afterwards became his wife. With neither party does it appear to have been what is called a first love; but a high authority in such matters, Thomas Moore, has, we believe, long ago decided, that the common notion of these being usually the deepest and the most lasting, must be reckoned among popular fallacies. So much has been said of the sternness and harshness of Fichte's character, that had we more space we might feel tempted to give a glance at its softer side as exhibited in his letters to this lady, especially as they are also remarkable for their tone of devout and manly trust in Providence, manifested at a time when Europe was almost divided with respect to religion into two parties of presumptuous scoffers, or narrow-minded bigots. In these letters, also, we first find him struggling in that maze of difficulties, that 'valley of the shadow of death,' through which all thinkers of his, and many of our own time, seem to have been destined to pass, and from which to him, as to many other of his countryman, the Kantian philosophy gave the first signal of deliverance.

The tutorship or censorship of which we have spoken, having terminated in mutual dissatisfaction, it became necessary for Fichte to seek for some more social position, preparatory to his marriage. With this view, he was now about to leave Switzerland, almost as poor as he had entered it; and the lady who still possessed from the remainder of her father's fortune something like a moderate competency, ventured on the daring experiment of hinting an offer of pecuniary assistance, to which he thus replies:

"Your proposal affected me much—not because you wished to rob yourself for my sake, of what perhaps may be to you, as you say, a trifle; many others might have done that, but that knowing as you do something of my pride, the world would call it, you should yet make this proposal with so much simplicity and openness, as if your whole heart told you it was impossible for me to mistake you; that if I would accept such an obligation from no one else on earth, I might yet accept it from you. . . .

"Accept this offer, however, I cannot; not that I should be degraded by any gift from you. A gift of compassion to my necessities I should despise—nay, I fear, almost abhor the giver—for this is my weak side—but the gifts of friendship;

of true esteem, do honour to the receiver—but indeed I have no need of this. I am without money—that is to say, I must not incur any extra expenses—for the very trifling regular outlay which cannot be avoided I have enough. I seldom get into any real difficulty, even when I am quite without money. Providence watches over me, I believe. I could name some instances of this which I might be tempted to call droll, but that I cannot avoid seeing in them the hand of the Great Being who does not disdain to provide for our smallest wants. Money, on the whole, is but a useless kind of lumber. With any kind of head one can always provide for one's real wants, and beyond this money can really do little or nothing for us. I have always despised it; but, unfortunately, in this country, a part of the esteem of our fellow-men is bound up with it, and to this I cannot be indifferent. Perhaps, by degrees, I may be able to free myself from this weakness; it is one which does not contribute much to one's tranquillity. . . .

"I come now to the answer to your letter, and especially to the proposal of my going to Bern. In this again I recognize your goodness towards me, and see how much of your dear thoughts are devoted to my concerns. How can I thank you enough? Bern or Copenhagen, Lisbon, Madrid, or St. Petersburg, all are alike to me: I believe that my constitution will stand any climate. But you, dearest, would 'rather have me near.' I am sensible of your kindness. I acknowledge it with the warmest gratitude. But in this matter, though I feel I cannot think with you. Letters come from Copenhagen, for instance, just as safely, and give just as much pleasure as from Bern; and separation is still separation, by whatever distance."

We cannot follow minutely the vicissitudes of the period which still intervened before Fichte was destined to attain the state of social and domestic tranquillity to which he was at this time looking forward. The spring of 1791 had been fixed on as the period of his union, but a sudden stroke of fortune destroyed for a time all these hopes, and threw him back to struggle again with waves, just as he thought he had reached the shore. The bankruptcy of a house to which the father of his bride had entrusted nearly the whole of his fortune, threatened his old age almost with destitution. A small part of his property was ultimately saved, but for the moment it was necessary to renounce the hopes, which had been partly founded on the moderate possessions of the lady. For himself Fichte would probably soon have recovered his courage, for he often seems to have experienced something of the 'stern joy which warriors feel' in this battle with adversity; but it was a bitter affliction to him to be unable to offer any assistance to his affianced wife. On first leaving Switzerland he went to Leipzig, and was there accidentally led to the acquaintance with the philosophical system of Kant, which formed so impor-

ant an epoch in his mental culture. In letters to a friend he thus alludes to it:

"I have been living, for the last four or five months in Leipsig, the happiest life I can remember. I came here with my head full of grand projects, which all burst one after another, like so many soap bubbles, without leaving me so much as the froth. At first this troubled me a little, and half in despair, I took a step which I ought to have taken long before. Since I could not alter what was without me, I resolved to try to alter what was within. I threw myself into philosophy—the Kantian videlicet—and here I found the true antidote for all my evils, and joy enough into the bargain. The influence which this philosophy, particularly the ethical part of it (which, however, is unintelligible without a previous study of the *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*), has had upon my whole system of thought; the revolution which it has effected in my mind is not to be described. To you especially I owe the declaration that I now believe, with my whole heart, in free will, and that I see under this supposition alone can duty, virtue, and morality have any existence. From the opposite proposition of the necessity of all human actions, must flow the most injurious consequences to society; and it may, in fact, be in part the source of the corrupt morals of the higher classes which we hear so much of. Should any one adopting it remain virtuous, we must look for the cause of his purity elsewhere than in the innocuousness of the doctrine. With many it is their want of logical consequence in their actions.

"I am furthermore well convinced, that this life, is not the land of enjoyment but of labour and toil, and that every joy is granted to us but to strengthen us for further exertion; that the management of our own fate is by no means required of us, but only self-culture. I trouble myself therefore not at all concerning the things that are without, I endeavour not to appear but to be. And to this perhaps I owe the deep tranquillity I enjoy; my external position, however, is well enough suited to such a frame of mind. I am no man's master, and no man's slave. As to prospects I have none at all, for the constitution of the church here does not suit me, nor, to say the truth, that of the people either. As long as I can maintain my present independence I shall certainly do so. I have been for some time working at an explanatory abridgment of Kant's '*Kritik der Urtheilskraft*' (Critical Inquiry into the Faculty of Judgement), but I am afraid I shall be obliged to come before the public in a very immature state, to prevent being forestalled by a hundred vamped up publications. Should the child ever make its appearance I will send it to you. To exhibit the moral principles of Kant in popular lectures with fervour and power so as to reach the general heart, would be perhaps to confer a benefit on the whole world. I should like much to have the merit of such an undertaking, especially as I owe the world some compensation for having contributed my quota to the dissemination of false principles.

"I have been living in a new world since I have read the '*Critical Inquiry*,' principles which I believed to be irrefragable are overthrown; things which I imagined incapable of proof, the

ideas of absolute freedom, of duty, and so forth, have been proved to me, and I rejoice inexpressibly at it. It is incredible what esteem for humanity, what power is communicated by this system. But why do I say all this to you, who have so long felt it? What a blessing for an age in which the very foundations of morals have been swept away, and the word *duty* scratched out of every dictionary. Forgive me if I can scarcely persuade myself that any one who exercises his understanding in an independent manner on this system can think differently. I never met with any one who could advance anything like a solid objection to it. One great cause of what is called its unintelligibility appears to me to lie in the continual digressions and repetitions, which interrupt the chain of reasoning. It would be easier if the volume were but half as thick."

Of his way of life at this period, Fichte gives the following account.

"In order to put you quite at ease with respect to my health, I will describe to you how I have been living for the last five weeks. I get up at five o'clock, which at first I found rather difficult, for I have always been in the habit hitherto of getting up late. For this very reason, however, I determined to do it. From then till eleven, with the exception of half an hour for dressing, I study. From eleven till twelve, I give a lad a lesson in Greek—an occupation I sought out in order to keep up the habit of communicating to others, as I spend much time in solitary thought, and to give the lungs their share of work as well as the head. I then spend two hours in walking in a garden near the town, and in dining in rather agreeable company. From two till three I read something of either a light character, or write letters; then give a lesson on the Kantian philosophy to a student; and then go out, not to walk, but to run, through fields and woods, let the weather be what it may. Indeed I like it all the better if it rains hard, or blows a storm. At six o'clock I return, and except for the brief half hour of twilight (and how that is employed I need not tell you), continue to study till ten. Judge yourself if such a mode of life is very likely to affect my health. On the contrary, I was never so well, and I attribute the favourable change partly to the early rising, and partly to the amount of intellectual exertion. I have not a moment's *ennui* or irritability the whole day. I could often fairly shout in the exuberance of my animal spirits."

In contemplating this picture of the lonely student's life, it is amusing to recollect the complaints often heard in London from the lips of people whose whole occupations might be compressed by moderate industry within less than a couple of hours daily, yet to whose health not only the constant excitement of what is called society, but at least one annual excursion to Switzerland or Italy is found indispensable as a restorative. Verily they have their reward.

We have, however, the testimony of one who has had ample opportunity of testing the soundness of his theory, that such a life

may afford even enjoyment little dreamed of in the philosophy of the feeble race of pleasure-seekers, daily on the increase amongst us. 'Aveugle et souffrant,' says M. Thierry, in the preface to his 'Etudes Historiques,' 'sans espoir et presque sans relache, je puis rendre ce témoignage, qui de ma part ne sera pas suspect; il y a au monde quelque chose qui vaut mieux que les jouissances matérielles, mieux que la fortune, mieux que la santé elle-même, c'est le devouement à la science.'

The first of Fichte's writings which seems to have attracted much attention, was his 'Kritik aller Offenbarung,' for which, after some of the customary difficulties of young authors, he at length found a publisher. It was to have appeared at Halle, but the *Imprimatur* was refused by the Censor, on account of a passage in which it is asserted 'that for the proof of the Divinity of a Revelation, we must consider its own nature, and not the miracles that may have accompanied it,' a proposition that would not now, perhaps, be very vehemently controverted. Fichte stoutly refused to alter a word of the obnoxious sentence, declaring he would rather suffer to lie unprinted a work he had already declared to be very imperfect than rob it by such alterations of its only merit, that of logical sequence. Kant who had, with the advance of years, grown ultra-cautious in touching on subjects connected with religion or politics, offered very precise advice concerning the disguises and limitations that might be adopted, but the difficulty was finally got over by publishing the work in a neighbouring state. Kant stood at this time on the very pinnacle of his fame,* and the book excited a great sensation, as it was thought to bear the most striking resemblance, both in style and thought, to those of the great master. It happened also, by mere accident, that it was published anonymously, and this circumstance could easily be explained, supposing Kant to be the author, by the political and religious position of Prussia; it was at once ascribed to him, in the adulatory language which is not uncommon, as addressed by a certain class of reviewers to the established principalities and powers of the literary world, but which in England would not, we think, be likely to fall to the lot of a philosopher of any rank.

"We hold it our duty," said a Jena periodical, "to announce to the public the existence of a work in every respect of the highest importance, which has appeared at the present Easter fair, under the title of an 'Attempt towards a Critical Inquiry into all Revelation.' Any one acquainted with but the least of those writings by which the philosopher of Königsberg has earned for himself the everlasting gratitude of the human race, will instantly recognize the illustrious author. No work has for a long while appeared so strikingly adapted to the wants of our time, so completely a word spoken in due season. Now when the various theological parties are at feud with each other, it is well that a '*vir pietate ac meritis gravis*,' should step thus between them and point out to each party wherein it is in the wrong. In order to induce the reader to obtain for himself as soon as possible the advantages of this benevolent work, we will lay before him a few extracts in which the traces of the immortal author are *unmistakable*."

The 'able editor' concludes by offering his most ardent thanks to the great man 'whose finger is here everywhere visible.'

As Fichte was not the man to seek to profit by playing the 'Great Unknown,' he corrected the mistake as soon as he became aware of it, and it is curious to observe how rapidly the thermometer of critical praise sank from its fever heat. The high importance of the work had, however, been too generally recognized to make it possible to dismiss it in a few brief lines, which, as the production of a young and unknown writer, was, perhaps, all that it would have otherwise received. From many quarters men of distinguished rank in philosophy and literature were ready to hold out the right hand of fellowship to their brother in Kant. In Jena, public disputations were held, and a war of pamphlets began concerning several of its propositions; and the less agreeable evidences of celebrity, in the shape of vehement and bitter attacks were, of course, not wanting. The brilliant success of Fichte's first work, although principally, was not wholly to be ascribed to its own merits. It was a period of great excitement. A spirit of adventurous daring animated the minds of half Europe, and it was to science—to the ideal world—that men were inclined to look for the amelioration and re-construction of the actual. In Germany, little, perhaps, could be expected for the moment beyond some new birth of science or philosophy, but in France, the whole fabric of society had to be built up anew from the foundation on theoretical principles. Like other men of his time of ardent character and powerful intellect, Fichte could not but look with the deepest interest on these moral and political experiments, although fully sensible of their fearful nature. The experiences of his

* The extravagant enthusiasm with which this new Evangel was hailed in Germany is scarcely conceivable at the present day, and by English readers. It may be in some measure represented by an expression of Karl Ludwig Fernow, which sounds strangely enough to our ears. He writes, 'God said let there be light, and there was'—the Kantian philosophy!

youth had furnished him with much food for reflection concerning social institutions in Germany, the privileges of birth and position, and the frequent opportunities they afford of oppression and wrong, to which he afterwards alluded in his writings concerning the French Revolution. A change which began by cutting up the very roots of abuses such as these, could not but be greeted by him with lively hope, and even when reform had degenerated into innovation, and innovation into wildest anarchy, when the bright dawn had become more and more overcast, and the 'young hope of freedom been baptized in blood,' still he lost not heart, but trusted like so many others to see a fair creation arise out of this wide weltering chaos.

Long before the period of the French Revolution, however, and consequently without any reference to it, certain political questions, such as the relations between the governing and the governed parties, and their respective rights, had become the subjects of discussion in Germany. With the same freedom the question now arose of the legality of revolution, and with a view to assist in the establishment of its general principles, Fichte published his 'Helps to the Formation of the Public Opinion concerning the French Revolution,' a mere fragment, however, which does not attempt to apply the theory laid down to the case in point. In this essay it is maintained that there can be no such thing as an unalterable constitution of the state, since no absolutely perfect one can ever be realized. The relatively best must, therefore, always carry within itself the principle of change and amendment. Should it be asked from whom this change must proceed, we must answer, from all who can be supposed to have a share in the social contract; under which latter term need by no means be understood an actual historical fact, but only the idea of the state which must be regarded as the basis of every existing government. In relation to this right, there follows an inquiry concerning privileged classes, especially the nobility and the clergy, whose claims are subjected to a very searching investigation. It was this production, followed by another of similar character: 'A Reclamation of the Right of Freedom of Thought, from the Princes of Europe,' which drew on Fichte the reproach of democracy, notwithstanding his having in his 'Foundations of Natural Law' entered a very strong and decisive protest against such a form of government. 'If you wish to know,' he says in a letter to a friend, 'whether the name of democrat has been justly bestowed on me, turn to my

'Grundlage des Naturrechts,' and you will find that I have demanded a subjection to the law—a supremacy of the law over the actions of citizens, such as no constitution has ever yet attempted to realize. So far am I from preaching anarchy, the complaint against me has been always, that I derogated too much from the freedom of the individual.'

The Critical Philosophy, as it was badly named, was, as we have stated, now in its greatest glory, and as Fichte's first appearance was in the character of a disciple of Kant, he was urged by Lavater and other friends to deliver a course of lectures on Kant's system, which led to the production of his 'Theory of Science' (*Wissenschaftslehre*). In the midst of this congenial occupation he was agreeably surprised towards the end of the year 1793, by an unexpected summons to the philosophical chair at the university of Jena. Although he could not but be gratified by a proposal so honourable, he considered his philosophical views as yet unsettled, and he was by no means anxious to undertake the responsible position of a teacher, for which, above all things, clearness and certainty were required. He, therefore, petitioned for a year's delay, but his scruples were over-ruled; it was urged that the reputation of the university would suffer by leaving the professorship vacant; that he would, in fact, be required to teach very little, and that the greater portion of his time might still be devoted to private study.

The university of Jena was at this time the most celebrated and frequented in Germany, and students flocked to it not only from all the German countries, but from Switzerland, Denmark, Courland, Poland, Hungary, Transylvania, and even from France. To a professor, therefore, who could gain the affection and confidence of his pupils, a very extensive sphere of action was opened. Great expectation had been excited among the students by the appointment of Fichte, not only on account of the high philosophical endowments manifested by his two published works, but because at a moment of great political excitement he had stood forward as a bold and uncompromising advocate of freedom, and the rights of man, of which rights, however, these students had sometimes very peculiar notions. The great hall was found too small for the numerous audience assembled for his first lecture. Not only the floor, but even the tables and the court-yard were thronged with hearers; the celebrated men, of whom the university was then full, received him with open arms; every mark of distinction was showered upon him, and the influence of his energetic

character and powerful intellect, soon drew around him, as around a common spiritual centre, the most aspiring and earnest minded of his contemporaries. Goethe, Jacobi, Schiller, W. von Humboldt, the two Schlegels, Novalis, Tieck, and many men of kindred genius, stood in more or less intimate association with him; and if he did not form anything that might be called a school, it was because his efforts, like those of all high teachers, were directed rather towards calling out the native powers and capacities of his disciples than toward producing feeble and barren copies of himself. His own fame may have suffered by this course, but as far as the cause of human culture is concerned, there can be no question that more is effected by the planting of a pregnant truth in one fervent mind, than by the propagation of a whole race—'a wilderness' of mimics.

Fichte's idea of his duty, however, was too high to rest contented within the limits of his merely scientific vocation. The moral condition of the students, which, with few exceptions, appeared cruelly neglected, soon occupied his most earnest attention, and as a preparation for its improvement, he sketched his lectures 'Ueber die Bestimmung des Gelehrten,' in which he attempts to raise to a hitherto unprecedented height of dignity and grandeur their ideas of the position and duties of learned and literary men as the 'interpreters of the Divine Idea, a perpetual priesthood standing forth as the dispensers and living types of God's everlasting wisdom.' These lectures were delivered during the first half year of his professorship, and in the succeeding winter he wished to follow up the effect they had produced by the establishment among the students of what he called a 'Society for the Advancement of Moral Culture.' It was necessary for the meetings of this Society to choose an hour when no other important lecture should be given, and when all the students would have it in their power to attend. After much consideration it was discovered that no day remained free for this but Sunday, and this was at length fixed upon, after Fichte had ascertained that no law or observance existed at the university with which this arrangement could interfere. For lectures on subjects of this nature the Sunday had often been purposely selected, as for a worthy employment of the day; and the most experienced members of the university, when consulted, declared there could be no possible objection, provided the hours of divine service were not chosen. Care was taken in fixing the hour that it should be one never thus employed, either in the university or in the churches of the town. Yet, after all

these precautions, this was the occasion on which Fichte first made the experience, afterwards so familiar to him: 'Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.' He was accused of having attempted by these lectures to undermine the religious institutions of the country, and establish in their stead the *worship of the Goddess of Reason!* The Upper Consistory Court, of which, alas, Herder was a member, although, after a long investigation, they acquitted Fichte of this intention, recommended that an undertaking so *unusual* as these lectures should be abandoned.

In these, and other more successful efforts for reclaiming the half savage tribes of the German students, in the ardent pursuit of philosophical truth, and in the enjoyment of the domestic happiness to which he had so long looked forward, Fichte passed a few sunny years; but, in his own words, 'every joy is granted us only to strengthen us for further toil;' the clouds again began to gather, and at length darkened to a storm, that drove him from his pleasant anchorage. The publication of a treatise in a philosophical journal, "Ueber die Grunde unsers Glaubens an eine Göttlicher Weltregierung" (On the foundations of our Belief in a Divine Government of the World), afforded the long wished for opportunity of raising a cry which must necessarily enlist the popular feeling against him. He was accused of Atheism, but, as we have not the work before us, we cannot say with what colour of justice. The passages we have seen might be susceptible of different interpretations, but, as their examination would be rather tedious, and our present object is not to inquire into the merits of this particular production, but into the character of Fichte, we may, perhaps, find another method of enabling our readers to settle for themselves the point 'whether this man was a blasphemer.'

For this purpose we shall give a few passages from a later work entitled "Die Bestimmung des Menschen" (The Destination of Man), containing a popular exposition of his system, and 'whatever is likely to prove serviceable beyond the limits of the schools, presented in the order in which it would occur to an unsophisticated understanding.' It is divided into three parts, entitled, Doubt, Knowledge, and Faith, and the proposed inquiry is thus commenced:

"Now then, at last, may I hope that I am tolerably well acquainted with the world around me. In the unanimous declaration of my senses, in un-failing experience alone have I placed my trust. What I have beheld I have touched—what I have touched I have analysed. I have repeated my observations again and again. I have compared the

various phenomena together; and only when I could perceive their connection, when I could explain and deduce one from the other, and foresee the result, and that the result was such as to justify my calculations, have I been satisfied. Therefore am I now as well assured of the accuracy of this part of my knowledge, as of my own existence. I walk with a firm step on this my world, and would stake welfare and life itself on the infallibility of my convictions. But what then am I, and what then is the aim and end of my being?

"The question is surely superfluous. It is long since I have been made acquainted with these points, and it would take much time to recapitulate all that I have heard, and learned, and believed concerning them. And by what means then have I attained this knowledge, which I have this confused notion of possessing? Have I, urged by a burning desire of truth, toiled on through uncertainty and doubt and contradiction? Have I, when anything appeared credible, examined, and sifted, and compared, till an inward voice proclaimed irresistibly, and without a possibility of mistake, 'Thus it is, as surely as thou livest'?"

"No! I can remember no such state of mind. Those instructions were bestowed on me before I desired them. The answers were given before the questions were proposed. I heard, for I could not avoid doing so, and much of what I heard remained in my memory, but without examination. I allowed everything to take its place as chance directed. How then could I persuade myself that I really possessed any knowledge on these points? If I can only be said to know that of which I am convinced, which I have myself wrought out, myself experienced, I cannot truly say that I know anything at all of the end and aim of my existence. I know merely what others profess to know, and all that I can really be assured of is, that I have heard them speak so and so upon these things. . . . It shall be no longer thus. From this moment I will enter on my rights, and on the dignity to which I have a claim. Let all that is foreign to my own mind be at once renounced. I will examine for myself. It may be, that secret wishes concerning the termination of my inquiries—a partial inclination towards certain conclusions, will awaken in my heart. I will forget and deny these wishes, and allow them no influence in the direction of my thoughts. I will go to work with scrupulous severity. What I find to be truth shall be welcome to me, let it sound as it may. I will *know*. With the same certainty with which I can calculate that this ground will bear me when I tread on it, that this fire will scorch me if I approach too near it, will I know what I am, and what I shall be—and should this not be possible, thus much at least will I know, that it is not possible. Even to this result will I submit, should it present itself to me as truth."

The inquirer then proceeds to the contemplation of the outward universe, to follow material nature through all her endless transmutations, to trace the series of cause and effect in which all being is bound, and to discover that man himself is but a link in this close and indissoluble chain of rigid necessity, a manifestation of a certain inex-

pliable *force*; as is the lower animal or plant; a force which in him as in them develops itself within certain limitations. To escape from the terrible consequences of such a conclusion, the inquiry is begun anew from a different point; not what the world is in itself, but how we perceive it, being this time the object of search. It terminates, as such an inquiry must, in the conviction that we really perceive nothing more than the various affections and modifications of our own conscious being. This part of the work is carried on in an imaginary dialogue between the seeker and a spirit of a higher order.

"And with this insight, mortal, be for ever free from the fear which has been to thee a source of torment and humiliation. Tremble no longer at a necessity which exists only in thine own thought; fear no longer to find thyself the thinking being placed in one class with that which is, in fact, the product of thine own thought. So long as thou couldst believe that a system of things, such as thou hast described, really existed, out of and independently of thyself; and that thou wast but a link in the great chain, such a fear might be well grounded. Now that thou hast seen that all this exists in thee and through thee, thou wilt doubtless no longer fear that which is but the creature of thine own mind. From this fear I came to free thee. I leave thee now to thyself."

"Stay, false spirit! Is this the wisdom thou hast promised me? Thou hast freed me, indeed, from all dependence, by transforming me, and all that surrounds me, into a phantom—into nothing! Thou hast loosened the bonds of necessity, by annihilating all existence."

"Is the danger so great?"

"And thou canst jest! According to thy system—"

"My system! We have toiled together in its production."

"Call it by what name thou wilt, our inquiries have ended in blank nothingness. I might endure to see this material world without me vanish into a mere picture, dissolve into a shadow, but my own personal existence vanishes with it. It becomes a mere series of sensations and thoughts, without end or aim."

I have been compelled to admit that what I call red, smooth, hard, and so on, is nothing more than an affection of my own organs; that it is only by an act of my own thought that they are placed in space, and regarded as properties of things existing independently of me. I shall, therefore, be compelled to admit, that this corporeal frame, with its organs of sense, is but a sensualization of my inward thinking power, and that I, the spiritual pure intelligence, and I, the corporeal frame in the corporeal world, are one and the same, merely viewed from different points, and conceived by different faculties. . . . All that I know is my consciousness; all consciousness is either immediate or mediate; the first is self-consciousness; the second, consciousness of that which is not myself. What I call I is, therefore, absolutely nothing more than a certain modifica-

tion of consciousness, immediate, and reflecting on itself, instead of being directed outwards. Since this is the necessary condition of all consciousness, it must, whether observed or not, accompany all other, and therefore do I refer all thought to this *I*, and not to the thing out of me. Otherwise, the *I* would, at every moment, vanish, and for every new conception, a new *I* would arise, and *I* would never mean anything more than—not the thing. These scattered phenomena of consciousness are combined, by thought alone, into the unity of a supposed power of thought. All conceptions, of which *I* am immediately conscious, are then referred by me to this supposed power, and thus arises for me the idea of personality—necessarily a mere fiction. There is nothing enduring, permanent, either in me or out of me, nothing but everlasting change. I know of no existence, not even of my own. I know nothing, and am nothing. Images—pictures only have real existence—shadows which wander past, without anything existing past which they wander, without any corresponding reality which they might represent, without significance, and without aim. All Reality is transformed into a strange dream, without a world of which the dream might be.

“Thou hast well understood all. Use the sharpest words thou canst find to render the result hateful, it is nevertheless unavoidable—unless thou wilt, perhaps, retract the admission thou hast made.”

“By no means. I have seen, and now see clearly, that it is so. Yet—I cannot believe it.”

“Thou seest it clearly; yet canst not believe it. That is strange.”

“Ruthless, mocking spirit. I owe thee no thanks, for having guided me on this path.”

“Short-sighted mortal. Didst thou suppose that these results were less evident to me than to thyself, and that I did not beforehand clearly see, how by these principles all reality was annihilated, all existence transformed into a dream? Hast thou taken me for an admirer of this system, or supposed that I regarded it as a complete system of the human mind! Thou hast sought to know, and thou hast chosen the wrong path. Thou hast sought knowledge of that to which no knowledge can reach. The reality in which thou hast formerly believed, the sensuous, material world of which thou hast feared to be the slave, has vanished, for the world of sense exists for thee only through thine own knowledge of it, and is itself thy knowledge. Thou hast seen the delusion, and without denying thy better insight, thou canst never again be deceived by it. This is the sole merit of the system at which we have toiled together; it destroys and annihilates error. It can give no truth, for it is absolutely empty. Thou seekest something real and permanent lying beyond these mere appearances, a different kind of reality from that which has been even now annihilated. But in vain dost thou seek to grasp this as an object of knowledge. Hast thou no other organ whereby to apprehend it? Thou hast such an organ. Let it be thy care to awaken and vivify it.”

This organ is Faith, or the intuitive belief, in which the most sceptical is content to rest,

with respect to his own existence, and to which, after having pushed speculation as far as it will go, we must, according to Fichte, return ultimately for all the sublimest objects of interest. Although the Ideal system has always been, to the mass of mankind, a stumbling-block, a ludicrous absurdity, it does not need any very profound inquiry to see, that as far as mere reasoning goes, such an assertion is absolutely irrefragable. Whatever appearance of inconsequence, therefore, there may be in such a step as is here taken, if we admit the impossibility of proving the existence of a material world, it does not appear that there is any other way of avoiding it.

“I have found the organ by which to apprehend all reality. It is not the understanding, for all knowledge supposes some higher knowledge on which it rests, and of this ascent there is no end. It is Faith, that voluntarily reposing on views naturally presenting themselves to us, because through these views alone we can fulfil our destiny, which sees our knowledge, and pronounces that ‘it is good,’ and raises it to certainty and conviction. It is no knowledge, but a resolution of the will to admit this knowledge. This is no mere verbal distinction, but a true and deep one, pregnant with the most important consequences. Let me for ever hold fast by it. All my conviction is but faith, and it proceeds from the will and not from the understanding; from will also, and not from the understanding must all true culture proceed. Let the first only be firmly directed towards the Good, the latter will of itself apprehend the True. Should the latter be exercised and developed, while the former remains neglected, nothing can come of it but a facility in vain and endless sophistical subtleties refining away into the absolutely void inane. I know that every seeming truth, born of thought alone, and not ultimately resting on faith, is false and spurious, for knowledge, purely and simply such, when carried to its utmost consequences, leads to the conviction that we can know nothing! Such knowledge never finds anything in the conclusions, which it has not previously placed in the premises by faith, and even then its conclusions are not always correct.”

“Every human creature born into the world has unconsciously seized on the reality which exists for him alone through this intuitive faith. If in mere knowledge, in mere perception, and reflection—we can discover no ground for regarding our mental presentations as more than mere pictures, why do we all nevertheless regard them as more, and imagine for them a basis, a *substratum* independent of all modifications? If we all possess the capacity and the instinct to go beyond this natural view of things, why do so few of us follow this instinct, or exercise this capacity, nay, why do we even resist with a sort of bitterness when we are urged towards this path? What holds us imprisoned in these natural boundaries? Not inferences of our reason, for there are none which could do this. It is our deep interest in reality that does this—in the good that we are to produce—in the common and the sensuous that we are to enjoy. From this interest, can no one who lives

detach himself, and just as little from the faith which forces itself upon him simultaneously with his existence. We are all born in faith, and he who is blind, follows blindly the irresistible attraction. He who sees, follows by sight, and believes because he will believe."

We cannot deny that there is, to us, some appearance of this being, as far as philosophy is concerned, a suicidal conclusion; but our present business is not so much to inquire into the validity of Fichte's system, for which the pages of a review afford no place, as to refute the charge of atheism with which he was assailed during his life, and which still rests as a stain upon his memory. For those who may entertain any doubts upon the subject, we may refer, for their triumphant refutation, to the concluding portion of this work, containing a brief summary of his views of nature, of the world, of God, and the future life. First, with respect to the earthly destinies of the human race.

"Not for its own sake, but for the sake of what it prepares us for, can I support this world, esteem it, and joyfully perform my part in it. My mind can take no hold upon it, but my whole nature rushes onward, with irresistible force, towards a future and better state of being. Shall I eat and drink only that I may hunger and thirst, and eat and drink again, till the grave, which yawns beneath my feet, shall swallow me up? Shall I beget other beings in my likeness, that they, too, may eat, and drink, and die, and leave behind them others to do the like? To what purpose this perpetually revolving circle, this everlasting repetition, in which things are produced only to perish, and perish only to be again produced?—this monster continually swallowing itself up, that it may again bring itself forth, and bringing itself forth, only that it may again swallow itself up? Never! never can this be my destiny, or that of the world. Something that is to endure must be brought forth in all these changes of what is transitory and perishable—something which may be carried forward safe and inviolate upon the waves of time.

"Our race is still struggling, for its subsistence and preservation, with a resisting nature. Still is the larger portion of mankind condemned to severe toil, merely to procure nourishment for itself, and for the smaller portion with whom the mental culture of the race is deposited; immortal spirits are forced to fix their whole thoughts and endeavours on the ground that brings forth their food. Often does it happen, that when the toil is finished, and the labourer promises himself its long lasting fruits, a hostile element destroys, in a moment, the results of long-continued industry, and patient deliberation. Storms, floods, volcanoes, desolate whole districts, and works, bearing the impress of a rational soul, are hurled with their authors into the wild chaos of death and destruction. Thus is it now, but thus it shall not be for ever. These outbreaks of the powers of nature, before which the strength of man sinks to nothing, can be nothing more than the last struggles of the crude mass against the subjection to regular, progressive laws to which it is compelled—the last

strokes of the not yet complete formation of our globe. Nature must gradually attain such a point of development, that her proceedings can be securely counted upon; and that her power shall bear a determinate proportion to that which is destined to control it—that of man. Science, first awakened by necessity, shall calmly study the unchangeable laws of nature, and calculate their possible consequences; and, while closely following her footsteps in the actual world, form for itself a new ideal one. Every new discovery shall be retained, and be added to an accumulating stock—the common possession of our race. Light shall be thrown on the profoundest mysteries of nature, and human power, armed by human invention, shall exercise over her a boundless control. • •

• Not from natural causes, however, but from freedom itself, have the greatest and most terrible disorders arisen. Man is the cruellest enemy of man. Lawless hordes of savages still wander over vast wildernesses, where man meets his fellow as a foe, or, perhaps, triumphs in devouring him for food. When civilisation has succeeded in uniting these wild hordes, and subjecting them to social laws, they attack each other as nations, with all the power law and union have given them. Defying toil, and danger, and privation, armies penetrate forests, and cross wide plains, till they meet each other, and the sight of their brethren is a signal for mutual murder. Armed with the most splendid inventions of human ingenuity, hostile fleets traverse the ocean, through waves and storms man rushes to meet man, upon the lonely inhospitable sea, to destroy, each the other with his own hand, amidst the raging of the elements. In the interior of states, where men seem united in equality under the dominion of law and justice, it is for the most part only force or fraud that rules under these venerated names. Thus is it now, but thus shall it not be for ever! Those savage hordes are destined to become the progenitors of generations of powerful civilized and virtuous men, although they must, no doubt, first pass through the perils of a mere sensual civilisation with which European society is still struggling; but they must, nevertheless, finally be brought into association with the great whole of humanity, and be enabled to take part in its further progress. It is the destiny of our race to become united into one great body, thoroughly connected in all its parts, and possessed of similar culture. Nature, and even the passions and vices of men, have, from the beginning, tended towards this end. A great part of the way towards it, is already passed, and we may surely calculate that in time it will be reached. Let us not ask of history whether man on the whole be yet become more purely moral. To a more extended, comprehensive power, he has already attained, although as yet this power has been too often—perhaps necessarily, misapplied. Neither let us ask whether the intellectual and æsthetic culture of the antique world, being concentrated on a few points, may not in *degree* have excelled that of modern days. But, let us ask, at what period the existing culture has been most widely diffused, and we shall, doubtless, find that one individual after another, one nation after another has been illuminated, and that the light is spreading further and further under our own eyes. This is the first station point of humanity on its endless path. Until this has been attained, until

the existing culture of every age has been diffused over the whole inhabited earth, and every people be capable of the most unlimited communication with the rest, must one nation after another, one continent after another, be arrested in its course, and sacrifice to the great whole of which it is a member, its stationary, or retrogressive age. When that first point shall have been attained, when thought and discovery shall fly from one end of the earth to the other, and become the property of all, then, without further interruption, halt or regress, our race shall move onward with united strength and equal step to a perfection of culture for which thought and language fail."

The question then arises—Supposing this the true end of the earthly existence of the species, what is that of the individual, and to what end have all preceding generations existed? Again, if not merely the virtues, but the most despicable passions and vices of mankind, seem to work together for good, to be moulded by an overruling Providence to its own high purposes, and that the most virtuous intentions often prove entirely fruitless, nay, sometimes seem to retard the end in view, would it not be the part of wisdom to trouble ourselves little about that good cause which we so little know how to forward, and calmly live as our inclinations may lead us, leaving to that mysterious power to employ as it pleases whatever material we may furnish?

"Had it been the whole purpose of our existence here to produce any earthly condition of humanity, the thing required would have been some infallible mechanism, by which our actions might have been invariably determined; we need have been no more than wheels fitted to such a machine. Free agency would be not merely useless, but positively injurious, and our good intentions, our virtuous will, entirely superfluous. The world would seem to be in such a case most ill regulated, and the purposes of its existence to be attained by the most wasteful and circuitous methods. Had the Divine Author of it, instead of bestowing on us this freedom, so hard to be reconciled with the other parts of his plan, chosen rather to compel us to act in the manner most conformable to them, these ends might have been attained by a shorter method, as the humblest of the dwellers in this, his world, can see. But I am free, and therefore such a plan as would render freedom superfluous and purposeless, cannot include my whole destination. I am free; and it is not merely my action, but the free determination of my will, to obey the voice of conscience, that decides all my worth. More brightly now does the everlasting world rise before me; and the fundamental laws of its order are more clearly revealed to my mental sight. My *will alone*, lying hid in the obscure depths of my soul, is the first link in a chain of consequences stretching through the invisible realms of spirit, as in this terrestrial world, the action itself, a certain movement communicated to matter, is the first link in a material chain of cause and effect, encircling the whole system. The will is the efficient cause, the living principle of the world of spirit, as motion is of the world of

sense. I stand between two worlds, the one visible, in which the act alone avails, and the intention matters not at all; the other invisible and incomprehensible, acted on only by the will. In both these worlds I am an effective force. The Divine life, as alone the finite mind can conceive it, is self-forming, self-representing will, clothed to the mortal eye with multitudinous sensuous forms, flowing through me and through the whole immeasurable universe, here streaming through my veins and muscles—there, pouring its abundance into the tree, the flower, the grass. The dead, heavy mass of inert matter, which did but fill up nature, has disappeared, and, in its stead, there rushes by the bright, everlasting flood of life and power, from its Infinite Source.

"The eternal will is the Creator of the world, as he is the Creator of the finite reason. Those who will insist that the world must have been created out of a mass of inert matter, which must always remain inert and lifeless, like a vessel made by human hands, know neither the world nor Him. The Infinite Reason alone exists in himself—the finite in Him; in our minds alone has he created a world, or at least that, by and through which it becomes unfolded to us. In his light we behold the light, and all that it reveals. Great, living Will! whom no words can name, and no conception embrace; well may I lift my thoughts to thee, for I can think only in thee. In thee, the Incomprehensible, does my own existence, and that of the world, become comprehensible to me; all the problems of being are solved, and the most perfect harmony reigns. I veil my face before thee, and lay my finger on my lips."

Many more noble and beautiful passages of a similar tendency might be quoted, and it is worthy of remark that the work from which they are taken is the production of maturer years, and of more tranquil leisure, than those on which the accusations against him were grounded. It was undoubtedly his misfortune that in his position he had to lay before the public eye at every step the results of his investigations. He is described as visibly digging and toiling in the lecture-room to reach the truth, and bringing in huge masses the rough ore containing the precious metal, but he was never found attempting to pass off a base coinage in its stead. To many people the opportunity was most welcome of raising a cry against a man who had become obnoxious by his political opinions, and there is little doubt that had Fichte been willing to temporise in the smallest degree, he might have retained his position at the university. Not only did he refuse to retract 'one jot, or one tittle' from what he believed to be the truth, but in the battle that ensued he did not always confine himself to merely defensive operations, but proceeded in his usual vigorous style to show that in reality his adversaries were far more liable to the charge. After tendering his resignation, which was accepted, he found an asylum in the Prussian States, and some

time after was again appointed Professor of Philosophy, at Erlangen, with permission to pass the winter at Berlin.

Towards the commencement of the year 1812, it became evident that Europe was preparing for a last and decisive struggle. Prussia had hitherto remained almost alone as the centre of opposition to a power which had begun to render everything in Germany subservient to its convenience, and to which the teachers and the universities of Prussia were especially hateful. The name of Fichte had already been registered in France as that of one of the most dangerous instigators of hostility against her; and considering the violence of Napoleon's proceedings, it appeared not unlikely that a mere suspicion might expose him to danger. On the advance of the French towards Russia, he received a significant hint from a friend in France that it would be prudent for him to withdraw. His reply was that his duty commanded him to continue in the exercise of his vocation as a teacher; that his life belonged to science and his country, neither of which could possibly be benefited by his flight, but might be by his remaining at his post. Circumstances, however, now soon began to wear a more favourable aspect for Prussia. The French army passed through Berlin as allies, and Fichte, unmolested, continued his usual course of life. He followed with the deepest attention every event of the war, often declaring his conviction, that should Russia be able to surmount the first inevitable reverses, the attack would certainly fail. On the 25th of January, 1813—the first day of the new epoch for Germany, the King of Prussia suddenly removed the court to Breslau, and thence was soon heard the animating summons to the youth of Prussia, to arise for the protection of their country. Not a word was added to explain the meaning further, but it was understood by all with the rapidity of lightning. Fichte immediately despatched one of his most trusted pupils to Breslau, with letters, in order to learn more exactly the intentions of the government, and finding there was no reason to doubt that they amounted to an open declaration of war with France, he took his resolution to devote himself wholly to the service of his country in this, her last struggle, for freedom and national independence. His pupils, who had awaited his decision, were now dismissed with an address—a passage from which may serve to explain his views at this crisis.

“In such a position (that is, when subject to foreign oppression), what course ought the friends of spiritual culture to pursue? I have already declared to you my conviction, that so long as the

state, the holder of the material forces, quietly submits, individuals can do no more, than cultivate with all diligence their own minds and those of others. You form an extremely unimportant part of the physical power of the state, but you are all possessed of moral power, more or less developed, and in you is deposited the pledge of future amelioration. In such a case, as I have mentioned, you are therefore bound to maintain peace, and also—what is your best protection—your insignificance—and to make no attempt to draw on yourselves public attention. We have an illustrious example of the conduct to be observed in such circumstances, in those who have bequeathed to us the highest culture of our race, in the early Christians. If, however, this position of affairs should undergo a change, and the state appear no longer willing to endure the subjection of all its powers to foreign purposes, what could and what should the friends of spiritual culture do in such a case? They have a deep concern in such a struggle, whether they perceive it or not. It cannot be but that by the enfranchisement of the mind, if we will but calmly abide our time, the new constitution of the world will be materially influenced. Society shall be purified from the disgrace of the oppression under which it has languished, and which has fallen also, though undeservedly, on those who have endured the yoke from higher motives. Did they not now exert themselves to the utmost, to burst these fetters, it might be thought that pusillanimity, and not lofty conviction, had occasioned their submission. The amount of force necessary for resistance, can be judged of only by those who have originated the movement, and are all called upon to direct it. Should they claim such as in ordinary cases is not destined to these purposes, we must have so much confidence in our rulers, as to believe it to be required. And, should these efforts not have a fortunate result, who would willingly endure the thought that his backwardness might, by the force of example, have contributed to such a failure? The belief that his individual power could do little in such a contest, would bring no comfort. The amount of our individual power also is by no means the measure of our capability of service. All that is required is, that every one, setting aside all private and distant aims, should, in this great and decisive moment, devote himself wholly to whatever may appear most likely to promote the grand object in view.”

The part he was himself to take in the momentous struggle now approaching, so as to render most effectual service to his country, was with Fichte a subject of deep and anxious deliberation, and many passages in his journal show the scrupulous impartiality with which he sought to free himself from the fetters of personal feeling and inclination, and to obey implicitly the voice of duty. The active duties of a soldier, which he was about to take on himself, he would not allow to supersede what he regarded as his especial vocation, that of pursuing his investigations in the highest regions of philosophy, and endeavouring to kindle, by the fire of the living Word, a more earnest and a holier

spirit in those who were to share in the great movement. If he could obtain leave to preach to the regiment to which he belonged, it appeared to him that he would have a more effectual method of reaching the hearts of his comrades, than that of merely addressing them through the press, although he might do both.

In the proposal to this end which he made to the authorities, he stated that his object was to preach pure Bible Christianity, and by no means to adopt a text of Scripture merely as a motto, to which to append a moral philosophical treatise, although he might attempt to show a deeper meaning in some passages than had hitherto been affixed to them. He stated that it was not his purpose to interfere in any way with the already appointed ministers of religion, but merely to be allowed to address a circle of cultivated hearers; if possible, the volunteers of the guard, the greater part of whom were students.

The permission was refused. A man of so deep and thorough sincerity as Fichte, was perhaps regarded by the government as a sort of two-edged sword, with which it was dangerous to meddle. In the latter days of February of this year Berlin was occupied by a feeble division of the French army, which, by many arrangements made, appeared inclined to make a longer stay than had been expected. The inhabitants, however, were aware of the advance of the Russians; and a few Cossacks galloping into the town, caused the greatest excitement, and threw everything into confusion. Cannons were spiked, ammunition waggons thrown into the river, and, if anything like unity of purpose had prevailed, the French would probably have been destroyed—though to little purpose. But a leader was soon found to concentrate these disorderly efforts on one object; a man who, to much patriotic feeling and boldness of character, united the advantage of very extensive connexions among the young men, who were all burning with desire to manifest their zeal in the cause of their country, and their hatred of its oppressors. Among these a plan was formed of suddenly attacking the French garrison by night, in the house where they were quartered, and of setting fire to their magazines. As the proceedings of the government had been thought too slow, it was perhaps imagined that so decisive an act might communicate to it the desirable impulse, and carry it forward in spite of itself. Everything had been arranged, and the execution of the plot fixed on for the following night, when one of the young men who had taken part in it, began to be disturbed by

painful misgivings concerning the character of the act he was about to commit. That the object in view was a right and lawful one he did not doubt; and his subsequent conduct proved it was not from the danger of the enterprise he shrunk. Yet the means to be employed bore so fearful a resemblance to those of the assassin and the murderer, that he turned from them with instinctive horror, and on the very morning of the appointed day, determined to lay his scruples before his revered master, Fichte, and abide by his decision. At an early hour he hastened to him, and first inquired, in general terms, how far morality and religion would sanction any attempt against an enemy. The penetration of Fichte soon discovered the cause of his pupil's agitation, and, horror-struck at so needless and useless a crime, he convinced the young man of the foolish and reprehensible character of the undertaking in which he had been engaged, and immediately hastened to the chief of the police to put him on his guard. It was resolved quietly to get rid of the chief conspirators, by finding them employment at a distance, and thus reserve their courage and patriotism for a worthier purpose. It appeared afterwards, that had this thoughtless project not been thus fortunately frustrated, it would have been immediately and severely punished, for the corps of the Vice-King of Italy, then lying on the Oder, might have thrown itself on Berlin, and taken a terrible revenge for the slaughter of its comrades. It is, therefore, not unlikely, that to the influence of Fichte over his pupils, may be attributed the preservation of the capital of Prussia from the swift destruction that might have fallen upon it.

Hostilities were now openly commenced; and although the victories of Grossbeer and Dennewitz averted the threatened danger of Berlin, its nearness to the scene of action, and the many sanguinary conflicts that took place, filled the hospitals with the sick and wounded; and at length, the public institutions becoming entirely unequal to the demands made upon them, the authorities, through the public journals, called on the inhabitants to come to their assistance with extraordinary contributions, and the women to take charge of the sick. Among the foremost of those who devoted themselves to this noble and Christian duty, was the wife of Fichte, who, with the full consent and approbation of her husband, engaged heart and soul in this sacred vocation. She devoted her days to the distribution of clothes, food, and medicine, and to pious cares around the beds of the unknown sick and dying; and after she returned late on a

winter's evening to her home, often again went out to collect contributions from her friends and acquaintances.

After about five months' uninterrupted exertions of this kind in the hospitals, she began, however, to feel alarming symptoms of illness, and in January, 1814, was attacked by a violent nervous fever, which had prevailed among the wounded. It soon attained such a height, as to leave scarce a hope of recovery; and on the very day when she was in the greatest peril, Fichte, who had been engaged in close and anxious attendance upon her during her illness, was compelled to leave her, to deliver the first of a course of philosophical lectures, which he had now recommenced. With wonderful self-command, he continued to speak for two hours on the most abstract subjects, scarcely hoping to find, on his return, his beloved companion still alive. This was, however, the crisis of her illness; and those who witnessed the transports of joy and gratitude with which he hailed the symptoms of recovery, were able to estimate the power of self-control he had exercised. It was, probably, at that moment, that innocently and unconsciously she communicated to him the fatal infection. On the following day, the commencement of a serious indisposition was evident, but Fichte could not be induced to relax any of his customary exertions. The continued sleeplessness, however, soon produced its usual effect on his mental faculties, and in the course of fourteen days the attack terminated fatally. His death was worthy of his life, for he fell a sacrifice to conjugal affection and Christian duty. 'Beati qui in Domino moriuntur.'

The subordinate and fragmentary character of this earthly existence is never more impressively taught than in such deaths as these. It was in a moment of the highest activity and usefulness, when, as he repeatedly declared to his son, he had reached a central point in his inquiries, and all things appeared to him in a grander and more comprehensive light, when he had found a new method for the presentation of his doctrine, and 'could render it so clear that a child might comprehend it,' when all outward obstacles seemed overcome, and a life of honour and happiness lay before him, at this moment he was suddenly summoned—as we call our children from their play when business of higher moment intervenes. The brightest, the noblest, the loveliest lives are most frequently thus cut off. The thread is snapped, and we grope in vain in the entangled web to discover the fair figures which lie on the other side. Clearer and purer than ever runs the vein of precious

metal, when suddenly we come to a *faulk*—it breaks off abruptly, and we must seek elsewhere for its continuation. In his own words—

"All death in nature is birth, and in death appears visibly the advancement of life. There is no killing principle in nature, for nature throughout is life. We mourn for those lost to us, as in the dark realms of unconsciousness there might be mourning when a man is born into the world, but above there is rejoicing, as we receive with joy and welcome those born to us."

It would answer little purpose to attempt to sum up in a few words the character of Fichte, or the doctrine which he taught, of which his life was the purest embodiment. Both in theory and practice he was unwearied in his endeavours to oppose the spirit of selfishness prevalent at the time, to exalt the spiritual above the material and sensual, to awaken a spirit of purity and self-denial, and to represent the inward as the only true life, and all others as merely apparent. Those who are inclined to condemn such speculations as he was engaged in as a jargon of idle words and vain philosophy, may recollect that all those, in all ages, whose principle it has been 'to die to the world and to be born again,' the philanthropists who, contemning all sensual enjoyment, have lived only for the good of their fellow-men, the heroes who have counted life as nothing in comparison with honour, the holy martyrs by whom the sufferings of the mortal frame were unfelt, while the glories of Heaven were revealed to their mental sight,—all these, like Fichte, were *Transcendental Idealists*.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Le Cymbalum Mundi et autres Œuvres de Bonaventure des Periers*. Par PAUL L. JACOB, Bibliophile. 12mo. Paris. 1841. Gosselin.
2. *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. Par LE ROUX DE LINCY. 2 vols. 12mo. Paris. 1841. Paulin.
3. *Le Moyen de Parvenir*, par BEROALDE DE VERVILLE. Par PAUL L. JACOB, Bibliophile. 12mo. Paris. 1841. Gosselin.
4. *Les Contes, ou, Les Nouvelles Récréations et Joyeux Devis de Bonaventure des Periers*. Par CHARLES NODIER. 12mo. Paris. 1841. Gosselin.
5. *Œuvres de F. Rabelais*. Par L. JACOB, Bibliophile. 12mo. Paris. 1842. Charpentier.

6. *Propos Rustiques, Baliverneries, Contes, et Discours d'Eutrapel*, par NOËL DU FAILL. Par J. MAURIE GUICHARD. 12mo. Paris. 1842. Gosselin.
7. *Joyeusetex, Facéties, et Folâtres Imaginations de Careme-Prenant, Gauthier, Garguille, Guillot Goujou, &c.* 22 vols. 16mo. Paris. 1829—18....Techener (still in course of publication).

THERE is no instrument of attack to which mankind is more universally sensible than ridicule. Everybody has a perception of what is droll and ludicrous. A taste for the humorous is in a great degree independent of national difference, of caste or rank, or even of education and refinement. It is often found in the greatest perfection among the lower orders of society. Hence the history of comic literature is not one of progressive improvement. But this branch of literature, more than any other, is affected and modified by the political circumstances of the age, or by the peculiar character of the people. It prevails least among tribes in a wild and unsocial state of life, as among wandering savages, or with the modern Oriental, who, in his closed serail, seeks for amusement that will flatter or excite his passions. There are people of that gloomy character who never laugh. On the other hand, it finds the greatest encouragement amid the turbulence of moral or political revolution. Hence the history of this class of literature has a peculiar interest, not shared in an equal degree by any other class.

The materials for the history of comic and burlesque literature among the ancients are incomplete, for we know little of such productions as those of the Atellane and Fescennine muses, and of many other classes of popular compositions which were in vogue among the Greeks and Romans. We know still less of the history of this branch of literature among the Germanic tribes for ages after their settlement in the imperial provinces, but the earlier mediæval compositions of this description appear in general to have been imitations of Roman models. The wit or ingenuity of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers was chiefly exerted in playing upon words, one of the worst blemishes of mediæval taste; and their literary amusement seems to have consisted principally in guessing at the meaning of riddles, of which a great variety are still preserved. Puns and riddles are indeed, as far as we know, the only comic forms to be discovered in the Anglo-Saxon writers. It is not until after the entrance of the Normans that we find any traces in England of what is properly

termed satire. In the life of the Saxon Hereward, we see the Norman knights in their baronial hall listening to their jongleur or minstrel, while he turned to ridicule, by his coarse and indecent satire and his comic gestures, the manners of the people whom they had dispossessed of their lands.*

From this time forward we have abundant proof of the prevalence and increasing popularity of compositions of a satirical character, which were nourished into vigour by the violent struggle between the ecclesiastical and secular powers, in which the latter laid bare with unsparing knife the wickedness of the Romish system in all its workings. A Latin rhymers of the tenth century did not scruple to turn into ridicule the popish purgatory legends, in a burlesque narrative of a man who had been in Paradise, and had seen John the Baptist acting as butler, and his namesake, the Evangelist, performing the part of cup-bearer, while St. Peter held the office of master of the cooks. Another Latin poet, of the earlier part of the twelfth century, boldly charges Rome with worshipping silver like the pagans of old, and with devouring, in her insatiate greediness, the riches of every country which acknowledged the supremacy of the papal see—

"Gens Romanorum subdola antiqua colit idola.

Ornatas vestes Græciæ, ebur cum gemmis Indiæ,
Deliciosa Franciæ, argentum, aurum Angliæ,
Lac et butyrum Flandriæ, mulas, mulos Burgundiæ,
Roma deglulit penitus, digna perire funditus."

After boasting at length of its all-powerful influence, and the mode in which that influence was exerted, the papal see is made to sum up its actions—

"Quæcunque volo facio; ego nuptas decipio;
Ego corrumpto virgines; edomo cunctos homines.

Such satires as these, it must be remarked, came from the pen of ecclesiastics, who scorned to imitate the larger body of their brethren in pandering to the support of a system of which the vice was apparent to every one. Some of the adventurous satirists of this early age are guilty of parodying scriptural language in a manner which, not many years ago, might have subjected them to a criminal prosecution. We give a translation of one of the shortest and least objectionable of these, as a curious picture of the scandalous venality of the court of Rome in the twelfth century, at which period it was written. It was a famous joke among the satirical reformers of that age, that the pope had

* 'De Gestis Herwardi Saxonis,' c. 14, in the 'Chroniques Anglo-Normandes,' vol. ii., p. 41.

mistaken Mark, the evangelist, for a mark of money :—

“ *The beginning of the holy gospel according to a mark of silver.*

“ In that time the pope said to the Romans, ‘ When the son of man shall come to the seat of our majesty, first say to him, ‘ Friend, for what comest thou ? ’ And if he shall continue knocking, without giving you anything, cast him out into utter darkness.’ And it came to pass that a certain poor clerk came to the court of our lord the pope, and cried out saying, ‘ Have pity on me, you, gate-keepers of the pope, for the hand of poverty hath touched me, and I am poor and needy, therefore I pray that you will relieve me in my misfortune and wretchedness.’ But they, hearing this, were very indignant, and said, ‘ Friend, thy poverty be with thee in perdition ; go behind, Sathanas, for thou art not wise in the wisdom of money. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, thou shalt not enter into the joy of thy lord until thou hast given the last farthing.’ And the poor man went away and sold his cloak and his tunic and all he had, and gave the money to the cardinals and to the gate-keepers, and they said, ‘ What is this among so many of us ? ’ And they cast him out at the door. And having gone out, he wept bitterly, and had no consolation. And afterwards there came to the court a certain rich clerk, fat and puffy and swollen, who had seditiously committed homicide. This man gave first to the gate-keeper, secondly to the chamberlain, thirdly to the cardinals ; but they judged among themselves that they were going to receive more. But our lord the pope hearing that his cardinals and ministers had received many gifts from the clerk, became sick unto death. Then the rich man sent him a medicine of gold and silver, and immediately he was healed. Then our lord the pope called to him the cardinals and ministers, and said to them, ‘ Brethren, take heed lest any one seduce you with empty words : for I set you an example, in order that, as I take, so also take ye.’ ”

This singular scrap of early satire has been printed in a very curious collection of early Latin poetry, published at Paris by M. Edelestand du Ménil. Pieces of this kind are not very uncommon at the end of the twelfth and during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. A parody on the service of the mass, under the title of ‘ *Missa de Potatoribus*, ’ the *Mass of the Drunkards*, is printed in the second volume of the ‘ *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* ; ’ and a shorter parody will be found in the same collection, commencing with the words, ‘ *Initium sancti Evangelii secundum Lupum*. *Fraus tibi, Bacche*, ’ and continued in the same strain. *Lupum* is, of course, a play on *Lucanum*, and *fraus* a similar play upon *laus*. These were the amusements of Romish clergy !

As we advance in the twelfth century, the satirical writers against the Romish church become extremely numerous. Walter Mapes gained celebrity by his jokes and

stories against the monastic orders ; and the same period produced several larger publications, of a satirical character, directed against the corruptions of the age in general, but more especially against those of the Church of Rome. Among the most remarkable, and the most extensively popular, were the poem ‘ *De Contemptu Mundi*, ’ of Bernard of Morlaix, and the ‘ *Speculum Stultorum* ’ of our own countryman, Nigellus Wireker. Perhaps we should enumerate in the same class the still more comprehensive ‘ *Architrenius* ’ of John de Hauteville, except that in this instance the reforming hero goes about weeping over the vices of mankind, instead of laughing at them.

The first century and a half after the Norman conquest presents us with few specimens of playful humour in the literature of this country ; but this is easily explained by the loss of the great mass of the popular literature of the middle ages, previous to the thirteenth century. In the twelfth century, however, we begin to perceive among the Latin writers that taste for comic stories which became so prevalent in the century following, and of which some scattered instances occur at an earlier period, as in the Latin ballad of ‘ *Unibos* ’ (published in Grimm and Schmeller’s collection of early Latin poetry), and one or two other poems of the same stamp. The clergy of the twelfth century amused themselves with composing what they designated by the title of *Comedies*, consisting of licentious tales, with a comic *dénouement*, written most frequently in elegiac verse. Such are the ‘ *Geta* ’ of Vitalis of Blois, the ‘ *Alda* ’ of William of Blois, and the ‘ *Babio* ’ of an anonymous writer. The celebrated Peter of Blois condemns these vain labours of his brother William, although he acknowledges having written similar poems in his youth ; and his judgment was certainly not unsupported by reason, for the ‘ *Alda* ’ of William of Blois is a piece of undisguised obscenity.

We have hitherto found the comic literature of the middle ages, as being written in Latin, confined chiefly to the clergy, or learned class of society. But it was rapidly making its way among the laity of the higher class, who spoke the French or Anglo-Norman tongue. The first comic production with which we are acquainted, written in Anglo-Norman, is the poem on Charlemagne’s pretended voyage to Jerusalem and Constantinople, which was printed a few years ago in this country, and published by Mr. Pickering. In this poem the barons of Charlemagne’s court are represented as passing their evenings in making *gabs* or jokes ; on one occasion, at Constantinople, amid

their *gabs*, they boast of extravagant and ridiculous feats which each pretends he is capable of performing, and the emperor, who has been made acquainted with their conversation, by means of a spy, and who seeks an occasion of quarrelling with his unwelcome visitors, threatens them with death, unless each boaster performs the feat of which he had so indiscreetly vaunted. They escape the danger, partly by miracles, and partly by cunning and opportune accidents, so that each performs, or appears to have performed, his feat. This incident of the barons *gabbing* and joking at their evening assemblies, is probably a correct picture of the social manners of the end of the twelfth century. We meet with several instances of the popularity at this period of individuals distinguished by their wit, an example of which is afforded in the person of Walter Mapes. But the great composers and publishers of French and Anglo-Norman comic literature in this and the succeeding age were the *jongleurs*, or minstrels, who were the constant attendants in the baronial hall after the festive meal, and the form of this literature was most generally that of tales or *fabliaux*.

These *fabliaux* are historically of great value, as faithful pictures of the private and public manners in the middle ages; but they are pointed with bitter satire, and are largely tainted with that extraordinary licentiousness which prevailed in papal times. The immense number of these *fabliaux* which still remain shows what an extensive class of literature they once formed. Too many of them turn on subjects at which the modesty of the present day will not allow us to hint. In others, of a character somewhat less objectionable, the grossness of the story is redeemed in a certain degree by its exquisite humour. Others again are burlesques and parodies, or pieces of a merely playful character, although even these not unfrequently conceal a satirical aim. Examples of all these different classes will be found in the collections of Barbazan, Meon, and Jubinal. We meet sometimes even with literary satires among these productions; the coarse story of Audigier, in the fourth volume of Barbazan, is a burlesque upon the tedious and extravagant romances of that age. M. Jubinal has published, under the title of '*Fatrasies and Resveries*,' two poems, consisting of words thrown together without any connected sense, in the style of certain pleadings in 'maister' Rabelais, which were, without doubt, intended to turn to ridicule the unmeaning compositions of some of the writers of the time: the following

lines, from the middle of one of these poems, will best show their style:—

" Li ombres d'un oef
Portoit l'an reneuf
Sus le fonz d'un pot ;
Deus viez pingne nuef
Firent un estuef
Pour courre le trot ;
Quant vint au paier l'escot,
Je, qui omques ne me muef,
M'escriai, si ne dis mot :—
Prenés la plume d'un buef,
S'en vestez un sage sot," &c.

" The shadow of an egg
Carried the new year
Upon a pot bottom ;
Two old new combs
Made a ball
To run the trot ;
When it came to paying the scot,
I, who never move myself,
Cried out, without saying a word :—
Take the feather of an ox,
And clothe with it a wise fool."
Jubinal, '*Nouv. Rec.*' ii., 217.

No class is more frequently the object of these satires than the women, whose general character in the middle ages appears to have been far from amiable. It naturally happens, that when society becomes corrupt and dissolute, the weaker sex is the most deeply tainted by the evil. The history of society in the middle ages shows us but too plainly the demoralising effects of the Romish church-system on the female character, particularly in the middle and lower classes. The clergy, whose duty it was to be preachers of virtue, are represented as the general corrupters of private morals. In the stories to which we are alluding, monks and priests are constantly introduced as actors in low intrigues; and the general faults of the church are by no means spared. Sometimes the satirical poets enter upon religious subjects with remarkable temerity. In the story '*Du Vilan qui conquist Paradis par plait*,' a peasant dies suddenly, and his soul escapes, at a moment when neither angel nor demon was on the watch, so that, unclaimed and left to his own discretion, the peasant follows St. Peter, who happened to be on his way to Paradise, and enters the gate with him unperceived. When the saint finds that the soul of such a low person has found its way into Paradise, he is angry, and rudely orders the peasant out. But the latter accuses St. Peter of denying his Saviour; and, conscience-stricken, the gate-keeper applies to St. Thomas, who undertakes to drive away the intruder. The peasant, however, discon-

certs St. Thomas by reminding him of his disbelief, and St. Paul, who comes next, fares no better—he had persecuted God's saints. At length Christ hears of what had occurred, and comes himself. The Saviour listens benignantly to the poor soul's pleading, and ends by forgiving the peasant his sins, and allowing him to remain in Paradise. This is a direct attack on the Romish system of saint-worship, and on the uncharitable character of the mediæval church.

The satire of the French and English writers of the thirteenth century found ample scope in attacking the monkish orders, which were then so rapidly increasing, and which were invading the rights of every other class of society. It would be vain to attempt, in our narrow limits, to describe, or even to enumerate, the satires against the monks written during this period, but the reader will find many examples in the collection of Barbazan, and in the works of Rutebeuf. This latter poet signalized himself by his satirical attacks on them, in defence of the university, which they were then beginning to overwhelm. The popular satirists entered warmly into the struggle between the secular and theological studies, the latter of which were now aiming at the entire subversion of the former. The great revolution, which during the thirteenth century was going on in the university system, was indeed not unfrequently the subject of popular satire and burlesque; of which we will only point out one example, entitled '*La Bataille des sept Ars*,' because it is a veritable mediæval '*Battle of the Books*.' The seven arts of the university learning are divided against themselves; the new authors and the men of science (*la haute science*) make war upon the ancients, or those who had been read and taught in the old grammar course, and the ancients take up arms in their own defence. The two armies meet in a plain near Orleans, and a dreadful engagement ensues, in which the different combatants perform feats worthy of the Homeric heroes; but the victory remained with the moderns, although the writer of the poem, Henry d'Andely, prognosticates that before long the old course of teaching would regain its former position. Henry d'Andely is said to be the author of another poem of a similar stamp, entitled '*The Battle of the Wines*.' Comic pieces of this description were not uncommon: we have had the battle of Caresme (Lent) and Charnage (the season when meat was allowed to be eaten), the debate between wine and water, the dispute between the eye and the heart, &c.

If we look to the Latin literature of the thirteenth century, which is extremely rich

in comic and satiric verse, we see why the Romish church was jealous of the universities, and why so resolute and, in the sequel, so successful an attempt was made to push into them the monkish orders—the soldiers of the pope, as they have been aptly called—in order to suppress the freedom of study and of opinion. The universities were the nurseries in which grew up a crowd of writers who saw and boldly attacked the encroachments and the errors of Rome. In England this party was particularly strong; for our countrymen, with their sturdy spirit of freedom, have always had the honour of being a little schismatical in face of the papacy; and the Anglo-Latin literature of this period teems with bold and energetic attacks on the disorders of the clergy. At the beginning of the thirteenth century—on the eve of the baronial wars—these writers had, in order perhaps to give a certain unity of character to their satire, set up an imaginary reformer of abuses, under the title of '*Goliath*,' or '*Goliardus*,'—a reckless devourer, as the name indicates; a sort of clerical jongleur, who was licensed to say what he thought in whatever terms he liked. His pre-eminence above all other goliards or goliases is frequently marked by the addition of the epithet *episcopus*. It was under the name of '*Goliath Episcopus*' that a very large mass of rhyming Latin verse, distinguished by its inveterate hostility to the then existing state of things, made its appearance during the thirteenth century. One of the most remarkable of these pieces was called the '*Apocalypsis Golias*,' or Goliath's Revelation: and if we may judge by its frequent occurrence in manuscripts of that age, it must have been widely popular in this country. The vices of the church are the things revealed to Goliath, and they are described in no sparing language. The spiritual pastor of those days, we are told, thought more of being fed by his flock, than of feeding it—

"Non pastor ovium, sed pastus ovibus."

"He thinks less of the sheep which are in want, or lame, or sick, or tender, than of the amount of milk and wool which he is to gain;—it is thus that he brings back the lost sheep on his shoulder:—"

"Non tantum cogitat ille de miseris,
De claudis ovibus, ægris, vel teneris;
Quantum de compoto lactis et velleris;
Sic ovem perditam refert in numeris."

The pope was the devouring lion, which spared nothing. The archdeacon was a robber on a smaller scale, who fixed his claws on whatever had escaped the rapacity of pope

or prelate. The faults of the officials were too numerous to compress within a small volume :—

" Hic scriptas repperi consuetudines
Officialium, raptus, voragines,
Fraudes, insidias, et turpitudines,
Quas magni codicis excedunt margines."

" The world is struck with horror to see that such people continue to exist; and the earth trembles at the sight of them :"—

" Hi sunt quos retinens mundus inhorruit ;
A quorum facie terra contremuit."

The priest was infamous for vices of another description :—

" Post missam presbyter, relinquens iafulam,
In meretriculæ descendit insulam ;
Sic fecit Jupiter, qui juxta fabulam
Cælum deseruit sequendo vitulum."

" Hanc mulieribus proponit maximam,
Quod rerum decima non salvat animam ;
Nulla salvabitur ad horam ultimam,
Nisi de corpore suo dat decimam."

Abbots and their monks spent their lives in sensual indulgence ; eating, and drinking, and chambering, were their principal occupations. The lines which follow lose in a translation :—

" Quisquis de monacho fit dæmoniacus,
Et cuique monacho congarrir monachus,
Ut pica picæ, ut psittaco psittacus,
Cui dat ingenium magister stomachus."

" His mola dentium tumorem faucium,
Lagega gutturis ventris diluvium,
Oris aculeus dat flammam litium,
Et fratrum malleus calorem noxium."

" Cum inter fabulas et Bacchi pocula
Modum et regulam suspendit crapula,
Dicunt quod dicitur favor a fabula,
Modus a modio, a gula regula."

The details in this poem, and in the numerous other similar compositions, give us a fearful picture of the disorders of the clergy and the church ; but the variety and unanimity of the documents, and the confessions even of the monkish writers most zealous in the cause of Rome, prove that the picture was not in any respect overdrawn. Whence sprang these disorders, and why could they not be remedied ? The whole system was bad—the disease lay at the heart and the head. The vice of the head affected all the members :

" Membra dolent singula capitis dolore."

Roma mundi caput est ; sed nil caput mundum ;
Quod pendit a capite totum est immundum ;
Transit enim vitium primum in secundum,
Et de fundo redoleat quod est juxta fundum."

Volumes might be filled with the works of these vigorous satirists, which are preserved in manuscripts. They sometimes take part in the political disputes of the times, and become extremely active at the period of the barons' wars under Henry III. The long Latin rhyming poem on the battle of Lewes, printed in the political songs published by the Camden Society,* proclaims sentiments and principles worthy of the more advanced civilisation of the present day. Sometimes these Latin poems become light and playful, and exhibit an ease and elegance which those who are not well acquainted with the spirit of the thirteenth century would not expect. We may give as an example the three first stanzas of a graceful song on the vanities of courts, written in the thirteenth century ; and for the sake of such readers as have no care for the Latin, we will accompany it with a hasty metrical paraphrase, that may perhaps serve to give them some notice of the playful spirit of the original. The wearied and dissatisfied courtier says :

" Rimatus omnes curias,
magnas, parvas, et medias,
episcopales, regias,
curiarum incurias,
multiformes et varias,
dum video, irrideo ;
nec ideo
a curiis abstineo,
sed ipse semper adeo,
rimatus omnes curias."

" In curiis sublimibus
in ipsis curialibus
non est locus virtutibus,
omnes putrescent sordibus
pusilli cum majoribus,
incuria, malitia,
fallacia,
obsidet tanquam propria,
virtuti præsent vitia,
in curiis sublimibus."

" Sublime tenent solium
diplois adulantium,
jugis scissura cordium,
rancor, livor, et odium,"

* It will save the trouble of particular reference, if we give here a list of the principal collections which contain the smaller pieces of the comic and satirical literature of this and the following age :—they are the collections of fabliaux, by Barbazan, Meon, and Jubinal ; some of the other publications by M. Jubinal ; the 'Anecdota Literaria,' by T. Wright ; the 'Early Mysteries, and other Latin Poems,' by the same person ; the two volumes of 'Reliquiæ Antiquæ,' by Wright and Halliwell ; the 'Recueil de Chants Historiques Français,' by Le-roux de Lincy ; the 'Poésies Populaires Latines,' by Edélestand de Ménil ; and the 'Political Songs of England,' the poems attributed to Walter Mapes, and the 'Collection of Early Latin Stories,' all by Mr. Wright.

spea, timor, ira, gaudium,
et alia flagitia,
tam varia,
tamque detestabilia,
et siqua sunt similia,
sublime tenent solium."

"A courtier old, I know full well
The life a courtier leads,
'Round kings and nobles few will tell
The cares their station breeds;
But I despise the cringing bow,
The flaunting air remote from gladness,
The hollow smile, provoked, I throw,
By pointless jest which covers sadness;
Yet still I follow courts, although,
A courtier old, I know them well.

"Within the dwellings of the great,
Where courtly vices haunt,
Fair virtue seldom gains a seat,
Scared by their features gaunt.
Here thoughtlessness with vacant mien,
There lucre foul, and double dealing,
And gay self-love, whose joy hath been
Too oft the source of others' wailing.
All these and many more, are seen
Within the dwellings of the great.

"Attendant on the monarch's throne
Stand pride and grim disdain,
And outward laugh with inward moan;
Envy, that joys in others' pain;
Frenzied despair, and rancorous hate;
And flattering treason, born to sever
The ties of love with harsh debate;
While fear and hope alternate ever.
These are the various ills that wait
Attendant on the monarch's throne."

These clerical satirists sometimes laid aside the severity of their assumed character, and favoured the world with scraps of playful humour, and even condescended to compose love-ditties in their favourite Latin. Many such effusions are still preserved, and a few specimens have been printed. Among these, we may point out the 'Confessio Golias,' in which the poet makes an avowal of his love for dice, wine, and women; the invective of Golias against the thief who had stole his purse; the declamation of Golias against marriage, a bitter satire on the fair sex; the dialogue 'Inter aquam et vinum,' and the 'Disputatio inter cor et oculum,' in which each charges the other with being the incentive to vice. We have a good specimen of the playful burlesque of this period, in an amusing song on the tailors, as old as the middle of the thirteenth century; in which they are lauded for their skill in turning old garments into new ones; when the wearers were tired with the first fashion. This song is also curious, as an early specimen of the mixture of French with Latin, which was in this and the following centuries not uncommon, and was an approach

towards the macaronic verse so popular at a later period. The few verses we have cited are accompanied, as on the last occasion, with a hasty rhyming version. The poet takes his theme from the opening lines of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses':—

"In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora; Dii, cœptis, nam vos mutastis et illas,
Aspirate meis."

"Ego dixi, dii estis;
Quæ dicenda sunt in festis
Quare prætermitterem?
Dii, revera, qui potestis
In figuram novæ vestis
Transmutare veterem.

"Pannus recens et novellus
Fit vel capa vel mantellus,
Sed secundum tempora
Primum capa, post pusillum
Transmutatur hæc in illum;
Sic mutatis corpora.

"Antiquata decollatur,
Decollata mantellatur,
Sic in modum Proteos
Demutantur vestimenta;
Nec recenter est inventa
Lex metamorphoseos.

"Cum figura sexum mutant;
Prius ruptam clam reluctant
Primates ecclesiar;
Nec donatur, res est certa,
Nisi prius sit experta
Fortunam Tiresiar.

"Bruma tandem revertente,
Tost unt sur la chape entê
Plerique capucium;
Alioquin dequadratur.
De quadrato retundatur,
Transit in almucium.

"Si quid restat de morsellis
Cæsi panni sive pellis,
Non vacat officio;
Ex his fiunt manuthecæ,
Manutheca quidem Græce
Manum positio.

"Sic ex veste vestem formant,
Engleis, Tyis, Francis, Normant,
Omnes generaliter;
Ut vix nullus excludatur.
Ita capa declinatur,
Sed mantellus aliter.

"Adhuc primo recens anno,
Nova pelle, novo panno,
In arca reconditur;
Recedente tandem pilo,
Juucturarum rupto filo,
Pellis circumciditur.

"Sic mantellus fit Apella;
Ci git li drap, e la pel là,
Post primum divortium;

A priore separata,
Cum secundo reparata
Transit in consortium."

"That ye are gods, I make no doubt;
And wrong it is to leave you out
Of cleric office;
For who but gods, I ask, or you,
Could change old garments into new
By metamorphosis?

"When cloth is new and fresh of nape,
'Tis meet in haste ye give 't the shape
Of cape or mantel;
But what the mode and form decreed,
Or why the former should precede,
You only can tell.

"As Proteus changed, ye change the cloth;
When ruthless time and weather both
Have done their duty:
All duly clipped, the aged cape
Comes forth a mantel new in shape
As well as beauty.

"Erst coat, now gown, ye change at will
Not only form, but sex, your skill
In full to show to us;
And thus, to make the change comple'e,
Tiresias it must imitate,
As well as Proteus.

"When winter comes with frost and storm,
Some change again the faded form,
And add a cover:
With alter'd shape and alter'd use,
Shoulders and head, a warm aumuce,
It muffles over.

"And when each change is duly made,
If aught be left unused, 'tis said,
Be 't cloth or leather,
Quick it becomes, at your commands,
A pair of gloves to guard the hands
Against the weather.

"German or French, to custom true,
Norman or English, all pursue
This self-same fashion;
And thus, enleagu'd, they *cape* decline;
But *mantel* has a different line
Of transformation.

"At first to hoard it up we're fain,
While cloth and leather both remain
In fair condition;
But if the fur to fade begin,
Then from the cloth ye strip the skin
By circumcision.

"Here lies the skin despised, and there
The cloth has proved the tailor's care
Without misarrriage;
The mantel, thus being made a Jew,
Contracts with leather fresh and new
A second marriage."

The song goes on to describe the different transformations of the *mantel*, until at last,

no longer capable of change, it is given as a reward to the servant.

We have many fragments still left of political satire in the French language, written both in France and in England, in this age. We have already seen, in the life of Hereward, an Anglo-Norman jongleur, immediately after the conquest, burlesquing the vanquished Saxons in the halls of their foreign invaders of their rights; there has been preserved a curious specimen of the kind of effusion which the minstrels uttered on such occasions, the more interesting, because it is written on a long slip of vellum, which the minstrel held in his hand to sing. This is a French (or Anglo-Norman) song, composed by one of the baronial party, under Simon de Montfort, at the beginning of the civil wars, in the reign of Henry III. It contains satirical allusions to the leaders of the opposite party, as in the following lines, aimed at the Bishop of Norwich, one of the king's chaplains, and an active partisan of the court. His house had been plundered by the popular party.

"Et ly pastors de Norwis,
Qui devoure ses berbis,
Asez sout de ce conte;
Mout en perdi des ses biens:
Mal ert que ly lessa riens,
Ke trop en saveit de honte."

"And the pastor of Norwich,
Who devours his sheep,
Knows enough of this story;
He has lost much of his goods;
Bad luck to the man who left him anything,
For his conduct has been too disgraceful."

In another song, written about the year 1264, when the King of France made an unsuccessful attempt to interfere between Henry and his barons, the English king and his court are the object of very coarse satire, which consists in making them talk broken and corrupt French, and use equivocal expressions. It ends by the king declaring that he will place his son Edward on the throne of France, which is highly approved by Roger Bigot:—

"Je crai que vous verra là endret grosse fest,
Quant d'Adouart arra coroné France test.
Il l'a bien asservi, ma fil; il n'est pas best;
Il fout buen chivaler, hardouin, et honest."

"Sir rais," ce dit Rogier, "por Dieu, à mai entent:
Tu m'as percé la cul," tel la pitié m'a prent.
Or doint Godelamit, par son culmandement,
Que tu fais cestui chos bien glorieusement!"

* The earl, in his broken French, uses this expression instead of *le cœur*.

† A corruption of *God-Almighty*.

" 'I believe that you will see there a great festival,
When France shall have crowned Edward's head.
He has well deserved it, my son; he is no fool;
He is a good knight, brave, and courteous.' "

" 'Sir king,' says Roger, 'for God's sake, listen to me:
Thou hast pierced my behind, so much has pity overcome me.
Now may God Almighty ordain, by his command,
That thou perform this thing very gloriously.' "

The wit, in this instance, cannot be preserved in a translation. Many larger works of general satire appeared during this age, but the one which has gained the most lasting reputation is the extensive poem, or cycle of poems, which goes under the title of the 'Adventures of Reynard, the Fox.' It is an application of fables to a political purpose. Early in the thirteenth century, and even in the twelfth century, we trace instances in which, to burlesque the corruptions of the age, the cunning and unscrupulous Reynard is introduced acting a political character; but, at the end of the thirteenth century, these fables had been worked up into a regular narrative, in French verse, extending to many thousand lines. The literature of the middle ages has an interest different from that of the literature of modern times. There was then less individuality of sentiment. The literature was not that of the writers, but that of the age and of the people, of which alone it represented the nations and the feelings. Hence it happens that so large a portion of it is anonymous. The great fable of Reynard the Fox is not a satire on particular individuals, or on particular measures, but on the age in which it was composed. It was the satire of the people; a burlesque picture of society. The history of which we are speaking differs much from the popular story which a later age has derived from the German. The French Reynard is much more extensive, more rambling in its incidents, and less connected as a whole. It consists of a series of episodes, each of which is a satire upon some class of persons, or on some point in the political system of the age, which was a subject of popular complaint; and it is probable that the different parts were sung, or repeated separately,

among the people, as public attention was called to them by grievances to which they were applicable. We have more than one instance of single episodes being translated into English. Thus the quarrels between Reynard the Fox and Isengrin the Wolf, formed a cutting satire on the reckless turbulence of the barons, in which sometimes low cunning, and at others brute force, gained the upper hand, and over which the sovereign (Noble, the Lion) could hold but an occasional restraint. Many of Reynard's adventures picture to us the rapacity and injustice of an age in which every man was on the watch to rob and cheat his fellow. Other parts of the story represent the disorders of the church; and others again are satires on the different classes of society. Reynard's confession, and his pilgrimage, are bitter satires on the two chief means by which the clergy exerted an abusive influence over the laity to their own advantage, and on the hypocrisy which prevailed among the professors of religion.

Literature, as a political weapon, had, while restricted to the Latin language, been only in the power of the clergy. It was a great step which placed it, through the French language, within reach of the higher classes of the laity in England, and of society in general in France; but in our country another step was made in the thirteenth century, which marks the appearance on the political arena of a new class of combatants—the Commons of England. The first political songs and satires in the English language were published during the barons' wars, in the reign of Henry III. The earliest known example is a very spirited satirical song on the victory gained by the popular party over the royalists at Lewes, in 1264. Such compositions in English make their appearance not unfrequently amid the events of the latter part of this century; in the fourteenth century they take the place of the French poems of the preceding age. The English spirit and blood had, in fact, overcome that which, by the Norman conquest, had been intruded upon it. A satirical poem, written in English in the reign of Edward II., lays open the vices of all orders of society. Truth, it tells us, had been long banished from Rome. We modernise the language:—

"For at the court of Rome, where truth should begin,
He is forbidden the palace, and dare not come therein."

The pope's clerks and the cardinals had threatened to slay truth, if he came there:—

"All the pope's clerks have taken them to rede (counsel),
If truth come among them, that he shall be dead.
There dare he not show himself, for fear to be slain,
Among none of the cardinals dare he be seen."

Money was the only argument or plea to which the pope listened. Of archbishops and deacons were equally venal. Of the latter and bishops, 'Some are fools themselves, and lead a sorry life;' they and the arch-

"And these archdeacons, that are sent to visit holy kirk,
Every one tries how he may most cursedly work;
He will take bribes of the one and of the other,
And let the parson have a wife,* and the priest another."

The parson and the priest are censured for their evil life, and their ignorance:—

"For right methinketh it fareth by a priest that is 'lewed' (*ignorant*),
As by a jay in a cage, that himself hath 'bishrewed' (*cursed*);
Good English he speketh, but he knows never what;
No more knows a 'lewed' priest in book what he 'rat' (*reads*)
by day.
Then is a 'lewed' priest no better than a jay."

The pretended charity of the monasteries was of the same stamp as the religio of the priest:—

"For if there come to an abbey two poor men or three,
And ask help of them for holy charity,
Scarcely will ever one listen to them, either young or old,
But let them cower there all day in hunger and in cold,
and starve,
Look what love there is to God, whom they say that they serve?"

We might make a long list of short desultory satires in English on the Romish Church and its professors, published during the fourteenth century. In one ballad, the preaching friars are taxed with pride, and with the undignified manner in which they represent sacred subjects:—

"Of these friars' minors, methinks great wonder,
That are grown so haughty, who sometime were under;
Among men of holy church they make much 'blunder' (*confusion*);
May He that looks from above scatter them asunder!"

In another, they are openly proclaimed to be the ministers of sin:—

"Friars, friars, wo be to ye! *ministri malorum*,
For many a man's soul bring ye *ad penas infernorum*.
When fiends fell first from heaven, *quo prius habitabant*,
On earth they left the sins seven, *et fratres communicabant*."

They are here described as vicious in the extreme—guests to be carefully avoided in an honest man's house:—

"Let a friar of some order *tecum pernoclare*,
Either thy wife or thy daughter *hic vult violare*,
Or thy son he will prefer, *sicut fortem fortis*;
God give such a friar pain in *inferni portis*!"

There is preserved a very singular English burlesque on the unprofitable sermons of these preaching friars, which is worthy of Rabelais himself. We venture to give a few sentences from the beginning, as a specimen, modernising the language, to make it more generally intelligible. It forms a link in the history of the mediæval satires against the clergy—satires which deserve well to be collected together in a more complete series,

for they form what may be well characterized as the voice of the middle ages against the Church of Rome.

"*Mollificant olera durissima crusta.* Friends, this is to say to your lewd understanding, that hot plants and hard crusts maken soft hard plants. The help and the grace of the gray goose that goes on the green, and the wisdom of the water wind-mill, with the good grace of a gallon pitcher, and all the salt sausages that be solden in Norfolk upon Saturday, be with us now at our beginning, and help us in our ending, and quit you of bliss and both your eyes, that never shall have ending, Amen."

"My dear cursed creatures, there was once a wife whose name was Catherine Fyste, and she was crafty in court, and well could carve. Thrice she sent after the four synods of Rome, to know why, wherefore, and for what cause, that Alleluja was closed before the cup came once round. Why believest thou not for sooth that there stood once a cock on St. Paul's steeple top, and drew up the strapples of his breech? How provest thou that?"

* The word *wife* meant simply *woman* at this period.

By all the four doctors of Wynberry-hills, that is to say, Vertas, Gadatryme, Trumpas, and Dadyl-trymsert, the which four doctors say there was once an old wife had a cock to her son, and he looked out of an old dove-cott, and warned and charged that no man should be so hardy neither to ride nor go on St. Paul's steeple top, unless he rode on a three-footed stool, or else that he brought with him a warrant of his neck," &c., &c.

The fourteenth century, like the thirteenth, had its grand satirical poem; this was the 'Visions of Piers Ploughman,' a work strongly marked with the bold, masculine energy of the English character. This poem was, perhaps, the most popular satire of the middle ages; to us it is rendered somewhat confused by its allegorical form; but that was consonant with the taste of the age in which it was written. We are astonished at the boldness with which it attacks the abuses of the secular and ecclesiastical powers, and with which it urges the doctrine of the natural equality of mankind. In 'Reynard the Fox,' the satire was indirectly implied, and was only felt by an application which was not necessarily apparent; in 'Piers Ploughman' it is direct and personal. There is a daring spirit of radicalism in this work, which shows the freedom of opinion which had been generated by the long intellectual agitation of the preceding century, and which had given the most profound alarm to the Church of Rome. 'Reason' is the preacher whom the writer of 'Piers Ploughman' brings forward to reform mankind. He proclaims that the monks and friars would be better employed in occupations more useful to society than the vacant life they lead. Truth is the saint whose shrine he recommends as the object of pilgrimage. This saint, however, proves to be unknown to the Romish clergy—even the palmer, who wandered furthest in search of strange saints, had never heard of such a one before:—

"This folk frayed hym first,
Fro whennes he come.

'Fram Synay,' he seide,
'And fram oure Lordes sepulchre;
In Bethlem and in Babylayne,
I have ben in bothe;
In Armony and Alisaundre,
In manye othere places.
Ye may se by my signes
That sitten on myn hatte,
That I have walked ful wide
In weet and in drye,
And sought goode seintes
For my soules helthe.'

'Knowestow aught a corsaint,
That men calle Truthe?
Kondestow aught wiesen us the wey,
Wher that wye dwelleth?'
'Nay, so me God helpe!'

Seide the gome thanne,
'I seig nevere palmere,
With pyk ne with scrippe,
Asken after hym er
Til now in this place.'

This people asked him first,
From whence he came.

'From Sinai,' he said,
'And from our Lord's sepulchre;
In Bethlehem and in Babylon,
I have been in both;
In Armenia and Alexandria,
In many other places.
You may see by my signs
That sit on my hat,
That I have walked full wide
In wet and in dry,
And sought good saints
For the health of my soul.'

'Dost thou know at all a chief saint
Whom they call Truth?
Canst thou at all teach us the way,
Where that personage dwells?'

'Nay, as I hope for God's help!'
Said the man then,
'I never saw a palmer,
With staff or with scrip,
Ask after him before,
Till now in this place.'

The abusive pardons and indulgences of the pope, the unprofitable debates of the theologians, the sensual life of the monks and friars, all come in for their share of the reformer's lash. These latter are described as proud and overbearing, whose only study was to cheat the rich out of their lands, who cared nothing for true religion, and who looked with contempt upon the poor. These sentiments are expressed still more strongly in another, and a shorter, satirical poem, written about the end of the fourteenth century, and published under the title of 'Piers Ploughman's Creed.' At the time when this poem was written, the reformers had become a sect, known by the name of Lollards, and they had already been made objects of persecution by the church, the secular power of which was at this moment strengthened by political events. With the final suppression of the Lollards, the intellectual struggle was closed for a time. Learning, in the universities, had been crushed by the influence of the monks, who had raised over it the faculty of theology. The fifteenth century is, indeed, a dark period in literary as well as in political history. The Romish Church sat heavily, a mighty incubus on the human mind.

We may pass over the history of the other branches of comic literature in England during the fourteenth century more briefly, for they are in general but imitations in English of the French compositions of the previous age. We have a few burlesques on man-

ners and customs, such as the 'Tournament of Tottenham,' and the 'Feast,' and some pieces given in the 'Reliquiæ Antiquæ;' and various compositions of a playful character. Here and there we meet with amusing specimens of local and personal satire. Of this we have a curious example, written as early as the beginning of the thirteenth century, in a Latin rhyming satire on the people of Norfolk, to whom are applied many of the stories which at a much later period were told of the men of Gotham. In the second volume of the 'Reliquiæ Antiquæ' will be found a very curious satire of the fourteenth century, in Latin prose, against the people of Rochester, who are accused, among other things, of having tails. In the first volume of the same collection we have a burlesque Latin ballad, composed at the beginning of the fourteenth century, giving an account of a monkish feast at Gloucester. It is written in a style in which grammar and composition are set at defiance, and was evidently intended not only as a burlesque on the grossness of monastic life, but on the ignorance of the monks themselves, and on the barbarousness of monkish Latin. The abbot and prior, with their friends, are described as sitting at the head of the table, and keeping all the good things to themselves, while the monks of lower degree have to do all the drudgery, and are deprived of their share of the drinking. The party leave the feast to perform the evening service, and then return to the table, and 'drink till they cry:—

" Post completum rediere,
Et currinum (*the cup*) combibere,
Potaverunt usque flere
propter potus plurima."

When the abbot proposed that the others should be admitted to drink, the prior said: 'They have enough wine; shall we give all our wine to the poor? What care we for the poor? What they have is not much, but it is enough for them. They come to our meals without invitation; if they were well fed, they would become proud and presumptuous:—

" Prior dixit ad abbatis,
Ipei habent vinum satis,
Vultus dare paupertatis
noster potus omnia?
Quid nos spectat paupertatis?
Habet parum, habet satis,
Postquam venit non vocatis
ad noster convivia.
Si nutritum esset bene,
Nec cibus nec ad cane
Venisset pro marcis dena,
nisi per precaria."

In the sequel, the debauch is carried to the last degree of drunkenness. The actors in it are reported to the bishop, but they escape with impunity; and the inferiors who complained against them, in revenge for being excluded, are brought to account for their rebellious conduct. In the fifteenth century we have a few burlesque pieces among the writings of Lydgate, and other poets of his school, but they are in general tame and pointless. The cleverest piece of comic writing of this period that we have met with, is preserved in a manuscript in the British Museum. It is a life of St. Nemo (or St. Nobody), and is a parody on the Romish 'Lives of Saints.' Through a tract of considerable length, passages of Scripture are adroitly applied to this imaginary saint, which prove beyond a doubt his power and station to be superior to all the other saints of the calendar. Some notion of the style of this tract may be derived from the opening lines, which are given below in a note.*

The fabliaux of the thirteenth century, with all their spirit and satire, and much of their objectionable characteristics, took an English form in the hands of Chaucer; but on the continent they were undergoing a new transformation. The same fearful pestilence which had furnished the occasion for composing the 'Visions of Piers Ploughman,' gave birth to the 'Decameron' of Boccaccio. In distant England, this general calamity was looked upon as a signal for repentance, for self-accusation and reform; while in Italy, in the very centre of the ecclesiastical power, it was only an occasion for heartless mirth and licentious raillery. The 'Decameron' is a mere collection of fabliaux turned into Italian prose; but it gave the example to a long series of imitators, and the jongleurs and their compositions were soon forgotten in the popularity of these new story-tellers. In France, the earliest and best collection is the celebrated work known as the 'Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles,' composed soon after the middle of the fifteenth century. The story-tellers were followed by the jesters, who also appear to have originated in Italy, the first collection which has obtained any lasting fame being that of Poggio of Florence. This class of writers were gradually

* Beatus igitur Nemo iste contemporaneus Dei patris, et in essentia præcipue consimilis filio, nec creatus nec præcedens, sed formatus, in sacra pagina reperitur, in qua plane dictum est per psalmistam dicentem, Dies formabantur, et Nemo in eis. Cui postea merito tanta crevit auctoritas, ut ac si terrena respuens ad cælorum culmina volatu mirabili pervolavit, sicut legitur, Nemo ascendit in cælum. Et hoc idem testatur Dominus, dicens, Nemo potest venire ad me, &c.;—MS. Reg. 12 D. III., fol. 158, ro.

aiming at the Romish Church a blow no less fatal than that inflicted by the direct satire of the reformers, but they, amid the general licentiousness of the time, were allowed to work almost unobserved. With these sprang up a reckless jeering atheism, which prevailed extensively under cover of the Romish rites and outward ceremonial of the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. But the church at this time could overlook atheism and immorality, while it hunted and destroyed where it could the slightest traces of what it chose to term heresy. The freedom with which Boccaccio brought monks and nuns on the stage in his licentious stories, rendered the 'Decameron' unpalatable to the clergy. But another collection of stories, many of which are no less objectionable than those of Boccaccio, the 'Ecatommiti' of Giraldi Cinthio, composed two centuries later, in the very heat of the Reformation, was authorized to be printed by the *vice-inquisitor hereticæ pravitatis*, named Cigliari, who states that these tales are consonant with the principles of the holy Roman Church, and contain nothing opposed to the apostolical faith—*Hecatommithos consonos esse sanctæ Romanæ ecclesiæ, et ab apostolica fide non abhorreere*. In fact, Cinthio states in his introduction that he had designedly avoided introducing monks and nuns in objectionable situations. We may, however, easily excuse the Romish Church from being very nice on this point at the period of which we are now speaking, for the treatise by the Jesuit Sanchez, 'De Sancto Matrimonii Sacramento,' which was famous even at the time it was published for the extreme licentiousness of much of its details, was authorized for impression as containing *nil bonis moribus adversum*, and the censor naïvely informs us that he had read it over and over with *the greatest pleasure—legi et perlegi maxima cum voluptate!*

Towards the end of the fifteenth century, after the invention of printing, the popular literature of the middle ages began to make its appearance in a debased form, a circumstance which marks the last gasp of the mediæval system. The great romances of the thirteenth century were published in a shape which gradually degenerated into what have been since termed chap-books, a literature that was hawked about the streets. Many of the fabliaux and comic poems were issued as broadside ballads. 'Reynard the Fox,' derived from the German and Dutch, came forth as a mere fable. It was accompanied by other comic romances, such as that of Howlegias (*Eulenspiegel*), still teeming with satire on society and on the church. These were followed in France by a very extensive

variety of low burlesque and satirical publications, of which the series of reprints that stands last in the list of books at the head of our article (a series we believe not yet completed) offers a specimen; they were circulated among the middle and lower classes, and their cynical indecency shows that the writers pandered to the scandalous dissoluteness of society in the sixteenth century. In England, John Skelton may be looked upon as the last of the mediæval satirists. In his writings there is more of the character of the middle ages than of the *renaissance*; Gothic imagery, the sentiments almost of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, mixed with the pedantry of the sixteenth. In his writings and in those of the school he formed, we find the elements of the macaronic poetry which became early in the sixteenth century so popular in Italy in the writings of Merlinus Coccaius (*Folengi*), and in France in those of Antonius de Arena (*de la Sable*).

In many of its characteristics the sixteenth century bore a remarkable resemblance to the thirteenth. It opened in the same manner with religious and political agitation, with a new, and, in the sequel, a more successful struggle for emancipation from the tyranny of the middle ages. It was a powerful stream, which, confined for a time within narrow rocks, suddenly burst from its hiding-place, an irresistible torrent. The Reformation was no child of accident or circumstances, but the inevitable result of the efforts of centuries. The voice of the middle ages against the Church of Rome had been silent during the fifteenth century, but it was not stifled; and when, at the Reformation, it was heard again, we recognize in it the same bold, fearless, manly tone which gave life to the literature of the thirteenth century. In fact, the Church of Rome had not changed in its measures or in its character: it had the same political and moral vices—pride, tyranny, and cruelty, avarice and lust—which seemed to increase with the imbecility of age, and they called forth the same expressions of indignation from the satirists. It is somewhat singular that the satirical writers of the beginning of the sixteenth century raised up a personage similar in every respect to the Goliath of the beginning of the thirteenth; they named him *Pasquillus*, or *Pasquil*. Like Goliath, this personage claimed an unbounded licence in expressing his opinions, and the 'tomi duo Pasquillorum' form a series of the bitterest satires on the Romish corruptions that can easily be imagined. These satires partake largely of the coarseness of the age. Pasquil appears sometimes as an old man, worn out with indulgence, who vents his satire on the society with whose vices he

has had a long acquaintance; at others he appears as a young and vigorous champion in the cause of truth. These effusions, composed sometimes in Latin, and sometimes in Italian (for Italy seems to have been their 'fatherland'), both in verse and in prose, are at times addressed to Pasquil in the form of epistles or epigrams, as in the following instance:—

Ad Pasquillum.

Cur non te fingi scurram, Pasquille, rogasti?
Cum Romæ scurris omnia jam liceant.

Or in this, where Rome herself dictates the offerings by which her favour is to be bought:—

Roma ad Pasquillum.

Si pueros mihi prostitutes, tenerasque puellas
(Hæc mihi namque placent munera), dives eris.

More frequently the sentiment is made to come from Pasquil's own mouth, as in the following epigram, in which he bids farewell to Rome:—

Roma, vale: vidi, satis est vidisse: revertar
Quem leno, meretrix, scurra, cinædus ero.

It was the literature represented by these compositions which paved the way for the Reformation. Even the tales of the middle ages became a formidable weapon in the hands of such men as Henry Stephens, whose 'Apologie pour Herodote' is a singularly bitter attack on the Roman Catholic party.

Among the most remarkable and amusing burlesques published at the eve of the Reformation, was the famous collection of the 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum,' which originated in one of the religious disputes that gave warning of coming events. A converted Jew in Germany, named Pfeffercorn, in his eager and mistaken zeal, had obtained a decree for the destruction of the Talmud and other Hebrew writings; but a scholar of more liberal views, well known by the name of Reuchlin, opposed its execution. The popish clergy took part with the Jew—it is probable that they had backed him from the beginning—and Reuchlin was made the object of persecution. At this moment the accomplished Ulric von Hutten came to Reuchlin's aid, and composed in burlesque Latin a series of letters, in which he ridicules, with overpowering wit, the ignorance and immoral life of the Romish clergy of that age. In the hands of the monks scholastic learning had been reduced to a very low pitch, and was almost entirely confined to a barbarous system of theology. The limits of their polite literature were

very narrow; for, dignified with the title of grammar or poetry, its only object was supposed to be the learning to compose doggerel Latin verse, or no less barbarous prose. The now revived study of the classic authors was looked upon with great jealousy by the clergy, and it is this feeling which generally furnishes materials for Ulric von Hutten's satire. The classical writers, and the new scholars who read them, were *secular poets*, and were looked upon as the inveterate enemies of the theologians. 'Write to me,' says one of the correspondents in this laughable collection, 'whether it be necessary for eternal salvation that scholars learn grammar from the secular poets, such as Virgil, Tullius, Pliny, and others; it seems to me that this is not a good method of studying.' Another thus communicates his thoughts and fears on the subject:—

"As I have often written to you, I am grieved that this ribaldry (*ista ribaldria*), namely, the faculty of poetry, becomes common, and is spread through all provinces and regions. In my time there was only one poet, who was called Samuel; and now, in this city alone, there are at least twenty, and they vex us all who hold with the ancients. Lately I thoroughly defeated one, who said that *scholaris* does not signify a person who goes to the schools for the purpose of learning; and I said, Ass, will you correct the holy doctor who expounded this word? &c. It is said here that all the poets will side with Doctor Reuchlin against the theologians. I wish all the poets were there where pepper grows, that they might let us go in peace; for it is to be feared that the faculty of arts will perish on account of these poets, for they go about saying that the artists (that is, those who study in that faculty) seduce youth, and take money from them, and will make them bachelors and masters, although they know nothing."

Another gives the following narrative of the troubles he has drawn on himself in defence of 'the cause':—

"There is here a certain poet, who is called George Cibus, and he is one of the secular poets, and lectures publicly in poetry, and is in other respects a good fellow. But, as you know, these poets, when they are not theologians like you, are always finding fault with others, and have no respect for the theologians. And once, in a party in his house, when we were drinking strong beer, and sat till three o'clock, and I was moderately drunk, for that beer rose up into my head, then there was one there who was not a very good friend of mine, and I offered him a cup, and he took it. But afterwards he would not return the compliment, and thrice I warned him, and he would not answer me, but sat silent, and said nothing. Then I said to myself: Lo, he despises thee, and is proud and will always confound thee. And I was stirred in my anger, and took a cup,

and threw it at his head. Then that poet was angry at me, and said that I had made a disturbance in his house, and said I should go out of his house in the devil's name. Then I answered: What do I care if you are my enemy? I have got as bad enemies as you, and yet I have stood before them. What if you are a poet? I have friends also who are poets, and they are quite as good as you, *ego bene merdarem in vestram poetriam*. Do you think I am a fool, or that I was born on a tree like an apple? Then he called me a donkey, and said that I never saw a poet. Then I answered him, and spoke of you and others. Therefore I pray you very earnestly, that you will only write me one ditty, which I will show to this poet and others, and I will boast that you are my friend, and that you are a much better poet than he is."

Another describes his triumphs over the 'seculars':—

"Venerable sir, you must know that I have settled at the University of Heidelberg, and that I study in theology; but with this I hear a daily lecture in poetry, in which I have begun to profit notably with the grace of God, and now I know by heart all the fables of Ovid in the 'Metamorphoses,' and I know how to explain them quadruply, that is, naturally, literally, historically, and spiritually, which those secular poets do not know. And lately I asked one of them the derivation of the name *Mavors*? Then he told me an opinion which was not true; but I corrected him, and said that he is called *Mavors*, *quasi mares vorans*, and he was confounded. Then I said, What is meant by the nine muses allegorically? and he did not know: and I said that the nine muses signify the seven choirs of angels, &c. . . . So that you see these poets now only study in their art literally, and they do not understand allegories and spiritual expositions, because they are carnal men."

The wit of these satires is much heightened by the burlesque Latin of the original. They are all supposed to be written by bigoted Romish partisans, and are addressed to Ortuinus Gratius, a staunch defender of the party of Pfeffercorn. The notions of the orthodox 'poets' relating to Homer, as given in the following letter from a correspondent named Peter, are very amusing:—

"Most excellent sir, inasmuch as you are naturally inclined to me, and show much favour to me, I also will do my possible for you. Now, you said to me, Peter, when you come to Rome, see if there are any new books, and send me some. Here you have a new book, which is printed in this place. And, because you are a poet, I believe that you can improve yourself much by it. For I have heard here, in an audience from a notary, who ought to be perfect in that art, that this book is the fountain of poetry, and that its author, who is called Homer, is the father of all poets; and he said that there is still another Homer in Greek. Then I said, What is Greek to me? That Latin one is better; for I want to send it to Germany to

Master Ortuinus, who does not care for those Greek fancies. And I inquired of him what was contained in the book. He replied, that it treats of certain men who are called Greeks, who made war upon other men who are called Trojans. I think I have heard their name before. And these Trojans had a great city, and these Greeks placed themselves before the city, and lay there full ten years. Then the Trojans sometimes went out to them, and they fought in earnest with them, and they killed one another wonderfully, so that the whole field was bloody; and there was a certain water which was coloured with blood, and was all red, so that it flowed as though it were blood. And a noise was heard in the sky, and one threw a stone which twelve men could not lift, and a horse began to speak, and prophesied. But I do not believe such things, for they seem to me impossible; yet I know not if it be a book of much authority. Pray write to me about it, and tell me what you think of it."

Another correspondent gives a description of what he saw on his way to Rome:—

"Next we came to Mantua, and my companion said, 'Here Virgil was born.' And I answered, What care I for that Pagan? We will go to the Carmelites, and see Baptista Mantuanus,* who is twice as good as Virgil, as I have heard Ortuinus say more than ten times. And I told him how you once blamed Donatus, when he says that Virgil was the best of poets; and you said, If Donatus were here, I would tell him to his face that he lied, for Baptista Mantuanus is above Virgil. And when we came to the monastery of the Carmelites, they told us that Baptista Mantuanus is dead, and then I said, May he rest in peace! . . . Afterwards we came to some small towns, and one is called Monte Plascon, and there we drank the best wine I ever tasted in my life, and I asked the host what it was called, and he said, It is *Lacrima Christi*. And I said to my companion, I wish Christ would cry in our country. And so we had a good drinking, and after two days we entered Rome."

The satire on the doctrine and manners of the clergy is equally amusing. The following is a most edifying discussion of a case of conscience, which is referred to the decision of Master Ortuinus:—

"You told me to write to you, and ask your opinion on theological questions, which you can solve better than the courtiers at Rome. Now, therefore, I ask your mastership what you think of any one who on Friday, or any other fast-day, eats an egg with a chicken in it? For the other day, in the Campo-fiore, we sat in an inn, and made a collation, and were eating eggs, and I, opening an egg, saw that there was a young chicken in it, and showed it to my companion. And he said, 'Eat it quickly before the waiter comes, for if he sees it you will have to pay for it as though it were a fowl; for it is the custom here that when the waiter puts anything on the table, you must

* A well known Latin poet of this age.

pay for it whether you eat it or not, for he will not take it back; and if he see that there is a young fowl in the egg, he will say, You must pay me for the fowl, for we charge a small one the same as a large one. And immediately I swallowed the egg with the chicken in it; and afterwards I recollected that it was Friday, and I said to my companion, You have caused me to commit a mortal sin, in eating flesh on a Friday. And he said that it was not a mortal sin, nor even a venial sin, for the chicken is not reckoned as anything but an egg until it is born; and he told me that it is as with cheeses, in which there are sometimes grubs, and in cherries, and in fresh peas and beans, which are all eaten on Fridays, and even on the vigils of the Apostles. But the waiters are such rascals that they say they are flesh, that they may have more money. Then I went away, and thought about it. But, Master Ortuinus, I am much troubled about it, and know not how I ought to proceed. . . . It seems to me that these young fowls in the eggs are flesh, because the matter is formed and figured into the members and body of an animal, and has life. It is different with grubs in cheeses and fruit, for worms are reckoned as fishes, as I have heard from a medical man, who is a very good naturalist. Therefore, I pray you very earnestly for your opinion, that, if you judge it a mortal sin, I may get absolution before I return to Germany."

A zealous Romanist complains of the irreverent manners of the people of Mentz, and adds—

"Here is one who said that he does not believe that the tunic of our Lord at Treves is the tunic of our Lord, but that it is an old lousy garment; and, moreover, he does not believe that the hair of the blessed Virgin is still in the world. And another said that it is possible that the three kings in Cologne are three rustics from Westphalia; and that the sword and shield of St. Michael never belonged to St. Michael. And he also said, *quod vellet merdare super indulgentias fratrum predicatorum*, because the said friars are buffoons, and deceive women and rustics. Then I said, To the fire, to the fire with this heretic! And he laughed at me," &c., &c.

The details of clerical licentiousness, given by the supposed writers of these letters, cannot, consistently with propriety, be transferred to our pages. One Master Conrad writes to Master Ortuinus Gratius, in terms which we take the liberty of softening down: "You wrote to me lately that you had renounced absolutely the love of women, except only one or two in a month. I am astonished at this. Did you not often tell us that there are greater faults than loving? Samson and Solomon loved very much, and we are neither stronger than Samson, nor wiser than Solomon. Love is charity," &c. Such are the famous *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, with which we will close our sketch of the history of satire before the Reformation. The productions of the me-

diaeval comic writers and satirists are not undeserving of our attention. They point to us, more accurately than any other documents, the manners and feelings of distant ages. Regarding them simply as literary compositions, it is necessary to be acquainted with them to understand and appreciate fully the writings of Rabelais and the other satirists of the Reformation, who are ranged among the classical writers of the sixteenth century, although we cannot but question the propriety of issuing editions of them in the cheap form of those which are indicated at the head of the present article, for they are filled with descriptions and allusions which are unfit for the eyes of popular readers at the present day. As a part of political and intellectual history, the satirical literature of the ages we have been reviewing is of the greatest importance, and it ought to be brought before the world. There is a spirit of forgetfulness abroad in the present age; a large portion of the world seems no longer to recollect that any one ever discovered errors in the Church of Rome, and there are writers who paint the middle ages as the very golden age of the human race. They were dark ages in all the essentials which constitute moral and political darkness.

ART. VIII.—*Wichtige Urkunden für den Rechtszustand der Deutschen Nation, mit eigenhändigen Anmerkungen.* Von JOHANN LUDWIG KLUEBER. *Aus dessen Papieren mitgetheilt und erläutert.* Von C. WELCKER. (Important Documents on the Political Rights of the German Nation, with Notes by T. L. KLUEBER. Published from his Papers, with Remarks explanatory and illustrative, by C. WELCKER). 2nd edition. Mannheim. 1845.

It is a very difficult and a very dangerous thing for one nation to give an opinion on the political capacities and capabilities of another; and yet, with regard to Germany, we have, and we think every sound-hearted Englishman may have, a very decided opinion. We think the Germans are a people by their whole temper and habits of mind peculiarly calculated for the exercise of political rights, and the enjoyment of public liberty; and the very same purely psychological considerations (independently of political ones) that makes us doubt seriously at times whether our combustible neighbours the French might not be better under the

pressure of a strong despotism, lead us to the conclusion that the cool, sober, systematic German is, of all species of the genus *HOMO*, the best calculated to deliberate wisely on public affairs, and to achieve successfully the delicate problem of self-government. And yet it is a fact, known, through the help of Mr. Laing and others, to every reader of a circulating library in England, that there is no nation in the world which, considering its extraordinary degree of intelligence, possesses so little of real self-government as the Germans. This is an extraordinary phenomenon, and well worthy of the most serious attention. The policy of Prussia, in first giving a high steam education to her people, setting the active brains of her academical youth afloat upon all manner of speculation, and then using all sort of inefficient ingenuity to check the power which she has herself raised, and choke the breath which herself inspires, is to us on this side of the Channel not a little incomprehensible. With the one hand we see her holding forth the banner of popular intelligence and Protestant independence; in the other she shows the censorship and the police. Can figs and thistles grow on the same plant? can bitter and sweet flow from the same fountain? Assuredly not. These two things, a high grade of general intellectual culture, and a censorship of the press, cannot co-exist; and we find accordingly that they exist at the present moment in Germany in a state, not of harmony and co-operation, but of internecine strife and mutual denunciation. They exist, as the established church and the Catholic faith do in Ireland, merely to prove their incompatibility.

Sensible men saw this from the beginning; but some short-sighted and shallow fools, closing the mouth of the volcano for a moment with a lid, and perceiving no more smoke, forthwith deceived themselves into the belief that the fermenting elements were at peace, and that for want of air the fire had gone out. Vain imagination! The human mind, like subterranean chemical stuffs, produces oxygen for itself; and now, instead of peace and reconciliation, which the censorship and the Carlsbad decrees of 1819 were to have introduced into Germany, we hear nothing but a discordant concert of secret grumblings, and loud laughs, grins, sneers, execrations, and terrible prophecies. Are these things the forerunners of an earthquake, the preparations for an eruption, the warning notes of an explosion? or are they only the ravings of a chained lunatic, the convulsions of a galvanised corpse, the fitful clutchings of a dying delirium? This last

is the opinion of Prince Metternich and those who believe with him; but if Du Pradt was right when he said that the world can be governed now only on the system of mutual instruction, by monitors and not by masters; and if De Tocqueville guessed well the present plan of Providence, that democracy is on the march everywhere, and may be guided but cannot be restrained; then we must consider the present state of Germany as very ominous, and watch with no small anxiety for the result.

The volume of 'Important Documents,' whose title we have given above, belongs to a class, not numerous indeed in Germany, but which, when they do appear, never fail to excite a great interest. The sort of books to which we allude consists of diplomatic papers and other documents, not originally, of course, in a country like Germany, intended for the public eye, but having a most important bearing on public interests, and appealing to strong political feelings in the public mind.

These documents are generally edited by men not less famous for historical learning than for decision of political view, and manliness of character; and the main drift and purpose of them is to show that, since the year 1815, when the battle of Waterloo ended the great Napoleon drama, an extensive conspiracy has existed among the advocates of bureaucratic despotism in Germany, to cheat the German people out of those important political rights which were pledged to them at the Congress of Vienna. That such a conspiracy has existed, and does exist, is sufficiently plain to any English perception, from the mere fact that freedom of the press beyond the Rhine, instead of increasing since the period mentioned, has been systematically curtailed; and it is impossible for John Bull, with his habits of thinking, to understand how these things should be, unless there were something wrong. Instinctively, whether in Whig or in Tory dress, he will say: These men in Frankfurt shun the light, because their deeds are evil; in this case they are knaves; or because they are afraid to see, and in this case they are fools. But the remarkable thing is, that in the face of all that can be done by the Austrian Talleyrand and his Prussian coadjutors, such books as those of Korbst, Hormayr, and this present one of Welcker (fortified by the strong name of Klüber), like murder, will out; and the smooth, fair-spoken diplomatist is made to stand before the world rudely disrobed of all his specious disguises, and pilloried in the memory of all true German hearts, as an intriguer, a liar, a traitor, and a fool.

The whole occupation, indeed, of a Prussian bureaucratist at Frankfort, as it is revealed in these pages, has for the last thirty years been—how to make lies respectable. How, then, we are asked again, do such books come out? Simply because Prussia is not Germany; and because Berlin is not Mannheim. The influence of the two great powers, Prussia and Austria, over the lesser states is great, but not omnipotent; besides, thoughts are like spring-water on a hill-side, which, if you stop one opening, will come out at another: and so, after all, the Prussian censorship, like the 'Index Expurgatorius' of the Roman Church, acts not as the annihilator of political heresy in the German language, but merely as a convenient book of reference to the curious.

The main staple of the present publication of Herr Welcker, a person known as one of the most learned publicists in Germany, is a collection of the protocols, in which the proceedings of the conclave of diplomatists in 1819, at Carlsbad, are recorded. These proceedings formed the basis of the first great public attack made by the Diet of Frankfort against the political liberties of the German people, as these were understood to have been secured by the 13th and 18th clauses of the Act of Confederation:—the one guaranteeing, or in its plain and obvious sense, appearing to guarantee, to the German people of every state, a representative constitution, the other holding out a pledge of the same kind with regard to the liberty of the press. To the historical student, of course, these documents are most important; but the introductory comments of the editor contain much that to the general reader may be more attractive. The following retrospective sketch of the state of German freedom under the early empire, and the middle ages, down to the terrible prostration of Jena, and the miseries of French ascendancy, coming as it does from so well-instructed a pen, will be read with interest.

"In the history of the German nation, wherever any thing truly great and animating occurs, there also do we behold FREEDOM as the basis and the sinews of this greatness. It was the freedom of the German people, and that indispensable element of it, the soldiery of the free man (as opposed to armies without any popular element) which freed the world from the tyranny of Rome, and in the place of enslaved deserts, brought into existence the states of modern Europe, and their civilisation. And when, partly by the reception of Roman corruption and despotism, partly by aristocratic feudal anarchy and licence, Merovingian France, and especially the western division (Neustria), had sunk into the deepest degradation, it was again by the restoration of popular freedom, a popular soldiery,

and free popular imperial diets, that Charles Martel, Pepin, and Charlemagne, rescued Christianity from the irruption of the Saracens, overthrew the Merovingian dynasty, and gave a firm foundation to that preponderance of the German nation, which, dating from them, continued through long ages to be the prominent feature of the political system of Europe. The same popular freedom, and popular soldiery, achieved under the great Henry, and his son Otto, the deliverance of Germany from the Hungarians, afforded protection against the irruptions of the Danes and Slavonians, and sowed the seeds of modern civilisation. By similar means, Rudolph of Habsburg rescued the fatherland from being wasted by the wildest aristocratic club law and anarchy. Lastly, it was on popular freedom that our German cities, in the very midst of that same aristocratic club law, based their independence, and unfolded to wondering Europe that high culture, that flourishing trade, that refinement in the arts, that extended commerce, and that dominion over the seas, which Machiavelli and Æneas Sylvius have described with such enthusiasm. In those ages, German freedom, a German militia, and German laws, were the foundation of German strength, German civilisation, and German greatness.

"The subsequent development of things, however, was more sad. Most of the other states gradually got the better of the lawless oppression of feudal anarchy, and princely despotism. They, and especially the Saxons in England, worked out into efficient forms those principles so aboriginally German, by which the people have a voice, directly or indirectly, in the various departments of legislation, law, and administration. They elevated themselves to national unity and political freedom; they became a free COMMUNITY. The German people, on the other hand, neglected still more and more these first and vital problems of a national existence. They delivered over their freedom, and their rights, and with them the most important German lands—Burgundy, Lorraine, and Alsace, Holland and Belgium, Switzerland and the Baltic provinces, and lastly, their own empire—to feudal, aristocratic, and princely despotism, to the oppression of a foreign (the Roman) law, and a caste of unpatriotic bureaucratists, to internal division and foreign interference. The unavoidable consequence of this was, that in the several provincial parliaments, even more than in the imperial diet, the pure spirit of caste and aristocratic selfishness, and a hunting after privileges and private advantages, obtained the victory over the general freedom, and the common fatherland. The people and their rights were forgotten. They stood mute before the courts of the Roman law. In vain was the voice of warning raised by patriots like ULRICH HUTTEN; in vain did the peasants themselves maintain bloody wars for their trampled rights. The selfish spirit of caste, which had taken hold of the nobility, the cities, the bureaucracy, and the universities, prevented co-operation. Treacherous feudal parliaments now excluded the people from a voice in their public deliberations, secured to the nobility a monopoly of all places of influence in the military and civil service, laid the whole weight of taxation and the burdens of actual soldiery on the people; and at the same time, by basely flattering the courts, fell a prey them-

selves, with all their substantial deliberative rights, to the stronger power of the prince. Above all, in the two great states in Austria and Prussia, the central power of the prince breaking down boundary after boundary, directed all its energies to bear down the rights of the *Landstände* to bare a recognition of their existence, and the acknowledgment of a few traditional formalities. And this endeavour was the more easily crowned with success, that these two states were conglomerations of countries originally distinct; and the original independent *Landstände* of each country existed now only as provincial parliaments, which, as all experience testifies, never can maintain any influence in a kingdom, unless they are supported at headquarters by a central and metropolitan parliament. But the evil did not stop here. After having achieved this unworthy victory over the rights of German citizens, the princes were themselves vanquished, as the neutral effect of their own system, first by the spang of foreign fashions, and then by being forced to receive foreign bonds. Whoever delights to speak of the greatness of the German nation, whoever has a heart for German honour and happiness, must read with sorrow, and indignation, and shame, the history of Germany during the last two hundred years; particularly, however, that period immediately preceding the great War of Liberation. Who can point out a nation, by numbers, by resources, by early history, and prospects so great, and yet eventually sink into such misery and degradation? Before we dare to call ourselves a GREAT nation, let us look to our political rights and liberties, and see in what condition they are; let us put before our eyes the several moments in the late history of our country, which mark our national character for future ages; the partition of Poland, the coalition against the liberty of France, the shameful surrendering of the territories of the empire, and the degrading treaties of peace made at Basle, at Campo Formio, and at Lunéville; the parcelling out of our possessions at the nod of French and Austrian diplomatists, in the year 1803; then the battles of Ulm, Austerlitz, and Jena—this terrible battle of JENA, after which, in the midst of the prostration of fatherland, the German people could yet console themselves with a smile of triumph over the downfall of their haughty caste of aristocratic officers; then the ever-advancing subjugation and division of Germany, the annihilation of the empire, the confederation of the Rhine, the incorporation of Northern Germany with France, effected, as formerly the robbery of Alsace, without a stroke; then the crowning shame of all—worse than the many sacrificial millions, and hundreds of sacked cities—the shame that the sons of Germany were driven through Europe as the hired minions of the despot who had caused their own slavery, and used by him as the instrument to enslave their yet free brethren; till these brethren likewise being enslaved, were dragged in splendid servitude behind the triumphal car of their master.

"The real cause of this truly infamous degradation, of this shameful subjugation, nay, almost annihilation of the nation and its princes, where did it lie, if not in the neglect of public freedom and the national rights of the German people?"

That these views are substantially right

is best made evident to the reflecting reader of history, by contrasting the causes here alleged for German degradation, with those counteracting causes under which, within the memory of many who now live, the restoration and glorious political elevation of the fatherland was achieved. Pursuing his comments on the battle of Jena, and its astonishing consequences, the author writes:—

"The world had to learn from these events that numerous well-drilled armies, and well furnished fortresses, well-stored treasuries, and a well-arranged state mechanism, and even, what stands much higher, an excellent royal family, followed by the love and the respect of the nation; that high intellectual cultivation, and a well-deserved military reputation; that all these things are of no avail to protect a state against radical defects, often remaining latent through a long series of years, and which may ultimately work its destruction. The same Prussia, from whose prosperity Europe had learned so much, was, in the years from 1807 to 1813, to teach a yet more important lesson in its adversity; to teach the true sources of strength by which nations grow, the true means by which even small and physically weak states may become great and triumphant. With the most admirable wisdom, and with a simplicity of purpose proceeding from a heart purified by affliction, the Prussian government sought to discover the root of so many evils, not, as fools do, in matters merely external and accidental, but in the internal economy of the state; and it recognised the true sources of possible prosperity only in the most complete self-knowledge, and the most honest confession of past faults. With a dignified moral courage in the hour of adversity, it lent an open ear to the loud proclamation of all the real, and even supposed defects of the constitution and administration, which had been the cause of the great national calamity of 1806. In a few years, and with the most limited means, Stein and Scharnhorst prepared and laid the foundation of all those great social and political changes which made the glorious liberation of 1813-14-15 possible; those changes, and that regeneration, that are even now the pride and the hope of Prussia, and the duration and happy development of which affords to the state the only stable guarantee, in the words of a great Prussian statesman, that 'another Jena shall neither be dangerous nor necessary to Prussia.' By the emancipation of the peasant class from the oppression of the feudal aristocracy, by municipal laws, as they then were,* founded on principles of burghal freedom, by the equality of public duties and rights, and finally, by the express promise of representative provincial and metropolitan parliaments (Edict of 28th of October, 1820), a constitution founded on the broadest principles of civil and religious freedom, was prepared and pledged

* This limitation alludes to the systematic encroachments which subsequent legislation made on that character of freedom which was stamped on Stein and Hardenberg's municipal enactments. In studying the Prussian system these bureaucratic modifications and encroachments must always be carefully attended to.

for the nation. By the virtually allowed, and substantially exercised, freedom of word and writing, by the foundation of universities and schools in the most liberal spirit possible, intellectual weapons were put into the hands of the nation, and the highest grade of intellectual cultivation secured. The abolition of flogging, which had shown its inefficiency to produce true valour at Jena, and the obligation of military service imposed upon every citizen, introduced a system of national defence of the most effective description. The real ground of Prussia's, of Germany's misery and shame—feudal aristocracy, and want of constitutional freedom—and with these the problem of a new age, were plainly seen and acknowledged. Light and Right, Truth and Freedom, were pronounced everywhere, and recognised as the public watchwords of Prussia. And it was because of these truly popular and national watchwords that the call of Prussia was responded to everywhere, not as a Prussian, but as a German call; and, in accordance with this, it is worthy of remark, though this circumstance in itself is merely accidental, that all the great restorers of Prussian greatness, Stein, Scharnhorst, Blücher, and Hardenberg, were not born Prussians, but by birth connected with other provinces of the common fatherland. Under the influence of such a true German inspiration, the government, assisted by a league of enthusiastic patriots, found themselves in a condition, beneath the very eyes of the jealous foreign tyrant, to prepare in secret a great moral rising of the nation, and to achieve the liberation of the fatherland."

The great Prussian and European victories of Grosbeeren and the Katzbach, Dennewitz, Culm, Leipzig, La Rothière, Laon, Ligny, and Waterloo, were achieved by an appeal to popular sympathies, and by the use of a purely popular machinery. This is a FACT of which there can be no doubt: and if any obscurity rested upon the nature of the mere transactions, the character of the principal men engaged, and the proceedings at the Congress of Vienna, in 1814-15, place the essential *liberalism*, so to speak, of the Liberation War, beyond the possibility of scepticism. No sooner, however, did the battle of Waterloo secure to the German princes the security of their thrones—no sooner was the danger over that had rendered the calling in of such men as Stein and Hardenberg, and the profession of liberal principles necessary, than a RE-ACTION took place. The conspiracy mentioned above was formed by the old bureaucrats, who had been in disgrace since the battle of Jena: at the head of these was Prince Metternich, assisted by his minion, the once respected Gentz; the late King of Prussia was a good man privately, but in public affairs a simpleton and a cipher; he, therefore, was easily gained over, or at least intimidated and confounded, and the consequence was that in a few years, after so

much blood had been poured out by the heroes of the Liberation War, we find all the great men of those days, the heroes of the Restoration, retired from the scene of public affairs, and their places occupied by the men of the Re-action. Their first work was to raise the cry of sedition, conspiracy, and revolution; to issue extraordinary commissions; to spread over Germany a system of espionage and persecution; and, above all things, to render suspected to the government those very men by whose patriotic word and deed the existence of the government had been secured. This was followed up by arbitrary imprisonments and prosecutions of all kinds, whose name is legion; and by the enactment of those infamous Carlsbad decrees of 1819, by which the provisions in favour of German liberty contained in the Act of Confederation were explained away, and nullified. A baser act the history of base modern statemanship has not recorded. Such things will happen, however, when weak men like Frederick William III. hold the rudder of state in stormy times. Mark the consequences!—

"By the coincidence of the system of public policy adopted in different countries, and by new instruments of oppression and persecution introduced daily, the free communion of citizen with citizen on public affairs has, since the date of the Carlsbad decrees, been more sensibly and violently checked than in any period in the history of our country. Even the Augsburg 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' so moderate in its tone, and so sparing in its language, a paper also which was always open to whoever wished to defend the ministerial policy, is now seen to confine itself almost exclusively to news from China, or to dissertations on crustaceous animals and falling stars, and to refrain altogether from the expression of a free judgment on any question of public interest and concernment. In this way are maintained and cherished the most narrow, petty, and selfish feelings among all classes. By the daily increasing number of the vast army of civil officers, by the dependence of the judges on the favour of the court and the minister, and the politics of the hour, both these classes are made mere servile tools in the hands of a few, and are robbed of the confidence and respect of the great body of the citizens. By the abolishing of the freedom and independence of the universities; by the restraints put on the liberty of teaching; by the permanent enforcement of laws against the professors, which were in their nature and in their name purely exceptional; by the annihilation of the influence which they once exercised in the examination of candidates for public offices, and as a court of reference in important matters (Facultäts gutachten und Spruchkollegien); by these and similar means the academical class has been degraded from its ancient rank, and lost its ancient influence; everything has been done that could be done to make the professors a corporation of smooth, mannerly, cowardly, unmanly, and immoral courtiers. Nor have the students

fared better; the ancient academical freedom has been abolished; a jealous persecution has followed every attempt on the part of the students to unite themselves, or even to confer together for patriotic and national purposes; and by thus checking all political sympathy and public spirit in the bud, our governments have forced the German youth to give vent to the effervescence of their spirits only in the lowest and most enervating sensual excesses; then, on the other hand, the long and severe examinations which they are made to pass through are only so much mechanical drilling for a special purpose, and rather check than promote the free growth of a really scientific spirit. Further: by the assiduous zeal with which the clergy and the nobility are pressed into the service of absolutism; by the privileges and distinctions which are heaped upon them, in order to set them in array against the mass of the citizens, these high classes of society have lost their proper dignity, the respect which naturally belongs to them, and their beneficial influence. And, worst of all, a portentous system of all-directing and all-controlling POLICE lies, like a nightmare, upon the oppressed heart of the people. By this vexatious machinery, no freedom is left to the citizen, except for the mere enjoyments of sense, and for purely material interests; and even on these, at times, a check is laid in the most arbitrary way for political purposes. As if all German men were a set of idle, mischievous boys under pupilage, a severe interdict is laid upon all sorts of communion and conference for the purposes of co-operation; and this not merely in matters of municipal and public interest, but where pure humanity and Christian charity are concerned. And while, in free England, the strongest government has not the power to forbid the most miserable fugitive a shelter beneath its hospitable law, in Germany, a German is treated by German governments like a vagabond. And this treatment he receives in the very teeth of those clauses in his national charter—the Act of Confederation—which add the sanction of an express stipulation to rights which God and nature originally confer on every man. Without any ground in law, he is chased at pleasure beyond the boundary of his own house, like a wild beast. Driven out of one province, he hopes to find refuge in another; but even this hope fails him; in a district where his own German tongue is spoken, he cannot even claim the rights which England concedes to the lowest malefactor; he is instantly led to the gate of the city, where he had, or hoped to find, a temporary livelihood: nay, he may often count himself happy if this last refuge of the fugitive remains, and if he be not, from motives of state policy, prevented from leaving a country which his watchful enemies have converted everywhere from a home into prison. In vain will he appeal to a court of justice. The court of justice will declare, that in however arbitrary a manner the poor victim has been treated, that is an affair of the police and of the executive, with which the courts of law have nothing to do. To see such things as daily happen among us, a stranger must believe that all ideas of public right and personal freedom in Germany are dead. During the whole wretched period from the peace of Westphalia to the present day, those who have read the history of Germany can point to no time, when every bulwark of free-

dom and right was so completely destroyed as it is now—even now, immediately after our princes, partly for the rescue of their own thrones, partly being warned of duty by misfortune, partly from feelings of gratitude to a people that bled for them, felt themselves called on to come before Germany and before Europe with the most distinct pledges and promises of a state of liberty and right, such as Germans once enjoyed, and of which they should never have been deprived. In the midst of such a complete prostration of all personal and mental freedom, it is utterly vain to expect that the constitutions which have been lately established and sworn to, can have any practical efficiency. So long as there is no guarantee for the personal security of the individual, all parliaments, however well constituted, and however theoretically free, are vain; but in Germany, our parliaments are no longer allowed to be even theoretically free; for by secret and public combinations, by one-sided and perverse interpretations put upon the national charter, by the introduction of exceptional laws, which are made to override and to supersede the rule, the grand conditions of a constitutional life have been prevented from coming into existence—these are freedom of the press, freedom of election, and the formation of a real representation of the people, the right of legislation, especially of taxation, and the publicity of parliamentary proceedings. So long as the venerable empire lasted, frail and inefficient as it had become, there was always an appeal from gross injustice in the provincial courts of law, to the emperor, to the independent imperial courts, and to the courts of arbitration (*Spruch-Kollegien*); there was always the right of all the citizens to assemble for the purpose of stating a complaint, and the right to refuse payment of the taxes till grievances had been redressed. All this has now been abolished, and without any thing to compensate for it. For nobody, surely, will find a compensation in the aid given by the diet to the men of Holstein and Hanover, or in the decrees of the diet against the press and the universities, against assemblies of the people and the right of public petitioning, and against the right of withholding the supplies, which, if it should be attempted, according to the arbitrary decrees of the diet, is to be held equivalent to high treason, and to warrant instant interference of foreign troops to protect the rights, not of the people, but of the sovereign. All this it is unnecessary to picture out at length; equally so to dwell on the periodically returning criminal prosecutions, the establishment of a political inquisition, which continues its torture year after year unrelentingly, and the arbitrary courts of law instituted to suit the political occasion. Of the dark reality of these things the names of Jahn and Arndt, of Herwegh, Behr, and Eisenmann, of Jordan, Weidiz, and so many others, sufficiently testify."

Need we add a single word to this statement? The writer, unfortunately, is no raging radical, or reckless pamphleteer, delighting in pure calumny for the sake of calumny and the venting of democratic spite. We shall add nothing of our own on such a serious theme, but conclude with the weighty words of the noble-minded Baron von Stein,

penned on the 29th of September, 1819, and with express reference to these ill-advised Carlsbad decrees, which have been the mother of so much personal misery, and may yet, unless God prevent, in their continued operation, be the cause of some fearful public calamity in Germany.

"The most efficient means for the preservation of public peace in Germany is to put an end to the reign of arbitrary power, and to commence seriously the foundation of a constitution founded in law; and, in the place of the *bureaucrats* and the *democrats*, of whom the former oppress the people by much and bad governing, and the latter irritate and confound them, to put the influence and the activity of the *owners of property*."*

ART. IX.—*Poesie Italiane, tratte da una Stampa a Penna.* (Italian Poems, taken from a Manuscript Copy). Italia. 1844.

SUCH is the cautious title-page of a very remarkable little volume of poetry, which has attracted no small notice throughout Italy; and has acquired among one portion of the people of the Peninsula a great and lasting popularity. The adage of that wise man who preferred, as a means of influencing the destinies of a people, the writing of their songs to the making of their laws, is well known. The author of the volume before us has probably formed a similar opinion. For assuredly the object he has had in view in the composition of these light pieces, has been a higher and more serious one than mere amusement, or even the acquisition of a literary reputation. Nor is it too much to say, that the ultimate consequences and results of the spirit awakened and cherished by these and similar productions will probably exert an influence on the destinies of Italy, when that exercised by the *motu proprio* ordinances of its present rulers shall have long since become extinct.

We have already said enough to explain the mysterious and cautious wording of the title-page we have above copied. The reader will already have understood that our author is not of those who may hope in the present state of Italy to speak his thoughts with impunity. No! his thoughts are not of the right sort! And an ominous presage of coming events, which cast a most visible shadow before them, must it be to the Ital-

ian powers that are, that with all their absolutism, all their prohibitions, all their vigilance, they cannot prevent the circulation of such verses and such thoughts, as are contained in this little volume, '*tratte da una Stampa a Penna.*' They cannot prevent the circulation of the material printed volume; still less can they impede the epidemic spread of the spirit that it breathes, and the ever-increasing re-echo of its sentiments from heart to heart, and from voice to voice.

This they can not do. But inasmuch as there are other things which they can do—as sceptered tyrants have notoriously long arms—it is not for us to name publicly the sufficiently well-known author of the volume before us. Its contents were for some time widely circulated in MS. before they were collected into a volume and printed; as is intimated by the title; and the author by nowise personally appears in the publication. An advertisement in the fly-leaf informs us, that from the many MS. copies in circulation, "We," (i. e. the anonymous editor, who has also prefixed a long and eloquent preface)—"have selected the reading which appeared the most correct." Our readers will, therefore, duly appreciate our motives for not declaring a fact which, though it is in truth no secret at all, might yet, if publicly asserted, produce inconvenience to our author. Recent circumstances have unfortunately but too well shown that the oppressors and misrulers of Italy have vigilant eyes, whose watchfulness neither the distance nor the boasted freedom of our island can escape. And there are many in Italy who still feel, and more who remember, the mischief unwittingly but most thoughtlessly committed by the imprudent divulgations of Lady Morgan's book on Italy.

We have nothing, therefore, to say of the author of these '*Poesie Italiane*;' but shall, after calling the reader's attention for a moment to the equally anonymous editor's preface, endeavour to give him some little notion of the very remarkable volume he has produced.

"This," says the *Prefazione dagli Editori*, "though it contains merely verses, and those almost entirely jocose, is consecrated 'to the people who are in suffering, and to men who think.' Truly there is material enough for thinkers in these verses, light and jocose though they be. Nor do they despair—these editors go on to say—of finding readers, even among those whose habits of mind might seem most averse from such studies and sentiments. "And perchance, among quips and jests, may here and there unexpectedly be heard to vibrate a note so painfully startling and severe; that indignation,

* Correspondence of Stein with Von Eugern.

sorrow, and enthusiasm, may invade the slumbering minds long carefully guarded against the disagreeable truth."

Our 'editors'—(we could reduce *them* to the singular number, and assign him, too, his proper patronymic, if we thought fit)—then go on, really with very considerable eloquence, to sketch in a few sentences the history of the old and lasting league between Italian poetry and Italian liberty and nationality.

"Since Italian song," says our preface, "came into the world, now six centuries since, the first-born of modern intellect, she has never wearied of anxiously watching over the long and painful parturition of Italian nationality; and has, with holy perseverance, alimanted the flickering flame of our religious hope. From the sublime aspirations of Alighieri, to the calm and solemn protests of Manzoni, Italian poetry has never deserted the cause of her country, and of her country's wrongs;—has never despaired of the justice of God, and of the nation's future. She has ever spied out every generous thought, every hidden sacrifice of that dispersed multitude, to whom Europe conspired to deny a name. She has ever gathered up and fostered every sign of returning energy in this our ancient Italy; and when it was intimated to her on all sides that she must die, she sang forth the glories of renewed vitality, and the virtues of hope. . . . What else but a collection of quarrelsome communes and feeble petty tyrants was our Peninsula, when Dante evoked once more that ancient name of 'Italy,' proscribed by the popes, who wished us merged in the universality of Catholicism, and refused by the emperors, who would have walled us up in the Gothic boundary of the 'Holy Germanic Empire.' Dante marked out the limits of 'la bella Italia'—of the 'paese del sì,' which extends itself 'dal piè dell' Alpe che serra Lamagna,' whence come down on us the 'Tedeschi turchi.' He restored to the country its individuality, and lamenting its intestine discords, awaked in our fathers' breasts the consciousness of a common country. And those were the days when the Briton called the Norman and the Frank, stranger and robber;—when Provençals, Gascons, Lorrainers, Burgundians, and Flemings, would have deemed it an insult to be called Frenchmen. But already hearts were beating in Italy at the loved name of Italy; and the national mind already rebelled against the barbarous latinity of the pontifical canons, and the feudal institutes; and the vernacular language of the people sounded forth sublime hopes, generous indignation, and immortal loves. From the day when first we awoke to self-consciousness—to the consciousness of our miseries and our destinies—from that day shone forth invincible the great idea of Italian unity, incarnate in the language, in the poetry, and the traditions of the people;—shone forth with a ray that never more either the arms of strangers or our own degradation can quench. With Dante and Petrarch commenced that brotherhood, which shall then only be complete when four hundred thousand men shall move under one banner, exhorting to do or die in that tongue that in such terrible accents speaks its truth, *ella serve Italia*, &c."

dolore ostello!—when an Italian senate shall discuss Italian interests in the idiom that Cola di Rienzi spoke, that thundered from the pulpit of St. Marc in the mouth of Savonarola, that conveyed the severe and subtle reasoning of Machiavello. Glory to the tongue and the poetry of Italy! Let all those who burn with love for their country think of the moment when first was awakened in their hearts the religion of patriotism, when first they felt their cheek glow with a patriot's indignation, and they will call to mind some monumental verse of Dante, some living melody of Petrarch—ever more true by far, and more impassioned, when he sings of the land '*che copre l'uno e l'altro parente*' than when he quibbles on his Laura and the laurel. Glory to the poetry of Italy! When all was still and dead, when we snatched the arms from each other's hands, when energy and courage were extinct, her voice still never failed; nor did her courage ever desert her,—her the vainly-derided guardian of a destiny, which fortune and violence may defer, but cannot prevent.

And in these days, when we are compelled to own the wretched doubt, whether the misfortunes or the shame of Italy be the greater, who can point to any act that has better served our country's cause than the verses of Berchet, of Niccolini, of Leopardi, of Pellico? Our poets have done that which to the vanquished is so difficult to do. They have given somewhat of dignity to our misfortune—have commanded somewhat of respect for our distress. Europe, which had looked on with a mocking smile at the vain supplications of the commissioners of the Italian regency—at the almost bloodless discomfiture of the Neapolitans and Piedmontese—at the defeats of Novi and Rimini—at the assassinations of Modena and Savoy—could not read without tears and indignation the story of the horrors of Spielberg."

Have we quoted sufficient to let our readers understand how far the 'Italian Poems,' to which these and similar pages form the preface, are likely to be palatable to the ruling powers in Italy? In truth, this anonymous preface-maker knows how to write;—knows how to speak to the half-awakened hearts of the people, and to stir up in them that spirit of which the successors of 'Cæsar' and 'Peter' most dread the revival. The passage we have cited is an eloquent one; and if it has not seemed so to our readers, the fault must be held to lie in the indifference of our translation.

The writer passes on to the consideration of the peculiar style and manner of the poems which he is introducing to the public. The patriotic poetry of Italy, he says, has hitherto been almost entirely of too high, serious, and severe a tone, to exercise an extensive influence on the masses. Many a thrilling cry of indignation, many a heart-stirring call to resistance, has been sounded by the patriot muse, in tones which have found a ready echo in the breasts of the high-souled and the initiated. But a poet of a more popular character, who should speak to all classes

and dispositions, whose verses should find their way to the feelings and the memory of even the light-minded and the careless, was wanted. And it was from 'the smart and witty Tuscany, the gentle nature of whose people permits the Austrian eagle to hide his blood-stained talons there, under the grand-ducal mantle—from the country of Berni and of the Italian comedy, that the popular poet of satire and pasquinade was to come.' He goes on to characterize the poems of the volume before us, and to point out their especial fitness for the purpose for which they were intended. Their lightness and witty ease, the broadness of their biting satire, the jesting tone in which their scornful irony and bitter mockery are couched, were all calculated to render them popular with the multitude. The quips, and puns, and '*fiorentinerie*,' or Florentine provincialisms, in which they abound, all tend to the same end; and have, in fact, assisted to acquire for them the wide popularity which they enjoy.

But the editor who writes this preface, is most anxious to answer by anticipation an objection which may be made against treating with levity subjects which, to every good Italian, are and ought to be ever serious and painful. 'We, too,' says he, 'should deem the frivolity impious, which could find a subject for laughter in the woes of our country. And could we for an instant suspect that these verses, with which we are no further concerned than as giving them the publicity of the press, were intended to invite their readers to that irreverent cynicism, which seeks to find excuse for its own vileness by maintaining it to be general, incurable, and inevitable; did we, for a moment, suppose this to be the case, we should condemn the book to the flames, and the poet to oblivion. But there is a kind of smile which becomes well enough the care-worn countenance of him who thinks deeply. Nor does the ridiculous always take its rise from puerile absurdities and frivolities; but often has its source in the profound sentiment of the true and the beautiful.' The truth of this it is needless to impress, especially upon the English reader. The depth and force of the impression which such writers as Dickens, Hood, Jerrold, &c., have made upon the public mind, are testimonies of the correctness of the assertion.

But it is time that we pass on to the poems, whose character and tone we have been showing our readers. We must, if possible, give them some notion of the manner and subjects as well as of the general scope and tendency of these most essentially

Italian satires and lampoons. If it be possible, we say, for the attempt is indeed almost a Quixotic one. In the first place they are not only essentially Italian, but essentially Florentine, abounding in local allusions, and popular expressions. The *fiorentinerie* with which they are filled, as was said before, make it exceedingly difficult for a stranger to understand them fully, and more difficult still to translate them. And when such a translation, as it is possible to make, has been accomplished, the English reader will probably think that the specimen we may give him does not bear out what we have said of the merits and importance of the work. We fear that he will be disappointed. But he must remember how impossible it is for him to understand all the details of Italian life, and the minutiae of Italian contemporary history, without an acquaintance with which he cannot feel the pungency of the satire, or the force of the allusions.

We should have liked to attempt a translation of the '*Investiture of a Knight*.' But it is far too long for our pages. It is a great favourite with the Florentines, being a pasquinade on the unworthy prostitution of the old orders of chivalry, the insignia of which have in all the Italian states been showered down on the creatures of the court, from various motives. While the old families are, of course, indignant at the vilification of their honours and titles, the populace naturally regard this shoal of new fledged knights of this, that, and t'other order, with aversion and contempt, deeming, justly enough, their stars and ribbons as the rewards of their servility to their despot rulers, and the price of their treachery to the best interests of the country. Of this new nobility, the poet tells us—

"Tanta è la sua viltà che non ne giova;
E i bottegai di titoli lo sanno;
Ma tiran via perchè gatta si cova.
Come di corte riempir lo scanno,
Che vuotan conti tribelati? Ah come
Le forbici menar se manca il panno!"

So utter is its degradation that it disgusts us; and the title brokers (that is, the princes and their courts) are well aware of it. But they go on with the trade, because they find their account in it. How fill the courtly benches left vacant by the impoverished nobles? To what purpose wield the shears, if the cloth be wanting?

The poet goes on to give an account of a certain grocer, who, having amassed a large fortune by usury and roguery, was at length to be a knight of St. Stephen.—'Trovo che fece anche un tantin la spia;—the poet tells us:—'I understand that he did a little too in the spy line.' The ceremony of investiture is described. Becco (a name especial

ly belonging, even proverbially, at Florence, to the lowest class of the populace) so is the knight named, is at the altar. The clergy courtiers all surround him, and, with much ringing of bells and sounding of organs, hocus-pocus him into a knight. Suddenly the scene appears to him to change. On the altar in the place of the image of the Virgin,—

"Una figura
Magra e di aspetto tiso co ghi apperve;
In mano ha la cambial, dalla cintura
Di mille pegai un ordine pendea:
La riconobbe tosto per l' Usura
Dalla pratica grande che n'avea.
Vide prender persona i candelieri
E diventar di scrocchi un assemblea;
Parcan nobili tutti e cavalieri,
E d'accordo gridavano al fantasma—
'Mamma Pisa per noi diventa Algeri.'"

"A lean and gaunt figure appeared to him. In her hand she held a bill of exchange; and from her waist hung a chain composed of a thousand impawned pledges. Becero forthwith recognized her as Usury, from the long acquaintance he had had with her. He saw, too, candelabras all assume living characters, and become an assembly of usurers. They appeared to be all noble—all knights; and with one voice they cried to the phantom, 'Mother, Pisa has become our Algiers.'"

The order of St. Stephen was instituted against the Algerine pirates. And the last line of our quotation, therefore, implies that the impoverished Pisans are the objects of their warfare to these modern knights of St. Stephen, as Algiers was to their predecessors.

Becero is frightened out of his wits; strange voices sound around him. The prison, the tribunal, the pillory, the galleys are sounded in his ears. He fancies himself at last on the scaffold.

"Sotto vedea la folla
A lato il cappucino;
Fu messo a capo chino;
Udi scattar la molla.
Parveghi a quello esalto,
Sentirsi un casso crollo,
Chè alzò la mano a un tratto
Per attastarsi il collo.
Ma in quel punto una mano scettrata
Gil calò sulla testa nefaria;
Allo strano prodigio incantata
La Mannaja rimase per aria.
Viva, viva gridava il bughione,
La giustizia del nostro Solone,
Che protegge chi ruba e chi gabba:
Muojà Cristo, si sciogla Barabba!"

"Beneath him he saw the crowd, beside him the priest. His head was bent upon the block; he heard the spring go off. At the click of that spring he seemed to feel a sort of jerk that instantly raised his hand to feel his neck. But at that moment a sceptred hand descended on his seething head. Bewitched by the strange prodigy, the

knife of the guillotine remained suspended. 'Long live the justice of our Solon,' cried the crowd around, 'that protects the robber and the cheat. Let Christ die, and let Barabba be released!'

Then the phantasmagoria change; all around the church he sees the members of the old but beggared nobility. With soiled lace on their faded tawdry uniforms, some of the epaulettes of which, as Becero well remembers, he himself held in pawn—with ragged orders hanging from thread-bare button-holes—and poverty-stricken looks, they are still,

"Gente, che incoccia maledettamente
Desser di carne come tutti siamo,
E vorrebbe per padre un altro Adamo."

"Folks who are most cursedly angry at being made of flesh, as we all are, and who would fain have a different Adam for their ancestor."

These all burst forth into a storm of indignation at the new knight, and the elevation of a horde of usurers who have fattened on their ruin, and risen on their downfall. The last bit of property still remaining to several of the ancient families is their ancestral palace in Florence; and they live by letting this chiefly to the English, while they themselves live often in garrets. So the chorus of beggared nobles wind up their song of lamentation and indignation by saying that, if the heroes that are gone have any fancy to haunt their old habitations, inasmuch as everything is let, their souls must seek out the rascal who has the keys.

Once again the scene changes! and now the crowd of the populace who had known Becero as one of themselves, throng the church, and have their fling at the new knight.

"Eh torna Becero,"—(they conclude)—
"Torna droghiere;
Leva la maschere
Di cavaliere.
Se schifo ai nobili
Non fa lo loja
Di certi ciaccheri
Scappati al boja;
Se i preti a crederti
Son tanto bovi,
Con cotes' anima
Che ti ritrovi;
Se dallo scandalo
Di questa festa
Non ti precipita
La chiesa in testa;
O in oggi ha credito
Lo sbarazzino,
O Santo Stefano
Tira al quattrino!
Ma noi che fecimo
Teco il mestiere,
S'ha a dir lustrissimo?
L'avressi a avere!"

"Come, Becero, turn back! turn grocer again! take off this mask of knightship! If the fifth of rogues escaped from the hangman does not offend the nobles;—if the priests are asses enough to believe you, with such a soul as yours;—if the church does not fall in upon your head from the scandal of this inauguration, either roguery is in credit now-a-days, or St. Stephen has taken to keeping an eye on the pence! But we, who drove the old trade together with you—are we to call you 'your excellency'?—We wish you may get it!"

The poem concludes thus:

"Tacquero; e gli pareva che ad una voce
Ripigliassero le gente ivi affolate;
'Se dall'forca ti salvò la croce,
Non ti potrà salvar dalle pisciate.'
Quindi ogni larva se ne andò veloce;
Fini la cerimonia e le cantate,
E su in ciel Santo Stefano si lagna
Di vedere un pirata in cappamagna."

"They ceased; and it seemed to him that all the multitude assembled there with one voice returned to this burden of their strain.—If the cross of your order has saved you from the gallows, it cannot save you from infamy." Then each phantom swiftly vanished; the ceremony and the singing was over; and above in heaven St. Stephen bewailed himself to see a pirate in the mantle of his order."

So much for Sir Becero! Perhaps it might not be difficult for a Florentine to point out the identical worthy who furnished the poet with the original of the newly-made knight. At all events it is easy enough to point out numbers to whom the satire is equally applicable.

If our limits would permit us, we might possibly afford the reader some amusement by going through several of the other poems; but our space is waning; and as we wish to reserve a page for an attempt at a poetical translation of one of the best of them, we must content ourselves with merely indicating the titles and subjects of a few of the most remarkable among the others.

The death of Francis the First gives occasion to some most powerfully severe lines; and the coronation of Ferdinand the First is commemorated in one of the best, and at the same time most audacious, poems in the volume. All the potentates of Italy are represented as doing homage to the new emperor, and are each briefly but significantly characterized. First comes—

"Il Savojardo dai rimorsi giallo,
Si che purgò di gloria un breve fallo
Al Trocadero."

This allusion to the early career of the Sardinian monarch, yellow with remorse, will need no explanation to those who have any acquaintance with the unhappy history of the Carbonaro attempts to liberate Italy.

Next comes—

"Il Lazzarone Paladino infermo."
"The feeble Lazzarone King of Naples."

Next—

"Il Toscano Morfeo vien lemme,
Di papavero cinto e di lattuga,
Che, per la smania de eternarsi, asciuga
Tasche e Maremme."

"The 'Tuscan Morpheus,' with his girdle of poppies and lettuce, who, in the hope of immortalising himself, drains marshes—and pockets,"

Is certainly, let our poet say what he will, the best of the bunch. The title here given him describes his manner accurately enough; and as for draining pockets, as well as marshes,—though it may be true that the Tuscans are more taxed than they might be, they are infinitely better off in this respect than their priest-governed neighbours, and no one can deny high praise to the grand-duke for his persevering attempts to ameliorate the state of the Maremma.

Next comes she of Parma, described as '*sfacciatamente degradata*,'—'barefacedly degraded.'

Then—

"Fra sì grave corteo gajo si mesce
Di Lucca il protestante Don Giovanni,
Che non è nella lista de tiranni
Carne nè pesce."

"Among the grave assembly jauntily shows himself the Protestant Don Giovanni, of Lucca, who, in the list of tyrants, is neither flesh nor fish."

This whimsical union of the Duke of Lucca's supposed Protestant opinions, and his known gallantries, describes him too, accurately enough.

Then 'the Modenese buffoon, ever planning scaffolds and guillotines,' closes the procession. Does the reader wonder that this little volume is *prohibitissimo*? Does it not rather give a comfortable assurance of the world's progress, even on the other side of the Alps, that the author remains with his head on his shoulders, and breathing the free air of his native country?

A poem entitled '*Apologia del giuoco del lotto*,' 'An Apology for the Lottery,' contains a well-meant ironical satire on the government for encouraging this most demoralizing practice; thus trading in, and making a very large profit of, the debasement, ruin, and demoralization of their people. The state lotteries, drawn weekly throughout Italy, are established with all the circumstances most calculated to make them infinitely pernicious to the country; and it is difficult to conceive how any government, that would

wish for an instant to impose itself on the world as 'paternal,' can lend itself to such an abomination.

The congress at Pisa, the first of the Italian meetings on the plan of the British Association, is the subject of a spirited and humorous poem, in which one of the despots of Italy attacks the grand-duke for not knowing his trade of monarch, in permitting such an assembly.

If the grand-duke gets a passing word of praise by implication in the last-mentioned verses, he comes in for a full share of ridicule a few pages further on, in those entitled '*Il Re Travicello*,' 'King Log.' The nature of the satire and of the qualities attributed in it to the 'Tuscan Morpheus,' may be divined from the title.

Some lines entitled 'On Lamartine's calling Italy—"the land of the dead,"' are very fine—really poetry of a high order. We cannot refrain from giving the concluding

We now come to—

"LA CRONACA DELLO STIVALE.

"Io non son della solita vacchetta,
Nè sono uno stival da contadino;
E se pajo tagliato con l'acetta,
Chi lavoro non era un ciabattino;
Mi fece a doppia suola, e alla scudiera
E per servir da bosco e da riviera.

"Della coscia giù giù sino al tallone
Sempre all'umido sto senza marcire:
Son buono a caccia, e per menar di sprone,
E molti ciucchi ve lo posson dire.
Lavorato di solida impuntura
Ho l'orlo in cima e in mezzo la costura.

"Ma l'infilzarmi non è poi sì facile,
Nè portarmi potrebbe ogni arfasatto;
Anzi affatico e storpio un piede gracile,
E alla gamba dei più son disadatto:
Portarmi molto non potè neasuno;
M'hanno sempre portato un pò per uno.

"Io qui non vi farò la litanìa
Di quei che fur di me desiderosi.
Ma così qua e là per bizzaria
Ne citerò soltanto i più famosi,
Narrando come fui messo a soquadro
E poi come passai di ladro in ladro.

"Parra cosà incredibile: una volta
Non so come, da me presi il galoppo
E corsi tutto il mondo a briglia sciolta;
Ma camminar volendo un poco troppo
L'equilibrio perdei del proprio peso,
E in terra mi trovai lungo e disteso.

"Allora ci successe parapiglia:
E genti d'ogni risma, e d'ogni conio
Piovevan da lontan le mille miglia

lines. After several stanzas of most bitter and mordant irony, he breaks out—

"Cadaveri, alle corte
Lasciamoli cantare;
E vediam questa morte
Dov'anderà a cascare.
Tra i salmi dell'uffizio
C'è anco il *dies ira*;—
Oh che! non ha da venire
Il giorno del giustizio?"

"Brother corpses! let us leave them to sing at the courts of kings; and let us wait to see on whom this death shall fall. Among the psalms of the ritual there is also that of the '*dies ira*'—day of wrath! Ay! and is there not also a day of judgment to come?"

One cannot read such lines, and know, moreover, that they find an echo in a thousand hearts, without feeling that the tenure of Italy's rulers is a precarious one. There is danger in the men who write and feel such lines as those we have quoted.

"THE CHRONICLE OF THE BOOT.

"I was not made of common calf,
Nor ever meant for country loon;
If with an axe I seem cut out,
The workman was no cobbling clown;
A good jack-boot with double sole he made,
To roam the woods, or through the rivers wade.

"Down from the thigh unto the heel
I'm ever wet,* and stand it well,
Good for the chase or spurring hard,
As many jackasses can tell.
Sewn strong with solid stitching, you must know,
At top a *hem*, all down a *seam* I show†

"But then, to don I'm rather hard;
Unfit for wear of hucksters small,
I tire and gall a feeble foot,
And most men's legs don't fit at all.
To wear me long has been the lot of none;
A little while has satisfied each one.

"I'll give you here no catalogue
Of all who wish'd to try their foot;
But here and there, merely for fun,
The most illustrious I'll quote.—
How torn and maim'd I've been, I'll tell in brief,
And then how passed along from thief.

"Twill seem incredible; but once
I set off at a gallop round,
And traversed all the world full speed;
But running over too much ground,
I lost my balance, and I fell down smack
By my own weight, full-length upon my back.

"Then was a rumpus and a row;
Men of all nations, greatest, least,
Pour'd down some thousand thousand miles,

* The peninsula from Italy.

† The Alps and Apennines.

Per consiglio d' un Prete e del Demonio.
Chi mi prese alle gamma, e chi alla fiocca
Gridandosi fra lor—bazza a chi tocca.

" Volle un Prete a dispetto della Fede
Calzarmi coll' ajuto o da se solo;
Poi senti che non fui fatta al suo piede;
E allora qua e là mi dette a nolo:
Ora alle mani del primo occupante
Mi lascia, e per lo più fa da tirante.

" Facea col prete a picca, e le calcagna
Volea piantarvi un bravazon tedesco,
Ma più volte scappare in Allemagna
Lo vidi sul caval di San Francesco;
In seguito tornò, ci si e spedito,
Ma tutto fino a qui non mi ha infilato.

" Per un secolo e più rimasto vuoto
Calzai la gamba un semplice mercante,
Mi riunse costui, me tenne in moto,
E seco mi portò sino in Levante;
Ruvido, sì;—ma non mancava un ette,
E di chiodi ferrato e di bullette.

" Il mercante arricchì; crede decoro
Il darmi un pò di garba e d' apparenza;
Ebbi lo spono, ebbi la nappa d'oro,
Ma intanto scapitai di consistenza;
E gira gira, vedo in conclusione
Che le prime bullette eran più buone.

" In me non si vedea grinze nè spacco,
Quando giù di Ponente un birrichino
Da una galera mi saltò sul tacco,
E si provò a ficcare anche un zampino,
Ma largo largo non ci stette mai;
Anzi un giorno a Palermo lo stroppiài.

" Fra gli altri dilettranti oltramontani
Per infilarmi un certo Re di Pische
Ci si miche coi piedi e con le mani;
Ma poi rimase lì come Berlicche,
Quando un Cappon geloso del pollajo
Gli minacciò di fare il campanajo.

" Da bottega, a compir la mia rovina,
Scappò fuori in quel tempo o giù di lì,
Un certo professor di medicina;
Che per camparmi sulla buccia ordì
Una tella di cabale e di inganni,
Che fu tessuta poi per trecentanni.

" Mi liscio; mi coprì di bagattelle,
E a forza d' ammolienti e d' impostura,
Tanto raspò, che mi cavò la pelle;
E chi dopo di lui mi prese in cura
Mi concio tuttavia colla ricetta
Di quella scuola iniqua e maledetta.

" Ballottato così di mano in mano,
Da una fitta d' arpie preso di mira,
Ebbi a soffrire un Gallo e un Catalano,
Che si misero a fare a tira tira.
Fu Don Chisciotte alfine il fortunato,
Ma gli rimasi rotto e sbertacciato.

Led by the Devil and a priest:
Some caught the leg, some held the tassell'd tie;
And 'touch and take' was on all sides the cry.

" A priest, regardless of the faith,
Help'd or unhelp'd would put me on,
Then found I did not fit his foot,
So let me out to any one;
And thus at last in the first comer's hands
He leaves me, and for boot-hook only stands.

" A German braggart with the priest
Play'd pikes to put his heel in me;
But homewards on St. Francis nag*
Full many a time I've seen him flee.
Again he hither came; but sore of foot;
Nor has he ever yet quite donn'd the Boot.

" Unworn for one whole age or more,
Then pull'd on by a merchant plain,
He greased me fresh, and made me trot
To the Levant and back again.
Unpolished, true;—but not one jot I fail'd,
With rare good hobs and sparables well nail'd.

" The merchant throve; then thought it right
To polish and to smarten me;
I wore the spur, the fleece of gold;—
But lost my old consistency.
Change followed change, that now I plainly see,
That my first nails were far the best for me.

" I had nor rip nor wrinkle then;
When from the west a pilfering oaf
Jump'd from his galley on my heel
Tried even to insert his hoof.
But comfortably there he could not stay;
And at Palermo† him I lamed one day.

" Mongst ultramontane amateurs
A certain King of Spades essay'd,
With feet and hands to put me on;
But like Berlicche† there he stay'd,
When jealous of the roost a Capon‡ crowing,
Just threatened him to set the bells a-going.

" My ruin to complete just then,
Or maybe later, an M.D.,||
Leaving his drugs and shop, rushed forth;
Upon my upper leathers he
To help my case devised intrigues and lies,
Whose web was woven for three centuries.

" He polished, gimcracked me all o'er,
And with emollients, glosses rare,
He rubb'd me till I lost my skin;
And he who had me next in care
Still doctor'd me according to the rule
Of that iniquitous and cursed school.

" Thus toss'd about from hand to hand,
I every harpy's mark became,
Both Frank and Spaniard I endured,
Who play'd the 'Devil and Baker's' game.
Don Quixotte proved at length the lucky wight;
But rent and ridiculed he held me tight.

* A proverbial expression, signifying barefoot. † Sicilian Vespers.

‡ Berlicche. A grotesque character of Italian farce, who stands open-mouthed and looks like a fool.

§ The allusion is to the famous scene between Pierra Capponi and Charles the Eighth.

|| The Medici.

"Chi mi ha veduto in piede a lui mi dice,
Che lo Spagnuolo mi portò malissimo;
M'inzafardò di morchia e di vernice;
Chiarissimo fui detto ed Illustrissimo.
Ma di sottocchi adoperò la lima,
E mi lasciò più sbrindoli di prima.

"Da quel momento ognuno in santa pace
La lesina menando e la tenaglia,
Cascai della padella nella brace;
Birri, Baroni e simile canaglia,
Ma fecero angherie de nuova idea,
'Et diviserunt vestimenta mea.'

"Così passando da una ad altra zampa
Di animalacci zotici e svezzati,
Venne a mancare in me la vecchia stampa
Di quei piedi diritti e ben piantati,
Coi quali senza andar mai di traverso
Il gran giro compii dell' Universo.

"Oh povero stivale! ora confesso
Che mi ha gabbato questa falaa idea;
Quando era tempo d'andar da me stesso
Colle gambe degli altri andar volea;
Ed oltre a ciò la smania inopportuna,
Di mutar piede per mutar fortuna.

"Lo dico, e me ne dolgo; e nondimeno
Mi sento così tutto in isconquasso;
Mi par che sotto mi tremi il terreno
Se mi provo ogni tanto a fare un passo;
Che a forza di lasciarmi malmenare
Ho persa l'abitudine di andare.

"Ma il più gran male me lo han fatto i preti,
Gentaccia avara e senza discrezione;
E l'ho con certi grulli di poeti,
Ch'oggi si sono dati al bathetone.
Non c'è Cristo che tenga; i Decretali
Vietano ai preti di portar stivali.

"E intanto eccomi qui roso e negletto,
Branciato da tutti e tutto motta;
Equalche gamba da gran tempo aspetto
Che mi levi di grinja e che mi scuota;
Non Tedesca, s' intende, nè Francese,
Ma una gamba vorrei del mio paese.

"Una già ne assaggiai d'un certo Sere,
Che se non mi faceva il vagabondo,
In me poeta vantar di possedere
Il più forte stival del mappamondo.
Ah! una nevata in quelle corse strambe
A mezza strada gli gelò le gambe.

"Rifatto allora in sulle vecchie forme,
E riportato allo scorticatojo,
Se fui di peso e di valore enorme,
Mi resta a malapena il primo cuajo;
E per toparmi i buchi nuovi e vecchi,
Ci vuol altro che spago e piantar stecchi.

"La spesa è forte, e lunga è la fatica,
Bisogna rattoppar brano per brano,
Ripulir le pillachere all' antica,

"Who saw me on the Spaniard's foot,
Say that I sat '*malissimo*'
Tho' greased and varnish-daub'd, and styled,
'*Clarissimo*'—'*Illustrissimo*.'
But on the sly he used the file so sore,
That I was left more ragged than before.

"Thenceforth each one 'at his own will
Using the pincers and the awl
From frying pan to fire I fell.
Rogues, Bullies, Barons, great and small,
To torture me had each a new idea,
'Et diviserunt vestimenta mea.'

"Thus shuffled on from hoof to hoof
Of each untutored clownish brute,
I've come to lose the olden print
Of that upright, well-planted foot,
On which, without one single crooked tread,
The circuit of the Universe I made.

"Oh! wretched boot! I must confess
One foolish plan has me undone;
Of walking with another's legs
When it was right to use my own;
And more than this, the madness most unmeet,
Of hoping change of luck from change of feet.

"With tears I say it; for I feel
Myself all shatter'd and awry;
Earth seems to shake beneath my tread
If but one single step I try.
By dint of letting bad guides lead me so,
I've lost the habit and the power to go.

"But my worst foes have been the priests,
Unconscionable grasping race!
I'd have at certain poets too—
Who count their bead-roll now-a-days,
Christ goes for nothing; the Decretal puts
A veto 'gainst the priesthood wearing '*boots*.'

"Torn and neglected now I lie,
And paw'd by every dirty hand,
Long have I waited for some leg
To fill my wrinkles, make me stand;
No German leg or Frenchman's be it known,
But one within my native country grown.

"A certain great man's once I tried,
Who, had he not gone strolling forth,
Might well have boasted he possessed
In me the strongest boot on earth.
But snowstorms, on his crooked course one day,
Froze both his legs just as he got half way.

"Refitted on the ancient last
And subject to the knife again,
Tho' once of mighty worth and weight,
My under-leathers scarce remain;
And as for patching holes both new and old,
It is not thread nor paste will make them hold.

"The cost is dear, the labour long;
You must patch over piece by piece;
Brush off the dirt in ancient mode,

* The recently renewed Catholic tendencies in France and Germany, have shown themselves also in Italy in the creation of a school of literature. Manzoni, and perhaps Silvio Pellico, &c., are the poets belonging to the class here alluded to.

Piantar chiodi e bullette; e poi pian piano
Ringambalar la polpa ed il tomajo:—
Ma per pietà badate al calzolajo!

"Scavazzolate all' ultimo se c' è
Un uomo pur che sia, fuorchè poltrone:
E se quando a costui mi trovo in piè
Si figurasse qualche buon padrone
Di far con meco il solito mestiere,
Lo prenderemo a calci nel sedere."

Our readers may from this specimen form some idea of the tone and spirit of these prohibited rhymes; and those among them, who may have had an opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the Tuscan character, will feel at once how well calculated to become extensively popular, and even influential, a volume treating such subjects, in such a manner, must be.

If space permitted we would gladly add a translation of another poem, entitled '*Il Preterito più che perfetto del verbo "Pensare," conjugato da un civico.*' 'The Preterpluperfect of the Verb "to think," conjugated by a Citizen.' The nature and aim of its satire may be pretty well guessed from its title. It is an ironical panegyric of the 'good old times,' when the rule was '*nihil de Principe, parum de Deo*,' &c., &c., and is full of genuine humour.

No people more vividly feel the force of satire than the Italians generally, and more especially the Tuscans. No people are more alive to the ridiculous, or more habitually wont to mingle with and vent in ridicule the deeper and more bitter feelings of hate and indignation. The sharp-witted Tuscan, of every class of society, loves, as the Roman in the days of Horace, '*naso suspendere adunco*'—whatever strikes him as hateful or absurd. Nor are those passages, scattered throughout these poems, in which the poet alludes to the degradation of the Italians themselves, and their own share in the shame of being as they are, at all likely to injure the author or his book in the estimation of his countrymen. In France it might be so. In America an author, who expressed his thoughts of his nation as freely, would be in danger of his life. But in Italy, not only is there an increasing feeling of the truth of such reflections, but there is a rankling and bitter spirit, all the more violently active internally, from the forcible suppression of all outward manifestation of it, which now pervades the thinking portion of the Italian public, and which takes a morbid pleasure in stinging itself into rage against the coming of that '*dies ira*,' to which the poet alludes in one of the passages we have quoted.

To that day every Italian who has worth

Drive nails and brads; then by degrees
The calf and upper leathers all remake:
But to the cobbler go, for Heaven's sake!

"Find me but out some man; he'll do,
If only not a coward; when
I find myself upon his foot,
Should some kind air, like former men,
Presume with me in the old way to treat,
We'll give him a sound kick on honour's seat."

to care for his country, or sense to comprehend its present position, is looking forward with religious hope and confidence. And the number of such Italians is far greater than English travellers, who spend a season or two in the country, and see only the very topmost superficies of its society, are apt to imagine. The number of such is great; and it is increasing. For in truth Italy is not dead; it is not a '*terra dei morti*;' though it has been long but too much like one. The writer of the preface to the volume before us, which we have already quoted, speaks no more than the truth when he says 'there is no symptom which announces the death of this people. Their right arms nerve themselves for labour; industry struggles vigorously amid the labyrinth of twelve lines of fiscal barriers. Thought subtilises itself, and oozes forth through the capillary tubes of the censorship. On all sides a fresh and vigorous vegetation spreads itself beneath the influence of this life-engendering air, reclothes the ancient as well as more recent ruins, and adheres even to the black walls of the prison house.'

All this is true. Signs of life, of improvement, and of hope, are visible on all sides; and every well-wisher of humanity, every friend to his species, every advocate of progress and civilisation, must witness the advance which Italy has made, and the gradual improvement which is daily manifested by her, with the highest satisfaction and sympathizing joy. Every good man will look alike with contemptuous pity and aversion on the weakling tyrants, who are striving to arrest the onward march of humanity, and will watch the struggle against the oppressor with the most anxious wishes for the success of the oppressed. But there is another view of the subject, which the philosophic observer of human affairs cannot lose sight of, and which it would well behove the leading minds of 'Young Italy' to keep constantly before the eyes of her people.

'*Quisque suæ fortunæ faber*,' is as true of national as of individual existences. The application of this severe truth to the unfortunate may seem harsh; but it is salutary, and—what is more—it is the truth. That which a nation is—that in every case is what

it has deserved to be; or rather, to speak more philosophically, is what it has been possible for it to be. Whatever the national fortune has been, such must it inevitably have been; the nation being in itself such as it was. And not only so, but, moreover, whatever the fortunes and misfortunes of a people may have been, it was best for the ultimate interests of that people and of humanity, that it should so have been. Misfortunes were needful phases in the process of national education; sufferings were inevitable correctors and purifiers of sins and weaknesses;—even degradation was an indispensable stage in the series of changes which were to lead to prosperity and greatness. For of a surety we do believe that this world is ruled and governed by a God, and in no wise by a Devil—as those needs must in reason maintain who deem that evil, ultimately ending in evil, falls on nations from causes not generated within themselves.

The conviction of the rightness, fitness, inevitable necessity, and ultimate beneficence of this God-government of the universe will not be shaken in the mind of the philosophic student of history by the difficulty of tracing its rationale and plan in many cases. To do so requires frequently a longer view of the people's history than the human eye can command at a single reach. But with regard to Italy this is not the case. Nor is any long course of deduction necessary to enable us to trace all her past and present sufferings to their natural and necessary causes in the faults and weaknesses of her people. It is in vain for Italy to cry out against Europe for looking unfeelingly and unconcernedly at her misery and thralldom. It is in vain to sit by the roadside and cry to Hercules for help. As long as Italy remains *what she is*, she must remain *as she is*. We do most truly believe, and most fervently hope, that she is ceasing to be what she has been; and that the day is at hand when she will cease to be as she is. But the day has not yet come; and Italy has yet work to do before it can arrive. Howsoever small a number of righteous men may avail to save the city—that requisite number must unfailingly be found. Italy has hitherto not made up the tale. She must produce more self-denial—more superiority to the little jealousies—more enlightened comprehension of her position, her wants, and hopes—more unity of purpose—more patience and sedulous attention to the slow and painful toil of raising the moral character of the masses of the people. All this she must do, and—let it not be doubted—WILL do; and the day of her deliverance will arrive.

ART. X.—*Travels in Kashmir and the Panjab; containing a particular Account of the Government and Character of the Sikhs.* From the German of Baron CHARLES HUGEL, with Notes by Major T. B. JERVIS, F.R.S. London: Petheram. 1845.

WHEN the elevated plains and valleys of the Himalaya mountains were inhabited by the blessed race that succeeded to the deities of India, there was found in the north-western bend of the chain a vast lake. Numerous brooks and rivers flowed into it; temples, and palaces, and fanciful habitations, erected by divine hands, ornamented its margin; here, towered a stately grove; there, a promontory, green and shady, projected its rough point into the flood, while at short intervals rustic villages of infinitely picturesque aspect glittered brightly along the strand. Every morning, as the day broke, animals of all forms and sizes, from the castle-bearing bulk of the elephant down to the slender mountain goat, might be seen slaking their thirst on its shore strewed with pebbles, or waving with rustling sedges. The inhabitants led a life superior to that of mortals. They built themselves light and elegant barks, in which they sailed over the waters, traversing the shadows of the huge mountains, which morning and evening fell athwart their surface, or glancing like gigantic swans through the bright sparkling sunlight, which invested its central expanses. There was among them no idea of toil as yet. Whatever they wanted the bounteous earth gave. Consequently, they knew no strife, but dwelt in perfect harmony together, fashioning blissful songs, or inventing those many-coloured legends which afterwards descended in showers on the plains, and flooded the docile fancies of millions of men.

What gods were worshipped in those ages tradition itself scarcely knows. Probably Bhavani—the Athor of the Egyptians—the Aphrodite of the Greeks—under some name or other received the devotions of those happy mountain dwellers. We say probably, because as there were temples there must have been gods, and among the gods of the infant world none was so likely to be worshipped, in a region such as we have described, as the great mother of the universe.

In process of time, as children multiplied, the valleys were found too narrow, the gardens and orchards too small, the fruit trees too few. The good people gazed upon the lake, and though it was very pleasant, though it looked at times like a mirror of gold or

silver set there by Heaven, that it might contemplate in it the reflection of its own beauty, they began secretly to wish that its dimensions would shrink, and that, instead of these dancing waves, which laughed and frolicked idly at their feet, they could behold long sweeps of orchards in blossom, or rich green meadows, with grass waving like those very billows themselves in the breeze. While these thoughts filled their minds, a stranger from the west appeared among them. He was a man indefinitely old, like the mountains, or the clouds that floated over them. Time had transformed, but not subdued him. His beard, white as the Himalayan snow, waved magnificently down his breast, yet his cheeks were ruddy, and his eyes full of fire. He seemed to speak all languages. With the grave elders he dealt in prudent counsel, but with children he frolicked like a child. By day he passed from village to village, having in his hand a staff, which he seemed to carry more for show than for service. At night he retreated into the woods, or wandered to the tops of the mountains, where he ate snow, and made himself a covering and a pillow of it till morning.

One night, all the inhabitants round the lake being in their beds, a sound was heard such as man never heard before. It filled the whole region, it rose above the crests of the mountains, it descended into the depths of the lake, a quivering motion passed through the ground, the floors of the habitations heaved and trembled, loud voices above seemed to hold converse with louder voices beneath. Then came one indescribable burst, one loud long roar passing from east to west, deafening, almost maddening, those who listened to it. All the people fell on their faces, where, in agitation and terror, they remained till morning. Then, by degrees, as the grey light showed itself at every window, they rose from their posture of fear, and opened their doors, and walked forth slowly and timidly, not knowing what awful sight they might witness. And what beheld they? The lake was gone, and a vast, unsightly basin of mud alone remained to mark where it had once been.* In wonder they looked towards the mountains, and

there, dilated to an extraordinary stature, stood the old man leaning with one hand on his staff, and with the other pointing to the stupendous rent in the mountains through which the water had escaped. He then rose into the air, assumed the form of a cloud, and while all the inhabitants of the valley gazed upwards with amazement, floated away between two peaks of the mountains, and was soon lost to sight.

The valley thus formed is Kashmir, and the broad bold stream, which still pursues the track of the old man towards India, is the Jhylum. As might naturally be expected, various traditions prevail respecting the event, shadowed forth by the above legend. Bernier, when, in company with Aurungzéb and Danekhmend Khan, he visited the valley, was told that its great benefactor was a Pir, or holy man, named Kasheb. By the time of George Forster, tradition had changed its mind upon the subject, and attributed the marvellous event to King Solomon,* pointing, by way of proof, to the Takht-i-Suliman, or throne of Suliman Ben Daoud, which, in the form of a flat-topped hill, still towers over the capital of Kashmir. Other travellers have obtained other versions of the great primitive myth, which forms as it were a part of the religion of the Himalaya's western extremity. With us a lady's shawl is the only memento of that antediluvian catastrophe, or a few pages in a book of travels, or a semi-oriental snatch of verse, in the works of an effeminate poet. At no very distant day, perhaps, the course of political events in the East may lead us to take a livelier and deeper interest in what concerns that beautiful valley, when our bayonets shall be seen flashing round the gardens of the Shalimar, and the roar of our artillery be reverberated from the rocks of Bimber and Baramoolar. For the present, however, we eschew politica and political predictions, and confine ourselves to what is or has been in Kashmir.

When Aurungzéb performed the journey of pleasure to which Bernier has given celebrity, there were poets in the valley, who, in conjunction with the Mogul bards from Agra and Delhi, chanted, in extravagant verse, the advent of the emperor. They nicely divided their praises, heaping a part on their imperial visitor, and the other part on their country. It had already long ago received from the Persians the epithet of the unrivalled land, and an European in the suite of Aurungzéb expressed his sur-

* Similar tradition prevails in various parts of Asia, and in Aderbijas we find it reproduced in connection with King Solomon. "A tradition exists that this part of the country was formerly a lake, and that Solomon commanded two deeves or genii, named Ard and Beel, to turn off the water into the Caspian, which they effected by cutting a passage through the mountains; and a city, erected in the newly-formed plain, was named after them Ard-u-beel."—*Sketches on the Shores of the Caspian*, by W. R. Holmes, p. 42.

* The two versions may, however, be reconciled by having recourse to another version of the legend which speaks of Kasheb, as a deceiver or genius in the service of Suliman Ben Daoud.

prise, that the Mohammedans had not thought of locating there the ancient tradition of paradise. In his pages it is invested with a beauty which falls little short, perhaps, of that of Eden. His imagination may have deceived itself. Ascending from the burning plains of Hindustan, and passing with almost miraculous suddenness from fiery gusts and dust-clouds, and fields cracked, parched, almost calcined by the glowing sun, into a deliciously cool atmosphere, breathing over the most lovely vegetation, and investing with a transparent mantle the grandest and most varied-scenes in Asia, it could scarcely resist the impulse of enthusiasm. But the fancies of men are as various as their features. Bernier's eloquent description, suggesting, perhaps, to some exaggerated ideas of beauty and sublimity, led almost necessarily to disappointment. Succeeding travellers, beholding Kashmir under less favourable auspices, and possessing also a less intense sympathy with what is vast and charming in nature, have experienced less pleasure than he obviously felt. From the impulse of rivalry, also, they have been rather disposed to be critical than to indulge their admiration, to sober down the colours of his picture, than to present us with a repetition of it. Still, when every drawback has been made, when we have sacrificed to coldness, to literary inferiority, and to envy, enough will yet remain in the Indian Paradise to fascinate the imagination of all who delight in the vast and varied show of nature.

Baron Hügel, whose narrative now lies before us, in Major Jervis's able translation, was not a person to relish the beauties of Kashmir. He was suffering under the severest afflictions of the heart. He had lost what, to a man of kindly feelings, nothing can replace, and only betook himself to travelling in the hope of allaying, by the excitement of change and danger, the irrepressible pangs of grief. We respect his sorrows, and can easily comprehend by how many subtle processes they contrived to mingle with all his feelings, so as irresistibly to sadden his views, and frequently to warp his judgment. But while disposed to make every allowance for him on this account, we must say that we think him very little fitted to be a traveller. What a contrast between him and Mason! The latter, barefoot, half naked, hungry, and surrounded by every description of peril and difficulty, proceeds cheerfully on his way, interpreting men liberally, making excuses for their faults, expressing gratitude for their kindness; the former discontented, grumbling, effeminate, enjoying all manner of luxuries, and still

sighing incessantly for more, exhibits a readiness to put the worst possible construction on people's motives and actions. Not that Mason is destitute of caustic bitterness. He can be severe enough, when severity appears to him to be called for, and in some cases only, perhaps, appears; but he understands the Orientals, knows what is good and what is bad in them, and found enough of the former to justify a decided preference for their character. We could willingly journey with him round the world. His works are full of elastic feeling, and generate hope and confidence in the reader. To a lover of travels, therefore, they are invaluable. Baron Hügel, though obviously a proficient in such philosophy as is prevalent in Germany, can never detach his sympathies from himself, to link them, even temporarily, with the millions through whom he passes. He regards them as so many modifications of annoyance, so many springs of bitterness to the hapless traveller. In his mind, therefore, as in that of the Romans, stranger and enemy are synonymous. He beheld in the dusky Asiatics, only so many creatures of prey, fabricated and disposed by nature to pounce upon German barons, and ease them of their property. The idea of rank, again, exerted itself in him, only to inflame his self-love, to twist and tangle his idiosyncrasies. Everything estimable resides in his view among the great; nobility is a sort of fifth essence; a sacred something, stolen from nature's reserved cabinet, to be imparted only to grandees of the empire. It is easy to foresee how poor simple men and women, dressed in plain cotton, eating rice, drinking little or no wine, and professing obedience to a foreign race, must appear insignificant in such a personage's eyes. And yet we believe Hügel to be a good-natured individual upon the whole. He would have taken more correct views of humanity, had he, in Lord Ellenborough's phrase, been "an innocent traveller," emancipated from the shackles of nobility, and having the burthen of no title to bear on his shoulders about the world. But even in spite of these hindrances he often shows to much advantage.

People travel of course for a variety of purposes; but by far the noblest is to acquire wisdom for themselves, and augment the sum of happiness for mankind. The mere chronicler of information has a much lower aim. What he writes may be useful also, but it is immeasurably inferior to what we find in the poetical and speculative traveller, who, whether we accompany him through cities or solitudes, pours into our minds by the way the stores of a sound

philosophy. A very peculiar delight is experienced in traversing the high places of the earth, a delight which does not evaporate in mere enjoyment, but exercises a chastening influence upon the character. It is the same with oceans and deserts. Instead of being distracted by innumerable objects of interest, our minds in such situations find themselves alone with the infinite, and dilate to their utmost dimensions, in the effort to become commensurate with it. This effort, however vain in its general scope, practically produces the most beneficial results. We project ourselves temporarily beyond the sphere of vulgar cares and interests, and enjoy that delicious calm, which springs from a familiar intercourse with the grand and beautiful. Most persons have tasted something of this, though few, perhaps, comparatively, have known what the feeling is in all its sweep and intensity. To reach this enjoyment it is necessary to have strolled among the pinnacles of the Alps or Andes, to have trodden the glaciers of the Himalaya, to have beheld the sun rise and set for months, on the expanse of ocean, or to have travelled by the guidance of the lights of heaven over the sterile waste of the desert, witnessing no life, but that which you yourself and your companions entrust to that infinite grave.

Kashmir has not yet been visited by any one capable of making the most of the subject. Bernier's philosophy cramped his genius. The believer in atoms and a vacuum could hold no profitable colloquy with nature as she appears in those dizzy and glittering solitudes. His fancy, after glancing upwards for a moment at the cold pinnacles of the Himalaya, projected so far aloft that the very heavens, according to the imaginations of the Hindû poets, have been fashioned into a dome on purpose to make room for them—returned shuddering to take shelter in the sunny, smiling valley which nestles so snugly at their bases. If he could not sympathize, however, with the sublimer portions of the picture, for what was purely terrestrial, for what was cheerful, warm, and full of vitality, he had the keenest possible relish. Accordingly, his description of what may strictly be termed the valley is beyond measure charming. It does not read like a production of the seventeenth century, but presents itself to our fancy with all the graces of a modern composition about it.

No doubt Bernier's Epicureanism neutralised considerably his poetical tendencies, and repressed the generous humanity of his nature; but if he was unlucky in his philosophy, he understood the art of writing, and

only in its ordinary rhetorical sense, but in that much higher interpretation, which includes the power to fascinate coming centuries, by keeping everything repulsive out of sight, and dwelling only on those things which are calculated to invest a writer's character with an interest and a charm for the reader. In this respect Baron Hügel is less fortunate. Possibly, when he sat down to write, he felt no desire to make us love him. Satisfied with the delusions of rank and fortune, he may not have experienced the necessity of conciliating the good will of critics or readers. He very likely discovers grandeur enough to satisfy his appetites in his baronial elevation, and has no desire to pass for a hero with the world. At any rate, nothing can be less heroic than his conduct on most occasions, even as chronicled by himself. We often blush for his pettifogging littleness in his dealings with the natives; we are vexed to find that any European issuing from British India, and liable, therefore, to be mistaken for an Englishman, should have exhibited so much the aspect of a skinflint, as this bearer of orders and ribands. Hügel tells us himself, that Jacquemont left a bad reputation behind him, which he seems to have earned by positive dishonesty. Of all such delinquencies we cheerfully acquit the German baron. He paid his way we make no doubt, but contrived, in doing so, to exhibit so much niggardliness, that we much question whether, had he cheated the natives in a dashing way, he would not have pleased them better.

We may seem to be taking a harsh view of our worthy baron's proceedings; but we feel perfectly confident that no English reader, of moderately generous sentiments, will arrive, by the perusal of his work, at a conclusion very different from ours. A traveller is, of course, under no necessity of throwing away his money. He may perambulate the world, if his circumstances allow him to do no better, after the fashion of a Jew, taking all he can get, and giving nothing to any one. But then he should be careful to assume no airs, which in Asia people are apt to interpret into determination to distribute cash. For they think, and not perhaps unreasonably, that if they are to be called upon to endure a stranger's folly, some amends ought to be made to them for their forbearance.

Now Baron Hügel travelled like a prince, with a thundering big tent, another lesser one to set it off, and a most ostentatious retinue. Seeing this, the natives naturally expected that his disbursements would be lavish in proportion, and that they should profit considerably by his passage through their

country. We fear they were somewhat disappointed, some of them certainly were; and we fear also that many among them, not sufficiently acquainted with our national character, may have mistaken Baron Hügel for an Englishman. It is to be hoped that the poor Thanadar, who figures in the following little scene, was not one of these.

"The Thanadar made his appearance this morning, and demanded my *Perwáná* or permission to travel, which I had received from the Maha Rajáh. I found that the man was only doing his duty, and therefore referred him to my *Múnshi*, that the *Perwáná* might be produced. It was in the possession of the Chodbár's servant, and he was still snugly lodged in a house, whence, however, he was quickly summoned. When he did come forth, I ordered him to take care in future that he produced the Maha Rajáh's permit wherever it was necessary, that I might not be importuned by such inquiries; and the man assured me that he had done so the previous day. The Thanadar then came in for his share, and he was asked what he meant by such impertinence. He could only answer that he was entitled to ask a certain sum from any one who went by this mountain pass, and that he hoped I would not refuse to give the accustomed toll. I desired him to be told that he had chosen a wrong method of asking for a present, and that he might turn his back on my tent as soon as possible."

Another instance of hardfistedness deserves to be commemorated. Of course the baron might have suppressed it if he pleased, as we feel convinced he has suppressed a hundred similar, but not foreseeing the inferences that might be drawn from it in his favour, he relates the whole affair with the most bewitching naïveté. We have seen travellers remain all night in a most comfortless and dreary situation, rather than stimulate the industry of their attendants with a single piastre. We have known them to endure sharp hunger, rather than pay half a farthing more for a pile of cakes than the current market value; but we do not recollect to have witnessed anything so cool as Baron Hügel's style of economy. We think we see before us now the blank looks of the unlucky natives at the conclusion of the transaction, which Baron Hügel is about to describe for us. What they thought of the Burra Sahib may be easily imagined by those who are acquainted with the Hindús. Doubtless, on their return home, their admiration of his munificence blossomed into poetry, so that in all likelihood, half a dozen little songs, in praise of Baron Hügel *savoir faire*, are chanted to this day along the foot of the Himalaya. But let us hear the baron's characteristic little narrative.

"Among the firs on the north side of the moun-

tain I espied a *Daphne*, at least so I judged from the bud, and a little further on a *Vaccinium*, much resembling our own; and, still onwards on the other side of a ravine amid some birches, a new shrub like the *Rhododendron*, whose branches were mostly bent earthwards by the snow. Its hardy appearance, however, convinces me that it would flourish in our cold climates. With infinite fatigue and trouble I reached a clump, but could find neither bud nor seed, and returned quite exhausted to the road. Later in the day I perceived a second and larger group, growing on a steep place on the opposite side of the ravine, and I promised to give a couple of rupees to the man who first brought me some of the seeds. In an instant they were all rushing down the precipice, without heed or precaution, springing from rock to rock until I trembled to look after them; the steep bank was soon gained. My glass showed me they were breaking off all the branches at hazard, but they were gone too far for my voice to reach them, and I could only hope that by good luck they might bring me one slip, at least, on which fruit might be found. On their return a small wood was laid before me, but not what I wished, and I retained the rupees, thinking we might be more fortunate presently."

From these little incidents it may be inferred that Baron Hügel clung with a pretty tight grasp to the good things of this world: he wished the natives to understand that he knew the value of four shillings, and that he had no intention of setting up for the rival of Hatim Tai. No wandering derwish blessed him as he went. The interior of no cottage was illuminated by the glitter of his rupees. Not a Hindú from the mouth of the Hoogly to the sources of the Jhyllum ever dined or supped the better for Baron Hügel's voluntary charity. Sometimes a piece of money was extorted from him by dint of overwhelming importunity, as by the fakir who planted himself before the door of his tent, and vowed he would never desist night or day, from his yells and screams, till the Satanic Teuton should give him something. That old fellow knew the way to the baron's heart, or rather to his purse, for to purchase quiet slumbers he consented to relinquish some small portion of his beloved property. When rougher methods would do he had recourse to them. Placed beyond the fear of retaliation by the despotic *Perwáná* of Ranjit Singh, he treated the natives as insolent travellers do the fellahs in Egypt, and when they presented themselves before him to supplicate for charity in the name of God, he directed his servants to drive them away with blows. What religion Baron Hügel professes is more than we can undertake to say—of course it is not the Christian;—but whatever it be, he stands in unfavourable contrast with the Epicurean Bernier.

Much greater severity of language would be justified; but, it is better, perhaps, to

verge towards the extreme of leniency than towards its opposite. The baron, however, exhibited during his Indian travels one other propensity, upon which we cannot refrain from offering a remark or two. He systematically pursued the plan of shocking the prejudices of the natives by bringing out into the most striking relief his differences from them, by displaying his contempt for their ceremonies, which he would occasionally abstain even from witnessing; by slaughtering their sacred animals, and disturbing the roots even of their most harmless beliefs. We are far from desiring to inculcate the notion that superstition is to be treated with the deference due to religion; but where we can we should always distinguish between erroneous fancies, which in their tendencies are hurtful to mankind, and such as obviously promote their happiness. A traveller has no time to make converts. He cannot change the whole frame-work of a fellow-creature's thoughts, re-adjust the balance of his understanding, and lift him above the mists of error. He should be satisfied, therefore, with affording him the benefit of his own better example, and suffer him to draw, if so disposed, his conclusions from that. Baron Hügel thinks differently, as the reader will perceive from the following incident:—

"About one-third of the way we came to the abode of a fakir, near several little stone buildings, and a spring called Dendrah, round which a considerable party of the dwellers of the mountains were spending their hours of rest from work. Many were carrying to Jamú large bundles of rose-coloured wood of the Deobasa, which is found about this spot; but I could not find any of the trees, though I went out of my way, with one of the collectors, in search of one. Overcome by the heat, my people lay down by the spring, from which the fakir brought them all water, while multitudes of monkeys were leaping from tree to tree, and flocks of parrots filled the air with their clatter. Gigantic trees, round which climbed many a parasite, rose in the little plain near the spring. When the fakir had administered to the wants of all my servants, I beckoned to him, and he quickly drew near with a vessel filled with water. I then perceived that he was a very aged man—"How old are you?" said I. "Ninety-two," replied he. "And how long have you lived at this spring?" "Since I grew to manhood." "And why do you remain here?" "Why?" repeated he; "see you not that I refresh the weary traveller with water, and send him strengthened on his way?" "But he would find it without you." "And when the sand in this lonely spot chokes the spring, who would find the water then?—By serving the poor I serve God." "But these same poor feed you, otherwise you could not exist." "He who has abundance gives to the needy, if he values his own happiness. I am the rich man here; for the water is mine; and many a great

man travelling this way is bounteous to me, in order that I may live until another comes. Truly there are such good men in this world; for many are the years that I have lived without quitting this spring."

"Poor man! Knowing only one small valley, how narrow and confined must God's beautiful creation appear to thee! To thee a tree must be a forest, a hill a division of the world, the spring thine ocean; and yet, who would not give all his knowledge, every worldly advantage, in exchange for this peaceful mind, this conscientious assurance that he commands everything that constitutes happiness."

We should better have liked these sentiments, had their utterance been preceded by no attempt to shake the fakir's unfaltering confidence. The disciple of Lucretius and the schoolfellow of Molière, likewise encountered a fakir in these mountains, less gentle and amiable than his modern successor, but still possessed by the persuasion that he was useful to mankind, without which existence scarcely seems to be supportable. He was probably the original of the hermit in 'Rasselas,' who exercises dominion over the seasons. No one exactly knew his age or his religion—points, indeed, on which he appears to have been himself doubtful—but he had dwelt among those solitudes from the time of Jehanghir, and enjoyed miraculous powers. He could cause it to thunder when he listed, and rivalled Æolus himself in his authority over the winds. The spirits of the four quarters dwelt with him in his cavern, and at his bidding would issue forth to vex the neighbouring regions with tempests of hail, or snow, or rain. In short, he kept the nether world in awe—

"With wildè thunder-dint and fiery levin."

"His countenance," says Bernier, "had something wild in its expression, enhanced by his long and ample white beard, which fell negligently over his breast. He asked alms with a haughty air, for which he permitted the passers-by to drink the water which he kept ready for them in earthen vessels, ranged in order on a large stone. He made travellers a sign with his finger that they should pass on speedily without stopping, reprehending those who made the least noise, because, as he observed to me, when I had entered into his cave, and conciliated him by most humbly placing a half rupee in his hand, 'noise in this place occasions the most furious storms and tempests. Aurungéeb,' added he, 'has acted wisely in following my counsel, and prohibiting all loud sounds. Shah Jehan was always careful to act in the same manner; but Jehanghir having once alighted my advice, and

ordered the trumpets to sound and the timbrels to play, nearly paid for this act of temerity with his life."

It would have argued a degree of insanity little short of that exhibited by the knight of the rueful countenance, to do battle with this lord of the winds. Bernier heard him patiently, vexed him with no impertinent logic, tortured him with no needless doubts. The imaginary treasure which he possessed on the arrival of the traveller, was not in the slightest degree diminished at his departure. Baron Hügel might have imitated this policy with advantage. Had he done so, he would not only have commanded greater respect from his reader, but would have avoided placing himself in the very ridiculous and humiliating position which he describes in the following passage:—

"It was quite dark as I returned dispirited and alone towards my tent, with my gun over my shoulder. Something suddenly flew past me over the roofs of the houses, and being just in that sort of humour when the chance of killing anything is satisfactory to the feelings, I took good aim, and the next instant a vampire, or large bat, fell on the ground at my feet. The report of my gun had brought all the people out of their houses, and on seeing the creature, which was just able to crawl along, they set up a piercing cry. These animals, as I well knew, are considered holy by the native Indians, and I expected that their fanaticism would break out in some terrible vengeance on the slayer. Such an act of sacrilege has cost many an European his life; and I confess that the howlings set up on this disaster seemed to predict a similar fate for me. The tragical dénouement of an affair very similar to this, which had taken place recently at Matra, came to my mind. Two officers were attacked there by an old monkey, and instead of conforming to the custom of the country, and driving the disgusting creature away with stones, they shot it without the least repugnance. The people instantly pressed on them, in spite of the interference of the magistrate, who protected them until they were enabled to mount the back of their elephant, and pursued them, hurling stones, which wounded them so sorely, that, as the only means of saving their lives, they ordered the Mâhút to drive their elephant into the Jamna and let it swim across. He did so, but the waters were then at their very highest, and elephant and rider were drowned together. By an equally sad death, two of my friends, Colonels Combe and Black, had given a convincing proof how dangerous it is to rouse the fanatical fury of an Indian mob. The same destiny seemed very likely to be mine within an hour; but the traveller who wanders in strange countries, among stranger people, is habituated to look death steadily in the face in all its forms. As for these things, I had resigned myself, on leaving Europe, to the very probable chance of never seeing it again; at this critical moment I did not feel even a sensation of surprise. They hemmed me closely round, one holding up the wounded creature, whose unearthly cry accompanied the chorus of angry voices, till I gradually

gained the shelter of a house, which protected me from the assailants in the rear, my gun keeping off the foremost of my complainants. There I remained for nearly a quarter of an hour, until some of the Thanadar's people were seen approaching, as I trusted, to rescue me. Whether, however, they thought their force not sufficient for this purpose, or that, after hearing the crime I had been guilty of, their superstition overcame all compassion, they soon turned their backs on the scene, and left me to my fate.

"The noise then became louder; the threats grew more alarming. Fortunately, there were no stones to be found, but the task of forcing back my assailants with the gun became more and more fatiguing, until the light of day wholly disappeared. It was then that, quickly availing myself of the known inconstancy of feeling in the Indian character, and of the circumstance of darkness concealing the form of my sacred victim, I harangued the multitude with such happy effect on my sorrow for this mishap, and the precautions I would take in future, that their hearts were gradually softened, and, to my infinite relief, I was permitted to find my way back to my tent, with life and liberty."

We may now return once more to the approaches of Kashmir, which we have all this while been deterred from entering by the idiosyncrasies of Baron Hügel. When we draw near an oasis in the desert, half the charm of the little Paradise is derived from the vast ring of barrenness, in which, like a gem, it is set. The rocks and the sands, bathed in burning light, impart a tenfold value to the cool umbrageous verdure that springs up in the midst of them to soothe the eye and give serenity to the mind. The wilderness seems to wave a flaming sword round its little Eden, but turns away its point from the breast of perseverance. Nearly so is it with Kashmir; we descend into it on all sides from a prodigious wall of precipices soaring here and there into peaks of immeasurable height. Let us place ourselves once at the foot of the Pir Panjal, and climb as speedily as possible the barrier that separates the southern wanderer from the valley.

"The ascent is dreadfully steep. With a volume of Bernier in my hand, I gazed around, and recalled in imagination the time when the gorgeous suite of the Emperor of Delhi clambered up the perilous and difficult paths. In many parts the soil is so loose and crumbling as to afford no safe footing; and large masses falling from above block up the usual road, and force the traveller to find out a new one as he best can. It seems to me impossible that elephants could ever tread such a pass, not so much on account of their unwieldy size, for they climb steep places with incredible facility, but that their weight is so enormous; and I find in Bernier an account of a number of elephants which were precipitated into the depths below, as they proceeded with the Zenana on their

backs. A small tower is built on the highest points, where a party of the Maha Rajah's troops are stationed throughout the year; and hard by is the grave of a Mohammedan iakir, named Pir Panjal, from whom the mountain takes its name. There is a fine prospect in the direction of the Panjáb, and the eye, stretching over unnumbered ranges of hills, loses all further view in the dimmer and warmer atmosphere of the south. A little further on, we passed into a gorge of the mountain. On the north or right side was a vast wall of snow above us; the south was a naked rock. In vain I essayed to catch one glimpse of the long-looked-for valley, the limits of my wanderings in Asia in this direction. Towards the east stretched a barren plain, through which flows the Damdam, a river now partly frozen; and in many spots were deep holes, evidently dug by bears. I saw none of these animals, but their traces were very perceptible. One creature we saw climbing up the naked rock, which I imagine must have been a leopard; it was nearly white, with a long tail, and of large size. Finally, after another hour of toilsome way, my anxious eye descried the huge mountain masses of Tibet, beyond the valley of Kashmir, their highest peaks, Mer and Ser, being plainly visible. I saw them but for an instant; a turn of the road again hid them from my view; but never rose any more proudly than they, with their two pyramids, the one black, the other white, close to one another, and apparently of the same altitude. The road next took us through a deep ravine; and then, just as I expected to get a last glimpse of the valley, came another hill, and another. We skirted for some time a wall of rock, which was built as a safeguard by order of Shah Jehan. The superstitious inhabitants of these parts have a tale concerning Ali Merdan Khan, the builder of this wall and of all the serais between Lahor and Kashmir. According to this fable, as the architect marshalled his workmen along the road, he came suddenly to a tower, which they one and all refused to pass, because a man-eater, called Lál Gúlam, dwelt there, who was accustomed from the tower to seize upon the passengers, as they stole one by one along the narrow path, and hurled them down the precipice, when he devoured them at his leisure. The brave Ali Merdan Khan went into the tower first, but Lál Gúlam had just quitted it. He found his son there, however, whom he instantly hurled down the precipice. Since that time nothing more has been heard of Lál Gúlam, and the remembrance of the murders he committed is gradually dying away; but the tower still bears his name, and was certainly a fit place for the dwelling of a robber. That the Pir Panjal has ever been dangerous enough, without the needless addition of cannibals, is shown by the countless skeletons of horses and oxen, and the whitened human bones, which remain melancholy evidences of the fate which has overtaken many a wanderer in these terrific passes."

In the foregoing extract, Baron Hügel alludes to a terrible catastrophe which occurred during one of Aurungzêbe's visits to Kashmir; the ladies of the imperial court were mounted in mikdembars, or close

litters, on the backs of elephants, which climbed in an extended file the steep acclivity of the Pir Hanjal, over a road bordered by precipices. The foremost elephant taking fright—at the terrific ascent before him, according to the Hindoos—reeled backwards, and struck against the next following in succession; this again, thus driven rearwards, fell against a third, and this third again upon a fourth, until the whole line, consisting of fifteen, capsized with their fair burdens, rolled over the precipice, and were precipitated to the depths of the valley. It is easy to conceive what confusion this incident occasioned in the imperial army. Nevertheless, only three or four of the ladies were killed; but the elephants which, when they fall even on a common high road, seldom rise again, all perished, though slowly, for Bernier, who passed two days afterwards, saw several of them still moving their trunks.

It is now time we should descend into the valley, which, with wonderful judgment, our German traveller thought proper to explore in winter. During any other season of the year, the genial influences of nature might have inspired even him with something like picturesque power. His phlegm would have yielded to the charm of spring, and summer might have melted him into admiration and charity. Under any circumstances, however, Baron Hügel's style could not possibly have reflected all the grand and varied features of Kashmir. His is no plastic hand, capable of fashioning out of the elements of language a world of mountains, clouds, valleys, lakes, rivers, studded with ruins, diversified by groves and gardens, and animated by a population, striking even in its looped and windowed raggedness. To be convinced of this we need only accompany him to the top of the Taht-i-Suliman, and bid him describe to us what he beholds from thence. There is life in the landscape which genius ponders over; the leaves rustle, the brooks leap and gurgle in its periods. Baron Hügel delineates, but does not vivify. Winter's cold hand guided his pen when he wrote, and reined in his sympathies, when he attempted to feel.

"Having with great difficulty," he says, "climbered up the mountain pompously styled the Throne of Solomon, the first object which presented itself was an ancient Buddhist temple (Deval), composed of masses of rock, with a curious doorway, evidently of very high antiquity. The temple was, in later times, converted into a mosque; a Persian inscription of more modern date, gives no information as to the original temple, but to Solomon is ascribed the honour of being the founder. It is said, moreover, that a

very ancient Sanscrit inscription is now buried under ground. At present the Hindûs call the temple Shankar Acharya. The massive construction and peculiar form of this edifice render it well worthy of a visit. The mountain, divided from the Tibetan chain, to which it evidently belongs, is 1200 feet high; the view from it over the whole valley of Kashmir is, indeed, most truly grand and beautiful. Motionless as a mirror, the lake lies outstretched below, reflecting the vast chain of the Tibetan hills; while the extensive city is seen spreading along its shores, and the Jelam winds slowly like a serpent through the green valleys, and, to complete the scene, the lofty Pir Panjal, with its countless peaks of snow, forms on one side a majestic boundary."

Would that we could serve Baron Hügel as Mirabeau once did Volney! The learned and able traveller appeared in the Convention with a written speech in his hand, and Mirabeau, who was his familiar friend, looking over his shoulder, saw that it was full of eloquence. Snatching it, therefore, from him, the fervid sophist exclaimed, 'Let me deliver it!' and forthwith proceeded to electrify the assembly by his vehement and impassioned declamation. With Volney's cold manner, the speech would have produced no effect whatsoever. We do not pretend to treat Baron Hügel after this fashion, but with a better prompter at our elbow, we shall endeavour to make out something like a picture of what the traveller may witness from the Taht-i-Suliman, or pick up here and there, by the careful use of his eyes.

Kashmir is an oval valley, about ninety miles in length, and varying considerably in breadth. As you descend towards it from the snowy mountains of Tibet, you traverse first a rugged chain, bristling with pine forests, and intersected by ravines of tremendous depth. Many small rivers dash down the rocks in semi-arches of white foam, startling the solitudes with their incessant roar. Descending still further, we arrive at the lowest stage, as it were, of the mountains, where they put on round and gentle forms, and are clothed with groves of lovely green, divided from each other by sweeps of pasturage. Here the empire of life and civilisation commences. Drove of horses and cattle, flocks of sheep and goats are beheld everywhere browsing on the sweet grass, while the thickets abound with game, such as partridges, hares, gazelles, and a delicate species of musk deer. The abundance of wild flowers, which in spring render the air almost heavy with their fragrance, are fed on by countless swarms of bees, whose honey augments the resources of the inhabitants. At the same time, these woods and bequest shades harbour noxious animals. The serpents, swarming

everywhere else in India, are almost unknown here, as are also the bear, the tiger, the lions; so that it may, like Palestine, be said to be a land flowing with milk and honey.

The pastoral beauties of these hills are enhanced by contrast with the mountains overhead, covered with everlasting snows, and soaring far above the regions of storms and clouds, where they present themselves to the eye serene and luminous, like the fabulous Olympus of the poets.

From among the roots of the mountains on all sides issue a number of springs and rivulets, which the inhabitants conduct into their level rice-fields, and sometimes convey to the tops of the smaller hills, by means of a high causeway of earth. In their descent from these heights, the superfluous waters sometimes precipitate themselves in cascades, contrasting beautifully with the rich verdure between which they tumble down. The streams and brooks thus produced, flowing to the trough of the valley, unite there, and form a large river which, after many turnings and windings occasioned by the conformation of the ground, issues forth from Kashmir, between two steep rocks at Baramoula.

This abundance of streams renders the plains and hills so green and fertile, that the whole kingdom looks like one vast garden, beautified with luxuriant trees, and dotted thickly with towns and villages, which present themselves through openings in the woods. In one direction you behold a long sweep of rice fields of the brightest green; in another, the eye rests upon broad meadows, or fields of corn or saffron, or various kinds of vegetables. No spot refuses to respond to the labours of the husbandman. The whole prospect reminds the traveller, by its fertility, of the Delta of the Nile, where hundreds of shining canals diffuse inexhaustible plenty on all sides. Here nature, however, if less prolific, is more beautiful. Fancy can imagine nothing softer than the forms which she puts on, when in the morning the white mists that have been brooding all night upon the fields and waters, rise slowly from their beds to meet the glowing rays of Suray, and becoming impregnated with rosy light, float away to conceal themselves amid the inaccessible snowy valleys of Tibet. A nobler panorama can nowhere be beheld on the surface of the globe; and when, weary of contemplating its grandeur, we descend to minuter and more familiar objects, our imagination is no less gratified. In the midst of rills, and winding canals, and small lakes, we observe tasteful gardens and orchards of apple and pear, and plum, and

apricot, and walnut trees, now covered with blossoms, and now with fruit. Here and there on the sunny uplands, are vineyards,—

“Where the grape,
In bacchanal profusion, reels to earth;
Purple and gushing.”

In the private gardens all the vegetables of Europe, together with some peculiar to the East, are cultivated, among which we may notice the melon and the water-melon, which are raised in the greatest perfection. Owing to a deficiency of horticultural knowledge, many species of the fruit continue to be less exquisite than they might be rendered, though the mere influence of the sun and air, unassisted by art, sometimes ripens peaches and apricots, inferior to none in the world in flavour. Under the direction of English gardeners, Kashmir might be converted into a real Paradise, and made to furnish India with an inexhaustible supply of all the delicious fruits of the temperate zone.

There is one question connected with Kashmir, upon which it may be expected that we should not be altogether silent; we mean that of the climate. The discussion of it, however, is attended by some difficulties, as not one of the travellers who have visited the country can be regarded as competent authority, none of them having resided in it long enough to have himself witnessed all the various phenomena which nature presents infinitely diversified in a series of years. Almost as a necessary consequence we have very contradictory accounts; some affirming the air to be salubrious, while others consider it remarkably unhealthy; some maintaining that there exists an almost perpetual calm, while others, speaking from their personal knowledge, describe the atmosphere of the valley as subject to the purifying visits of tremendous hurricanes. On the subject of salubrity or insalubrity, travellers are apt to arrive at their conclusions hastily. If they themselves suffer inconvenience either from heat or cold, if their spirits are depressed, if unseasonable exposure produces fever or agues, why, then, they give the country a bad name, and cause it to pass for unhealthy. Baron Hügel proceeds very reasonably in regard to this matter, though he falls, naturally enough, into some mistakes. He saw no storms, and therefore, he says, none ever take place; but when he comes to give his testimony on the comparative salubrity of the air, his decision is favourable.

It seems highly necessary, however, in weighing a traveller's testimony respecting the dryness or moisture, the bracing or re-

laxing qualities of the air of any region, to inquire whence they came. For the last country they have visited will constitute to them, whether they be conscious of it or not, the standard of comparison. Thus Hügel, ascending from the humid plains of the Panjab, found the climate of Kashmir dry, bracing, and elastic; while Moorcroft, descending into it from the lofty table lands of Tibet, where the air is almost as destitute of moisture as that of the great Sahara, imagined it to be overloaded with watery vapours. The imaginations of both these writers were sick. Sorrow had soured the one, and disappointment and persecution the other. We cannot, therefore, without examination, adopt their views; still less can we rely on Jacquemont, who, relying on the easy fertility of his pen, determined to sport as many paradoxes as possible. He was apt to discover wonders, where wonders there were none. To him the governor-general going to church, at Calcutta, with his wife on his arm, was a phenomenon to be marvelled at. His notions of heat may have been like his notions of dignity, a little peculiar; otherwise we should be led to conclude that neither Peshawur, Shikarpoor, nor Bander-a-Bassi, is hotter than the banks of the Kashmir Dal. Often have we seen a buffalo, oppressed by heat and tormented by flies, take refuge in a river, or even in a stinking pool, where, with his nostrils just above water, he has lain or stood enjoying himself, and laughing, we dare say, at his persecutors. We should have liked to see Jacquemont imitating the buffalo, and immersing his philosophical person in the Dal to escape the heat. Unfortunately, however, he found it useless; for, as the gods once churned the ocean, having previously, we suppose, converted it into milk, so Surya had now made a hot bath of the lake. Nothing was to be gained by getting into it.

Heat like this, however, is seldom experienced in Kashmir. The inhabitants regarded it as something out of the course of nature, and offered up public prayers to Heaven for deliverance from it. But a high temperature by no means necessarily supposes unhealthiness. For while Bander-a-Bassi is one of the hottest and most unhealthy places in the world, Peshawur, which experiences an equal degree of caloric, ranks among the healthiest. One single fact, however, admitted by all travellers, completely, in our opinion, upsets the notion of Moorcroft and others, that the air of Kashmir is insalubrious. It is said that the women of the country have very large fatnelies, and rear them, which is nowhere, we believe, the case, where the climate is bad.

One of the most unequivocal signs of an ungenial atmosphere is its unfavourable effect on the germs of animal life; for where these quicken and come to maturity, there can exist nothing hostile to the vital principle. We shall here borrow from Mr. Thornton a passage bearing on the point we have been discussing.

"In consequence of the great elevation of Kashmir, the cold in winter is considerable, being, on an average, much more severe than in any parts of the British isles, and this in a latitude lower than that of Sicily. Snow usually begins to fall early in December. Night frosts set in as early as the middle of November, and by the end of that month the trees are stripped of their leaves, and all animal vegetation is cut off. A thick haze overspreads the whole valley, and the lakes and rivers send up clouds of vapour. Every movement of men or beasts raises great quantities of dust, and the haze becomes so great that, even at mid-day, and under a cloudless sky, no object can be seen at a mile's distance. This murky state of the air extends for about 200 feet above the level of the valley, and those who ascend above that height, see the snowy mountains of dazzling whiteness, and the sun shining clearly in a cloudless sky, whilst the low country lies hidden in dim obscurity. The first fall of snow restores the clearness of the air. Though snow lies to the average depth of two feet from the early part of December to the middle of April, the cold in general is a few degrees only below the freezing point. The *Jalum* is seldom completely frozen over, though ice invariably covers the surface of the lakes to a considerable distance from the banks. The snow begins to disappear in March. The end of March and beginning of April are distinguished by the popular term of dirty spring or mud season, and these appellations in regard to the mire of the surface, and the rapid succession of gusts of wind and hail, with short gleams of sunshine, are well deserved. Up to the beginning of June much rain falls, though Kashmir is beyond the influence of the periodical monsoon, which so extensively deluges parts of Asia."

Every country, however, has its drawbacks. In Kashmir the principal pest may be said to be the inhabitants, who contrive by their filth to spoil one of the loveliest regions upon earth. Cities everywhere in the East are deformed by mounds of rubbish, and filled, more or less, with pestilential effluvia. In Cairo, a man can scarcely walk through the Jews' quarter without requiring an ounce of civet to sweeten his imagination, for, as he proceeds from street to street, stench in every variety assails his nostrils; and, if he be a stranger, most probably enriches his mind with some new ideas of what is noisome and abominable. The Neapolitans sometimes swear, by all the smoke that circulates through the streets of Constantinople; but would find a more potent oath, if they swore by all the stink. Even their own beautiful city does not al-

ways smell like essence of roses. Ispahan and Bagdad, El Basrah, Damascus, and Tabreez, encircle their inhabitants with foetid odours, which may partly explain their partiality for pungent perfumes and tobacco smoke. We need not, therefore, be greatly surprised at finding the capital of Kashmir somewhat less fragrant than its meadows. Probably the Orientals have no olfactory nerves, or such as are affected only by pleasant smells. At any rate, the dwellers in the city of Kashmir appear to encounter their share of unsavoury scents, and that, too, voluntarily; otherwise nothing would be easier than to effect their own deliverance.

In Bernier's time, this picturesque and striking little capital was the abode of greater wealth and comfort than it is at present, and consequently little more attention was paid to cleanliness. But a Frenchman's nose is not so easily offended as an Englishman's. Paris is a tolerably good introduction to the East, so that any one who has accustomed himself to sniff the matinal odours of the *Cité* and the *Quartier St. Antoine*, will stroll in greater comfort along the *Kalish* at Cairo, or through the Armenian suburb at Julfa, in Ispahan. As Bernier, however, was an Epicurean, he may be supposed to have cultivated his nose, so that we lay some stress on his testimony in this particular. Still, it is rather negative than positive. He does not say that the city of Kashmir was fragrant, but he omits to dwell so vehemently on its stench, as later travellers have done. All, however, agree that it is a pretty place, prettily situated. But they find the houses to be built of wood, and adduce different reasons to account for this phenomenon. One observes that wood is cheap, and assigns that as the cause; another has recourse to the laziness of the people; while a third discovers an explanation of the whole in the violent earthquakes to which, like Lima, the city is liable. Thus, in 1828, twelve hundred houses were overthrown, and upwards of a thousand people destroyed. Nevertheless, in various parts of Kashmir, we find numbers of stone temples, which have probably resisted the earthquakes of a thousand years, together with the neglect of centuries, and are still tolerably entire.

"The city," says Forster, "which in the ancient annals of India was known by the name of *Siringnaghur*, but now by that of the province at large, extends about three miles on each side of the river *Jalum*, over which are four or five wooden bridges, and occupies in some parts of its breadth, which is irregular, about two miles. The houses, many of them two and three stories high, are slightly built of brick and mortar, with a large intermixture of timber. On a standing roof of wood is laid a

covering of fine earth, which shelters the buildings from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully chequered *parterre*. The streets are narrow, and choked with the filth of the inhabitants, who are proverbially unclean. No buildings are seen in this city worthy of remark; though the Kashmirians boast much of a wooden mosque called the *Jumma Masjid*, erected by one of the emperors of Hindostan; but its claim to distinction is very moderate."

Bernier, who had an eye for what was grand and striking, mentions two or three circumstances, which the more modern travellers overlook: he says that the mountains advance to within about two leagues of the city, and expand themselves in the background in the form of a half-moon. From the north-eastern quarter of the city extends the Dal or lake, which is about six miles in length and four in breadth. It is thickly interspersed with small islands, which being converted into so many gardens, adorned with innumerable fruit-trees, contrast strikingly with the azure of the surrounding waters. On the edge of these isles you see rows of aspens, planted close to each other, with their large leaves for ever trembling and twinkling in the sunshine. Their smooth slender trunks, as tall as the mast of a ship, terminate above in one tuft, like a palm-tree; these throwing their long shadows over the lake, which towards evening is all alive with pleasure boats, greatly enhance the beauty of the prospect. The rising country beyond is thickly covered with villas, which enjoy a salubrious air and a magnificent view of the lakes, fed perpetually by innumerable brooks and springs.

At one season of the year the surface of this lake, as well as of every other in Kashmir, is thickly studded with clusters of the *nymphaea*, or lily of the Nile, which, with its pink-coloured flowers reflected in the glassy mirror on all sides, seems to communicate to the waters a rosy blush. The Hindoos, observing that this plant always keeps its leaves above the waves, regard it as a mystic symbol of the world reappearing after it had been submerged beneath the ocean.

Another very curious feature of the Dal is the number of floating gardens which the inhabitants launch upon it. In many other parts of the world, islets of a light spongy texture, agglutinated with bitumen, have been known to swim, and use, we believe, has been made of their surface for horticultural purposes. Here, however, it is a regular practice, though the gardens are of the

most diminutive kind, and ought more properly, perhaps, to be called *melonaries*. When it is intended to manufacture an isle—

"Choice is made of a shallow part of the lake, overgrown with reeds and other aquatic plants, which are cut off about two feet below the surface, and then pressed close to each other without otherwise disturbing the position in which they grew. They are subsequently mowed down nearly to the surface, and the parts thus taken off are spread evenly over the floats, and covered with a thin layer of mud drawn up from the bottom; on the level thus formed, are arranged, close to each other, conical heaps of weeds, about two feet across, and two feet high, having each at top a small hollow filled with fresh mud. In each hollow are set three plants of cucumber or melon, and no further care or trouble is required but to gather the produce, which is invariably fine and abundant. Each bed is about two yards wide; the length is variable; the bed is kept in its place by a stake of willow sent through it at each end, and driven into the bottom of the lake."

Baron Hügel has entered, in his account of the lake, into several very interesting details respecting its environs, and islands, and the gardens wherewith the latter are covered. We could wish he had possessed a more graphic method of delineating what he undertook to place before the reader; but even in his hands the celebrated Dal of Kashmir preserves much of its original beauty.

"I took advantage," he says, "of this afternoon's leisure, and with my new European companions went to see the famous Lake Dal. It is partly surrounded by a ditch, to prevent its waters mingling with those of the Jelam, and causing an inundation, for the houses near the lake are built on the same level with it. Exactly under the Takt-i-Suliman is the sluice called *Drogshah*, the only outlet of the lake, which flows into the Zand, an arm of the Jelam. A channel, which is lined with stone, connects this great river with the lake, and is the only means of getting at the latter, without making a circuit of more than two miles by water from the inhabited part of the town. In olden times the flood-gate was much nearer to the city, but was removed to the place where it now is in consequence of the water of the lake discharging itself too rapidly from the direction it was allowed to take. A large white stone, lying in the great canal which leads to the Shalimar Bagh, is of much importance as a mark; when the water covers it there is danger from the waters of the lake; and the flood-gate is so constructed that it then shuts of itself. It is about two or three miles from the Dilawar-Uhan-Bagh, under the Takt-i-Suliman.

"The lake is divided into several distinct parts. *Gagribal*, the first and least division, is separated from the rest by a narrow tongue of land; the second, called *Ropelang*, has a little island in the middle, on which we landed. A building, now levelled to the ground, formerly stood on it, and the regular form of the whole certainly shows that it was the work of human ingenuity. In many parts the lake is shallow enough to allow of simi-

lar contrivances. There is a charming view of the mountains from the first small lake, and in a semicircle a branch of the inferior ridge comes down to the very edge of the stream. High up on the first of these hills, going from the city, stands a very extensive building called Kulimar, founded by Achan Mullah Shah, the major-domo of the Emperor Jehanghir, as a school for Mohammedans. It was never completed, and is now in ruins. The next prominent object is of interest to every Hindú, being a place of pilgrimage, called Kali Sangam, built on an eminence projecting far into the lake. Kali signifies *black*, and sangam, *the confluence of two rivers*. These spots are always sacred to the Hindús. With this exception the mountains encircling this lake gradually decrease to a gentle plain, on which villages and pretty gardens have been laid out. There is a beautiful garden in the Ropeland lake, called Nishad Bagh, or Garden of Bliss, made by Jehanghir after his first visit to Kashmir. The garden is entered by a fine terrace near the shore, leading into an avenue, adorned with fountains and basins. Over these are raised small and fanciful buildings on large arches, so as not to shut up the view down the avenue, which is so contrived as to appear much larger than it really is. From the highly-ornamented pavilion the view of the more distant buildings in the back-ground is exceedingly picturesque. The beautiful plane-trees are the chief ornaments of this garden at present, which is now almost in other respects a perfect wilderness. The gardener presented me with a bouquet of the Indian chrysanthemum, yellow, white, and pink, for which he asked me a rupee, as an enamel, or present. Mr. Vigne, who was in this garden during the hot season, found among its tenants a fine hooded snake.

"A wealthy Hindú Pandit once built a causeway from Kashmir to this point, which has naturally much impeded the free course of the waters, and only a narrow line was left for our boat to be rowed under a bridge from the Nishad Bagh to the most admired division of the lake, where is the island of Char Chunar. Under this bridge the water is twenty-four feet deep; in every other part it is but from six to eight feet, allowing the majestic Nelumbium to overspread the whole surface of the lake with its expansive foliage, and rich white and red flowers.

"Arrived in the Char Chunar lake, we were first rowed to the Shalimarg garden, which, with its famous palace, was one of the great works of Jehanghir. I do not think he chose the prettiest part of the lake, but the high mountains are here softened down to the plain, and a broad valley afforded more space than elsewhere. A canal half a mile long, but only now capable of admitting a small boat, leads from this lake to the wooden entrance of the building. This entrance has been completely disfigured by the successive Patan governors, who have erected an ugly flat roof over it, for the convenience of smoking their pipes. According to the style of the period, six inferior buildings, in the midst of an avenue of colossal plane-trees, lead at considerable intervals to the principal though not very extensive palace.

"A small building is erected over a spring, the roof of which rests on twelve massive black marble columns. The whole forms a square of twelve

fathoms, consisting of two covered walks or terraces, between which are the halls, having on either side partitions of lattice-work, through which were to be seen the once-ornamented chambers. It is kept in good repair, as the governors of Kashmir have always made it an occasional resort. The garden is 376 paces long and 220 broad. Compared with the Nishad garden, the view from the hall is very poor. The fine planes are beginning to decay from age, and one had already fallen to the earth. The wood of this tree is highly esteemed by the Kashmirians, who think it the best for their gun-stocks. I admired also the corn-flag and jonquil, the syringa Persica and chrysanthemum, and a wild plum, which in the spring has a flower of delicious fragrance. A little hamlet is gradually extending itself to this royal wilderness.

"About a mile and a half from the garden, and near the centre of this division of the lake, the island Char Chunar, celebrated by Bernier and Thomas Moore, rises from the waters, a skilful monument of the reign of the Mogul emperor, who named it from the four plane-trees he planted on the spot; two of them are still standing. It has also its building in the centre, surrounded by a deserted garden, and consists of a single open hall, with a little tower commanding a fine prospect of the lake. Under one of the plane-trees is a water-wheel, in perfect preservation, made of the incorruptible Himálayan cedar, the invaluable deodara. It raises the water from the lake to the terrace. Ducks without number live in this lake, feeding on the roots of the water-caltrop, but it is difficult to come within gunshot distance of them. Formerly, the taking of these creatures afforded a livelihood to numbers of men, but for some reason best known to himself, the present governor has discountenanced the practice; his protection of the ducks, however, does not extend to a prohibition of the amusement of Europeans, on the strength of which one of the boatmen produced a matchlock about fourteen feet long, and begged my permission to take one shot for me. With this I readily complied, and furnished him with some powder and shot. At the first discharge with a single barrel he brought down eight ducks.

"We did not fail, while here, to visit the beautiful wood of plane-trees planted by Akba, called Nazim, or Salubrious, to the number of 1200 trees. They are still in fine preservation, though planted more than 200 years, forming beautiful walks, whose refreshing shade in summer must be delicious. Near this is a large garden built in successive terraces, but now altogether in ruins. They say that it was the fancy of Nur Begum, the wife of Jehanghir."

We will now permit Baron Hügel to take us through a portion of the city; his account of which is in many parts extremely interesting.

"I visited," says Hügel, "the seven bridges which span the Jelum, at once the most enduring and the most dangerous I ever saw. The date of their construction and the material are evidences of the first quality, their appearance and the experience of every passenger sufficiently attest the last.

The piers are composed of large cedar-trees, fifteen or twenty feet long, and three feet in diameter, which are placed one over the other in the form of a funeral pile, while large lime trees, the seeds having been carried to the place by birds, grow from this foundation, and shadow a part of the bridge. The cross-beams on which one treads are everywhere in a condition to afford an excellent view of the river beneath; and huts and booths have been thrown up at different periods on this slippery ground, although nothing is clearer than that one storm would involve houses, bridges, trees, and piles in one common overthrow. A storm, however, or even a wind, of any great violence, is a thing altogether unknown in Kashmir.

"These bridges were found already laid across the river by the Mohammedans, which gives them an antiquity of at least 500 years. Since the dominion of the last Hindû sovereign, or more correctly, of the last Queen of Kashmir, Rani Kotadevi, which, according to the Ayin Akbari, terminated in 1364, the last partial restoration was undertaken by the governor, Ali Merdan Khan, in the reign of the emperor Jehanghir. The Shah Hamedan Musjid is a modern-looking building, the prototype of every mosque in Kashmir, and if not exactly resembling a Chinese temple, is certainly unlike Indian architecture in general, though some of the same form may be occasionally seen in the British Himalaya. It is nearly square, and within, the roof is supported by slender pillars. Without, and about half way up the wall, are balconies, ornamented with finely-carved wood, and small columns. The roof of the temple projects over the outer walls, and is finished at the four corners with hanging bells; while, on the summit, which rises in a pyramidal form, is a golden ball, instead of the Mohammedan crescent. This form is common throughout the valley of Kashmir, from the simplest village temple to the richly ornamented mosque of the capital. This, as well as all other mosques, is built of cedar.

"The fine stone steps, which in every Hindû city lead down to the river, are in Kashmir without any extensive ornament; but I remarked one novelty in the river in this city, viz., large wooden cages, for I know no more fitting name for them, which stood in great numbers close to the shore, for the convenience of the female bathers. The Jelam is also covered with boats of every size, which give a pleasant stirring appearance to the whole city. The numerous canals on the right shore of the river,—on the left there is but one,—have no communication with it, although so close, except through the Drogshuh gate; and hence, from the Dilawer-Khan-Bagh, to the Shah Hamedan mosque, the first being on the great canal, and the last on the Jelam, we were one hour and a half going by water, the distance by land being only a few hundred feet. . . . At some distance is the Jama Masjid. It is a pity that it is now in a ruinous condition, having been once a beautiful edifice built of cedar, so far back as the time of their own native princes. It forms a large square, each side measuring sixty-three fathoms, and in the centre is an open space with a small building upon it. The roof is supported by large columns, hewn out of a single piece, and with a florid capital and base. The small building in the centre of the court is open on all sides, and raised a step."

A Greek comic writer having occasion to discuss the scientific attainments of Agamemnon, supposes him to have been so ignorant of arithmetic as scarcely to be able to count his own feet.* Baron Hügel has evidently a very little better opinion of Bernier's acquaintance with Cocker; for though our worthy physician states positively that there were but two bridges in his time over the Thylum—"cette rivière a dans la ville deux ponts de bois, pour la communication d'un côté à l'autre:"—the baron makes no account of this moonshine, but speaks of his seven bridges as of an antiquity anterior to the Mohammedan conquest. George Foster had made some progress in reckoning beyond Bernier. He had attained to that knowledge of arithmetic possessed by certain savage nations of counting by fives; but beyond this he was unable to get. He proceeded as far as the fifth bridge, but there his powers of computation deserted him, and because he could reckon no more, maintained that there were no more. Baron Hügel, however, by that sort of intuition which a fortnight's residence in a country bestows, is positive that there were seven bridges all the while, though five of them were invisible to Bernier, and two to Foster. We like this style of writing. It renders one's mind easy on difficult points, and puts an end to the nuisance of inquiry.

* Of the deodar, or Himalayan cedar, which differs in many respects from that of Lebanon and Western Asia generally, the reader may not, perhaps, be displeased to find some account here. It constitutes an important element in the botany of these Indian Alps. Eschewing the plains altogether it is found to flourish at elevations varying from seven to twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. Where it finds a genial soil and a favourable exposure it attains to a vast height, and is not unfrequently thirty feet in circumference. In the earlier stages of its growth it bears some likeness to the real cedar, though afterwards the resemblance ceases, as its branches never spread, but shoot upwards. The cone is preceded by a catkin of a bright yellow color, so that the whole tree, when in full blossom, appears to be covered with a rich mantle of gold. These catkins, observes Dr. Hoyle, are loaded with a golden dust, which the wind shakes from the branches in such profusion, that the ground, to a considerable distance, becomes sheeted, as it were, with gold.

With respect to the durability of its wood we may observe that it is a quality which it possesses in common with that of many other trees. The Egyptian sycamore will last for many thousand years. We have a

piece now in our possession, which was probably cut and buried in a tomb before the Exodus of the Israelites, yet it is still as firm and as fresh-looking as though it had only been severed from the tree some half dozen years or so. This would render credible the stories told by the elder Pliny for the purpose of illustrating the durability of wood, were there not some particulars in his accounts which, as the journals say, require confirmation. It may, however, be worth while to hear what the old naturalist has to advance on this point. After discussing at some length several circumstances connected with the temple of Diana at Ephesus, he says, 'A famous and memorable temple there is of Apollo at Utica, where the beams and the main pieces of timber, made of Memidian cedars, remain as whole and entire as at the day when they were first set up, which was when the city was founded; by which computation they have continued already 1186 years. Moreover, it is said, that at Saguntum, a city of Spain, there is a temple of Diana still standing, a little beneath the city: and yet as King Bacchus, mine author saith, two hundred years before the ruin and destruction of Troy, the same men who brought the image of the said Diana from the island of Zacynthos, founded the temple aforesaid. For the antiquity and religion whereof, Hannibal made some conscience to demolish it, and would not once touch it, and therein are to be seen at this day the beams and rafters of juniper, sound and good.'

But Kashmir is celebrated for other productions than those which have betrayed us into quoting Pliny. We allude to those shawls which once constituted its riches and its pride. We say once, because the glories of the Kashmir loom have also departed; because beauty no longer delights either in Europe or in Asia to adorn itself with the spoils of the Tibetan goat; and because the Persians, the Osmanlis, and the Memlooks, formerly the lavish customers of the ingenious weavers of the valley, have now seen their wealth departed from them, or have departed themselves, so that the trade of the merchant languishes, and many a shuttle is still. In years gone by, every inmate of every harem in Western Asia, bore about her person two or three Kashmir shawls at once; one twisted around her waist as a girdle, another on her head as a turban, and another cast loosely round the figure to set off the beauty of the silks and furs and cloths of gold, with which its variegated colour contrasted. Now, general poverty has introduced a more sober taste. The inferior Osmanli ladies are fain to con-

tent themselves with the fabrics of Manchester or Glasgow, which can in many cases be obtained for less than a hundredth part of what their mothers gave for a Kashmir shawl. A similar revolution has taken place in India. British goods flood the land and find their way into all the courts and zenanas, driving the more gorgeous productions of Asia out of the market. Even in central Asia the doctrines of political economy are finding practical advocates and throwing open wide channels for English industry. The various Khans and Amirs are learning to calculate; to apply arithmetic to the affairs of the purse, to scan the costumes of their wives with an eye jaundiced by Adam Smith, and to draw the conclusion that a woman looks quite as well in finery value ten tomanas, as in what costs enough to stock a bazaar.

Through the operation of all these influences, the poor weaver of Kashmir stands a very good chance of being extinguished. But to complete the measure of his misfortunes, he has to struggle with something far worse still. His infidel rulers, the Sikhs, who know nothing of Malthus, or Ricardo, or Huskisson, imitate most punctually the policy of the owner of the goose that laid the golden eggs; they rob the master manufacturers of their capital one after another, and thus throw the weavers out of work, and forcibly close more rapidly than they would have dried up of themselves the sources of the wealth which they covet. Kashmir, therefore, both in town and country, exhibits all the saddening tokens of a kingdom in decay. Agriculture is carried on more slovenly than formerly; the people are poorer and fewer; and their depressed spirits reconcile them with dirt and unsavoury effluvia in their streets and houses. Nevertheless, the pride of their industry is not yet entirely extinct. Even Ranjit Singh, or his more tyrannical and doltish successors, could not deprive them of the native cunning of their hands, and if they were not Mohammedans, we should not be surprised to find the shawls they now produce illustrated pictorially, like the web of Helen, with the woes of Kashmir.

When Bernier visited the country, the shawl manufacture seems to have attained its most flourishing state, and he beheld with admiration the brilliant colours, and the rich, fanciful, and delicate ornaments with which the weavers adorned their work. The number of shawls then produced and exported was prodigious. The Moguls, barbarians as they were, still knew how to encourage the industry of their subjects by purchasing at liberal prices the creations of their handiwork. All the great Omrahs of

the court of Aurungzeb repaired annually to the valley with its beautiful productions on their heads; and, when they again descended to the plains, bore away with them an amount of purchases which made glad the heart of the subtle artisan. In consequence of this patronage the natives affirm that there were, at that period, 40,000 looms constantly at work, which towards the close of the eighteenth century had diminished to about 16,000. The number at present is far less. The prices, however, under the Moguls, were not anything like so high as they are at present; for even the finest shawls cost no more than 150 rupees. Now they fetch extraordinary sums. The charge for completing a pair of shawls is calculated to be nearly as follows: for the labour of twenty-four weavers during twelve months, 80*l.*; for wool and dyeing materials, 30*l.*, duty 20*l.*; for the current expenses of the establishment, 20*l.*: total, 200*l.* Far more costly fabrics, however, are occasionally brought into the market, some being valued as high as 700*l.* In Moorcroft's time the total annual value of the shawls manufactured in Kashmir, amounted to about 300,000*l.*; but from the causes to which we have alluded above, the sum has now dwindled to something much less considerable. Baron Hügel was told in the country that no less than 13,000 weavers had, in the course of a very few years, perished of famine and cholera. Others, to avoid the intolerable oppression of the Sikhs, had expatriated themselves, while others again had adopted different occupations.

The wool used in the manufacture of the shawls is of two kinds, one called *pashm shal* (or shawl wool), and obtained from the tame goat; the other, the fleece of the wild goat, wild sheep, and other animals, named *asalius*. In all instances it is a fine down, growing close to the skin, under the common coat, and is found not only on the animals just mentioned, but also on the *yah*, or grunting ox, and on the dog of the intensely cold and arid tracts of Tibet. The greater part is supposed to be produced in Chan Than, a tract in the west of Tibet, and in the first instance sold at Rodokh, a fort near the frontier, towards Ladakh, to which it is conveyed on the backs of sheep, there usually employed as beasts of burden. It is purchased by the Kashmirians at Le, the chief place of Ladakh, and carried thence to Kashmir, either on men's shoulders, or on the backs of horses. There is also some brought by Moguls from Pamir, or from the vicinity of Yarkund. About a third of the quantity imported is dark-coloured, and the price of this is little more than one-half that

of the white, in consequence of the latter being better suited for dyeing. At the time of Vigne's visit, the white sort sold at the rate of about four shillings the pound. The long hairs are picked out by the hand, and this is, of course, a very tedious process. The residue is carefully washed, rice-flour being used as an abstergent, instead of soap, and then hand-spun by women, who are stated by Moorcroft not to earn more than one half-crown a month by incessant toil. There is much division of labour in this manufacture: one artisan designs the patterns, another determines the quality and quantity of the thread required for executing them, a third apportions and arranges the warp and woof (the former of which is generally of silk) for the border. Three weavers are employed on an embroidered shawl, of an ordinary pattern, for three months; but a very rich pair will occupy a shop for eighteen months. They are dyed in yarn, and carefully washed after the weaving has been finished. The Kashmirian dyers profess to use sixty-four different tints, and some of these are obtained by extracting the colours of European woollens, imported for the express purpose. The embroidered border of the finest shawls is generally made separately, and joined skilfully by sewing it to the field, or middle part. According to Hügel, shawls of this description are altogether patchwork, consisting of as many as fifteen pieces, joined by seams.

The picture drawn by the baron of a shawl factory and its inmates is anything but flattering:

"I paid," he says, "a visit to one of the shawl manufactories; and was conducted through one of the most wretched abodes that my imagination could well picture. In a room at the top of the house sat sixteen men huddled together at their work, which at this time was shown to me as a *Dúshula*, or long shawl, valued at three thousand rupees the pair. I made several inquiries as to the nature and extent of their trade, but the master seemed ill-disposed to gratify my curiosity. However difficult it may be to arrive at the truth in India, it is still more so here, though for a very different reason. The Indian always accommodates his answer to the supposed pleasure of the inquirer: the Kashmirian is trained to practise the art of concealment, which naturally leads to falsehood on every occasion. The workmen handled the threads with a rapidity which surprised me, moving their heads continually the while. They work in winter in a room which is never heated, lest dust or smoke might injure the material. Generally speaking their features are highly intellectual and animated."

Kashmir has long been celebrated, also, for other sorts of manufactures, most of which have of late much declined in excel-

lence, though some still continue to retain their reputation. Its palankeens were once considered the best in the East; as were its bedsteads, its coffers, and indeed its cabinet-work generally, large quantities of which were annually exported into the countries of the plain. Its cabinet-makers addicted themselves especially to the imitation of a particular species of wood, whose veins they represented with singular truth, by the inlaying of fine threads of gold. The surface of the work was then finely polished and coated with a shining and durable varnish. The lapidaries of the valley are said to excel all others in skill. They work exquisitely in chalcedony and rock crystal, of which latter substance they have been known to turn out vases so large as to be a burden for four men.

The arms, and more particularly the pistol-barrels of Kashmir, are highly valued throughout Asia. They are manufactured of iron brought from the *Eusufai* country, which is tough, pliable, and of the highest excellence. The barrels are of all kinds, plain, twisted, and damaskened, but even this branch of industry has declined under Sikhs who appear determined to effect the utter ruin of Kashmir. Baron Hügel paid a visit to an armourer, which he describes with his usual unsatisfactoriness. "This armourer," he says, "was the most celebrated in Kashmir. As this is a trade in which they are believed to excel, I was disappointed at finding nothing in a sufficiently forward state for my inspection. The appearance of this armourer himself was most venerable; he reminded me of the days of chivalry, when the trade he followed was so honoured in all lands; with more real politeness than I had met with for a long time, he prayed me to be seated, and brought me several half-finished muskets and pistols, an Indian matchlock, and some poniards, all elaborately ornamented. Nothing could be much worse than the implements he worked with, particularly his bellows, which consisted of a little box of wood, that forced the wind in, as well as out."

During the last century when the Kashmirians were under the rule of the Affghans, they renounced Father Matthew, and took to manufacturing and drinking abominations. Of the Koran and its prohibitions they, in fact, made so light, that wine was as common in the valley as if it had been inhabited by Christians. This wine in colour and flavour resembled Madeira, and when ripened by age was of an excellent quality. Exhilarated by liberal potations of this nectar, the good people proceeded a step still further, and manufactured a potent spirituous liquor

from the grape, which wonderfully assisted them in bearing the weight of *Dúrání* yoke. Of these curious facts we find no mention in later travellers; but George Forster, who was probably himself a worshipper of *Dionysos*, carefully records them in his authentic travels.

This same able writer remarks, that the Kashmirians fabricated then as they do still the best writing paper in the East, and carried on in it an extensive traffic. Of this paper Thornton says:—

"Its superiority consists in its great smoothness and whiteness. The inferior qualities are made of rags, ropes, and sacking; the finest, the filaments of wild hemp. These materials are reduced to a pulp, under hammers worked by water-power, and the sheet of paper is formed on a fine mat, instead of wire-work; it is then pumiced, receives a thin coat of rice-paste, and is finally polished very carefully with an agate. It is very dear, a quire of twenty-four sheets of the finest costing from five to six shillings. There are seven or eight hundred copiers of MSS. in Kashmir. They are wretchedly remunerated, the best not earning more than threepence a-day, and the results of their labour may be had for a very low price. Thus, a copy of the *Shar Nameh*, which contains sixty thousand distichs, costs only seven or eight pounds sterling."

Another branch of industry is thus described by the same writer:—

"The Kashmirians manufacture excellent leather for saddlery. Moorcroft describes it as strong and solid, heavy and pliable, without any disposition to crack; some of the pieces had been in use eighteen or twenty years, and were none the worse for constant wear."

From him, too, we shall borrow our account of the attar:—

"The essential oil, or celebrated attar of roses (vulgarly called otto of roses), made in Kashmir, is considered superior to any other; a circumstance not surprising, as, according to Hügel, the flower is here produced of surpassing fragrance, as well as beauty. A large quantity of rose-water, twice distilled, is allowed to run off into an open vessel, placed over night in a cool running stream, and in the morning the oil is found floating on the surface in minute specks, which are taken off very carefully by means of a blade of the sword-lily. When cool, it is of a dark green colour, and as hard as resin, not becoming liquid at a temperature below that of boiling water. Between five and six hundred pounds' weight of leaves are required to produce one ounce of the attar. It is never an article of commerce, being reserved for the use of the Sikh court; and that which is known in Europe under the name of Persian, is a very inferior article to the produce of Kashmir. The species used for distillation is the *rosa biflora*."

It might be treating the good people of Kashmir somewhat unceremoniously to

quit the country without saying anything of their habits and character. But how shall we venture upon the topic? Our own experience of the race has not been favourable, and travellers generally unite in giving them a bad character. Bernier, considering their figure and physiognomy, imagined them to be descended from the Jews, and supposed it was in this valley that the lost tribes took refuge from the persecutions of mankind. Other writers have not been indisposed to adopt this fancy, deluded, probably, by the aquiline noses and bright black eyes of the Kashmirian dancing-girls so common throughout the whole of Northern India. But where have the lost tribes not been located? We find them in Afghanistan, and in Turkistan, in the burning deserts of Mehkran, and in the lofty table lands of the Caspian. When people don't know what to make of any race, they say they are descended from the Jews.

For our own part, we consider the Kashmirians to be a genuine offset from the Hindú race. Their language, physiognomy, habits, and ancient religion, all concur in confirming us in this view. In much that is said to their disparagement, we put no faith. It is quite customary among travellers to underrate the nations through which they pass, a fault into which they are betrayed by the necessary accidents of travel. Every day brings them into contact with the least reputable part of the community, and, at best, with persons engaged in the pursuit of gain, who consequently endeavour to make as much out of them as they can. On the other hand, travellers are apt to count their rupees as well as most other persons, and he, therefore, who makes an inroad on their purse, whether legitimately or illegitimately, is viewed in no very favourable light. Again and again have we seen Asiatics libelled and denounced as knaves, for demanding what was strictly due to them. If nothing worse could be said of them, they were duns and bores, and woe to him who bores a traveller! Sure he is of being pilloried in his pages, together with the whole of the unlucky nation to which he belongs.

Hügel disliked the Kashmirians, because they grumbled at being required to carry burdens too heavy for so many jackasses. He might have found them more willing, had they found the mouth of his purse a little opener. But Asiatics have a knack of being weary when they are scantily paid. Your gold is a rare inspiriter of men; it gives strength to their limbs, animation to their countenances, volubility to their tongues, buoyancy to their animal spirits. Hügel reckoned his asses too exactly to

please the Kashmirians, and the Kashmirians became too sullen and dispirited to please Hügel. Other travellers may perhaps have exhibited a taste of the same quality, and found the pleasures of their journey considerably diminished by it. Not that we mean to write the apology of the Kashmirians. We dare say the men are all rogues, and the women no better than they should be. But it might be as well not to be dogmatical on the point, to indulge a slight leaning towards scepticism, and to allow them all the benefit of our doubts. It is just possible—we merely put the thing hypothetically—that there may be such a *rara avis* as an honest woman in Kashmir. It is also within the limits of possibility that a man might be discovered who was neither a thief nor a liar. We throw ourselves on the mercy of our adventurous travellers who think differently; but philanthropy is our failing. And this leads us to fancy—miserable *homusculi* as we are!—that virtue is not utterly extinct, even in this secluded corner of the Himalayas.

Besides, there appears to be some discrepancy between the facts and the references of some of our travellers. They inform us that the Kashmirians are a handsome and almost Herculean race, and that the women are remarkable for their beauty and the elegance of their figure; and yet they ascribe to them the habitual practice of vices peculiarly inimical to the healthy development of the human frame. We request them to choose between their statements, and to inform us which they would rather that we should believe; for to swallow both at the same time, is a stretch of complaisance of which we are incapable. We have lived long years among foreigners, and applied ourselves diligently during the whole period to the study of their national character; speaking their language fluently, and associating with them without reserve; and yet we should hesitate to decide dogmatically respecting them. How, therefore, do we envy travellers who, like Baron Hügel, possessed the secret of getting at a nation's character in a fortnight! This is an art of which we can form no idea. It is more rapid in its operation than physiognomy; it divines people at once. In vain do they envelope themselves in the mantle of reserve. In vain have they recourse to hypocrisy; in vain do they put in practice all those harmless little artifices which dazzle and bewilder the common observer! The traveller is not to be deceived; he reads their nature with unerring precision, and proclaims them to the world exactly for what they are. To this frightful sagacity

we have nothing to oppose, but a sort of kindly incredulity. We shrug our shoulders, and, as French lovers phrase it, persist in cherishing *nos douces illusions*.

Still, as our readers may like to learn what sort of devils inhabit Kashmir, according to the testimony of our most philosophical travellers, we shall present them with an extract or two on the subject from Mr. Thornton :

"Lively, ingenious, and good-humoured, the Kashmirians are much addicted to the never-failing vices of slaves, lying and trickery, and inordinately addicted to amusement and pleasure. Moorcroft, engaged against them in a course of commercial rivalry, shows no mercy in delineating their moral qualities:—'In character the Kashmirian is selfish, superstitious, ignorant, subtle, intriguing, dishonest, and false; he has great ingenuity as a mechanic, and a decided genius for manufactures and commerce; but his transactions are always conducted in a fraudulent spirit, equalled only by the effrontery with which he faces detection.'"

Hügel, of course, reiterates the accusations of Moorcroft, adding other circumstances to render the picture more revolting. It seems to be admitted, however, on all hands, that the Kashmirians are not a cruel people. If they cheat the traveller, therefore, they, at all events, do not cut his throat. The war they make is upon his rupees, not on him; and when they have got possession of a little cash, do they hoard it in a way to assist in tracing their pedigree to the ten tribes? On the contrary they are, according to Forster, very Catilines, greedy of other men's treasures, but lavish of their own.

"No people," he says, "devise more modes of luxurious expense. When a Kashmirian of the lowest order finds himself in possession of ten shillings, he loses no time in assembling his party, and, launching into the lake, solaces himself till the last farthing is spent; nor," adds he, "can the despotism of an Afghan government, which loads them with oppression and cruelty, eradicate their strong tendency to dissipation. Yet their manners, it is said, have undergone a manifest change since the dismemberment of their country from Hindústan. Encouraged by the liberality and indulgence of the Moguls, they gave a loose to the pleasures and the bent of their genius. They appeared in gay apparel, constructed costly buildings, and were much addicted to the pleasures of the table. The interests of the province were so strongly favoured at court, that every complaint against its governors was attentively listened to, and any attempt to molest the people was restrained or punished."

This run of good fortune, however, at length came to an end, and Kashmir passed under other rulers. Some idea may be formed of the different treatment which

Kashmir met with under the Moguls and under the Affghans from the amount of revenue exacted by each government. The emperors of Delhi were contented with the moderate tribute of three lakhs and a half of rupees, while the ferocious and insatiable Affghans habitually extorted twenty lakhs. Their tyranny effected a change in the very character and deportment of the people. From being cheerful, talkative, and ostentatious, they became gloomy, silent, and penurious in their habits, lest the least show of hilarity or ease in their condition should bring the tax-gatherers on their backs. Even the Sikh conquest, therefore, can scarcely be said to have deteriorated their condition. The government of Lahore, indeed, receives considerably less than was raised by the Affghans, ten lakhs being the utmost that for many years was supposed to reach the coffers of the Maharajah, but the people of Kashmir profited little by this seeming moderation. For the actual amount of their tribute fell little short of twenty-two lakhs, and sometimes exceeded that sum, though twelve of them were absorbed by the spongy nature of the channels through which they flow towards the capital.

This may be regarded as a much higher rate of taxation than is known anywhere else in the East, and if the statement be correct, will lead us inevitably to conclusions respecting the character of the people very different from those of Moorcroft and Baron Hügel. The population of Great Britain, incomparably the wealthiest and most industrious on the globe, are taxed at the rate of about 1*l.* 17*s.* per head. No other people in Europe, it is believed, could support such an impost. But in Cashmir we find the people are taxed at the rate of about 1*l.* 2*s.* per head, for the whole amount of the population is said not to exceed 200,000. Now let any man acquainted with the principles of political economy ask himself whether a people universally libertine and profligate could supply such a revenue to the state? If they were not exceedingly industrious they could not possibly possess the means; and if it be granted that they are exceedingly industrious we shall beg leave to regard as a strange paradox the notion that they are at the same time exceedingly dissipated and depraved.

Connected with this question of population are some curious facts which have scarcely any parallel in history. They perhaps, who relate them, may have aimed a little at rhetorical effect. But allowing for this; granting even that there may be considerable exaggeration, enough will still remain strongly to excite our astonishment.

It is said that, in the course of twenty years, the population of Kashmir shrank from 800,000 to 200,000, through the united effects of misgovernment, famine, pestilence, and earthquake. Seldom have calamities so dire overtaken a people. What the sword of the Sikhs had spared was in part swallowed by the earth, or destroyed by hunger, or swept off by the cholera. An unseasonable fall of snow annihilated four fifths of the rice in the blade, and presently there came a famine which strewed the streets and high-roads with corpses, and drove mothers to sell their children for a rupee, or even to slaughter and eat them! Such horrors are not perpetrated voluntarily. Madness supervenes before human nature lapses into crimes like these. But, be assured, whatever the horrors perpetrated by the Kashmirians may have been, the infamous misgovernment of the Sikhs acted as a powerful cause. The people of this beautiful but unhappy valley have good reason, therefore, to pray for the annexation of the Panjab, which will enable them, for the first time during nearly three centuries, to taste of internal tranquillity, and enjoy their property in peace. Of course an outcry will be raised by discontented and unprincipled demagogues in Europe against the grasping policy and boundless ambition of England. But while those sophists are fabricating their well-turned periods, and expressing their hypocritical indignation, the people of Kashmir will be humbly returning thanks to Heaven for their good fortune. The 200,000 impoverished and dispirited wretches who now languish under Sikh oppression, and fear to put on a decent garment lest it should be taken from them, will once more apply themselves to profitable industry, to the rearing of families, to the re-peopleing of their deserted towns and cities. The passion for magnificence will return to them. They will again dress gaily, construct costly dwellings, and cultivate their old hereditary taste for music and song. It was once the pride of Kashmir that every inhabitant of the valley loved and understood something of music. There has been a woful pause in their enjoyment. But if once the British drum be heard on the Pir Panjal it will kindle the ancient appetite for music and festivity, and the people will possess wherewith to indulge it.

ART. XI.—*Les Petits Manèges d'une Femme Vertueuse*. Par H. de BALZAC. Paris. 1845.

THE 'world' is incorrigibly greedy of gossip; but what always surprises us is the difficulty with which this same 'world' can be made to believe anything redounding to some one's credit, and the preposterous credulity with which it adopts and circulates anything discreditable. The 'rumours' that are current about public men are, some of them, so absurd, as to fall to the ground the instant the least doubt of their truth is raised. The fact is, they are never, or scarcely ever, reflected on. People hear them, believe them, repeat them. Why this credulity? Because there is a *fibre scandaleux* in the human heart; there is an innate or connate love of gossip, especially of defamatory gossip, which seeks to gratify itself on all occasions. Women have the credit of possessing this instinct in a greater degree than men; all comedies, novels, and satires, proclaim this as a fact, and the assertion is credited by most people, in conformity with the very instinct itself. We believe the fact to be otherwise. Men are quite as largely endowed; but *it is men who write books!* If women write, they write like men, and but too often echo men's prejudices and errors.

If we wanted a striking, immediate proof of our assertion, we might simply refer to the odious success which attends all 'personalities' in literature. Who are the readers of the 'Satirist,' and such productions? Not women, assuredly. What made 'Coningsby' succeed, but its satirical sketches of contemporary characters? Men who never look into a novel were eager to read that, in order to enjoy the 'spicy' portraiture of the Rigbys, &c. Women read it, of course, as they read all novels; but they did not give it its celebrity, and they were not among its great admirers.

We will not pursue the argument. Every one who reflects an instant will bear us out when we say, that in love of personalities, men are quite as largely endowed as women. We do not excuse the women; we only inculcate the men. That this instinct is a low, unworthy instinct, no one will deny; and the efforts of moralists and educationists should be directed towards deadening it. How is it that the Press has done so little towards reprobating those who foster this instinct, and give it food?

There is at present a bit of scandal current at Paris, and which will soon find its way here, that amusingly illustrates the credulity with which suppositions, in them-

selves extravagant, are speedily converted into deliberate assertions. It is this:

Franz Liszt, it is pretty generally known, has separated himself from the Countess d'Agoult, with whom he has lived some years, and by whom he has had children. Madame d'Agoult being a very accomplished woman (she is the writer of the articles in the '*Révue de deux Mondes*,' bearing the signature of 'Daniel Stern') is a *celebrité*; her *liaison* with the great pianist makes her a sort of public character. The cause or causes of this separation we know not, and do not care to repeat here the various conjectures which gossip converts into facts. The separation, however, is no rumour; it is a generally known fact. Now mark the ingenuity of scandal!

Honoré de Balzac, as all his readers are aware, is in the habit of introducing the personages of one novel into that of another; he is also somewhat prone to end a novel without finishing it, and to give the conclusion in some subsequent novel. Conformably with this practice, some time ago he published '*Beatrix*,' and he now publishes the conclusion in '*Les petits Manèges d'une Femme Vertueuse*.' In '*Beatrix*' the heroine has left her husband to live with Conti, a celebrated Italian singer and composer. In '*Les petits Manèges*,' she is abandoned by Conti, somewhat disgracefully. Here is a coincidence scandal could not overlook! *Beatrix* is a *Marquise*, and Madame d'Agoult is a countess. Conti is a musician, and so is Liszt. Can anything be plainer? Nothing. Accordingly '*Les petits Manèges*' is greedily read by those anxious to see how Balzac has treated his subject; and those who have not read it, are informed that it contains 'the whole d'Agoult affair.'

Now we may inform our readers that the assertion is entirely groundless; and that if they open the novel in any expectation of finding their personalities gratified they will be mistaken. In the first place Balzac, the friend of George Sand, who is the intimate friend of Liszt, is hardly the person by whom such ground would be wrought by choice; in the second place there is in his novel very little more mentioned than the mere fact of Conti's abandoning la marquise.

The story is simply this. Sabine de Grandlieu has married Calyste with a full knowledge of his indifference for her, and his ill-requited passion for *Beatrix*, la Marquise de Rochefide (she was *Rochegude* in '*Beatrix*;' but this by the way). But Sabine adores him; and trusts to her charms and time to bring him at her feet. She succeeds. Calyste loves her; they are

very happy together. A son is born; *Sabine fit la fête de la nourrir*, says Balzac; and one evening, to escape from the cries of the infant, Calyste goes to the theatre, where he meets *Beatrix*—his long-loved *Beatrix*. His old feelings return: he is again her slave; he neglects his wife, and spends his days with la marquise who, abandoned by Conti, is now very willing to accept his homage. Sabine soon perceives her situation, and endeavours to struggle against *Beatrix*; endeavours by kindness and every little *manège* which *une femme vertueuse* can employ, to regain the affection of that worthless nincompoop her husband. At last she calls in her parents to her aid, and they call in Maxime de Trailles (whom the readers of '*Père Goriot*' will remember), and Maxime undertakes to separate Calyste and *Beatrix*. This he does by first separating le Marquis de Rochefide from his mistress, and inducing him to wish to take back his wife; secondly, by making *Beatrix* fall in love with Eduard la Palférine, who insists on her returning to her husband; and thus Calyste, deprived of his *Beatrix*, returns to his wife! We pass over the intrigues by which this stupid result is brought about. The whole novel is very unworthy of Balzac's talent, and we should not have noticed it but for its illustrating our subject: that subject is the 'personality' allowed in English novels.

And in drawing attention to this subject, we cannot help remarking how sensitively alive the good moral mothers of England are to the impurities of French novels, and how very blind they are to the impurities at home. Let us be understood. We have more than once touched on this matter, because we cannot submit to accept indignation at a neighbour's faults, as an excuse for our own. We willingly admit that profanity is not frequent in English novels, because the English public would not tolerate it. The French public is more lax. We admit, also, that seldom can there be found, in English novels, passages so 'warmly' coloured, or so recklessly free-spoken, as we find in most French novels. From these two blots we are tolerably free. But how many others are there from which we are not free? How many which the "immoral French" leave almost entirely to us?

Amongst these is the shameless personality which defaces and gives a zest to so many 'slashing novels.' Think of such novels as '*Chevely*,' '*The Bubble Family*,' '*Coningsby*,' and '*Anti-Coningsby*;' think of their unblushing ridicule and malice; think how slight the screen which separated the persons meant from the persons named.

(and for country readers "keys" were readily furnished), and then ask what becomes of the morality which delights in and applauds such works? People, indeed, expressed themselves 'sorry for the personalities.' Oh! of course they were sorry! it was the grief of a Mrs. Candour at a reputation stained.

The evil has spread far, and it continues to spread. Has any one asked himself when and where it is to stop? At present it is enough for you to be the friend of a man who is separated from his wife, to be held up before the world in that wife's book, painted with all the wife's power of caricature, your foibles or vices (or such as her charitable imagination may attribute to you) exaggerated and made odious, your conduct explained in the most malicious manner; and you, harassed by insinuations and exag-

gerations, have no means of reply, no power of explanation, because you are not *named*—you are only indicated. This has been done; where is the exercise of such a power to stop? Enough unhappiness is already caused by the misrepresentations and insinuations current in society; but against these there is always the power of explanation directly they become distinctly charged to you; against the misrepresentations of the novelist there is no such check; no explanation is possible, because no charge is made.

We have no wish to inflict a sermon on our readers. We have thrown out a hint, and must trust to its falling upon good soil. Meanwhile, neither for its own sake nor for scandal's sake, can we greatly recommend 'Les petits Manèges d'une Femme Vertueuse.'

SHORT REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Taschenbuch für Vaterländische Geschichte, herausgegeben von JOSEPH FREIHERRN VON HORMAYR. Jahrgang. 1843. Leipzig.

WE direct the attention of our readers especially to this number of Hormayr's 'Historical Annual,' as containing a life of the Austrian general, Chasteler—a name familiar now even to the common English reader, who has followed Mr. Alison through his sympathizing accounts of the late Austrian wars. The biographer is the same patriotic Tyrolese nobleman whom we lately introduced in these pages as the author or editor of that instructive historical conglomerate, called the 'Lebensbilder.' As the warm champion of Tyrolese liberties, and as the diligent investigator of native history, no less than as the personal friend and fellow-labourer of the Austrian general, Hormayr's claims to appear publicly as the biographer of Chasteler are of the highest order.

John Gabriel, Marquis of Chasteler Courcelles, according to the information here given, was born on the 22d of January, 1763, in his ancestral castle of Mulhais, near Mons, in Hennegau. He was thus, like so many other famous Austrian generals, not a native Austrian, but a Walloon. In 1788, he took an active part in the Emperor Joseph's war against the Turks; but the breaking out of the French Revolution soon brought his enthusiastic and chivalrous genius into a more prominent and truly European field; he distinguished

himself greatly in all the Austrian wars against France, and was instrumental particularly in achieving the deliverance of Mainz, under Clairfait, in 1795. Afterwards he had the good fortune to share in the triumphs of that most effective of barbarian soldiers, Marshal Suwarrow, in the Italian campaign of 1799; from this scene of glory, however, both he and the Muscovite were recalled by Thugut, the Austrian minister, who, however, had the highest respect for Chasteler's talents, and honoured him on all occasions with peculiar confidence. In 1801-2-3-4, he was principally employed in organizing the 'Tyrolese militia,' which played such a distinguished part in the events of 1809; and that it did not appear with the same efficiency in the year 1805, was not, Hormayr says, the fault either of Chasteler or of the Tyrolese people, but of paltry personal relations, and bureaucratic jealousies, in a country like Austria quite the thing to be looked for. In the famous mountain campaign of 1809, Chasteler and Hormayr himself had as much to do with the Tyrolese triumphs as Hofer and Speckbacher, the native peasant captains, and, therefore, more romantic and poetical heroes of those memorable days.*

* The present volume of the 'Taschenbuch,' contains portraits, not only of Chasteler, but also of Hofer and Speckbacher; and these two last seem to us to correspond admirably with the characters of the men, as we know them from history. Andrew Hofer appears an honest, broad-faced Ger-

Chasteler's services in particular, on this occasion, have been memorised by Napoleon; who, in one of those unchivalrous and ungentelemanly outbreaks, in him so frequent, from his head-quarters at Ens (6th of May, 1806), declared 'one Chasteler, bearing the character of a general in the Austrian army, an OUTLAW, and authorized him to be seized and executed, wherever he could be found, as a CAPTAIN OF BRIGADES.' In the year 1813, Chasteler was engaged in fortifying Prague, a precautionary measure, which the happy issue of the battle of Culm rendered unnecessary, but to which, in a different event, Austria, after the battle of Dresden, might have owed her salvation. He was also present, personally, at the battles of Dresden and Culm. In 1814, he was at Vienna; and in December of the same year, he went to Venice, which he considered a most important point for the safety of the Austrian monarchy; and here, accordingly, we find him occupied with completing the fortifications of the lagoons, and with nautical matters, till his death, which happened 7th of May, 1825, in the 63d year of his age.

"Chasteler," says Hormayr, "was of a tall stature, of delicate features, of a pleasant amiable expression, of noble, dignified, and chivalrous manners. He was very short-sighted; and this defect of vision brought him into many very dangerous situations in war; he was very often wounded, and that severely; but within a convenient distance his eyesight was keen and penetrating. He often used spectacles and an eye-glass at the same time; and had a way of bending his head a little sideways, partly from short-sightedness, partly that he might look confidentially into the eye of the persons he addressed, and speak softly into their ear. Chasteler possessed great strength of body, and could stand an incredible amount of fatigue. He was moderate, indeed, in nothing, except in eating and drinking; but this abstinence only seems to have made him so much the more mad in the service of Aphrodite, where, indeed, his activity was such, that a whole book of his erotic campaigns might be written. I think, also, his excesses in this way contributed not a little to undermine his bodily constitution, and made his mind also not so vigorous in the last sixteen years of his life, as it might otherwise have been. In all knightly exercises he was, from his youth upwards, eminently distinguished. All arts and all trades he endeavoured to lay hold of with his own hands. He served the guns in the artillery personally, with a passionate ardour; and among the pontoneers he was always the first. He wielded the pencil admirably; and in his early years composed many beautiful battle pieces. He was uncommonly sus-

ceptible of every new influence; and his dexterity in appropriating and applying knowledge of all kinds, was truly encyclopædic. He was no less of a lion in a sword-in-hand attack, than of a learned soldier with book and compass. He understood and spoke twelve languages, an accomplishment more useful, and even necessary, in the Austrian army than anywhere else. Brilliant, however, as were his mental endowments, he wanted that calmness and equanimity which are so necessary for the command and control of a comprehensive whole. Chasteler had read an astonishing quantity, and always continued reading. He was naturally better qualified for quick apprehension, than for retaining what he read and brooding over its depths. He was never content with what was good, he always saw something better twinkling in the background. His fiery courage was a proverb in the army. In his last days he was a real Henry Percy, and a Bayard, a cavalier '*sans peur et sans reproche*.' Disinterested and magnanimous; with hatred, envy, jealousy, and revenge, as unacquainted as a child; gentle, and overflowing with human kindness, a soldier with body and soul, full of glowing enthusiasm, and of never-sleeping activity, devoted to the house of Austria, and to the service of the Imperial family; a warm friend to his friend, and ready to help every man: so accomplished, Chasteler is a name that will ever be dear to the military heart, and stand as the worthy keystone to that bright succession of fiery and chivalrous Walloons—Ligne, Ahremberg, Clairfait, Boneguay, Dampierre, and above all, the old Tilly—that have added so much lustre to the Austrian arms."

King René's Daughter. A Lyric Drama, from the Danish of HENRIK HERTZ. By JANE FRANCES CHAPMAN. London. Smith & Co. 1845.

THE translator informs us that this drama was first acted in the Theatre Royal of Copenhagen, in April last, that its reception was enthusiastic, and that its success with the reading public was so great as to carry it to a fourth edition within a month from its first publication in print. So much for facts; as to the reasons for those facts, we confess ourselves still in the dark. We have not yet been fortunate enough to procure a copy of the original drama, and must therefore hold our judgment in suspense as to its real merits. Twice have we, with that patience and fortitude granted only to reviewers, read the translation through from end to end; and the only fruit we have gathered from our arduous labour is this unsolved dilemma: Either enthusiasm is a ridiculously cheap commodity in the Danish capital, or Henrik Hertz has sore cause to complain of his translator. It may be that truth sits equally on both horns of the dilemma.

man boor, and nothing more; Speckbacher, on the other hand, has a face full of strength, decision, quickness, and enterprise. The character of Horfar is well depicted in the '*Lebensbilder*' (vol. ii., p. 381); as for Speckbacher, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure here of inserting the following passage from Menzel's '*History of the Germans*.' "Joseph Speckbacher, from the Trunthal, was a strong-bodied, frank, noble fellow, the best marksman in Tyrol, whose keen eye could distinguish the bells on the neck of the cattle at two miles distance. When a young man he was once surprised by four Bavarian Jäger, as he was roasting a Chamois goat; on the instant he dashed the fat of the chamois into their faces, and laid the whole four on the ground with his club." This is something in the old classical style of Hercules and Theseus.

German Anthology. A series of Translations from the most popular German Poets, by JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN. 2 vols. Curry. Dublin.

THIS is a reprint of poems that have appeared from time to time within the last ten years in the '*Dublin University Magazine*,' and contains specimens of the lyric poetry of Schiller, Uhland, Tieck, Karner, Bürger, Göthe, Rückert, Freiligrath, &c. &c.

The following lines from Uhland are a fair sample of the merits and defects of the collection:—

AUF DER UEBERFAHRT.

Ueber diesen Strom, vor Jahren,
Bin ich einmal schon gefahren
Hier die Burgh im Abendschimmer,
Drüben rauscht das Wehr, wie immer.

Und von diesem Kahn umschlossen
Waren mit mit zween Genossen:
Ach! ein Freund, ein vatergleicher,
Und ein junger, Hoffnungs reicher.

Jener wirkte still hienieden,
Und so ist er auch geschieden,
Dieser brausend vor uns allen,
Ist im Kampf und Sturm gefallen.

So, wenn ich vergangene Tage
Glücklicher, zu denken wage,
Muss ich stets Genossen missem,
Theure die der Tod entrisen.

Doch was alle Freundschaft biadet
Ist, wenn Geist zu Geist sich findet.
Geistig waren jene Stunden,
Geistern bin ich noch verbunden.

Nimm nur, Fährmann, nimm die Mietha,
Die ich gerne dreifach biete,
Zween die mit mir überfuhren,
Waren geistige Naturen.

SPIRITS EVERYWHERE.

A many a summer is dead and buried
Since over this flood I last was ferried:
And then, as now, the noon lay bright
On strand, and water, and castled height.

Beside me then in this bark sat nearest
Two companions, the best and dearest.
One was a gentle and thoughtful sire,
The other a youth with a soul of fire.

One, outworn with care and illness,
Sought the grave of the just in stillness;
The other's shroud was the bloody rain,
And thunder smoke of the battle-plain.

Yet still when memory's necromancy
Robes the past in the hues of fancy,
We dreameth I hear and see the twain
With talk and smiles at my side again.

Even the grave is a bond of union,
Spirit and spirit best hold communion.
Seen through faith, by the inward eye,
It is *after* life they are truly nigh.

Then, ferryman, take this coin, I pray thee.
Thrice thy fare I cheerfully pay thee,
For though thou seest them not, there stand
Anear me two from the Phantomland.

There is much to commend in these lines, but they are disfigured also by no slight faults. Not to dwell on the pleonasm, not authorized by analogy or custom, that occurs in the first line, we have here examples of a radically vicious system of translation, which runs through the whole work. Mr. Mangan in his preface speaks of his translations as 'faithful to the spirit, if not always to the

letter, of their originals.' They are very often neither the one nor the other. He takes many unwarrantable liberties with his authors, mutilates and interpolates, and falsifies them by an exaggeration that not seldom produces a burlesque effect where a grave one was intended. In the poem before us Mr. Mangan (not Uhland) lays down the strange doctrine that the death of our friends not only does not prevent all companionship between their souls and ours, but that it even brings us into closer communion with them! The following is a literal version of the fourth and fifth German stanzas:

"Thus ever, when I venture to think on bygone happier days, must I miss companions, dear ones snatched from me by death. But what binds all friendship fast is when spirit meets spirit. Spiritual were those vanished hours: with spirits I am still connected."

The sentiment here expressed is natural and touching; that which the translator has substituted for it is extravagant and false. Uhland says he has lost friends, but not wholly lost them, for memory still makes them present to his spirit: Mr. Mangan asserts that the death of friends is no loss at all, but an absolute gain to the affectionate survivor.

Seeing how grossly the translator has misrepresented the leading idea of the original poem, it is perhaps superfluous to remark on the bad effect of the phrase 'outworn with care and illness,' introduced for the rhyme's sake into the third stanza. There is nothing like it in the German, which merely states that the elder friend's way of life had been quiet, and his departure consonant with the calm tenor of his days. Why cloud this image of serenity with thoughts of bodily and mental suffering, and thereby weaken the contrast between the respective lives and fates of the elder and the younger man? A true artist would have seen the value of this contrast, and how it helps the imagination to realize more distinctly each of the two portraits presented to it.

One more specimen of what Mr. Mangan understands by fidelity to the spirit of his original. In our number for January last, and in *Tait's Magazine* for the following February or March, will be found versions of Freiligrath's celebrated poem, entitled 'The Lion's Ride,' both of them tolerably close. A perusal of either will enable the English reader to guess whether or not Freiligrath's canvass errs on the side of tameness, and needs to have its effect heightened by the addition of more glaring colours. Here is a literal translation of the first verse:

"Desert-king is the lion. Is it his pleasure to speed through his domain? He betakes him to the lagoon, and lies down in the tall sedges. Where gazelles and giraffes drink he crouches among the reeds. Trembling above the mighty one rustles the leaf of the sycamore."

Mr. Mangan's improvement upon this verse is as follows:

"What I wilt thou bind him fast with a chain?
Wilt bind the King of the Cloudy Sands?
Idiot fool!—he has burst from thy hands and bands,
And speeds like storm through his far domain.
See! he crouches down in the sedge, ..
By the water's edge,

Making the startled sycamore boughs to quiver.
Gazelle and giraffe, I think, will shun that river."

This is not gilding refined gold, but plating it with copper; not painting the lily white, but plastering it with red ochre.

Euvres choisies de E. Scribe. 5 vols. Firmin Didot. Paris, 1845.

THE vaudeville is the most exclusively national thing in France. It was born in France, and only in France can it be produced. Other nations rival and surpass France in all branches of literature, except this; in this it is without a rival. *Esprit* is the genius of France; and a vaudeville is this *esprit* in a dramatic shape.

When, therefore, we say that M. Eugène Scribe is the first vaudevillist of the day, we bestow on him a title of no mean significance; and when we say that his comedies are but vaudevilles in five acts, we are still bestowing on them no mean praise. That his comedies are not of the same stamp as those of Molière, is true; but they are not without merits of their own. All the higher qualities of the dramatist are absent, but all the arts of the vaudevillist are present. If he has not the riotous fun or the deep irony of Molière (who has?), he is not deficient in quick repartee, and a slight but effective mockery of the vices and follies of mankind. His works abound in *esprit*.

In England he is treated with indiscriminating contempt. In France he is the spoiled child of the public, and an eternal butt for the critics. For twenty years he has monopolised the stage. Paris and the provinces are supplied by him with their nightly amusement. His fecundity is only equalled by Lope de Vega. Whether vaudeville in one act, or vaudeville in five acts, whether *drame* or *proverbe*, whether *opéra comique* or grand opera, Scribe is the great purveyor. And these pieces succeed; not only do they succeed in France, but they are immediately translated into German, English, Italian, and Spanish. The European stage lives upon Scribe? He is the great magician who alone can feed the public's hunger for novelty.

Is this a man to meet with nothing but contempt? The French critics, who are purists by profession, never forgive him, because he does not adhere scrupulously to grammar. They all eagerly point out how 'il cravache la langue qui lui résiste'; and deny him any merit because he has not the merit they demand. In the same way they refuse to admit Paul de Kock to be a literary man. "He does for the English and Germans!" Now it may be true that Scribe is not a great writer; true that as Gustave Planche says, "son imagination vaut bien assez par elle-même, et n'a pas besoin des fastueux ornemens de la syntaxe;" and yet Scribe remains the first vaudevillist of his day. If the critics sneer, the public applauds, and nightly applauses. All the joyous solecisms in the world would not rob Eugène Scribe of his power to conduct a plot, to devise situations, to provoke a laugh, and sometimes a tear. If his plays are not critical, they are eminently successful, and successful because amusing.

We are glad to see Messrs. Didot issuing the

chefs-d'œuvre of Eugène Scribe. It will doubtless serve in a great measure to counteract the prejudice against him. So amusing a writer cannot fail to have a place in any dramatic library; and the reader will be often surprised at finding the originals of pieces which have delighted him on the English stage. His works, too, form a useful study for all dramatic aspirants, as in them the *art of the stage* is carried almost to perfection. The present publication forms a part of Messrs. Didot's collection of *chefs-d'œuvre*, the handsomest and most useful of all cheap collections extant. In five volumes you have here the cream of the most voluminous author of the day. We need say no more!

Servia, the Youngest Member of the European Family; or, a Residence in Belgrade, and Travels in the Highlands and Woodlands of the Interior, during the Years 1843 and 1844. By A. H. PATON, Esq. Longman: London. 1845.

THIS is an interesting and instructive volume, though it does not fulfil the promise implied in the first clause of its long title. It is not a treatise on Servia, nor does it aim at giving anything like a methodical account of that country and its inhabitants. It is little more than a traveller's description of what he saw and heard, during his way-faring and sojourn in a noble region, and among an interesting and hopeful people; and though not a complete picture of Servia, it is a collection of sketches from the life, struck off with a free and firm hand, and bearing on the face of them a strong warranty of their truth. Mr. Paton is the least prolix of travel-writers; he does not weary his readers with long dissertations and ponderous inductions; but, moving about with his eyes and ears well open, he is peculiarly happy in seizing and recording pregnant instances. For example, he halts at a road-side tavern to dine:

"A beoby, with idiocy marked on his countenance, was lounging about the door, and when our mid-day meal was done, I ordered the man to give him a glass of *slivovitsa*, as plum-brandy is called. He then came forward, trembling as if about to receive sentence of death, and taking off his greasy fez, said, 'I drink to our prince, Kana Georgovich, and to the progress and enlightenment of the nation.' I looked with astonishment at the torn, wretched habiliments of this idiot swineherd. He was too stupid to entertain these sentiments himself, but this trifling circumstance was the feather which indicated how the wind blew. The Servians are by no means a nation of talkers; they are a serious people; and if the determination to rise were not in the minds of the people, it would not be on the lips of the baboon-visaged oaf of an insignificant hamlet."

The following admirable passage needs no preface or comment:

"On the day of departure a tap was heard at the door, and enter Holman [the blind traveller] to bid me good-bye. Another tap at the door, and enter Milutinovich, who is the best of the living poets of Servia, and has been sometimes called the *Ossian* of

the Balkan. As for his other pseudonyme, 'the Homer of a hundred sieges,' that must have been invented by Mr. George Robins, the Demosthenes of 'one hundred rostra.' The reading public in Serbia is not yet large enough to enable a man of letters to live solely by his works; so our bard has a situation in the ministry of public instruction. One of the most remarkable compositions of Milutinovich is an address to a young surgeon, who, to relieve the poet from difficulties, expended in the printing of his poems a sum which he had destined for his own support at a university, in order to obtain his degree.

"Now it may not be generally known that one of the oldest legends of Bulgaria is that of 'Poor Lasar,' which runs somewhat thus:—

"The day departed and the stranger came, as the moon rose on the silver snow. 'Welcome,' said the poor Lasar to the stranger; 'Luibitza, light the faggot and prepare the supper.'

"Luibitza answered: 'the forest is wide, and the lighted faggot burns bright, but where is the supper? Have we not fasted since yesterday?'

"Shame and confusion smote the heart of poor Lasar.

"Art thou a Bulgarian,' said the stranger, 'and settest not food before thy guest?'

"Poor Lasar looked in the cupboard, and looked in the garret, nor crumb, nor onion were found in either. Shame and confusion smote the heart of poor Lasar.

"Here is fat and fair flesh," said the stranger, pointing to Janko, the curly-haired boy. Luibitza shrieked and fell. 'Never,' said Lasar, 'shall it be said that a Bulgarian was wanting to his guest.' He seized a hatchet, and Janko was slaughtered as a lamb. Ah, who can describe the supper of the stranger?

"Lasar fell into a deep sleep, and at midnight he heard the stranger cry aloud, 'Arise, Lasar, for I am the Lord thy God; the hospitality of Bulgaria is untarnished. Thy son Janko is restored to life, and thy stores are filled.'

"Long lived the rich Lasar, the fair Luibitza, and the curly-haired Janko.'

"Milutinovich, in his address to the youthful surgeon, compares his transcendent generosity to the sacrifice made by Lasar in the wild and distasteful legend I have here given.

"I introduced the poet and the traveller to each other, and explained their respective merits and peculiarities. Poor old Milutinovich, who looked on his own journey to Montenegro as a memorable feat, was awe-struck when I mentioned the innumerable countries in the four quarters of the world which had been visited by the blind traveller. He immediately recollected having read an account of him in the Augsburg Gazette, and with a reverential simplicity begged me to convey to him his desire to kiss his beard. Holman consented with a smile, and Milutinovich, advancing as if he were about to worship a deity, lifted a peak of white hairs from the beard of the aged stranger, and pressed them to his lips, and prayed aloud that he might return to his home in safety.

"In old Europe Milutinovich, would have been called an actor; but his deportment, if it had the originality, had also the childish simplicity of nature."

Mr. Paton's reminiscences frequently assume a dramatic form. He is fond of noting down snatches of dialogue,—an excellent method, which enables him to preserve much of the native hue of his facts.—c. g.

"I think," said I to the entertainer, as I shook

the crumbs out of my napkin, and took the first whiff of my chibouque, 'that if Stephen Dunshan's chief cook were to rise from the grave, he could not give us better fare.'

"Captain.—God sends us good provender, good pasture, good flocks and herds, good corn and fruits, and wood and water. The land is rich, the climate excellent; but we are often in political troubles.

"Author.—These recent affairs are trifles, and you are too young to recollect the revolution of Kara Georg.

"Captain.—Yes, I am; but do you see that Boluk Bashi, who accompanied you hither? His history is a droll illustration of past times. Simco Slivovats is a brave Soldier; but, although a Servian, has two wives.

"Author.—Is he a Moslem?

"Captain.—Not at all. In the time of Kara Georg he was an active guerrilla fighter, and took prisoner a Turk called Sidi Mengia, whose life he spared. In the year 1813, when Serbia was temporarily reconquered by the Turks, the same Sidi Mengia returned to Zhupa, and said, 'where is the brave Servian who saved my life?' The Boluk Bashi being found, he said to him, 'my friend, you deserve another wife for your generosity.' 'I cannot marry two wives,' said Simo; 'my religion forbids it.' But the handsomest woman in the country being sought out, Sidi Mengia sent a message to the priest of the place, ordering him to marry Simo to the young woman. The priest refused; but Sidi Mengia sent a second threatening message; so the priest married the couple. The two wives live together to this day, in the house of Simo, at Zhupa. The archbishop, since the departure of the Turks, has repeatedly called on Simo to repudiate his second wife; but the principal obstacle is with the first wife, who looks upon the second as a sort of sister. Under these anomalous circumstances Simo was under a sort of excommunication, until he made a fashion of repudiating the second wife by the first adopting her as a sister."

Here is a ludicrous, but very excusable blunder, at which those may laugh who have never fallen into any similar absurdity.

"The major of the town [Prassova] after swallowing countless boxes of Morrison's pills, died in the belief that he had not begun to take them soon enough. The consumption of these drugs at that time almost surpassed belief. There was scarcely a sickly or hypochondriac person from the Hill of Presburg to the Iron Gates who had not taken large quantities of them. Being curious to know the cause of this extensive consumption, I asked for an explanation.

"You must know," said an individual, 'that the Anglomania is nowhere stronger than in this part of the world. Whatever comes from England, be it Congreve rockets or vegetable pills, must need be perfect. Dr. Morrison is indebted to his high office for the enormous consumption of his drugs. It is clear that the president of the British college must be a man in the enjoyment of the esteem of the government and the faculty of medicine; and his title is a passport to his pills in foreign countries.'

"I laughed heartily, and explained that the British College of Health and the College of Physicians were not identical."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORENCE, July 30th, 1845.

No mortal, says the Tuscan proverb, would wish to live in Florence in the winter, or out of it in the summer. Such is the Italian's notion on the subject. Our countrymen, however, are of a precisely different opinion. Fair Florence becomes almost an English colony every winter, and is again left all but entirely to the peaceful occupation of its own more quiet citizens, as soon as the genial life-gendering Italian sun begins to awaken his own children from their period of hybernation.

Now, though I must protest, dear Mr. Editor, against that part of the Italian dictum which pronounces my favorite Florence uninhabitable during the winter—inasmuch as, despite bleak winds now and then from the Apennines, I hold our winter socialities and carnival revelries, enlivened by a pleasant gathering of our countrymen and countrywomen, all come to enjoy themselves and be pleased, to be mighty agreeable times—yet I do think that our friends are wrong to take fright and run off one and all at the first gleams of real Italian sunshine. Not quite one and all, however. There are a few of us here still, and exceedingly pleasant weather we find it. Thermometer never higher than a hundred, rarely so high; just warm enough to make a siesta enjoyable at noon, with delightfully fresh mornings, and such delicious nights! such nights, with their dry, soft, cool, fragrant breezes, cloudless, blue, starry skies, shooting meteors, and myriads of fire-flies, as those have no conception of who always run away from the sun in his strength and glory. It is curious, too, to observe how much more essentially and strikingly Italian Italy becomes in the summer months, partly, perhaps, from the more out-of-doors nature of the pursuits and habits of the people, but partly also from the very fact of the absence of the crowd of English, who in the winter literally, in a great measure, overpower and hustle out of sight the native society. All the Tuscan families are now in Florence, and yet it seems so quiet, so noiseless, so tranquil, in comparison with the gay whirl of busy pleasure and bustle that fills its streets, when they are thronged by their annual inundation of migratory islanders.

At the 'Ventiquattro,' or 'Ave Maria,' at sun-down, that is, all the population come forth to enjoy the cool hour: the rich in carriages, which take them their daily drive to the 'Cascine;' the poor on foot to throng the streets of the city. But still all are so quiet, so tranquil;—unlike the Neapolitan population, so little *bruyant* in their enjoyment.

But most charming of all is the villa life in the thousand and one delightful châteaux, which crown each knoll, and niche themselves into every corner and recess of the hill sides around the city. It was the inconceivable number of these villas, all commanding prospects over the Val d'Arno, each more beautiful than the other, that led to the well-remembered assertion of Ariosto, that if the buildings around Florence were collected within walls, 'two Romes' would not equal the city they would form. The Italians, as I have said, are not at their villas at this season. Their *villeggiatura* is later in the autumn, at the period of the vintage. Not the less, however, *amico mio*, am I enjoying my present position, as I pen you these lines. Time—half-past eight, P.M., on the 30th of July, 1845. Place—a magnificent terrace, paved with flagstones, and surrounded by a stone balustrade, lined with a thousand gay and odorous plants. Beneath my eyes, the whole of the Val d'Arno, with its superb city, and its teeming riches of corn, wine, and oil, springing all of them together from the munificent soil of the same field. In my ears, the drowsy, reverie-breeding song of a myriad of *cicads*, making the whole air vocal with their melody. An empty coffee-cup stands beside my writing-case, and the last fumes of an exquisite Havannah have just dissipated themselves in the balmy air; a genuine Havannah, long life to the grand duke! for though he manufactures execrable cigars for his lieges, he lets us import good ones for ourselves for a consideration. Then besides all this—but I am forgetting that it is 'Mr. Editor' I am writing to, and that the 'gentle public' is to be our confidant; truly I fear me I have already been chattering somewhat indecorously in such a reverend and revered presence.

But the weakness is past; now for a broad-nibbed pen, and Aristarchus is himself again. 'Opuscoli inediti o rari di Classici o Approvati Scrittori, Tomo primo,' is the title of a closely-printed little volume of some 370 pages, which has recently made its appearance here. It is issued by a knot of scholars, who call themselves 'Società poligrafica Italiana;' and other similar volumes are to follow. The idea is a good one, and if it is worthily carried out, many scattered writings of value, some nearly vanishing from the knowledge of the bibliophili, and others perishing unknown amid the dust-covered MS. collections of libraries, will be preserved and rendered accessible. An idea, in many respects similar, was some time ago acted on by the publishers of 'The Pamphleteer' in our

country, with useful results. But in Italy an undertaking of the sort is far more wanted. An incredible quantity of small fragments of history, brief chronicles, written in the days when almost every citizen had some share in managing public affairs, or at least took an interest in their management, or interesting autobiographical scraps are preserved among the family papers of almost all the old Florentine families. The monastic and public libraries contain many more. And nothing but judiciousness of selection can be necessary to make a series of some twenty or thirty such volumes as the present a most interesting and useful collection. I am not sure that the present volume exhibits quite all the severity of exclusiveness which should preside at the choice of the articles to be published, but, perhaps, a foreigner is hardly a fair judge of this. Much of historical, antiquarian, and literary lore may fairly be supposed to interest an Italian, which to a foreigner, who necessarily measures its importance by a different scale, may seem scarcely worth the time and toil of perusal. Could an Italian be expected to deem all the publications of our Shakspeare, or other society, sufficiently important to merit the honours of the press?

Perhaps the most important piece, now first printed, which the publication contains, is a fragment of a second volume of Marco Foscarini's work on Venetian literature, the first only having ever been published.

The volume closes with a selection of five-and-twenty letters, chiefly unedited, of Italian literati—popes, cardinals, doctors, and professors. The most interesting of these is one from Cardinal Domenico Passionei to that Marco Foscarini mentioned just now. Passionei was born in 1682, was engaged in several diplomatic employments under Clement XI. and XII., the latter of whom created him cardinal. He was one of the most learned men of his day. The letter before us is dated Rome, 1753, the writer's 71st year, and the occasion of it was the publication of Foscarini's 'History of Venetian Literature.' It is interesting from the tone of dry caustic humour in which it is written, and from a most violent attack on a far more celebrated man than either the sender or receiver of the letter—Fra Paolo Sarpi. This is curious, as manifesting the contemporary feeling of the orthodox high church party of those days, respecting the Venetian radical monk's great work, the 'History of the Council of Trent.'

'I guess, my friend,' begins the humorous old septuagenarian cardinal, 'that you are expecting my answer (to Foscarini's letter sending him his newly-published work) more anxiously than the priests are waiting for Easter.' He goes on to award him high praise, but cannot refrain from a Roman fling at the Venetians. 'Then an author,' says he, 'must be judged with reference to his public, that is, in your case, to the *Pantaloons*,* who

would at any time rather be dangling at a woman's apron-string than sitting over their books. . . The passages have not escaped my notice in which you have praised me, or rather in which you have done me justice, yet not so much as I deserve, for the *Acciprete* (i. e. himself) is unique in this world, and occupies himself solely with his books, notwithstanding all the examples to the contrary which he sees now-a-days.'

Of Father Paul he says:—'What you have said of Father Paul is little in comparison with what I have frequently pointed out to you. But taking into consideration your rank and position, I suppose that, perhaps, you did not feel yourself at liberty to say all that ought to have been said. Those letters of his printed at Geneva, with the date of Verona, are perfectly genuine and authentic, as I will prove to a mathematical certainty some of these days if God grants me life. The scoundrel friar's notion, learned as he must, however, be allowed to have been to the highest possible degree, was to introduce Calvinism into Venice, and to this end tended every line he wrote. And this is another truth, which shall be not only proved by me, but demonstrated more evidently than a proposition of Euclid. Your great uncle, Sebastian Foscarini, has often told me, that if I had harangued the senate on this subject, the zeal of the senators would have caused the monk's bones to be disinterred and burned in the piazza of St. Marc. What I am saying is neither conjectures, nor inferences, nor interpretations of passages, but authentic and irrefragable facts. I am Catholic before being a Roman priest, and, therefore, do not speak from prejudice. Please God to grant me life, and you shall see by the proofs that I advance here even less than I know.'

God did grant the irate old gentleman eight more years of life after he wrote the above wrathful lines. But I do not find that he kept his word by employing any portion of them in bringing forward the threatened proofs of Father Paul's abominations. Indeed the only specimen he gives us of his argumentative powers, in the above-cited 'therefore I do not speak from prejudice,' would not incline us to consider his notions of the cogency of 'mathematical' or other proof, as very accurate. The passage, however, is a curious one, and the controversy, as well as the writer to which it refers, are still sufficiently interesting to make it worth preserving. His eminence, who very clearly does not in anywise think small beer of himself, concludes his epistle by reproaching his correspondent playfully for having forgotten to send from Venice certain glasses for the use of some friars, who, in consequence of his neglect, are 'forced to drink from the bowl like parson 'Arlotto.' 'If you were to send all the glass in Murano,' he ends by saying, 'you

* *Pantalone*, the representative of Venice in the old Italian farce.

* The island at Venice, where the celebrated glass was made, and where glass-making, now chiefly of coloured beads, is still carried on to a considerable extent.

would never send enough to pay the value of this letter."

So much for this learned and once far-famed eminence Domenico Passionei.

There is one point of view, however, in which I cannot help feeling that such publications as the praiseworthy little volume before me, are flat, stale, and if not wholly unprofitable, yet unsatisfactory and unwelcome. Curious, interesting, valuable as these fragments and gleanings in antiquarian and historical by-paths may be, it is not of such stuff that the staple of a people's literature should be formed. This is the mint and the cummin, but where are the weightier matters? Where is that which is to feed, form, and educate the public mind? You go to your bookseller and ask him if he has anything new? Si, Signore! ecco!—a translation of Louis Blanc's 'ten years,' ecco!—a translation of Thiers' 'Consulate'—a translation of 'Juvenal,' just published here. But what Italian books? what original works have appeared? 'Um! ha!'—a long shrug—'c'è poco! ecco!—a pamphlet on mad dogs! another on the law of mortgages! and, perhaps, the libretto of a new opera! And these and such like are nearly all that the iron hand of the censorship will permit Italian thought to produce. The most powerful and valuable intellects either risk ruin, imprisonment, and exile, and most fortunate, though miserable, in the latter, speak their bitter thoughts in the safety of a foreign country, or writhe in compulsory silence, or finally fall back on the

past, and finding themselves forbidden to think of the present, take refuge in the comparatively useless dilettanteism of historical research. Mere dilettanteism! For history in its strength and its truth must above all else be muzzled and kept silent. The genuine history of Italy's past is too palpably and too pungently the satire of her present day, to be allowed to speak. And it is, therefore, that men, who ought to be speaking trumpet-tongued to the present generation of their countrymen, the stirring lessons which their historical researches must have taught them, are compelled to content themselves with doling out such dry insipidities as the darkness-loving evil-doers who rule may judge to be harmless.

Yet the sun can *not* be stayed. Progression—the God-appointed order of the world—*will* have way, though it may be retarded. And as the creepers of the ivy will pass through a stone wall, even so do ideas and lessons of progress force themselves through the wall of the censorship. And the ivy ever ends by destroying the wall.

But it is high time to close this long letter. I had intended to have chatted a little on matters artistical; but they must stand over till my next. They would not *keep* so long in London; but here we go *andagino andagino* in that as in all else. Adio! I am going to enjoy a moonlight stroll to 'the top of Fesole.' Do not envy me more than you can help.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE Baron Achille de Maynard, author of two volumes of poems, and a contributor to the 'Gazette de France' and the 'Nation,' committed suicide on the 31st of August last, by precipitating himself from the top of one of the towers of Notre Dame in Paris. He was about twenty-five years of age, possessed a handsome fortune, and but a fortnight before his death, had married the daughter of the Comte d'Espagnac. The motives that led to this dreadful act have not been ascertained.

Extract of a letter from Rome, July 16:—

"In the early part of last month, some workmen employed in making a road, three miles from Ostia, dug up three statues and some bas-reliefs, which were afterwards taken charge of by Cardinal Tardini, dean of the sacred college. One of the statues, formed of Greek marble, is regarded as a *chef d'œuvre* of sculpture: it represents a female figure,

the outlines of which are scarcely disguised by the fine drapery that covers it; the two others, though extremely valuable, are of less merit. Further search made on the spot by the cardinal's order, led to the discovery of sepulchral urns of white marble, two of which exhibit bas-reliefs wrought with admirable delicacy. The figures, though very small, are so highly finished that the veins, muscles, tendons, &c., are distinctly visible. Several ancient fragments of green and yellow marble were also discovered, one of them bearing this inscription: *Menutius CC. triginta in agro et viginquinque in fronte posuit*; which some suppose to mean that the spot was formerly the site of a villa, in the interior of which Menutius set up thirty statues, and twenty five in the façade. But this explanation is disputed.

The 'Journal des Débats' reports that the receipts of the Belgian railways for the

second quarter of this year exceed those of the corresponding quarter of 1844, by 230,461 francs, or more than eight per cent. This increase affects particularly the carriage of goods, of which there were conveyed 40,000,000 of kilogrammes more than in the second quarter of 1844. The gross receipts of the first six months of this year amount to 5,482,960 francs, whereas the first six months of 1844 produced only 4,938,483 francs. The increase is, therefore, 544,477 francs, or eleven per cent. It is thought that the receipts of the Belgian railways will by the end of this year have risen to the sum of 12,000,000 of francs (480,000*l.*).

German Railroads.—There are no fewer than six railroads open in the Duchy of Baden, namely:—1. The road from Mannheim to Heidelberg, four and a quarter leagues in length, opened on the 12th of September, 1840. 2. That between Heidelberg and Carlsruhe, twelve and a quarter leagues long, opened on the 10th of April, 1843. 3. That from Carlsruhe to Oos, seven and a half leagues, opened on the 1st of May, 1844. 4. That from Oos to Offenburg, nine leagues, and from Appenweir to Kehl, two and three quarter leagues, on the 1st of June, 1844. 5. The road from Oos to Baden, one league; and, finally, that from Offenburg to Friburg, fourteen and a quarter leagues, on the 31st of July last. The travellers on the German railroads in June last amounted to 1,103,000, or 87,000 more than in the corresponding month of 1844. The largest circulation was on the Baden line, which conveyed 172,000 passengers. Next came the Bavaria and Northern lines, which carried, the first 88,000 passengers, the second 84,000.

MM. Gebhart and Gerber, members of the mathematical section of the Royal Academy of Science of Hanover, have completed the examination and arrangement of the MSS. of Leibnitz, belonging to the Royal Library of Hanover, and have sent in their report to the ministry. A selection of these MSS. is to be published at the expense of the government.

A new Springs to catch Woodcocks.—Dittmarsch, the bookseller of Stuttgart, announces that he will publish a rebus every month in his journal, and grant a reward of 100 florins (about 10*l.*) for its solution.

M. Royer Collard died on the 4th of September, at his estate of Chateauvieux, in his 82nd year. The Duke de Broglie is talked of as his probable successor at the French Academy.

Jules Janin recounts with great pleasure that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, after the *fête* at Bonn, set off arm-in-arm through the streets, in despite of the bad weather, to visit his old tutor, his college, and his friends. This was truly entering into the spirit of the country, and recalling to us an anecdote of the late lamented Duke of Orleans. He called one morning to see Ary Scheffer, the artist. On asking the porter if Scheffer was at home, the *janitor* replied, "You'll find

him on the third story, and since you are going up, you will be kind enough to take up, at the same time with yourself, this coat that I have been brushing for him?" The prince walked up to Ary Scheffer with the latter's coat upon his arm. If our great people could have the courage to keep when at home a small fraction of the ease and *bon-homme* which they learn when abroad, what an improvement it would be to our everyday—ay, and to our holiday life!—*Examiner.*

The Orkney correspondent of the 'Edinburgh Advertiser,' says, "We have been much astonished here at a very extraordinary phenomenon which took place two nights ago—a great fall of dust, which continued many hours. The men at the herring fishing describe it as being like a thick shower of snow-drift from the north-west. It began to fall before daylight, and continued very thick for a few hours, and afterwards more slightly till about mid-day. Those who had clothes out bleaching had them completely blackened, and it seems very difficult to wash off. The only way of accounting for it is, by supposing that Mount Hecla has had an eruption, as the wind was exactly from that quarter, and it is quite evident that the dust is volcanic. Dr. Barry, in his 'History of Orkney,' says, that in 1783, the last dreadful eruption of Mount Hecla, the dust fell here in the same manner; though it does seem surprising that it could be carried so far—upwards of 400 miles. It will be some time before we hear if an eruption has really taken place."

The 'Journal des Débats' indignantly denounces a new shape which Belgian literary piracy has lately assumed. The works of the celebrated caricaturist, now in course of publication at Paris, under the title of 'Œuvres Choies de Gavarni,' have been reproduced in Belgium, plates and all, in a wretchedly inferior manner, and on the cover of the pirated edition, the Belgian thief has printed: 'Paris, Aug. Ozanne, Editeur, Rue Richelieu.' The results aimed at by this trick are greater than may at first sight be suspected. It is intended to pass off the spurious edition as the original and genuine one; thereby to drive all other Belgian editions out of the market, greatly to facilitate its contraband sale in France; and, above all, to enable it to command a high price, instead of being sold at the usual reduction of sixty per cent. Of course there was no such publisher as 'Aug. Ozanne' in Paris; it may then be asked, why the Belgian stopped short in his theft, and did not usurp M. Hetzel's name as well as the rest? Simply because if he had done so the foreign orders would have gone direct to M. Hetzel—who would scarcely have handed them over to the pirate. So the latter did all he dared—stopping short just where he should (one of the most difficult tests of genius): not venturing on the name of the French publisher, he assumed, at any rate, that of the street in which the latter carried on his business as a bookseller. In the name of

common honesty, how long are such practices to be carried on under the approving eyes of the governments of Europe?

Letters from Christiana of the 5th of September mention that upon the motion of the Norwegian minister of justice, the Storthing has voted a sum of about 640*l.* to defray the expenses of two lawyers, MM. Rosenstand-Goiske and Socrensen, who are to visit France, Belgium, and England, and inquire minutely into the working and effects of the system of trial by jury. They are to report the result of their investigation to the next session of the Storthing.

The graves of the two greatest German composers of the last century, Gluck and Mozart, have long been lost sight of, and their very site has been unknown. Mozart's still continues in that condition, but Gluck's has just been discovered by accident. In repairing a wall in the village of Mutzleindorf, near Vienna, there was found, leaning against the foot of the wall, below the surface of the ground, a small tablet of grey marble, with the following inscription in the German language, and in Roman characters:—"Here rests a worthy German, a pious Christian, and an affectionate husband, Christopher von Gluck, Knight, a great master in the sublime art of music. He died November 15, 1787."

On the authority of the 'Madrid Globo,' we give the following instance of atrocious cruelty, as an appendix to our article in the present number, on 'The Spanish People.' A short time back, as a dealer in leeches was travelling on a by-road in Estremadura, he was stopped by a band of thieves, who demanded his money. He assured them that he had none about him, having expended all that he had brought with him. Having ascertained that he had told the truth, they, in revenge for their disappointment, thrust his head into the sack in which he carried his leeches, and bound it tightly round his neck. Some country people passing by not long afterwards, found him dead, he having been bled to death by his own stock.

The Indian papers report that experiments have lately been made in Fort William on the effects of firing guns in casemated batteries, in order to ascertain how the smoke could be removed, so as to allow of the gunners remaining at their posts for any protracted time, without being suffocated. These experiments were made with a view to the construction of batteries for the defence of Aden, which it is proposed to form by hollowing out the rock as at Gibraltar, Dover, and Corfu.

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THE
FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. LXXII.

FOR JANUARY, 1846.

ART. I.—*Abelard*. Par CHARLES DE REMUSAT. 2 vols. Paris, 1845.

It was a bright sunny day, when, with a volume of Lamartine in our hands, and a thousand vague and dreamy thoughts, passing like evanescent shadows over the mind, we first wandered into Père la Chaise, and anxiously sought out the tomb of Abelard and Heloise. Our romantic expectations were soon shattered. The tomb itself disappointed us; and although the withered garlands, with which it was strewn, spoke of a generous sympathy—told us that others before us had visited it with romantic feelings—yet, when we saw the base and pillars scrawled over with those commonplaces, and still more odious common names, which desecrate all sorts of spots and monuments, from the pyramids of Egypt to the oak trees of Kensington Gardens—when we saw these, our mood was changed. The imperturbable, imperious egotism of men! Even in the presence of *such* a record of exalted self-sacrifice as the tomb of Heloise, these scribblers could not forget themselves and their paltry pretensions—could not resist the temptation of announcing to the astonished universe the supremely uninteresting fact of their existence. There was, however, one inscription which was crowded with meanings; an inscription, which, by itself, would have sufficed to fill the mind with exquisite reveries. It was that of the names of Abelard and Heloise, alternately graven on the plinth, and interrupted only by these words,

Eternally united! Yet these names, and these words, suggestive of so much, are robbed of their charm, by being side by side with the names of the Smiths and Browns, who desecrate the tomb.

And yet, if one considers it, beneath this desecration is respect; shown, perhaps, in a rude manner, but still respect. If we are to take offence at this manner, what shall we say to those desecrations committed by cultivated men—we mean by the Popes, Collardeaus, and Bussy Rabutins, who have turned the passion and sincerity of Heloise's letters into coarseness and gallantry: who have made the greatest woman that ever lived, talk like a wanton, and a *précieuse*?

The truth is, this tomb at Père la Chaise is an emblem of their fame. Its garlands and scribblements are but the symbols of that deep interest, and that coarse interpretation, which the world has always manifested for these lovers. The feeling of interest has remained consistent—the interpretations have varied with varying ages. 'There is no memory so popular in France,' says Michelet, 'as that of Heloise. That oblivious people, in whom the traces of the Middle Ages seem so completely effaced—that people, in whom the remembrance of the gods of Greece is more vivid than that of our national saints, has not forgotten Heloise.... That is the only legend of love which has survived.'

The same eloquent historian says that Heloise owes her fame to Abelard, 'sans le malheur d'Abailard, Héloïse eût été ignorée; elle fût restée obscure et dans l'ombre.' The reverse of this seems to us the

truth.* Abelard is immortal, because he inspires that deep and exalted affection which triumphed over all suffering, over all obstacle, and hence has triumphed over edacious Time. Heloise draws none of her lustre from him. Her fame is built out of her own heroic acts; and it is from his connection with her that Abelard has descended to posterity; his own claims are slight, and have been greatly overrated. He made more noise in his day; but she has had the admiration of posterity. His popularity was rapid, loud, and scandalous. He was made for it; he lived for it, and for it only. But many a name, as great, has faded from the memories of mankind; many a fame, as noisy, has failed to awaken a single echo in posterity; many an intelligence, far more rich and fruitful, has failed to occupy succeeding generations. Looked at closely and steadily, he presented nothing but the most superficial attractions: a quick memory, a ready eloquence, and subtle dialectical skill. His soul is neither deep nor wide. He discovers nothing; he improves nothing. He can only dazzle and confuse. His intelligence is in no wise to be called great; it is, at best, but that of a fluent Sophist, such as Plato has represented in his *Euthydemus*. If there was nothing in his intelligence to excite our veneration, there was little in his character to moderate our scorn. M. de Remusat, though not positively suffering under the common malady of biographers—the *furor biographicus*—has nevertheless a tenderness for Abelard; dwells gently on his faults, and tries to extenuate them. We are disposed to be tolerant of tolerance; but we really think that Abelard's character is too contemptible to be spared, even by the most benevolent charity; and that not even the fact of having been loved by Heloise, ought to shield him from the just scorn of mankind. Viewed in its proper light his story is a lesson; viewed in its ordinary light it is a mere romance. We will endeavour to place this story before our readers, as it stands written out before us.

— But first a word respecting the book before us. M. de Remusat is the son of the well-known Oriental scholar, and is himself favourably known in Parisian society, as one of the quondam contributors to the 'Globe,' and as the author of two volumes of 'Essais Philosophiques.' His present work consists of a life of Abelard, written

with great care and diligence; and an analysis of all his philosophical writings, which are now known to be extant. It is on the whole a useful book; more we cannot say. This life contains nothing new; but it is full of details about contemporary matters. It is written with occasional eloquence, but also with an occasional obscurity, which is rare amongst French authors. The analysis is fairly done; and, to those curious in the questions agitated in the scholastic philosophy, will be found very valuable.

At the close of the eleventh century, on the confines of Brittany, in the town of Palais (*Palatium*), Béranger or Bérenger, the seigneur, had a son born to him, whom he christened Pierre. This child was Abelard. His father, who, to the accomplishments of war, had also joined the cultivation of literature, caused him to be sedulously educated, both as a warrior and as a poet. But the youth renounced the career of arms, renounced his birthright, to pursue the career of a dialectician. He devoted himself exclusively to philosophy, and philosophy in those days meant dialectics. Having acquired great art in this exercise of ingenuity, he travelled through various provinces while yet a youth, disputing with all comers. 'I emulated,' says he, 'the peripatetics.' And M. Remusat adds 'Philosophy, in those days, had its knights-errant.' True enough;—and before those days, such men had existed; in old Greece, there had been that vehement thinker, Xenophanes. 'For three-quarters of a century, did he, the great Rhapsodist of Truth, emulate his countryman Homer, the great Rhapsodist of Beauty, and wander into many lands, uttering the thought that was working in him.'* But what comparison can be made between such a man and Abelard? Xenophanes having, as he believed, 'attained a clear recognition of the unity and perfection of the Godhead, it became the object of his life to spread that conviction abroad, and to tear down the thick veil of superstition which hid the august countenance of truth.'† Abelard had no conviction to spread abroad; he was simply impelled by a love of disputation and a love of notoriety.

This love of notoriety was his curse, as it is the curse of all minds framed like his. He came to Paris at the age of twenty, hoping there to find a fitting opportunity of display. He attended the school where William de Champeaux, the most renowned master of disputation, lectured to a numerous class of students from all quarters of

* It is obvious that in no case could such a woman remain in obscurity; since, as Abelard tells us, she was already the most celebrated woman in France (*in toto regno nominatissimum*) when he first met her. M. Michelet himself has previously told us that she was *deja célèbre*.

* 'Biographical History of Philos.' vol. i., p. 75.

† 'Biographical History of Philos.' vol. i., p. 73.

Europe. This new pupil excited attention. The beauty of his person, the ease of his manner, his marvellous aptitude for learning, and still more marvellous facility of speech, distinguished him amongst all. The master was proud of his pupil, and loved him. He looked on him, perhaps, as a fit successor. But this pupil, so acquiescent, so quick at learning, did not sit there to learn; he sat watching for an opportunity of attacking the venerable master. He had learned where lay the strength of his master; he had also learned the secrets of his art. Confident in his own ability he rose up one day, and attacked William de Champeaux in his own school, provoked him to a discussion, and vanquished him. Rage and astonishment seized his fellow disciples. Rage and terror seized the master. The disciples, while aware of Abelard's ability, saw clearly enough that he only led William into a discussion for the purpose of embarrassing him, and drawing from him humiliating avowals; and their respect for him engendered indignation for his assailant. Abelard dates from this the origin of all his woes. The enemies he created then pursued him through life. But this is the common sophism of such men as he; instead of looking deeper, and in his own inordinate selfishness, vanity, and cowardice, seeking the cause of his woes, he chooses to attribute them to the enemies raised by his ability.

After this rupture with his master, he aspired, though only two-and-twenty, to a chair of philosophy where he might astonish the world. He succeeded. His school at Melun was numerously attended, and his fame as a teacher was carried far and wide. William of Champeaux was naturally terrified at the ascendancy his former pupil was gaining, and used all his power to prevent the establishment of the school at Melun. In this he failed; and Abelard, emboldened by success, brought his school still nearer Paris, to Corbeil; in order, as he frankly tells us, that he might be more importunate to his former master. But he had to struggle against a powerful rival, and one aged in science; so that the intensity of his study and application ravaged his frame, and he was ordered by the physicians to repose himself from the fatigues of his school, and to seek restoration in his native air. In two years he returned, and saw, with delight, that his reputation had not been weakened in his absence, but that his scholars were eager for his return.

He returned in health and spirits; ambitious of notoriety, unscrupulous as to means. His old antagonist, William de Champeaux, had renounced the world and retired to a

cloister. Hildebert, Bishop of Mans, wrote to him congratulations, and called his act the act of a real philosopher; but he exhorted him not to renounce his instructions because he renounced the pomps and glories of the world. William followed this advice, and opened the school of Saint Victor, afterwards so celebrated. His reputation, though suffering from the attacks of Abelard, was still great, and his school was crowded. One day, as he was lecturing to his numerous disciples, he was startled by the appearance of Abelard amongst them, who came, he said, to learn rhetoric. William was troubled, but he continued his lecture. Abelard waited until the question respecting Universals was brought forward, and then suddenly changing from a disciple to an antagonist, he so harassed the old man with the rapidity and unexpectedness of his assaults, that he left him no other refuge than the confession of defeat. William retracted his opinions; and in that retraction lost for ever his reputation. His audiences diminished rapidly. They would hardly listen to the minor points of dialectics from one who had confessed himself beaten on the capital point of 'universals.' The disciples passed over to the victor; just as when a combat is engaged between two stages, the hinds stand quietly watching the issue of the contest, and if their former respected lord and master is worsted, they pass over to the care of the stronger without a moment's hesitation. Abelard's school soon became the first of all; and as if to give still greater effect to his triumph, the professor to whom William had given the chair of Nortre Dame, either discouraged by Abelard's audacity or convinced by his arguments, offered the chair to the victor, and ranged himself amongst the admiring disciples.*

He was now the undisputed master in dialectics. He had argued with the great Nominalist, Roscelinus, and had discomfited him; he had argued with the great Realist, William de Champeaux, and had defeated him. The cardinal question of philosophy in those days he alone had known how to answer so as to save himself from the heresies of Roscelinus, and to avoid the absurdities of William de Champeaux. And what was that question to which so much importance was attached? It was one which, though to the modern reader apparently trivial, was in truth fundamental in all sys-

* We know but of one parallel case of modesty, and that was when Antisthenes was so captivated by the wisdom of Socrates that he ceased to teach, and became once more a pupil; nay more he persuaded all his pupils to come with him to Socrates, there to learn true wisdom.

tems of philosophy, from Plato downwards. Stated briefly, the dispute was this: Is there an object corresponding to every abstract idea? The question was answered affirmatively by the Realists, who declared that Man, Virtue, &c., had a real existence, quite irrespective of any individual concrete determination, such as Smith, Benevolence, &c. It was answered negatively by the Nominalists, who said that all abstract ideas are but general terms, and, as such, are but the creations of human ingenuity, designating no distinct entities, but merely used as *marks* of aggregate conceptions. The one party declared that General Ideas were also Existences; the other declared that they were nothing but General Names applied to individual things.

Nominalism is so universally accepted in modern times that it is not without difficulty the force of the Realist argument can be conceived. And yet the Realist said, plausibly enough, as our ideas are copies of objects, whatever we think of must exist; and as we have an idea of Man which is not the idea of any individual man, but of Man in general, *ergo* there must be such an existence as Man in general. It is by no means necessary in this place, to expose the fallacy of Realism, inasmuch as it is a discarded tenet; but from its supposed connection with the dogmas of religion it was only by great skill that Abelard could refute it, without the appearance of heresy. Abelard was not content with his glory. As long as there was anywhere in France a celebrated teacher he could not be tranquil. There was one at Laon, a certain Anselm, who taught theology with immense success. This was enough to trouble Abelard's repose. He repaired to Laon, ridiculed the style of Anselm, laughed at the puerile admiration of his scholars, and offered to surpass him in the explanation of the Scriptures. He was at first laughed at, next listened to, and he departed leaving anarchy in the school, and desolation in the heart of the old man. Having satisfied his envy he returned to Paris.

His career at this period was most brilliant. His reputation was higher than that of any living man. His eloquence and subtlety found echoes in the breasts of hundreds of serious students,* who thronged beneath the shadows of the cathedral, for ever disputing with each other, and thinking more of the dispute than of the truths disputed for. There amidst those crowds he might be seen stalking along, with a certain imposing

haughtiness in his manner, not without its careless indolence, which the confidence of success had given to his bearing; handsome, manly, gallant-looking, the object of incessant curiosity and admiration. The multitude reverently made way for him; women peeped at him from behind their window-curtains; all Paris was proud of him. His name was renowned in every city in Europe, and the pope himself sent men to hear him. He was at the acme of his glory. His inordinate vanity was appeased. He reigned, and he reigned alone. He believed himself to be the only philosopher in the world: 'Cum jam me solum in mundo superesce philosophum æstimarem.'—(Epist. i., p. 9.)

If he had been, as he fancied himself, the noblest specimen of man living, then would he have deserved the love of that noblest specimen of woman, Heloise. She was at this time very young, an orphan and poor, living with her uncle Fulbert, studious, learned, and sweet of face. Beautiful she was not, though the world has persisted in cherishing the idea that she was; but Bayle's assertion, that she was ugly, is preposterous. Abelard tells us that she was by no means of the lowest order of beauty—(*per faciem non infamam*); and the description of her in the 'Roman de la Rose' (if indeed it does mean Heloise) is that of an exquisite beauty:

"El ne fu obscure ne brune,
Ains fu clere comme la lune,
Envers qui les autres estoiles
Ressemblent petites chandoiles, &c., &c."

She was a brunette, with, as we picture her, deep, passionate eyes, clear, massive brow, and voluptuous mouth: a face in which passion was irradiated with intelligence. Whatever deviation from the standard of symmetry there might be, was, we may be certain, amply compensated by the fascinating expression. She might say with Sappho (in Ovid)

"Si mihi difficilis formam Natura negavit;
Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ."

Her talents and her learning had rendered her celebrated. Her helpless position, no less than her charms, attracted Abelard. It would not be unreasonable to suspect that her popularity was to him her greatest charm. He resolved to seduce her; resolved it in cold blood, and after mature calculation. He thought she would be an easy victim, and he who had lived hitherto in abhorrence of libertinage (*scortorum immunditiam semper abhorrebam*) felt himself arrived at such a position that he might indulge with impunity. 'I thought, too, he says, 'that I should the more easily gain the girl's con-

* M. Guizot computes them at not less than five thousand.

sent, knowing as I did to how great a degree she both possessed learning and loved it.' He tells us how he 'sought an opportunity of bringing her into familiar and daily intercourse with me, and so drawing her the more easily to consent to my wishes. With this view I made a proposal to her uncle, through certain of his friends, that he should receive me as an inmate of his house, which was very near to my school, on whatever terms of remuneration he chose; alleging my reason that I found the care of a household an impediment to study, and its expense too burdensome. Now, on the one hand, he was very covetous, and on the other most solicitous that his niece should continue to advance in literary attainments: so that he was easily brought to agree to my proposal in his eagerness for gain, and his persuasion that his niece would thus have the benefit of my instruction. On the latter point he used such earnest entreaty with me, as promoted my wishes and favoured my passion far beyond my hopes; committing the maiden wholly to my charge, in order that whenever I should be at leisure from the school, whether by day or by night (*tam in die quam in nocte*) I might take the trouble of teaching her; and should I find her negligent use forcible compulsion. Hereupon I wondered at the man's excessive simplicity, with no less amazement than if I had beheld him attend a lamb to the care of a famishing wolf; for in thus placing the girl in my hands for me not only to teach but to use forcible coercion, what did he do but give full liberty to my desires and offer the opportunity, even had it not been sought, seeing that should enticement fail I might use threats and stripes in order to subdue her (*ut quam videlicet blanditiis non possem, minis et verberibus facilius flecterem*).

The crude brutality of this avowal could not be mistaken, one would think, by any reader; yet M. de Remusat, with a biographer's partiality, will have it that Abelard himself was mistaken as to his intentions. 'In reading Abelard's own confession,' he says, 'one would almost say that he loved only on premeditation, that he became her lover upon calculation, and that he fixed his regards on her as the most worthy of his passion, and, shall I say it? the most easy of conquest. But it is often the illusion of reflective and reasoning minds to mistake their *penchant* for a choice, and to believe their enthusiasms have been acts of calculation.' The remark is not without justice, but it is ludicrously inapplicable to Abelard, the whole course of whose life was a display of intense selfishness.

Abelard was her master; but what did he teach her? She was a better scholar than he; in some respects better informed. She was a perfect mistress of Latin; knew Greek and Hebrew enough to form the basis of future proficiency.* He was well read; a consummate dialectician; but it is a mistake to suppose that his scholarship was remarkable. All his biographers, except M. de Remusat, assume that he knew Greek and Hebrew. M. Michelet goes so far as to say that he was the only man who then knew Greek and Hebrew. But that he was ignorant of Hebrew—except of a few words current in theological discussions—is beyond all doubt; and that he knew no Greek beyond a few philosophical terms is evident from two facts; 1st. If he had known it, he was too vain and ostentatious a man to have concealed what was then thought one of the highest accomplishments. 2dly. He has expressly told us, in more places than one, that he was forced to read the Greek authors in the Latin translations.† We conclude, therefore, that he instructed her in philosophy only; the more so, as that is the sole science which he mentions.

Thus, then, in giving lessons in his arid dialectics did he manage to give her lessons in love; not by his dialectics, but by his accomplishments did he fascinate her. What a picture is presented by this remarkable couple! The one well versed in all the arts of seduction: reciting and singing to perfection: gifted with marvellous facility in illustrating arid subjects by passages from the poets; having the serpent's tongue; handsome, renowned above all men for wisdom, he would have been dangerous to all women; but to a simple, credulous, single-minded girl, passionately fond of literature and easily dazzled by renown, he was framed to fascinate. He succeeded in intoxicating that noble and affectionate heart which loved but once; a heart which was dedicated to him, even when her life was dedicated to God. It has been matter of wonder how so great a creature could ever have worshipped so contemptible an idol; but there is nothing whatever wonderful in it. Heloise saw in Abelard the symbols of greatness; she was charmed with him, with his manners, with his intelligence, and her own direct truthful heart made her credulous of the directness and truthfulness of his.

Study threw them together, and in its dangerous solitude her passion ripened. Day

* Abelard, later in life, in addressing the sisterhood of which Heloise was abbess, says, that 'she alone possessed the same thorough proficiency in these three languages, which was extolled as a gift in St. Jerome.'

† Vide 'Œuvres Inédites,' Introd., p. 43.

and night they were together, 'talking of lovely things that conquer death,' and steeped in that vague and dreamy delight which is produced by the spectacle of grand things, and by contact with great intelligences; and thus, as the Spanish translator of her letter says, '*buscando siempre con pretexto del estudio los parages mas retirados*,'—they forgot the world in the delights of passion. 'The books were open before us,' says Abelard, 'but we talked more of love than of philosophy, and kisses were more frequent than sentences.* And to prevent suspicion, when Fulbert was present, we presume, 'blows were often given, but out of love not rage.' It is painful to read his account, and to see in it the gross sensuality which alone dictated his actions; the more so when we compare it with the passionate ardour of Heloise, who in her letters, as Madame Guizot excellently remarks, is so much more chaste even in her vehemence: '*elle rappelle mais ne détaille point*.'

We come now to an act which reveals the character of the man. He had written love songs to Heloise, as a lover should do; but he had the immeasurable egotism of a bad poet and an indelicate lover: he could not be content that these productions should be read by no admiring eyes except those for whom they were written; nor could he refrain from divulging his conquest. Accordingly, his songs were soon bandied about the streets; all Paris was let into the secret of this love. That which the least delicate of lovers would, for his own sake, have hidden from the world, this wretched coxcomb allowed to be profaned by being bawled by idle and indifferent mouths. While she worshipped him, he let her name and her affections be dragged through the mire.

And what says M. Remusat to this? His defence is curious. 'Thus the affair which ought to have remained the tender mystery of his whole life, became a public scandal, and passed from his avowal into that state of popular romance which it has preserved till our times. There was in that man something of the insolence of all natures made for command and royalty. He exhibited himself unveiled before the world. He seemed to think that everything which interested him became worthy of general attention; that his actions were beyond common appreciation, and that everything in him should be shown as a spectacle to the world.' We accept the judgment with one reservation; Abelard has not the 'insolence

of natures made for command,' but the vanity of natures made for display. That he imagined everything which interested him should be made public is true; but this, not because he was great, but because he was little. Victor Cousin says, somewhere, that 'every individuality is full of pettinesses, and that great men, seen closely, are often very little;' and this phrasing of the vulgar proverb, that 'no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre,' has been applied to Abelard, and used as an excuse for him. Now the proverb is not only vulgar, it is trivial. It has its truth, not, as Hegel epigrammatically remarks, because the hero is *no* hero, but because the valet-de-chambre is a valet-de-chambre—*weil jener der Kammerdiener ist!* Great men, looked at closely, and with eyes that can recognize greatness, do not seem little, but the contrary. If they have their infirmities, it is that they are human. They are great *men*; not adjectives of greatness. If they have their littlenesses, it is not that they themselves are little, but that weakness *accompanies* the greatness. Look closely at Abelard, and the closer you look the more contemptible will he appear. Look closely at Heloise, and you may see, perhaps, some traces of human weakness, as stains upon the splendour of her greatness, but the closer you look the more will this greatness fix your attention. We must, therefore, protest against M. de Remusat's selecting one infirmity of human nature which great men have sometimes displayed, and, because Abelard shares that infirmity, assuming that he, too, possessed the greatness.

To return to the lovers. Abelard has himself told us how this love affair engrossed his thoughts, and prevented his studies.

"These pleasures so engrossed me, that I could apply but little to philosophy, or to my scholastic business. It was insupportably irksome to me to repair to the school, or to remain in it when there; and excessively laborious, too, I found it, to give my nightly vigils to love, and still devote my daily ones to study. So negligently and tepidly were my lectures now gone through, that I uttered nothing by dint of invention, but all by force of memory, and in repetition of my former lessons. . . . What sorrowing, sighing, and lamenting, came upon my scholars when they perceived my mind to be so occupied, or rather so disturbed, is almost beyond conception."

It is somewhat curious that Fulbert should not have been aware of that which was known all over Paris. He seems to have had the proverbial blindness of a husband for that which strangers could perceive. Abelard has remarked this; and told us that the fact had been repeatedly suggested to Fulbert, who could not bring himself to

* He adds, with his usual crudity, when speaking of these times, "*Et scapius ad sinus quam ad libros reducebantur manus*." Epist. i., p. 11.

credit it. He attributes this blindness partly to Fulbert's affection for Heloise, and partly to the well-known purity of her lover's former life. They were at length discovered and separated. 'O, how great was the uncle's grief! how great the lovers'! What confusion overwhelmed me! What anguish at my disgrace!' exclaims Abelard very characteristically: and he continues, 'This separation of our persons did but unite our hearts the closer; this privation increased our passion. The fit of shame once over, made us the more insensible to shame; *actum itaque in nobis est quod in Marte et Venere deprehensis poetica narrat fabula.*'

Shortly afterwards Heloise found herself pregnant, and in the exaltation of her heart, she wrote to Abelard, informing him of it, asking his advice. He visited her in Fulbert's absence, and arranged an escape to Brittany. There Heloise resided with his sister, till she gave birth to a son. When her uncle was aware of her flight, he became almost frantic; and that which rendered his state still worse, was his being forced to suppress the motives of his rage. How did Abelard behave? contemptibly, as usual. He was evidently in great fear for his life; and though bold to insolence in debate, he was a coward in action. Audacity in speculation and timidity of character are often united. Some of the most daring thinkers have been as weak in resolution as they were strong in speculation. It would seem as if they were eager to make up for a constitutional deficiency by the temerity of their pens. Abelard was one of these. He had strong polemical tendencies, but the only war he liked was the war of words. Insolent, aggressive, and reckless in argument, he was always weak and irresolute in act. He could attack a Roscelinus, or a William de Champeaux; he could harass an aged teacher, and having driven him from his school, pursue him even to the cloister, and there cover him with shame; or he could by his ridicule and dialectics destroy the peace of Anselm; but he could not face an outraged uncle. He came trembling before Fulbert, 'greatly compassioning his excessive anguish,' he says, but greatly fearing his excessive wrath, as we believe; implored his pardon, and recalled to his mind how many of the greatest men had been cast down by women; accused himself of treachery, and offered the reparation of marriage, provided it were kept secret. His marriage, if made known, would be an obstacle to his advancement in the Church—and the mitre had glimmered before his ambitious eyes. Thus, on the one side,

stimulated by fear, and, on the other, by ambition, he had neither sufficient force to sacrifice his ambition to his fear, nor sufficient courage to despise the danger; and so he proposed a compromise. To this Fulbert consented.

But Heloise, heroic heart! in the self-abnegation of her love, would not consent to that reparation which fear had extorted from Abelard. She did not believe her uncle's vengeance would be thus assuaged; and if it were, what excuse could she have for thus robbing the world of its greatest luminary! What maledictions and what regrets would follow such a step! What a shame and what a calamity that a man created for all mankind should consecrate himself to one woman! 'I should hate this marriage,' she exclaimed, 'for it would be an opprobrium and a ruin!' She recalled to Abelard the various passages in Scripture, and in the ancient writers, wherein wives are accursed; and pointed out to him how impossible it would be to consecrate himself to philosophy unless he were free. How could he study amidst the noise of children and the domestic confusion of a household? How much more honourable it would be for her to sacrifice herself to him—to be his mistress, his concubine! The more she humiliated herself for him, the more claims should she have upon his love; and in so doing she would not be an obstacle to his advancement—in so doing she would not have prevented the free development of his genius. 'I call God to witness,' she said many years after, 'that if Augustus, the emperor of the world, had deemed me worthy of his hand and would have given me the universe for a throne, the name of your concubine (*tua meretrix*) would have been more glorious to me than that of his empress.'

This was the passion and these the motives which prompted her refusal. For herself, of course, no happiness could be greater than that of calling him her husband; but if, in so doing, she must destroy his hopes of advancement and stultify the growth of his sublime intelligence, she 'could not but hate that marriage as an opprobrium.' For his sake she would glory in sacrificing herself, if only to convince him of the boundless love she bore him. Having read her own words, let us turn to those which Pope has lent her.

"How oft when press'd to marriage have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour wait the wedded dame;

August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all these views remove:
Fame, wealth, and honour, what are you to
love?"

This is the extravagance of a wanton, not the passion of Heloise. It was from no abstract preference for 'lawless love' that Heloise spurned marriage; it was simply because she was afraid of sacrificing her lover's interests to her happiness; and as she loved him far more than herself, she opposed the sacrifice.

Abelard felt the force of her arguments; gladly would he have accepted them; but fear was stronger than interest, and he had not the courage to brave Fulbert. He, therefore, endeavoured to answer Heloise's arguments; and finding that she could not conquer his resolution—a resolution which, by the way, he himself calls a bit of stupidity (*meam stultitiam*)—she burst into tears and consented. This scene is characterized by M. Villenave as a contest between love and duty, in which, he adds, Abelard did not allow himself to be conquered in generosity. Really the benevolence of biographers is infinite. A scene in which Abelard figures as a contemptible coward, is christened a struggle between love and duty; and the terror which overcomes his interests, his ambition, and her passionate entreaties, is converted into a desire not to be outdone in generosity. May we have such a biographer!

"Having committed our little boy," says Abelard, "to my sister's charge, we returned privately to Paris, and in a few days, after going through the vigils of prayer secretly and by night, there also, very early one morning, in the presence of her uncle and some of his friends as well as mine, we received the nuptial benediction."

From this time they only met in secret; but all precautions soon became useless, as Fulbert and his servants divulged the secret 'in violation of their word.' But Heloise loudly denied that she was married. Violently provoked at this denial, her uncle loaded her with reproaches, and made the house quite insupportable to her. Abelard removed her to a nunnery, named Argenteuil. There she assumed the monastic dress, but without taking the veil; and there her husband furtively visited her, not always respecting the sanctity of the spot.* Fulbert regarded this seclusion in the nunnery with suspicion. He thought it was but the first step towards her taking the veil, and

* *Nosti...quid ibi tecum mea libidinis egerit intemperantia in quadam etiam parte ipsius refectorii. Nosti id impudentissime tunc actum esse in tam reverendo loco et summe Virgini consecrato.—Abelard, Epist. v., p. 69.*

that Abelard would thus rid himself of her. His projects of vengeance revived; and having bribed a servant, who admitted him and his friends into the chamber where Abelard was sleeping, they there inflicted on him that atrocious mutilation, which Origen, in a fit of spiritual exaltation, inflicted upon himself. All Paris was struck with horror and surprise; and in mingled curiosity and consternation crowded round Abelard's house, redoubling his agony by their noisy pity. There, as he lay on his wretched couch, he reflected on his sad condition. Henceforth the world was shut against him. What path was open to him? With what face could he again present himself before men? Condemned to be pointed at by every finger—to be lacerated by every tongue—to be to all a monstrous spectacle! He, so lately the gay and gallant, to whom women, no less than men, were proud to show allegiance—he was an outcast and a mark for scorn. How his enemies would triumph!

His resolution was easily fixed. He would find refuge in the cloister; he would become a monk, and renounce the world. To this he confesses that he was impelled by shame rather than by devotion. But the intense selfishness of this man would not permit him to renounce the world alone; he demanded that Heloise also should renounce it; and she renounced it. Obedient to his commands (*ad imperium nostrum*), she took the veil: thus once more sacrificing herself to his will, whom, with regret, she had accepted as a husband, and whom she abandoned in trembling, to devote herself, without faith, without hope, and without love, to her divine husband. Pope is here equal to his subject:

"Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale.
Heaven scarce believed the conquest it surveyed,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made."

Heloise submitted without an inquiry, without a murmur: it was enough for her to know that Abelard desired it. In renouncing the world thus in the plenitude of youth and passion, she was actuated by no devotional fervour. She was, heart and soul, a great woman, and, as such, clung tenaciously to life, and to the world, which she was made to adorn. She had no mystic aspirations, no ascetic ideas. Her harmonious being was free from all such dissonances; it was bounding with life and love, with ac-

tivity and enjoyment. Yet she relinquished the world, at an order from her lord ; cruel and tyrannical as that order was, she saw nothing in it but the expression of his will, and was content to obey. Her friends endeavoured in vain to dissuade her, and to their tears and entreaties she replied, in a voice broken by sobs, with the words which Lucan places in the mouth of Cornelia, after the disaster of Pharsalia :

"O maxime conjur,
O thalamis indigne meis, hoc juris habebat
In tantum fortuna caput ? Cur impia nupai,
Si miserum factura fui ? Nunc accipe pœnas,
Sed quas sponté luam."

This quotation is remarkable, as showing how, in those days, pedantry was mixed up with the purest passions ; as showing how masterly was her command over the classics, that, in such a moment, she should have selected so apt a passage ; and, finally, as showing how completely her love absorbed her soul, and how little religion could occupy it.

Before closing the door of the convent upon this singular creature, let us ask what could be Abelard's motives for thus secluding her ? We have already hinted that his intense selfishness could not allow him to think of her some day belonging to another. The author of the admirable article on Abelard, which appeared in the ' London and Westminster Review (December, 1838), has suggested that, inasmuch as Abelard was so cruelly punished because Fulbert suspected him of wishing to make Heloise take the veil, "probably the chief satisfaction that he found in commanding Heloise to final seclusion, was that he thereby carried into effect the intention for which her relatives had so violently punished him. As regards his second motive, feeling himself now dead to her, he supposed she would soon be dead to him, and felt a selfish, at least, if not a malignant satisfaction, in remorselessly exercising his all-powerful influence over her, before, as he unworthily thought, her consideration of his altered state should have time to diminish it : to place her warm and blooming youth under that lasting combination of physical and religious restraint, which, in spite of any change in her own inclination, should keep her dead to others as well as to himself." To one so vain, so selfish, and so fond of power, this exercise of his imperious will afforded a diseased delight. Reckless of consequences, he thought only of proving that he still possessed resistless power over the fond girl : and so, at the age of twenty, Heloise quitted the world. MM. Villenave and

Remusat pass over this episode without a comment : excuse it they could not, and they would not blame their hero.

The doors of the convent have closed on Heloise. She retires to her cell to doat upon the image of her lord ; to recall the hours of rapture spent with him, and to feel that

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

And he upon whom her sorrowing thoughts were fixed, scarcely ever bestowed a thought on her, and never wrote to her. He entered upon a new career ; he was a monk at St. Denis, and had resumed his studies, now, as he says, no longer disturbed by the provocations of his senses. ' Mais il lui arriva,' remarks M. Villenave, ' lorsqu'il ne put plus être un sujet de scandale dans le monde, de vouloir bannir le scandale de son convent.' The monks were dissolute ; their monastery was wealthy ; and they had no one willing to curb their licentiousness, for the abbot himself was as bad as they. Abelard, unable to share their debaucheries, reproved them ; the seducer of Heloise became a preacher of chastity. He who had long been accustomed to dictate to the world, felt a peculiar pleasure in reprimanding the monks ; standing on the lofty ground of virtue, and armed with piety, he looked down upon his fellow monks, and made them blushing bow to his superiority. They could not defend themselves ; he had them at his mercy, and we may guess with what forbearance he used his advantage. His presence became intolerable ; and to divert his attention elsewhere, they joined his former scholars in entreating him to resume his lectures ; even the abbot joined in this request. Abelard resisted for some time. He shuddered at again appearing in public ; he who had never appeared there but triumphant, could not bear to present himself humiliated as he was. But entreaties were so pressing, and aided, perhaps, by his natural love of display, he consented again to exhibit his talents. He established himself in the priory of Maisoncelle, where he opened a school. Students flocked thither in immense numbers. His adventures had only increased his notoriety, while nothing had affected his reputation for learning and subtlety. His lectures were also novel ; they were eminently religious, at the same time that they were dialectical. He was the first man, since Origen, who had united sacred and profane sciences ; and the success of this attempt was so great as to rouse the jealousy both of theologians and philoso-

phers. They declared that it was quite contrary to all monastic rule for a monk to teach profane sciences; nor, on the other hand, could he teach the sacred without having first been the disciple of some accredited teacher.

Abelard, always insolent and aggressive, replied to these attacks with vehemence and contempt. Supported, as he thought, by three thousand students, he could assume an attitude not simply of defence, but also of disdain. Unconscious of the real danger of his position, he consented to publish the substance of his lectures. This was the 'Introductio ad Theologiam,' which is still extant. In it he undertook to demonstrate by reason that which was accepted by faith. He for the first time promulgated the then audacious doctrine, that dogmas should be presented under a rational form; that what we believe we should also understand; and, therefore, that dialectics should be reconciled to our religious beliefs, if we would not have it shake them to their foundations. One consequence of this doctrine was to place philosophers almost on the same level with saints; under the pretence that reason, as an internal revelation, had conducted the philosophers to the same conclusions as the saints, respecting the nature of the Deity, and especially the Trinity.

This 'faith of reason' which existed confusedly in Plato and became more developed, more authentic, in the Christian thinkers, is the dogma of the unity of God, the only uncreated, the only creator, the infinite perfection. But in God are distinguished his power, his wisdom, and his goodness; the first engenders the second, and the third proceeds from the two first. Such are the distinctive attributes which are personified in the Father as the Omnipotent, in the Son as the Word of God, the *Logos*, the Eternal Reason, the supreme intelligence, and in the Holy Ghost as the divine source of all grace, all charity, and all love.

Now, although this doctrine was not altogether new, and was not without orthodox precedents, it was, nevertheless, suspicious from the temerity of the speculations, the subtlety of many of the distinctions brought forward to support it, the general character of liberty in discussion which it seemed to proclaim, and also from the notoriety of the author, who had always placed himself without the ordinary circle of men's ideas; who was known to be as bold as subtle, and as captivating to the students as he was bold. The spirit of the age was with him, and yet not frankly with him. It was curious, active, restless, yet obedient to the letter of the rules of faith. It was fond

of discussion, was proud of its powers of reasoning, and yet was anxious to believe. Hence the tentative of Abelard was in accordance with the spirit of the age. Confined to his lectures this tentative was crowned with success; but attempted in a published work the latent heresy became apparent. His enemies called upon the ecclesiastical authorities to interfere. He replied with insults, and defied them. With that impetuosity which is so paradoxical in timid men, he braved his enemies, hoping, perhaps, by showing a bold front, to intimidate them; perhaps, also, actuated by that singular impulse, which makes the same man who dares not face a single individual, recklessly insult a mass.

The defiance was accepted, and the combat began. It ended in the convocation of a council, in which it was decided, that Abelard's doctrine was a denial of the reality of the three persons of the Trinity. He was condemned to cast the book into the flames with his own hands:—

"When, however, I rose to deliver a profession and exposition of my faith," he says, "and express my real opinion in my own words, my adversaries declared that nothing more was necessary than that I should recite the Athanasian Creed, which any schoolboy could as easily have done. And lest I should seek to be excused through ignorance, as one to whom these sentences were not familiar, they had a copy of it brought to me to read. I read it out accordingly, as well as I was able, sighing, and sobbing, and weeping the while. Then, like a convicted culprit, I was delivered into the custody of the Abbot of St. Medard; was led away to his cloister as to a prison; and immediately the council was dissolved. The abbot and brethren of that monastery, thinking I was thenceforward to remain with them, received me with the greatest exultation, and by treating me with every attention, endeavoured in vain to console me.

"So blind and cruel a proceeding (as that of the council) met with such vehement reproach from all who heard of it, that every one who had taken a part in it strove to shift the blame from himself upon others, so that even my two rivals denied that the thing had been done by their advice, and the legate expressed before all men his abhorrence at the malignity of the French. Thereupon, moved by repentance, at the end of a few days, after having through momentary compulsion gratified their animosity, they sent me back to my own monastery—where I had as many enemies as ever, seeing that their vicious lives and shameful behaviour made them look with constant suspicion upon one whose censures they could ill endure."

The monks were not long in finding a means of ridding themselves of this intolerable censorship. He accidentally discovered that the Dionysius whom the monks claimed as the founder of their monastery

was not, as they believed, Dionysius the Areopagite. A furious discussion arose. The abbot, of course, sided against Abelard, condemned him to be whipped and placed under strict surveillance. He escaped to the priory of St. Ayoul, where he was received with kindness. Here he had the cowardice to write to the Abbot of St. Denis a letter, which is still extant, condemning his own discovery, and concluding that the venerable Bede (on whose authority Abelard had spoken) must have been mistaken: a concession as useless as it was cowardly.

He contrived to get himself freed from all obligation to live at St. Denis. The world was again open to him. He was poor, but he was free. He chose a lonely spot in the territory of Troyes, on the banks of the Ardisson, where he had once been wont to wander deep in his meditations and studies. There he built an oratory of osiers and thatch, which he dedicated to the Holy Trinity. As he had been persecuted for his heresies on the Trinity, there may have been some *arrière pensée* in this dedication. He was now rather more than fifty. Since the time of his quitting the world for a monastery, that is to say for ten or twelve years, he had neither seen Heloise, written to her, nor spoken of her. In his 'Confessions' no word escapes him which would imply that her image was ever present to him during that period. M. de Remusat also notices, as he could not fail to do, this silence and this oblivion, and in the genuine spirit of a biographer says, that the remembrance of Heloise was '*enseveli et scellé comme dans la tombe au plus profond—de son cœur.*' This is truer than he suspects: Abelard's heart was indeed a *tomb*, and there was Heloise buried.

"Strange are the vicissitudes of the life we are narrating," says M. de Remusat. "They multiply like the restless movements of Abelard's soul. Audacious and sad, adventurous and plaintive, he has not succeeded in mastering fortune, and he knows not how to live in humble repose. No regular and ordinary situation pleases him long. Wherever he appears he seems to seek a quarrel, to provoke oppression, and when he encounters resistance he is astonished at it and bewails it. After great misfortunes come the petty miseries; victim of serious passions, he is also tormented by puerile passions; he engages in a domestic quarrel with the monks, and after being condemned, prostrate as he appears, he mixes princes and kings up in his quarrels, obtains his liberty, and as soon as he obtains it, being unable to submit to the monastic life, he becomes a hermit."

His repugnance to face the public after his disgrace we have already related. That once conquered, we may be sure that he fervently desired again to occupy the posi-

tion which accorded so well with his motives of display and with his powers as a speaker. Of all men that ever entered the hermit's cell and endeavoured to forget the world by peopling solitude with his own 'thick coming fancies,' perhaps no man was ever less fitted for that mode of life than Abelard. No deep devotion stirred his soul. No unspeakable thoughts drove him to solitude, there to wrestle with them. No distorted views of man—no misanthropic scorn goaded him. His was a nature that sought the glare of day. The admiration of men was necessary to him; applause was his reward, his object in life. And this object could not be long unattainable to such a man, with such talents. The fascination of his teaching; though doubtless somewhat aided by the notoriety of his life, was such as now appears marvellous. It is only by the utmost efforts we can conceive how he could have exercised such an influence by mere dialectical and rhetorical skill, employed on subjects which appear to our age little better than verbal quibbles. But in those days these verbal quibbles were the intellectual bread of thousands. The avidity of newly-awakened inquiry was almost exclusively absorbed by theology and dialectics. A passion for knowledge was diffused, and the only knowledge then prized was that of philosophy. Hence it is that Abelard, who had no original genius, nevertheless ranks high in that age, which was singularly deficient in genius; hence it is that the fluent, subtle sophist could command an age that mistook dialectical subtleties for profound truths. As all the worthless and ambitious youth of Athens would flock around a Gorgias, from his lips to hear the true methods of haranguing a populace or conducting a bad cause; so would all the inquiring minds of the twelfth century flock around an Abelard, from him to learn the subtle art of distinctions—the art of mastering the reasoning faculty, which was to guide them to eternal truth.

In his retreat Abelard again taught numerous scholars. They built themselves cabins in the neighbourhood, and lived more like hermits than disciples. 'Insupportable poverty,' says he, 'now above all things urged me to resume the business of teaching; since to dig I was not able, and to beg I was ashamed.' Pretty confession this for a hermit and a philosopher! 'My scholars, too, of their own accord, provided everything that I needed, as well in food and clothing as in tillage of the ground and expense of building, in order that no household care might divert my attention from study. My oratory being found too small to contain

even a small part of their numbers they enlarged it, and rebuilt it more solidly of stone and timber. Although it had been founded in the name of and afterwards dedicated to the Holy Trinity, yet, as there, whither I had come all fugitive and despairing, I had by the grace of Divine consolation, breathed for a while in peace, I now, in remembrance of this benefit, called it the *Paraclete*.'

With his returning popularity revived the ancient suspicions and enmities which had pursued him. But now he had two new enemies; the one no less a person than Saint Bernard; the other Saint Norbert. These two were powerful and implacable. They spoke so vehemently against his conduct and his doctrines that his principal friends deserted him, and many bishops and seigneurs turned from him in contempt; and 'even those,' he says, 'who preserved for me their ancient affection and respect concealed it with all possible care, so great was the terror inspired by my enemies.'

His spirit sank. He who when surrounded by scholars could accept with insolence the attacks of his enemies, could not maintain his bearing when he saw his scholars fall off. It was not for the truth he fought; it was always for display. No conviction had he to fight for; no touch had he of that which makes a martyr. Terrors beset him; he was always dreading lest he should be dragged before the councils as a heretic; visions of St. Athanasius pursued by the Arian bishops, haunted him. 'God knows I often fell into such great despair, that unable to find peace amongst Christians, I meditated seeking out some distant country where the Gospel had not penetrated, and there to live Christianly amidst the enemies of Christ.'

Deliverance from these fears was at hand; but it was only a deliverance *into* evil. On the promontory which stretches to the south of Vannes, in Lower Brittany, along the Bay of Morbihan, may still be seen the ruins of the ancient monastery of St. Gildas du Rhuys; it is on the summit of a steep rock whose base is washed by the sea. There, in this wild spot, amongst a wilder race, did he expect to find a refuge. The Abbot of St. Gildas having died, Abelard was chosen his successor. This was a dignity to which he could hardly have aspired, and it is unknown by whose influence the offer was made to him; M. de Remusat suspects it was through the Duke of Brittany, Conan IV.

The new abbot miscalculated his powers when he fancied that he could reduce the wild licentiousness of those monks into anything like order. At St. Denis we saw him, though a simple monk, assume the office of

censor; how much more readily would he assume it as an abbot! The monks of St. Gildas, however, were not so patient. To them an abbot was only a superior in debauchery; and they with their concubines laughed at him because he was unable to imitate their example. Here for the first time we pity him. For the first time his sufferings seem as intolerable as they were undeserved. In such a place what could he do? In a barbarous country, ignorant of the language, the chief of a community which knew no sacred obligations, and put no check on their riotous debaucheries, men as ferocious as they were uncultivated, what occupation could he, the splendid sophist, find? What sympathy with his cultivated taste, what admiration for his subtle skill? There, upon those solitary rocks, in the presence of the immensity of the ocean which roared at his feet, he would sit and meditate in inexpressible sadness on the vanity of all his endeavours. 'Often in my prayers,' he says, 'did I repeat that sentence, "From the ends of the earth have I cried to thee, O Lord, in the anguish of my heart." For with what anguish that same undisciplined congregation of brethren tormented my heart both day and night, when I reflected what perils beset my soul as well as my body! I held it indeed for certain that should I attempt to make them observe that rule of life which they professed, they would not let me live; and if I did not perform this to the utmost of my power I incurred damnation.' It is during this period that (as M. de Remusat believes) he composed his elegies, '*Odæ flebiles*,' which, with the music, are still preserved.

While matters were in this state, 'It happened,' he says, 'that the Abbot of St. Denis, in virtue of some ancient right which his abbey possessed over the monastery of Argenteuil, where my sister in Jesus Christ, rather than my wife, had taken the veil—drove all the nuns violently (*violenter*) from the monastery, and dispersed them in many places. On hearing this I set forth from Brittany, and invited Heloise, and such of her companions as were willing to follow her, to retire to Paraclete. I then made them a present of this monastery and all its dependencies. The bishop gave his consent, and the pope soon afterwards confirmed this donation, and added thereto certain privileges.'

Thus was founded the renowned institution of Paraclete, of which, in her twentieth year, Heloise was the first abbess. The piety, the winning grace, the divine intelligence, and still diviner humanity, which characterized Heloise, made her loved and respected as a saint, and the Church

regarded her with pride: 'The bishops loved her as a daughter, the abbots as a sister, and the laymen as a mother; and all alike admired her devotion, her prudence, and in all things her incomparable mildness and patience.' And yet this brave and gentle woman was bearing a burden to have tasked the stoutest. This incomparable mildness and patience covered a seared and sorrowing heart—a heart not fixed on Heaven, nor yearning for another world, but fixed on the image of one man, too deeply loved, and yearning but for his happiness. The wise, mild abbess, was a sorrowing woman; but her sorrows never dimmed the brightness of her soul, never wore her goodness down, converting it to irritable peevishness. And yet

"— O'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
A deathlike silence and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods."

It is believed that Abelard scarcely saw Heloise during this period, when he was exerting himself in settling her at the Paraclete, but, as it has been remarked, 'cold as he was to his heroic wife, even his frigid spirit felt a pang, for himself, in finally relinquishing the communion of the sagely and gracefully taught virgins of the Paraclete, for that of his cowed savages of St. Gildas.' 'Satan,' he exclaims in his anguish, 'hath cast so many obstacles in my way, that no place can I find wherein to rest in quiet or to live in safety; but wandering and fugitive am I driven about, as if the curse of Cain were upon me.'*

His life was in constant danger at St. Gildas; several attempts had been made to assassinate him; and in spite of excommunications, and other strong measures, he saw that safety was not possible for him in his abbey. He was obliged to fly. But even in his new asylum he did not feel himself secure; he fancied he always saw the sword suspended over his head. It was at this time he wrote to a friend that long letter known as the '*Historia Calamitatum*,' from which we have largely quoted, and which remains almost the only authentic source of his biography. This is often compared to the '*Confessions*' of Rousseau; in our opinion with great injustice to Rousseau; the spirit which runs through it is only like that of Rousseau's in its egotism. It has neither his eloquence, nor his unscrupulous analysis.

It is egotistic, pedantic, and cold. But to it we owe the splendid letters of Heloise. It was not meant for her eye; it came by accident into her possession. The emotions raised by its perusal may easily be divined in the passionate letter she addressed him on the subject. It was with bitter anguish that she read this history of his sorrows, a history not confided to her who could best sympathize with it; to her who had the best right to his confidence; and this neglect made her aware of how coldly he had behaved to her for so many years in preserving an entire silence. While she could imagine him absorbed in his religious duties, or in those studies which were to nourish his intellect and strengthen him for his philosophic mission, she, in her unselfishness, could be content that he should forget her, or at least neglect her. Why should she occupy his precious time? Why should that life, so precious to mankind, be wasted upon a woman? Heloise never for a moment thought of it. But when she found him pouring forth lamentations—when she found him consuming some portion of his time in retracing the history of his life and the story of his love—retracing them, not out of any uncontrollable grief, nor out of any lingering affection for the by-gone days, but out of a purely didactic (or, more properly speaking, egotistic) motive, to show a sorrowing friend that he, Abelard, had suffered more deeply—when she found this, it did occur to her that, if any one had a claim to such confidence, it was she—if any one should occupy his time, and should receive his letters, it was she. The letter she wrote to him will never be forgotten by any one who has read it. She begins with telling him how the recital of his woes has touched her; she then gently reproves him for not having written to her, and implores him not to forget Paraclete and its inmates, who would be so delighted to participate in his sorrows. In the style of the period, she quotes Seneca as an authority for the friendship of letters. She urges him to think of Paraclete as his creation, and therefore needing his care; thus, as has been well said, 'in approaching the fatal topic that lay most painfully deep within her breast, we see her, with softly-stealing and gracefully-reluctant step, advancing towards it through the medium of an appeal to the religious conscience of Abelard, against the indifference he had shown to the welfare of his spiritual daughters in general.' Her heart swelling with tenderness and sadness; half ashamed of being forced thus to upbraid him, by recalling to him her constancy and sacrifice, she breaks forth into these words:—

* '*London and Westminster Review*,' No. lxiii.

"Long ago, in the weak trembling commencement of my religious calling, it gave me no small surprise to find you forget me so far, that, neither moved by duty to God, nor by affection for me, nor by the example of holy fathers—agitated as I was and wasted by continual sorrow—did you seek to console me by word in your presence, or by letter in your absence. To whom, nevertheless, you know that you are bound in the stronger obligation, inasmuch as you are engaged in the solemn compact of the nuptial sacrament; and that the duty which you owe me is the greater, since, as is manifest to all the world, I have ever loved you with a boundless affection.

"None can avail me but yourself, who, as you are the only subject of my sorrow, have sole and undivided power to console me. You alone it is that have power either to sadden, to rejoice, or to comfort me. You alone, too, it is that fully owe me this; the more fully, as everything which you required I so amply performed; and that, unable to offend you in anything, I consented, at your command, to sacrifice myself. Nay, more, and wonderful to tell—such was the very madness of my love, that what alone it relished, that did it cast away without hope of recovery, when, at your desire, I changed both mind and habit, that so I might show you to be sole possessor of my person and my heart."

"How touching is her reticence! She speaks of this sacrifice because she is forced to justify her reproaches, but she speaks of it in the gentlest manner.

"And much as I have injured you," she continues, naïvely referring to herself as the cause of his misfortune, "yet will you know how much I am innocent."

When women upbraid, it is seldom that they use such language; it is seldom they accuse themselves and extenuate their lovers. But Heloise, though forbearing, has one galling thought, which would have made the letter of any other woman acrid, vehement, and resentful. She who has done so much for him, suspects at last that his love for her was never better than mere animal desire.

"Tell me," she exclaims, "tell me, if you can, wherefore, since my seclusion from the world, a seclusion which you required of me, you have so neglected and forgotten me, as to have denied me the happiness of your presence and conversation, no less than the consolation of your letters, being absent. Tell me, then, if you are able: otherwise I must tell you what I think, and what all the world suspects—it was concupiscence rather than friendship, the desire of pleasure rather than love, which attached you to me. From the moment that you ceased to desire, all your demonstrations of affection suddenly disappeared.

"This, my dearest one, is not so much a conjecture of mine as that of every one else; the opinion is public, not private. Would to God that I alone held this opinion, and that your love could

find some one to make its apology, whereby my grief might be assuaged! Would to God that I could imagine occasions for your neglect, to excuse you and convince myself."

We know of few things more pathetic than this. The horrible nature of the suspicion which forces itself upon her, and which is so unfortunately justified by the general opinion, produces not the mere agony of a woman finding her lover unworthy and herself his dupe; to her it was a suspicion which, if true, struck at the very root of her existence, which made her life worthless, her heroic sacrifices useless or worse. In the conviction of his love she had found strength to bear anything; and now was this conviction baseless! She begs him to deceive her; entreats him to forge any lying excuses, in order that she may once more believe. This is not said in words, but her anguish at the suspicion, and her wish to be deceived, plainly suggest to Abelard the course he ought to take. The close of her letter we must give:—

"Consider, I beseech you, what it is that I ask; you will see that it is little, and most easy for you to give. While I am deprived of your presence, do, at least, by the offering of words, which you so abundantly possess, afford me the sweetness of your aspect. Vainly may I expect you to be liberal in deeds, if I find you a niggard of your words. So much, too, as I had believed myself to have merited from you, by complying with everything for your sake, and devoting myself so constantly to all your wishes! It was no religious devotion that impelled my tender youth to embrace the austerity of a monastic life, but simply your command. If, then, I have hereby merited nothing from yourself, think but how vain has been my labour; since no reward on this account can I expect from God, for love of whom, it is plain, I have hitherto done nothing.

"When, indeed, you hastened to devote yourself to God, I followed you in the religious habit, or rather went before you. For, as if remembering Lot's wife, who turned to look behind her, you bound me to God by the sacred vesture and the monastic profession, before you bound yourself. In that one thing, I own, I deeply grieved and blushed to find your confidence in me shaken. I, Heaven knows, would, at your desire, have followed or preceded you, unhesitating, even to the realms of Vulcan. My heart dwelt not with me, but with yourself. And now, above all, if it be not with you it is nowhere; for without you there is no existence for it. But then, I beseech, let it find itself happy with you; and happy it will be, if you do but indulge it by returning kindness for kindness, small things for great ones, words for deeds. Would that your love, my dear, felt itself less assured in my regard, that so it might show the more solicitude. But now, alas! the more secure I have made you, the more neglectful do I find you! Remember, I entreat you, all that I have done, and consider what you owe me in return.

"While I partook with you in sensual enjoy-

ment, it was doubtful to many whether I was impelled by affection, or merely by desire; but now, the end shows plainly in what spirit I began—since I forbade myself all pleasures in obedience to your will, reserving only the satisfaction of so becoming more entirely yours. Then think what must be the injustice, if, the greater my desert, the less be your requital—or rather none at all—especially when so little is demanded of you, and that little you can give so very easily.

“By that God, then, to whom you have devoted yourself, I implore you to restore to me your presence in such wise as you can—that is, by writing me back something consolatory;—if only on this consideration, that, so refreshed, I may apply more cheerfully to my religious duties. In that time, long past, when you used to solicit me to worldly pleasure, how frequent were your letters! How many the songs whereby you made the name of your Heloise familiar to every voice, and re-echoed in every street, in every house! And with how much greater propriety might you now call me to God, than you then incited me to pleasure! Once more, I beseech you, consider what you owe me—attend to my request—and so, briefly to end this long epistle—Farewell, dearest.”

To this letter Abelard replied in a style worthy of him: cold, heartless, pedantic, and egotistic. He excuses his silence on the ground that he had complete confidence in her; he could not think she was in need of consolation or advice—she whom the divine grace had so abundantly assisted. Having devoted three paragraphs to this point, he then, with his usual overweening egotism, passes on to himself and paints his deplorable situation. He supplicates the abbess and her nuns to pray for him, and sends them, to that effect, a special form of prayer. He also requests that when he dies they will see that his body be removed to their cemetery. As if she needed such an instruction!

This called forth her second letter, wherein the passion rises to the ‘height of its high argument.’ The idea of his death, which he has so complacently presented to her, calls back all her former tenderness. Sobs break the torrent of her eloquence, only to render it more piercing.

“Spare us, I conjure you, spare us—above all spare me who am so utterly yours—from those cruel words which pierce our souls like the swords of death! Spare me those anticipations of death more terrible than death itself! . . . If I lose you, what hope will remain to me? Wherefore should I continue in this pilgrimage of life, wherein I have no other consolation than you, wherein I have no other happiness than that of knowing you to be alive, since all earthly joys are denied me, since I am not even permitted to see you, which would at least remind me of my former existence.

“Oh! if I dare to say it—God has in every way

been cruel unto me! O inclement clemency! O terrible Fortune! against me alone are all its arrows exhausted . . .

“O most unfortunate of unfortunates! O most wretched of unhappy ones! Exalted by you above all women, did I not obtain that eminence only to suffer the more from the terrible fall which crushed us both? Amongst so many great and noble women, who has ever equalled my happiness? Who has ever fallen into so deep an abyss of grief? Ah! when I think of what I have lost, the grief I feel at such irreparable losses is increased by the love I had for all that has been taken from me; and the bitterness of profound sorrow has succeeded to the intoxications of a supreme voluptuousness.”

She then upbraids herself for the miseries she has caused him, and exclaims, “Must, then, women always be the curse of great men!” and proceeds to quote Scripture against herself and her sex.

“If I must confess the weakness of my miserable soul,” she continues, “I am not penitent enough to appease God, whom I always accuse of being very cruel towards you. I offend God by my indignation against his Providence more than I satisfy him by my penitence: for is that a penitence for sins, when, whatever the corporeal infliction, the mind still preserves the wish to sin, and burns with the same desires as before?”

“As to me, those delights of love which we have known will not be banished from my thoughts. Whichever way I turn they present themselves before me, and their illusions do not spare me even in sleep. During the ceremonies of Mass, where prayers should be most pure, the remembrance of those pleasures so captivates my miserable heart that I am more occupied with their turpitudes than with prayer. At the time when I ought to shudder over the sins which I have committed, I rather sigh after those which I can no more commit.”

Of the many remarkable points in this confession, none strikes us more forcibly than the frankness with which an abbess, high in the esteem of the Church for her piety and devotion, declares, what thousands feel, but dare not admit, even to themselves. The wise, mild abbess, whom bishops “loved as a daughter,” knows herself to be deficient in the virtues attributed to her, and confesses without remorse that remorse is unknown to her. Another point to be noted is the passionate nature of the woman. As we said before, she was no mystic. The convent to her was a tomb, into which she voluntarily entered, while her heart was beating all the riotous pulse of abounding life. And so much the greater must we esteem her sacrifice, when we see that not even the honours and the ambitions which usually replace in an abbess the passions of the world, had any power over her. Love

had undivided empire over her loving heart. In the stillness of the convent love was ever present to her; along its dusky aisles she paced, recalling the scenes of the past; in the monotony of prayer the one never-tiring image was before her. We cannot, as we think of her, help recalling the sweet fragment of Sappho, which Heloise, had she known it, would certainly have quoted :

Δόκω μὲν ἡ σέλαρα
Καὶ Παλιόδες, μίσαι δὲ
Νέκτες παρὰ δ' ἐργάτ' ὄρα.
'Εγὼ δὲ μέγα καθιβόω.

"They proclaim me chaste," exclaims Heloise, "who do not know me to be a hypocrite. They confound purity of the body with virtue, although virtue resides in the soul, not in the body. In the presence of men I receive praises; but before God I merit none. I pass for a religious woman in these days when the greater part of religion is hypocrisy—when the greatest praises are bestowed on him who does not offend public opinion . . . But God knows that, in all states of life, I have feared less to offend Him than to offend you, and desired more to please you than Him. Your command, and no divine vocation, made me take the veil. Behold, then, what a miserable life I lead—I who have made such fruitless sacrifices, and yet dare not hope for recompense in heaven! For a long time my dissimulation deceived you, as it deceived others, since hypocrisy seemed to you to be religion, and since recommending yourself to my prayers you desire of me that which I await from you."

This extraordinary charge of hypocrisy would be made by no one but herself; and yet, as she meant it, it was true: her heart was not fixed on God, but on Abelard; and in performing the religious functions she was merely going through certain formulas which to her, at least, had not their full significance. And she who wrote this was an abbess. History has no parallel to this woman's unconquerable love and grand sincerity. So little does it enter her head to play a part—even that part which fate and general esteem had assigned to her—that when her piety is lauded, she confesses that her devotion is not to God, but to Abelard. And this extraordinary confession comes from her spontaneously; it is the cry of a wounded heart, reproachfully telling Abelard how he has mistaken her; it is no artifice to excite his admiration—to awaken his gratitude, or to arouse his remorse; it is the simple utterance of the truth. She will not consent to figure imposingly in his eyes; she will not consent that he should esteem her for qualities which she has not. All her claims upon him are the claims of exalted affection and boundless submission to his will.

To this letter Abelard replied by a ser-

mon. In her avowals he persists in seeing a laudable humility; in fact, judging of her by himself, he believes her passionate self-reproaches to be nothing but the rhetoric of acting, that she abases herself in order to be exalted. Having made this coarse mistake he proceeds with a coarser pedantry to warn her lest, in seeming to avoid praise, she should in reality be seeking it, thus imitating the Galatea of Virgil.

"Et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri."

He recalls to her the memory of their love; and he does so, not to revel with her in that remembrance, but to lecture her as a confessor, and to convince her that God had been just to them. 'Remember,' he says, 'that we lived plunged in voluptuous obscenities; that even during Passion week my criminal desires knew no restraint, and I dared to vanquish your scruples and overcome your refusal, by inflicting blows,' a passage which lets us tolerably well into the secret of his conduct towards her. But for these sins he is now penitent—O most penitent! He has been justly punished; and bids her think so too: for in Fulbert's vengeance he sees only divine clemency. The whole tone of his letter is revolting, but there is something to us peculiarly unpleasant in the hypocritical manner in which he bids her to think of Christ as her only husband. She had told him that to him and not to God her heart was given. He replies, 'Christ is thy husband—the husband of the whole Church; keep him steadfastly before thy eyes, carry him in thy heart. . . . He loved thee truly, I did not. My love, which plunged us both in sin, was concupiscence, it was not love. I satisfied in thee my miserable desires, and that was all the love I bore thee.' Is not this brutal? The horrible truth which she tremblingly suspects, and ventures with anguish and horror to suggest to him, he plainly, crudely avows. The sharp pang it will inflict on her does not deter him. He told her in his previous letter not to molest him any more with her love complaints (*et ne obsistas mihi*); he tells her now that the Church alone demands her love; he never had anything beyond desire for her. He proceeds to offer thanks to Heaven that, by a cruel outrage, all ardour had been cooled in him; whereas to her youth is reserved the greater sufferings of the heart through the continual suggestions and torments of the flesh—sufferings which will procure for her the martyr's crown. He concludes with a prayer for his and her salvation: one of the most tender of all his compositions.

"The operation of this authoritative and most unsentimental communication upon the feelings of Heloise," it has been well said, "must have been severe but salutary. The hopes which she had not ceased to cherish, that she might yet experience from the man for whom she had immolated herself, some return of tender, soothing, and sustaining affection, were now finally dispelled: suspense at least was over: she clearly saw to what she was reduced, and, as was her wont, she took her part firmly—the part worthy of a soul like hers. That she had been mistaken, was a fact now forced upon her conviction. But what then? What remained for her who had not only believed in the idol, but had devoted herself to it in three-fold sacrifice? What but to worship still—not indeed in the blind integrity of former faith—not bowing to the real object as perfect in itself—but to the *image* of perfection which she had made."

Heloise's third letter—the last we have of hers—is in a very different tone from that of the two first; but, perhaps, all things considered, it is not less affecting. She has been forbidden the only consolation she could receive; she has been told not to write to her husband of her love; she has been commanded to forget her love. *That* is not in her power; but silence is: and she will be silent. 'That you may not have to charge me,' she writes, 'with disobedience in anything my excessive sorrow refrains, at your commands, from expressing itself in words: I will at least abstain in writing from those things which, in speaking, it is impossible to avoid. . . . I will then withhold my hand from writing what I cannot restrain my tongue from uttering. Would to God that my heart were as prompt to obey me as this hand is!' Then concealing the woman beneath the abbess, she writes to him solely of monastic matters. Henceforward she lived in silence; she sacrificed all her life to the demands of Heaven and her husband. 'But inconsolable and indomitable,' says M. de Remusat, 'she obeyed, but did not submit; she accepted all her duties without laying much stress upon them, and her soul never loved its own virtues.' This last sacrifice was, perhaps, the most painful of all. When for him whom she loved before all the world she quitted the world, her sacrifice was not without its motives to courage. It was for *him* she did it, and was content to do it. But now this renunciation of the delight of writing to him, of recalling to him the deeply-regretted past, and of pouring forth the burning expressions of her unalterable love, was a sacrifice without an object—or with only his selfish pedantry as an excuse.

It is very conceivable that Abelard should not have approved of her letters. In the

first place he was an abbot, and as such, he was, as it were, forced to assume the sanctity of one who had abjured the world. 'The beliefs and habits of the sacred office,' says M. de Remusat, 'have this advantage, that they impel and authorize men to assume an attitude already previously established, both with respect to themselves and to others; to give them sentiments and language which are both factitious and yet sincere; to give them, in short, a part which they may enact in perfect tranquillity of conscience.' Now it was not at all in conformity with such a part that an abbess should be writing love letters to him; and this impropriety was to him the more glaring, because he felt within him no carnal suggestions darkening his religious meditations. He had never loved her; and now he had every unobstructed motive to turn both her and himself from the contemplation of their past delights, which he regarded as sins.

The letters of Abelard and Heloise form a unique monument in literature. They have seen strange vicissitudes. The passions they express are eternal; the expression of those passions has varied with the tastes of various epochs. Jean de Meung, the author of '*Le Roman de la Rose*,' translated them into his French, the naïve French of the thirteenth century; and Bussy Rabutin translated them into the gallantries of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Italy, Spain, Germany, and England, have all their versions, which endeavour to express the passion of the original in modern language. But nothing can ever equal the original. There, love and grief, borrowing the language of an erudition more copious than discerning, and of a philosophy more quibbling than profound, express themselves in the reality of the twelfth century. That reality to us looks like an affectation; it would be an affectation now. But beneath this pedantry there beats a true and simple heart; and the heart is always eloquent. 'If taste has not adorned the temple,' says M. Remusat, 'the fire which burns upon the altar is divine. More fortunate than thought, passion can more easily dispense with the graces of form; and whatever may be the garment with which an unskilled hand may cover it, yet is it always to be known by its movements, as the Goddess of Virgil was known by her walk: *incessu patuit dea*.'

To resume our narrative: the few succeeding years were, perhaps, the calmest of Abelard's life; and it is to this period that must be referred the composition of almost all his works. While he was thus endeavouring in works to consolidate his fame, Heloise was daily rising more and more into

the notice of the Church, of which she was considered a luminary. Her learning and intelligence were such that all France was proud of her; and felt for her an interest '*qui ressemblait à Pengouement*.' The chiefs of the Christian Church treated with her on a footing of equality. And she, poor thing, would have gladly given her veil, her cross, her fame, and her dignities, once more to have heard some youthful student singing under her window that she was the mistress of *maître Pierre*! That was the glory she coveted: to be his mistress was greater than to be mistress of the world.

This was divined by the English poet, Walter de Mapes, whose 'Jovial Priest's Confession' has been so felicitously translated by Leigh Hunt. Walter perceived that the heart of a woman still beat beneath the robe of the abbess. 'The bride,' he says, 'seeks her beloved Palatinus, whose whole spirit was divine; she wonders why he keeps aloof from her like a stranger, he whom she had warmed in her arms and on her bosom.'

"Nupta querit ubi sit suus Palatinus
Cujus totus extitit spiritus divinus,
Querit cur se subtrahat quasi peregrinus
Quem ad sua ubera foverat et sinus."

M. de Remusat would conclude from the foregoing, that Nupta was one designation of Heloise. The term seems to us peculiarly happy. Walter de Mapes, though speaking of an abbess, regards her solely as a woman, as a bride yearning for her husband; and there is a great significance in this choice of the word.

The thread of the narrative is here broken; we know nothing of Abelard or Heloise for some years. But we find him afterwards re-opening his school in Paris, and almost reviving the enthusiasm of former days. He did not continue long, however, as a teacher. His opinions again drew upon him the persecution of the Church. Saint Bernard, in particular, was restless in his attacks; and the great miracle-worker was more powerful than the great logician. We have no space here to detail all the petty squabbles which disturbed this portion of his life. Enough, if we add, that he was once more tyrannically condemned to silence, and his opinions stigmatised as heresies. So they were. His defenders, in their sympathy with that protest which he made in favour of human reason, forget that this very protest *was* a heresy. Religion, in those days, was excluded from all examination; and Abelard, in attempting to explain the Trinity, was looked upon as a charlatan by those who did not regard him

as a heretic. Explain that which is inexplicable! solve problems which are too high for human reason! Why then you who attempt this are greater than man? Such was the substance of the attacks his temerity called forth. Abelard's attempt to bring Reason into Religion, may be said to be among the first indications of Luther. Luther succeeded in so doing; that was *his* heresy.

On the other hand, they wrong Abelard who fancy he was not sincere in his faith. His whole works amply testify to this sincerity. His letter to Heloise, in which he endeavours to assure her that, in spite of his condemnation, he has never swerved from the path of Christianity, is very touching.

"My sister Heloise, once dear to me in the world, now most dear to me in Christ, it is my logical science that has prejudiced me in men's opinion. For those wicked perverters, who are wise unto others' perdition, declare, that in logic I am excellent, but that in the doctrine of Paul I am grievously deficient. They extol the acuteness of my intellect, but deny the purity of my Christian faith. Herein, methinks, they are led rather by surmise than by sagacious experience. I seek not to be a philosopher to the spurning at Paul, nor an Aristotle to the rejection of Christ, since, through no other name under Heaven can I look for salvation."

After his condemnation he retired to Cluni, where Pierre the Venerable received him as a brother. In this monastery he spent the remaining portion of his days; calm, at peace with the world and with himself, nourishing his intelligence by study, but no longer endeavouring to occupy the world's attention. Indeed, he who had hitherto been goaded by the insatiable desire of notoriety, who had loved the noise and scandal of popularity, was now an example of austere humility. He clothed himself in the coarsest garments; took no heed of his person; silent, his eyes fixed on the ground, he shunned the regards of men, and seemed as anxious to efface himself from their memories, as he had formerly been to engrave himself there. Rigid in all his religious duties, he devoted the rest of his time to study and prayer. 'Calm he had found,' as has been beautifully said, 'but it was the calm of latest evening, upon which was fast stealing the darkness of the grave.' He was fast sinking, when his friend the Abbot of Cluni urged on him the necessity of change of air. He was removed to the Priory of St. Marcel, on the river Saone, near Châlons. There he continued his life of laborious study, in spite of his weak health; and this he continued till his illness took an alarming aspect, and he expired in his sixty-third year, on the 21st of April, 1142.

Abelard, as we previously saw, was anxious that his body should be deposited in Paraclete. But he belonged at the time of his death to the Monastery of Cluni; and the monks gloried too much in the possession of his remains to be prevailed upon to give them up. Pierre the Venerable, however, like a true gentleman, felt that the body belonged by right to Heloise; and he resolved that she should have it. 'On a dark November night, full six months after the brethren of St. Marcellus had interred his remains within the walls of their priory, and while they were preparing to erect a monument over his grave, the Abbot Peter, with some confidential assistants, raised the corpse from its resting-place, deposited it in a carriage which he had in readiness, and immediately set out with it for the Paraclete.'

Heloise survived him one-and-twenty years, continuing to be the object of universal veneration. Her contemporaries ranked her above all women, and posterity has ratified what the enthusiasm of contemporaries proclaimed.

She was indeed a great, heroic woman; one of those creatures formed out of the finest clay of humanity; with everything that can render a human being loveable or great. Her intellect was the least part of her, yet that was sufficiently great to have raised her to a distinguished rank amongst her contemporaries. It was an eager inquiring mind; wise and capacious, rather than creative. But her character was of greatness 'all compact.' She had not only *endurance*

that is a feminine virtue—she had courage of the highest sort, she had firm and steady *will*. She bore up against sorrow with a noble activity; the weight that was on her heart did not interfere with the performance of all her duties. Not moaning over irreparable woes did she pass her time; but in active duty, in beneficent endeavour; cheering the downcast, comforting the sad, instructing the ignorant. That one supreme virtue—self-abnegation—she possessed in a degree few have ever equalled. Selfishness—man's original sin—with which is connected every baseness that degrades our nature—selfishness (as distinguished from self-love) had no place in her soul; her interests and her pleasures were forgotten when the wishes of her lover were concerned; and life was an easy sacrifice to her, because she thought so little of self. There is, however, something inexpressibly sad in contemplating the utter waste of such a life. To think that so much self-abnegation, the rarest of all qualities, should have been wasted on an Abelard, who was not only unworthy of it, but absolutely unable to appreciate it. To

think of one so framed for enjoyment, so eager to enjoy, having bestowed her heart on a man who seduced her in cold blood, and who never thought of her otherwise than as a toy; to think of that fine intellect, and still finer heart, shut up in a cloister at an age when life to most is but just opening; and this, purely to gratify the diabolical selfishness of one who never loved her; to think of that brave nature, with its readiness to endure, its courage to forbear, and its power of self-sacrifice, taken from the wide sphere of the world, wherein its energies might have found scope, and placed in a convent, there to perform a set routine of duties, neglected, forgotten by him for whom she entered there; who, when he does consent to notice her, writing to her in the coldest, cruellest strain, and forbidding the indulgence of her sole delight, the utterance of her love for him; when we think of all this, we find it impossible to join Mr. Fletcher in wishing that as Heloise forgave Abelard, 'for her sake, at least, let the hand of censure press lightly on his memory.' We are so much in love with her, that, for her sake, we would do almost any violence to our feelings in this respect, but it is impossible for us to think of her without augmenting the scorn we feel for him. A character such as his, if rightly estimated, must be fruitful in lessons; but we see no gain that can accrue from allowing our feelings for Heloise to interfere with our estimate of him. His life was sad; but it extorts from us little pity. It was a life of weakness and selfishness, of insolence and cowardice; if he sometimes paid the penalty of weakness—if his end was a sad humiliation after the brilliancy of his beginning—we can but note the fact: it stirs us to no pity, because his errors were not the errors of a generous soul. In the words of M. de Remusat, we would say, '*Que sa triste vie cependant ne nous le fasse pas trop plaindre: il vécut dans l'angoisse et mourut dans l'humiliation, mais il eut de la gloire et il fut aimé!*'"

ART II.—*Ilda von Schoenholm—Der Rechte—Ulrich—Sigismund Forster—Cecil—Gräfin Faustine, 1842—Zwei Frauen (Two Wives). 1845. Berlin: Dunker.*

If we estimate the importance of any branch of literature by the extent of its operation on national taste and feeling, we can hardly fail at the present day to yield a high place to the novel. It is become a sovereign *de*

facto, whether also *de jure* is a question we may put aside for the present, or order to be read this day three months. As records of manners and opinions, as affording truer insight into the character and condition of a people than graver and more formal histories, the claims of novels have long been admitted, but we are not sure that their influence in producing what they record, has always been estimated at its true value.

Of a very large class of our fellow-subjects also the novel forms the principal, if not the sole literary aliment, and its quality becomes, therefore, in many points of view, a matter of far more serious consideration than the properties of books which circulate only amongst the reflective and highly-educated, and which are in a great measure neutralized by other influences. Often enough, too, volumes of more pretension remain harmlessly locked up in libraries, whilst the novel writer sows far and wide in the popular mind healthful grain or poisonous weeds, and each brings forth its fruit in due season.

The character of fictitious writing has of late years undergone remarkable changes. Time was when love, or what passed for such, was found to be a sufficient motive power to keep the personages of a novel dancing through three volumes, and to create by the way a due proportion of difficulties and entanglements:

"John loves Susan passing well,
And Susan she loves Harry,
And Harry sighs for Bonny Bell,
And so their loves miscarry."

But we have grown tired of this insipid fare, and those who cater for us, regardful, it is to be feared, rather of appetite than health, have lately found an easy method of affording us variety, by alternating the sweet love passages with fierce contrasts of crime and horror, after the fashion of those sausages, delectable to the taste of our Teutonic neighbours, which are compounded—start not, dear reader—of blood and plums!

A few years ago we tried what could be done by means of upholstery; and blue satin sofas and silver 'lavatory apparatus' were precious in our eyes. But somehow these also have declined in reputation; 'all that's bright must fade,' and the writers of the silver-fork school, like other dogs, have had their day. It was discovered that the novel afforded the means of reaching the ear, if not the heart of the multitudes of readers, and it was, therefore, eagerly seized on, as a convenient engine for the dissemination of religious opinions, party politics, and theories of government, and

for the discussion of various questions, moral or economical, to which, unless it could be thus tricked into it, our worthy public, it was thought, could not be easily induced to 'walk up.'

The many social evils, too, which form the wrong, entangled side of the gorgeous web of life in great cities, the foul dregs and sediment hidden beneath its glittering surface, were found excellent as materials for the novelist. Both parties found their account in it; for the reader, it appeared a short easy road to the knowledge of life, affording him glimpses of many scenes and conditions, which he could not, or not without much inconvenience, behold with his bodily eyes, and to the writer it not only saved much trouble of invention, but enabled him to set up as a moral reformer on a small capital. Do not let us be misunderstood. We have no doubt at all that the writers who first took up this theme were led to it by a keen, generous, and sincere sympathy with the sufferings of the poor, and we would not insinuate that even M. Eugene Sue, or those who have followed in his footsteps, may not have been truly alive to the miseries they have taken for their theme, and desirous, from higher motives, of laying them open to the public eye; but we cannot avoid seeing in this class of productions of late, many indications that for those seeking for fame, sympathy with the poor is now considered as a profitable investment, and it may, therefore, be well to guard against any tendency to speculate somewhat too largely in it. We would willingly indulge the hope that, as the recognition of a disease is one necessary step towards its cure, it is possible that, by throwing open to the general gaze, secrets hitherto known only to the sufferers themselves, or to the benevolent who sought them out, one step may have been made towards the amelioration of their condition; but it must not be forgotten, that the novelist who before all else desires an effect, is a very dangerous and equivocal guide upon subjects demanding, more than any other, a sober and earnest investigation. He can scarcely do more than suggest an inquiry.

The novel writers of Germany, whether from the absence of national life, or from any other cause, have never risen to anything like either the social or literary level of those of England or France. Magnificently productive as her literature has been in many of the highest departments of thought, this vein has remained so poor as to be comparatively scarcely worth the working. Even writers of an undoubted genius, like Jean Paul Richter, could make

little of it, and such excellences as are to be found in their novels, are usually of a character which do not properly belong to the novel at all. He, and others of the older school, have been moralists, philosophers, poets, but still indifferent novel writers. With the productions of 'Young Germany' in this department, we do not profess to be very well acquainted, but one fact is sufficiently significant, that though their name is legion, the German novel reading public still looks to London or Paris for the great bulk of its daily food, and such of these goods as are not really imported, are mostly got up in imitation of the foreign article. The 'Mysteries of Paris' have produced 'Mysteries of Vienna,' 'Mysteries of Berlin,' 'Mysteries of Hamburg,' 'Mysteries of Altenburg,' &c., &c., in which the stirring scenes of the great original are brilliantly reflected, and people steal, and smuggle, and coin, and murder, and break the seventh commandment to one's heart's content; but after all it may be doubted whether this branch of industry will ever properly thrive on the German soil. It is a plant which requires a hot bed of ranker luxuriance, to attain its full growth.

The novels of Ida, Countess of Hahn-Hahn, belong to a different class. She dwells habitually in the Olympus of the fashionable world, and far from hoisting the people's colours, is not without a certain aristocratic disdain of the hewers of wood, and drawers of water. Her personages are almost all wearers of purple and fine linen, and at most she seldom stoops lower than to an artist; and artists, it is known, as contributing to the pleasures of the great, have been, from time immemorial, regarded as privileged persons. In tone and treatment her productions bear strongly the impress of the spirit of the day and the hour, but their subject matter resembles more those of the past generation, being still mainly conversant with delicate distresses and 'affairs of the heart.'

The countess's *début* in the literary world was made, as our readers are probably aware, with a volume of poems, the expression, it was thought, of genuine personal suffering, and to which a mysterious dedication, and a piquant motto, helped to attract attention. We would not assert that at all times, and in all cases, the public ear is an unfit recipient of a private sorrow. Under certain restrictions, and where such a safety valve is needed, and if, like 'the artist in hair' who attended on King Midas, we must speak, it may chance that the public may be a more eligible confidant than any private one. Still there is something in these regu-

lar books of lamentation, in the processes that we know they have passed through in the revision which a writer of merely average conscience has probably bestowed on what he has written, before sending it to press, correcting proofs perhaps, and agreeing for payment at so much per sheet,—there is something in all this that it is difficult to think of, in connection with the utterances of a very genuine, and especially, as in this instance it appeared, of a very recent sorrow, around which not so much as a decent veil of fiction is thrown. Truer, and, to us, more touching is the occasional tone of wail, that may be caught through the merry music of many a vivacious writer, like that minor third, or flat seventh, which Moore describes as giving a plaintive character to the sprightliest melodies of his country.

Be this as it may, the book of lamentations was successful; the sufferer found there was balm in Gilead, and the next year published another volume, and possibly this time a little 'for wantonness;' but the complaints of one wandering, Childe Harold-like, through the world, to escape from sorrowful remembrances, were at all events melodiously uttered, and a sympathetic public found its interest increased by the inscription on the title page of a name known in the world of fashion.

A novel followed, in which, under the name of 'Ilda von Schœnholm,' it was supposed another series of variations was performed on the personality of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, a theme not inexhaustible perhaps, but which might yet be listened to for a time without weariness, especially when performed with ease, grace, and occasional brilliancy. Whether Madame Hahn-Hahn's readers were mistaken in supposing that she had bestowed on them, in the form of a novel, many of her individual experiences, we know not, and have no wish to inquire. In all such cases we would respect the incognito like that of a travelling prince, and we do not see anything so life-like in most of her persons, as to warrant the idea that they must be original portraits.

A widow, 'bewitched' or not, as the case may be, but young, beautiful, an enthusiast for the arts, and, as a matter of course, 'incomprise' a lover,—a 'fine, sallow, sublime sort of Werter-faced man,' an artist with a burning soul, enamoured of all that is beautiful, himself not excepted; these may all be met with in the nearest circulating library. They are not so much characters as pale ghosts that have wandered ever since the days of Corinna. Our readers would scarcely thank us, we believe, for

passing in review before them all the romances which this lady has sent forth in rapid succession, and we shall, therefore, confine our remarks to two of them, which will serve to give some idea of the character and tendencies of both the authoress and her works, premising generally that the manner is almost always pleasant and attractive in spite of the Frenchified phrases, such as 'alluren, minaudiren, calmiren,' in which a Parisian critic declares 'il y a de quoi faire prendre en haine la langue Française.'

The 'Gräfin Faustine' is not only one of the most celebrated of Madame von Hahn-Hahn's novels, but from the evidence of the book itself, as well as from repeated allusions to it in many subsequent works, is obviously an especial favourite with herself. It is little else than one of those portraits, at very full length indeed, of ladies of captivating beauty, brilliant artistical endowment, ardent soul, and susceptible temperament, which are as worn and faded as the finery hired at a masquerade warehouse; but the Countess Faustine is distinguished above all these, by being the very impersonation of sensuality and selfishness, whose endless would-be-philosophical babble, and numerous airs of aristocracy and finery, cannot prevent our seeing her to be of a nature essentially vile.

Like Ilda von Schœnholm and others, the Countess Faustine has been married in early life to a husband who could not appreciate her, and like her, too, has been so fortunate as to meet with some one else who can 'così fan tutte.' We are first introduced to her at Dresden, where she is living in some sort of paradisiacal state (we know not whether of Paradise before the fall), with this chosen of her heart, Count Anastatius Andlau, and are naturally led to suppose that the super-refined and everlasting quality of her attachment to him, is to make up for some little irregularity in the character of the *kaison*. But lo! we find in the course of a month or two, when the chosen one is absent on indispensable business, the adorable Faustine, thinking, doubtless, that according to the good old rule in such cases, 'quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a,' dismisses the old love, and takes up with the new, with the facility of the Athenian lovers in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' on whose eyes malicious sprites have sprinkled the too potent juice. After a little hesitation as to whether it might not be possible to retain both lovers at the same time, she consents to sacrifice the old in favour of the new comer, although perfectly aware that in so doing she is 'plunging a dagger in his heart.' To gratify Count Mario also, whose star is now in the ascend-

ant, she even yields to a whim he has in favour of marriage, and then, after living with him four or five years, and bearing a son, for whom she appears to have all the maternal tenderness of an ostrich, she resolves to go on another tack, and turning devotee, enters the convent of the 'Vive Sepolte' at Rome, in search of a new sensation. And this we are to take, not for the picture of a vain, selfish, heartless egotist, but for that of a high-minded, noble-hearted woman, whose nature is only too tender and ethereal for this world!

We are willing to concede to the Countess Hahn-Hahn all the license she can demand, and to admit that works of art, which at the first glance may seem to offend against the laws of morals, will often be found on deeper examination to shock only conventional rules, and to have taken what, in nautical language, is called 'a fresh departure,' in accordance with its more comprehensive and immutable laws. But we submit that in this class no work of hers that we have yet seen has any claim to be ranked; the countess is more at home in the world of fashion than that of poetry, and her real strength lies far more in her vivid and often very amusing representations of things as they are, than in bodying forth existences visible only to the imagination. Such materials as are to be found in the drawing-room and boudoir, she has worked with much grace and spirit, and now and then we have a glimpse of nature, of real hearts beating beneath embroidered waistcoats; but the glimpses are few and far between, and separated by long intervals of tedium and frivolity. Much of this is, perhaps, inseparable from all pictures of modern life among the higher classes of society, and is only avoided by the introduction of its more tragic elements, or, as in the novels of Mrs. Gore, by launching these frail barks on the agitated waves of political and party strife.

In 'Zwei Frauen' and some other recent productions, we see with pleasure indications of an intention on the part of the clever countess to quit the wearisome circle within which she has been so long enchanted, and to look abroad into the world as well as around in the glittering saloon. It opens with the event which usually forms the termination of a novel, but in real life generally the commencement. Two twin sisters are just married, and have come to spend the honeymoon at one of those numerous water-drinking places, everywhere, and more peculiarly in Germany, such a blessing to the do-nothing classes of society. They are both beautiful, amiable, advantageously and happily married, but we see already the

cloud as yet 'no bigger than a man's hand,' which is to darken over their future horizon. The characters of the two husbands are very skilfully contrasted, and the Count Sambach is drawn, or rather cut, with clear, sharp, trenchant strokes.

"Eustach had passed his infancy in Stockholm, and his boyhood at Ratisbon, whither his father had been sent as ambassador to the imperial diet, and where he remained after Napoleon had dissolved both imperial diet and empire. The glittering, empty, intriguing, do-nothing, elegant life that people led there, may perhaps be remembered by contemporaries (who are, however, growing more scarce every day); and these allowed free play to the taste and the inclinations of the Countess Sambach, in the education of her son, to whom this unwholesome atmosphere was rendered still more destructive by the idolatry of his mother, and the immoderate spoiling of his father. Then came the years of Germany's degradation; and well is it for those who passed them in the nursery—well for those whose recollections will not carry them back into that abyss of disgrace. To lose a few battles is nothing; to bend under the iron yoke of necessity, is still no shame; but to sink in the morass of moral cowardice—to allow the iron to enter one's soul—for German men to stand in hostile array opposite to German men, beneath the banner of a foreign foe—for German women to be drawn to the enemy by ties of love—this is, indeed, disgrace. When I think of it, it seems to me that I imbibed, at the time, drops of the poison into my then innocent heart, which no satisfaction, no victory, no revenge, could ever take away. Whoever was then in the susceptible and thoughtful period of youth, will have retained the impression of a discord that will sound through his whole life, and which no clang of trumpets, nor jubilee shouts, will ever drown—whoever was thrown, young and thoughtless, into the midst of the tumultuous confusion of that intoxicating period, will scarcely have escaped without some distortions. The first step which Eustach made in life, was to run away with a Frenchwoman, who had found her way, Heaven knows how, to Ratisbon. This was his *début* as an independent man. As a matter of course, the lady was not so much seduced as seducer in the business, and her principal inducement was, that she wanted to go to Frankfurt, and had not money to take her there. After a few weeks, Eustach returned home again to his parents, more vexed than repentant, more angry than dejected, and regularly 'cleaned out.' His papa and mamma were not in a very good humour; but he was in a still worse, and as the countess could not long endure the displeasure of this worshipped son, she soon endeavoured to console and amuse him with other matters; the count thought, as the thing was done, why there was an end of it. The edifying conclusion which Eustach drew from the whole affair was, that he wouldn't easily allow any one to take him in again.

"Eustach became attached to the Austrian embassy in Paris, and went there with a view of becoming practically acquainted with diplomacy. As to the theory, he had a horror of it, as well as of all kinds of trouble, or learning to be gained by

serious study, which he regarded as lumber that no one but a German pedant would burden himself with. He had learned nothing but foreign languages, and these he had picked up in conversation or by light reading, easily enough, for he had heard Swedish, French, and German gossiped round his cradle. He had never, indeed, thought deeply or seriously in any language, and had, consequently, never penetrated to its spirit, or made it the organ of his inward life; so that he had no preference for one over another, but rattled away with the most brilliant fluency in French like a Parisian, in Italian like a Roman—nay, even in very elegant Polish, so that he was often taken by foreigners for a countryman, and joyfully saluted as such, whilst in reality, neither in language, nor mind, nor heart, had he sympathy with anything or anybody.

"He had been present at the marriage of Napoleon with the Arch-duchess, and at all the splendid fêtes which followed that event, and the birth of the King of Rome—a splendour which had no other basis than the will of an individual, who had made his genius or his fortune the law for mankind. There was something dazzling in such an existence; but suddenly appeared the darker side of the picture; Achilles was wounded in the heel, and died of the wound. Napoleon never recovered from the terrible checkmate which he experienced in Russia. He could do much still, but he never again believed in the star of Austerlitz.

"Eustach returned to Germany, and took part in the War of Liberation, not from patriotism, nor even from the desire of fame, but for the sake of a change, and to relieve the ennui and satiety of his effeminate life. As soon as the war was over, he threw himself, with a renewed capacity for enjoyment, into the pleasures of Paris and Vienna during the congress. By degrees the agitated waves of public excitement began to subside, and to return into their accustomed channels; he found it necessary to consider in what direction he should steer his small bark, and he chose a military career, not because he had any real liking for it, but because he had a relation who was general-in-chief in Lombardy, and who had offered to make him his adjutant. What principally determined him to this step, however, was that Italy still offered some novelty for him, and he was tired of Paris. In Milan and Venice he found what he sought, namely, intrigues both of love and politics, for there was something in the subterraneous ways of Carbonarism, that piqued his curiosity and amused him. Then came the war with Naples, and the congress of Verona, but the count began by this time to see, in spite of himself, that he was still nobody, and though his vanity was wounded by the consciousness of his insignificance, his ambition had not nerve enough to overcome it. He persuaded himself, however, that he had failed to make a figure only because his character could not brook the restraints of office, and as his father died about this time, he retired from the army, in order to reside for a time upon his estates in Glatz, bring his affairs into order, and ascertain, before all things, the amount of his fortune. His father had lived '*en grand seigneur*,' in the most profound ignorance of business; Eustach himself, as well as his deceased mother, had contracted heavy

debts, and as pecuniary embarrassment would have been an annoyance to him, he really exerted himself to clear away all entanglements, and found that after all settlements were made, he was still an opulent man. He had now for twenty years drank deep of the cup of worldly pleasure; it had lost its attractions for him, and there appeared something inviting in the tranquillity of his beautiful country-seat. He thought he would marry, and lead the life of a patriarch, and to this end he repaired to Berlin, where he met with Cornelia, just the young, innocent, child-like girl who was sure to take his fancy. She was so handsome, too, that he actually fell in love with her to a certain extent, and resolved to intrust her with the charge of his matrimonial happiness. This consisted, in his opinion, in having children to inherit his estates, and in the most boundless freedom and dominion on his side, the most unconditional fidelity and submission on hers."

An admirable contrast to the exquisite count is presented by the well-meaning, straightforward, but withal rather thick-headed Baron von Elsleben, the husband of Cornelia's twin-sister.

"In less than a year the husband of Aurora had sunk into a mere sportsman and country squire, who troubled himself about little else than sheep and cows, the price of corn and wool, and the sports of the field and the turf, and whose highest ambition was that a horse of his own rearing should win a cup at the Berlin races.

"At first, in order to please her beloved Frederick, Aurora tried hard to get up an enthusiasm for the dairy and the poultry-yard, but as she had no other motive than the hope of making herself agreeable to him, she occupied herself no further with them than she thought necessary for this purpose, and as this was really some little sacrifice to her, she could not help expecting some similar ones on the side of her husband. He, for his part, however, had not the slightest notion either of the sacrifice or the expectations."

The young wife is offended at his calling her 'Pussy-cat,' and forgetting when he had promised to take a walk with her, as well for his total want of sympathy in all matters of literary or intellectual interest, and she pines for conversation on other subjects than those of seed time and harvest, sporting adventures, and the business of the turf. For the baron it is, however, a sheer impossibility to rise a hair's breadth above the every day occupation of his quiet, comfortable life, and his literary cravings are completely satisfied by his Berlin newspaper and the 'Stud-book.' He does not want for natural understanding, and does, therefore, really sometimes, "as the saying is, hit the right nail on the head," so that Aurora thinks it her duty to endeavour to come to the assistance of his yet undeveloped powers, and sets herself with great zeal to the task of inspiring him with a taste for the '*belles lettres*.'

"As he was tolerably well acquainted with the English language, she proposed that they should read together one of Cooper's novels, which were just then very much in fashion.

"'Very good,' said Elsleben, 'let's see what kind of stuff these American fellows write.'

"'Dear Frederick,' said Aurora, in a supplicating tone, and laid before him the '*Last of the Mohicans*,' 'don't be so prejudiced.'

"'I'm not a bit prejudiced, my dear,' he replied, 'but if these novels were not full of nonsense, nobody would read 'em. In the real world all goes on reasonably enough, but when there's no such things as common sense in a book, people call it poetical, which in plain German means nonsensical. But let's have it, it may make some fun for us, if it don't last too long.'

"'Dear Frederick, you'll find neither fun nor nonsense in this, but a truth confirmed by melancholy experience, that the finest natural gifts of man are destroyed in the struggle with civilisation, and are no longer either desirable or useful.'

"'Oh, as to that, Pussy-cat, I'm all for civilisation, and I'm heartily glad that we have got rid of the natural gift our ancestors had of eating acorns, and doubtless many others of the same kind. We ought to rejoice, instead of grieving about all that. He must be a curious jockey this Cooper of yours.'

"'But,' urged Aurora, 'not merely savage customs, but freedom and nobleness of disposition, strength of character, energy of will—'

"'Fiddle de dee—stuff and nonsense, my Pussy, don't take it amiss of me that I say so, but depend upon it you know nothing of the matter. People are very well as they are. Everybody has his faults and his merits too. One meets with nine honest fellows, and the tenth, for a change, is a rogue, and that's all as it should be. Don't let this American put this whim into your head; the world is very well as God Almighty has made it.'

"The reading began, but Elsleben was seized with such a desperate fit of yawning, that every tenth word was unintelligible. 'I can't help it, Pussy-cat,' said he, 'when I was quite a child it was just the same. I used to yawn my head off almost, whenever they showed me the A B C. Do you read, and then I shall have the benefit of your pretty accent.'

"Aurora took the book, and Frederick settled himself comfortably in the corner of the sofa, and began to think of his young mare, which was about to foal for the first time. After about a quarter of an hour, however, he jumped up saying:

"'I must go and look after Fly, but do you read on, I shall be with you by the time that you come to the story.'

"'Dear Frederick, this is the story,' said Aurora, with no little astonishment.

"'Oh—ah—yes—I know,' replied he, 'but there has nothing happened yet. I call it the story when something happens. Good bye, Pussy!' and away he went. She closed the book in silence, and said no more about the English reading."

Unfortunately, the intellectual organization of Aurora is but feeble and sickly,

and although keenly sensible of his deficiencies, she is unable to estimate at their due worth the good and valuable qualities possessed by her home-baked baron, his indestructible good-humour, and cheerful, healthful activity. She finds herself, therefore, with youth, health, opulence, and a husband really attached to her after his fashion, still wanting in some of the chief essentials of happiness. Even his immoderate rejoicing at the birth of a son is in some measure mortifying to her, for she cannot but remark that at no time was it in her power to awaken by her love any approach to such raptures. The duties and cares of maternity are welcomed as a means of silencing or stifling these repinings; but surrounded to appearance by all that can make life happy she cannot help sometimes thinking 'what a wearisome thing life is.'

The Count Sambach has, as might be guessed, got pretty soon tired of playing the patriarch, and thus into the stately castle of Altdorf, as well as the snug and comfortable *Elsleben*, the fiend ennui has crept. The first black care that finds an entrance into the former comes in the shape of a beautiful fascinating Polish *intriguante*, with whom Cornelia discovers her husband to have struck up a flirtation, apparently of the malignant sort, but which is fortunately interrupted in good time by the breaking out of the Belgian revolution, which affords the lady quite as pleasant a diversion. She vanishes suddenly on some secret political errand, and the count on his side is just as well pleased to be rid of her, having, like George IV. of happy memory, 'a heart like a sieve.'

"Where such tender affection
Is just danced about for a moment or two,
And the finer it is the more sure to slip through."

But we find matter more attractive in the humbler *ménage*, and the educational difficulties of Aurora, concerning which we are tempted to give one more extract.

"Aurora threw herself with a sort of passion into the education of her children. The eldest was a son, now almost four years old, and as yet not exhibiting the smallest symptoms of ever becoming a great man. Mozart at two years old could find the third to the key note, and Raphael, at three, painted the prettiest figures and flowers; but the only way her little Fritz played was by thumping the keys with his double fists till the strings snapped, and the men and animals that he drew upon his slate put the inventive powers of Nature to the blush. He was, in short, anything but a prodigy, but a stout, healthy, hearty boy, and the very image of his father. Aurora, however, had made up her mind that he should be a genius, which she had the firmest conviction Else-

ben himself would have been if his education had not been neglected. Up to a certain point, a point which cannot beforehand be exactly determined, it is certain that natural capabilities may be developed by care and persevering culture, and the space thus left for their operation is wide enough for the production of average men; but there is a vast distance from the highest results of education to the lofty summits attained in the flight of genius.

"Do let the boy alone, Pussy," said the baron. "He looks quite pale with all this tiresome work. Do but consider he is but three years old."

"Three years and ten months," replied Aurora. "Children may be accustomed to anything, and, therefore, to occupation, and if they are kindly treated the while they will like it in time."

"Not our Fritz," cried the father, "that he never will. Come here, boy. Would you rather stop and learn your multiplication table with mama, or go with papa and see the young calves?"

"Oh, go to the calves," said the child, looking up with sparkling eyes.

"You see, Pussy, he has no taste for study as yet; and how should he have when he's my son? How should he care anything about learning? Fritz, my boy, will you be a scholar?"

"I'll be a soldier," said Fritz, stoutly.

"Bravo, my boy, you shall be a soldier, and go and fight the French for king and fatherland."

"For king and fatherland," repeated the child, catching the tone, "and now, papa, let's go to the calves."

The good-humoured baron turns a deaf ear to his wife's remonstrances, but takes even reproaches in good part, or sometimes if he have nothing else to say stops her mouth with a kiss; but Aurora is quite in despair at the way in which all her plans are frustrated.

"She found herself hindered in what she regarded as her duty, her vocation, and her right, by a husband in whose judgment she had no confidence. 'Shall my whole inward life, then, have been lived in vain?' she often said to herself, with bitter vexation. 'Shall I be able to exercise as little influence over the development of my children as over that of my husband? Shall my duties towards them be limited to bringing them into the world, nursing them, and keeping them from bodily harm, as with him it has been, to remaining faithful to him, and keeping his house in order? Shall I remain content within this sphere of merely physical action, this imperfect existence, in which half my faculties are wasted?'"

Finding her educational projects cribbed, and confined within the narrowest limits, poor Aurora tries various plans for filling the blank in her life, and finding employment for her superfluous mental activity; but on every side her voyage is bound in shallows and in miseries. She tries a village school, and there she strikes upon the catechism; a reading society, and she is wrecked upon the romances of George Sand, and we cannot but grieve when she is finally driven in

her despair, to a pet parson and a poetaster. The whole picture is drawn with admirable skill and fidelity; in this, as well as in those of the two brothers-in-law, Madame Hahn-Hahn has kept her foot upon the earth; but in the character of Cornelia we find ourselves again in the clouds, or rather, perhaps, enveloped in a fog, which permits no distinct outline to be seen. A character is not ideal merely because it is like nothing in heaven above nor on earth beneath; but, on the contrary, it is the business of the artist to bestow on the most ethereal creations of his imagination such verisimilitude, that we shall almost expect to meet them in our walks. We may give two instances of this in quite modern productions, the character of Consuelo, in Madame Dudevant's romance of that name, and Nelly, in Dickens's 'Old Curiosity Shop'; angelic in their perfect purity and sweetness, they are still strictly human in their simplicity and truth. We sympathize with Aurora, because, with all her faults and follies, she is human and alive, whilst the more gifted favourites sometimes remind us of Orlando's horse, which had all possible good qualities, and only one defect—namely, that it was dead. In working out the character of Cornelia, the authoress is neither true to nature nor to her own conception. Instead of what we have been led to expect, vivid flashes of natural intelligence, breaking through the cloud of boarding-school ignorance, and seizing on the truth with the happy instinct which sometimes seems to supply the deficiency of experience, we have the observations of an experienced woman, who has seen much of society, and sometimes even the harangues of a professed 'bel esprit' who, if without injustice to one of the parties we might make such a comparison, we should say had something the air of a cross between Madame de Staël and Mary Woolstonecraft. The sudden and unaccountable passion, also, with which Cornelia is seized for the vain, empty, vulgar Leonor Brand, is as absurdly inconsistent as if she had discovered a *penchant* for the footman. The heart which had resisted the long and persevering siege of the so much more formidable adversary, Prince Gotthard, would hardly have fallen at the first summons of so contemptible a foe. The whole latter part of the story, indeed, is a sad falling off from the spirited commencement. The stream which at first flowed fresh and brightly along, becomes sluggish as it proceeds, and is finally lost, like an Australian river, in mere sand and swamp. One suggestion, also, we would willingly make to Madame Hahn-Hahn, and all whom it may concern;

that in throwing off moral restraint, the artist forfeits a great and unfailing source of interest. The resistance of the too often rebellious heart to the stern law of duty—

"Of poor humanity's afflicted will
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny,"

is a spectacle which never fails to fix our attention; for it is a contest in which, under one form or another, we have, most of us, been engaged. But when, as in Countess Hahn-Hahn's novels, we see all fetters on the will falling off as if by enchantment, when her favourites acknowledge no law but their own good pleasure, and dwell in some "limbo lying we wist not where" (not in Germany, we believe), where divorces may be had for the asking, the very Utopia of the chambermaid in the comedy, where 'ladies change husbands as often as they do earrings and gloves,' we soon cease to interest ourselves in the proceedings of a world so different from our own, and care no longer to look at such a sham fight.

It is but justice, however, to add that these remarks apply far less to the 'Zwei Frauen' than to most of its predecessors, and we are not among those who would admit the danger of disturbing any social institutions, the marriage laws among others, as a sufficient reason for never hinting at any unsoundness in them. There may be some danger to a building in attempting to strengthen its foundation, but there is surely more in allowing it to rest on one that is rotten. On this, as well as on the subject so intimately connected with it, of the social position of woman, to which such frequent reference is made in the productions of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, there is much to be said for which this is not the place, nor the present moment, we apprehend, the time. Any real and thorough amelioration must, like all great and vital reforms, proceed rather from within than from without; and every woman, who, whether from choice, or otherwise, is at this moment exerting herself, however humbly, to secure a place and a sphere of action, as an independent member of the community, is doing more to obtain the redress of such grievances as are still to be complained of, than if she could organize, for that purpose, the grandest society, with ever so large a capital, and hosts of corresponding members in all the four quarters of the globe.

In the meantime, as for those who may be inclined to dismiss the whole matter with a sneer, or boldly aver with a Quarterly contemporary, not long since, that they 'are no friends to the rights of women, and much prefer their wrongs,' we may venture re-

spectfully to remind them of a decision pronounced long ago, that it makes a vast difference in one's opinion of the efficacy of a rod, which end happens to fall to one's own share.

ART. III.—1. *The Calcutta Englishman*.

September 12th, 1845.

2. *The Friend of India* August 21st, September 5th, 1845.

3. *The Madras Spectator*. August 19th and 21st, 1845.

4. *The Mofussilite*.

5. *The Bombay Times*.

6. *The United Service Gazette*.

We of course take it as a compliment, that the press of the three presidencies has recently vouchsafed considerable attention to our articles on India. Not that their language is uniformly that of commendation: by no means. The travelled gentlemen on the sunny side of our hemisphere have quite as good an opinion of themselves, as any persons whatsoever here at home. They play their part in their own little world, and forgetting their relative insignificance, bluster, at times, most amusingly in King Cambyse's vein. Not, indeed, the conductors of the whole Indian press, but a part, and perhaps a very small part of them; the rest being sensible of the disadvantages of their position, exactly in proportion to the extent of their acquirements, and the strength of their natural abilities.

On the subject of railways, several of our Eastern contemporaries are particularly whimsical and extravagant. Taking their stand on the old saw, 'Ex oriente lux,' they look down with sublime pity on our western darkness. Occasionally, when their digestion is bad, they indulge in choleric discourse. But some allowance must be made for the temper of a *Qui-hi*. It is unpleasant to write in a temperature of ninety-five degrees; we should, consequently, feel a little compassion while speculating, with our feet on the fender, and a good sea-coal fire blazing before us, on poor nervous gentlemen sweltering with heat, but condemned, nevertheless, by the lucklessness of their position, to meditate on fiery locomotives, suffocating steam-blasts, and rails made, for aught they know, red hot by the sun.

It is a serious business to face a steam-engine, even in lat. 51° 13' N., when it comes sighing, and coughing, and barking along some tortuous, misty valley. In our de-

lightfully cool and shady island we are often tempted to regard it as a travelling fragment from Mount *Ætna*, as a sort of patent volcano, commissioned to roam over the face of the earth, sometimes to carry and sometimes to roast poor luckless mortals! But imagine yourself condemned to travel hand and glove with such a monster on the verge of the tropics, with a copper sky above, and a copper devil before you, vomiting smoke and fire in his headlong rapidity, and threatening to kindle the very atmosphere! We feel all the pathos of the subject, and can easily conceive how powerfully it must necessarily affect a man's imagination in lat. 22°.

It is for this reason that we pity and take in good part the harmless petulance of the 'Englishman,' which has laboured hard to make some sort of a reply to our July article on Indian Railways. Of course it would have been possible to discover faults in what we wrote, had the fault-seeker possessed the slightest penetration; but the writer in the 'Englishman,' who, from his reasoning and English, is most likely a foreigner, overlooking our weak points, betakes himself to skirmishing with such of our arguments as are really unassailable, because they are matters of fact, expressed in syllogisms. Into a dispute with such a writer, it would be folly to enter. He gets hold of the fancy, that our article was written by a retired general officer, and because he happens to be inimical to that gentleman, evinces a disposition to quarrel at every step with his supposed antagonist. We are surprised it did not occur to him that we may be a retired governor-general, since governors-general have been known before now to write articles, not only for Quarterly Reviews, but for newspapers. However, it matters very little who we are; whether general or governor-general, the 'Calcutta Englishman' will find that we know quite enough of India to put him to the right about, together with half a hundred coadjutors of the same calibre. We advise him, therefore, to pocket his personal hostility, and not again to attack the wrong man, or he may find himself in a predicament from which he may be very glad to escape. If he be particularly anxious to discover who we are, he may learn at the 'Hurkaru' office, and satisfy himself how false and ridiculous were all his assumptions and all his reasonings upon them.

Several other Indian journals display equal heat and bad taste in their controversies on railways. Warped by their partialities for particular persons and particular lines, they commit gross injustice towards others, and are allured into positions from which they

can scarcely retreat with honour. Thus even the 'Friend of India,' a paper generally remarkable for the calmness of its tone, and fairness of its course of argumentation, becomes prejudiced and unjust in discussing the pretensions of the two rival railway companies. It knows what is going on at Calcutta; but it is necessarily ignorant of much that takes place here. It upholds the East Indian line, but disclaims violently against the Western Bengal; partly because it supposes the former to have been first in the field, and partly because it considers it a better line.

But in neither of these circumstances do we discover any ground of attack. If the projectors of the East Indian first placed their scheme before the public, they are entitled to a preference, as far as the line they then selected and sketched is concerned. But if any other persons, having studied the structure and circumstances of the country, regarded the East Indian line as a bad one, and believed themselves capable of fixing on a better, they had a clear and undoubted right to act on their convictions, and lay their plan before the public. In its eagerness to serve particular individuals, the 'Friend of India' has, therefore, become the enemy of India, by seeking to check that effluence of enterprise and capital towards it, which can alone improve its condition, and make it what it ought to be.

Let it be borne in mind that we are not ourselves instituting, just now, a comparison between the two rival railways in Bengal. We may do that hereafter. Our object is simply to point out the erroneous views which a part of the Indian press appears to be taking of its duties at the present moment. It is for the advantage of India that there should be, if not competing lines, at least competing companies. Everything will otherwise be done on the obsolete principle of monopoly; that is, in a slovenly and imperfect manner; and instead of acquiring the best railways that can be constructed, India will be condemned to exhibit all the deformities of the system. Every fantastic theory scouted by public opinion here, will take refuge in one of the three presidencies, while a prejudiced and ill-informed press will labour hard to shelter it from scrutiny, and protect it from wholesome competition.

In the case before us, the *protégé* of the 'Friend of India' has little reason to complain. The East Indian Railway Company, so far from being a quiet innocent, oppressed by grasping and powerful rivals, is itself the most insatiable of monopolists. It seeks to swallow the whole Bengal Presidency. The construction of 500 miles of railroad, with twice as many more, perhaps, in branch-

es, junctions, and extensions, will not satisfy it, or suffice to give even temporary employment to its energies. It seeks to invade the ground of other companies, and to add, in the northwest provinces, 430 miles of railway to its 1000 miles and more in Bengal Proper; and in the vastness of its ambition, seems to contemplate covering with iron every road between the Brahmapootra and the Indus. On such a company compassion is clearly thrown away. It is not a timid, shrinking thing, acting purely on the defensive, and requiring the aid of the Indian press to protect it from the Western Bengal Company. On the contrary, with all the pomp of powerful injustice, it presents itself boldly to the public, asking for millions upon millions, and offering to oppress and lay prostrate every company that dares to stand in its way.

Nor is this all. Throughout the railway world we meet with persons interested in the concerns of this company, labouring to propagate the belief that its promoters are able to exercise secret influence at the India House, that they have come to an understanding with the Court of Directors, that they are able to sway the local government of Bengal, and that, in short, they are more powerful than the East India Company itself. How much, or how little truth there may be in their statements, time alone can determine; meanwhile, we give no credit whatever to such reports, since, in our opinion, they are merely circulated for stock-jobbing purposes, by persons not altogether unknown in the city. These individuals belong to the class of agents technically denominated *riggers*. They are in no one's employment; no director will plead guilty of their acquaintance. Their activity seems to originate in pure philanthropy, or rather in the love of companies and shares, in the fate of which they take the most tender interest. All stray letters of allotment nestle under their wings, and, together with their timid owners, find protection from those beasts of prey that prowl about the denser parts of our great city. These mysterious *riggers* are the friends of all new undertakings, without in the slightest degree losing their affection for the old. They are indiscriminate in their partiality. They go about armed with the maps and plans of companies in which they have no stake whatever, but serve and cry them up simply to gratify their own innate benevolence.

When the Court of Directors comes, however, to examine the pretensions of the several companies that have been established for the construction of railways in India, it will, we make no question, inquire with care, and decide justly. We know of no instance in

which it has done otherwise. In fact the interest of the East India Company is identical with the great interests of India, and it is not to be supposed that in order to gratify an insatiable monopolist, this grave and hitherto impartial court should sacrifice its character for equity, and forego for India the incalculable advantages to be derived from the proper development of the railway system. It will at least be quite time enough to raise an outcry when the act of injustice shall have been committed; and we may then be amongst the foremost to do so; but we consider it as at once impertinent and iniquitous, to utter, like the 'Englishman,' accusations beforehand, or with the 'Friend of India,' to impute unworthy motives to the promoters of beneficial competition.

Meanwhile, we are not among those who think that the line from Calcutta to Mirzapore cannot be constructed; we are aware that its tract must lie for a considerable distance over districts which have recently been twenty feet under water, where it will consequently be necessary to raise a broad causeway at least twenty-five feet high. We are likewise sensible that it will have to execute vast and extensive cuttings and tunnelings, and to throw an immense viaduct, or series of suspension bridges, across the Sone, for a stretch of at least three miles and a half, over a sandy bottom, where a firm foundation can only be reached by a laborious and costly process;—of all this we say we are aware; but our conviction, notwithstanding, is that the line from Calcutta to Mirzapore may and will be constructed.

If we are required to give an opinion respecting the expense, we should say that it can hardly fall short of fourteen or fifteen millions sterling. The trunk line itself, with its necessary sinuosities, must be nearly five hundred miles in length, and to render that trunk really applicable to the purposes of traffic, it will be absolutely requisite to construct numerous branches. Suppose these various ramifications only equal to the trunk in length, and we have a thousand miles of railway, which, at the most moderate computation, considering the vast accumulation of difficulties in that part of India, will require an outlay of nearly fifteen millions. Into this secret, however, the East Indian Railway Company thinks proper to initiate the public by degrees. At first a modest demand for four millions sterling was made, and when promises to that amount had been received, a new move was ventured upon to the extent of six millions more. Hereafter, when the shareholders shall have had leisure to forget this somewhat unpleas-

ant potion, the remaining five millions will be hinted at, and the present double proprietors may enjoy the privilege of being made treble.

Such, we think, must be the course of events with the East Indian Railway Company, which may possibly, at the outset, have found it necessary to imitate a little the disciples of Ignatius Loyola. Frankness might not have produced so good an effect on the share market. The British public, it is said, likes to be duped a little, and the temper of mind which leads men to aim at monopoly, will lead them also to practise deception. All the while the interests of India were, no doubt, designed to be promoted, and will be promoted more or less by this and every other railway company that expends its capital there. At the same time there may be impeding causes, among which monopoly is the most active. All over the world civilisation has been promoted by calling into play the rivalry of mankind. Even the best people are generally actuated by mixed motives, aiming partly at doing good, partly at benefiting themselves, but partly, also, it must be confessed, at thwarting and overcoming others. There is a pleasure in victory for its own sake, and the feeling is rendered doubly sweet by the mixture of a sense of profit. Consequently, if the Court of Directors desire that India should enjoy the advantages of the best railways that can be constructed, it will give full scope to the principle of competition. To favour any particular company would be to commit a fraud upon the people of India, and, consequently, to pillage the exchequer of the East India Company itself, which must ever base its own prosperity on that of the country it has hitherto so prudently governed.

The lines already projected in the Bengal Presidency, stretch from Calcutta to the banks of the Sutledge. The East Indian line extends from the capital of Bengal to Mirzapore; from this point another railway stretches all the way across the Doab to Delhi, the ancient capital of the Mogul emperors, and from this point a third line is designed to be carried to Loodianah. For the construction of the first four hundred miles, there exist competing companies, as well as for a portion of the middle of the line, but this competition, if fairly and honourably conducted, will produce no injurious effects; for there is in the Bengal Presidency a field vast enough to occupy many more companies than at present exist, or are likely to be formed for many years to come. They will all, therefore, by degrees, fall into their proper places, and find a task suited to their

powers and their capital. There is no lack of room in that part of our empire, nor is there any deficiency of traffic or merchandise. Yet, up to this moment, the most monstrous propositions are put forward respecting the lines of railway projected in India. People of narrow capacities and antiquated notions, pretend that the trade of the country is not sufficiently ample to insure adequate returns for the capital laid out. They have no faith in the prolific nature of the principles of trade. Arguing from a too limited experience, they draw imperfect inductions, and confound both their own understandings and those of others. To them, many of the recondite phenomena of society are wholly unknown. They swim upon the surface, they are dazzled and bewildered by the external shows of things, and in the unskilful attempt at acquiring principles, lay hold of prejudices, and set them up as idols in their minds.

We are not among those who believe in the infallibility of old Indians, even though they may happen to have been statesmen in their day. With the shattering of their bodies, whether by climate, excess, or too close an application to business, their minds, likewise, have become enfeebled, and refuse to seize, with a firm grasp, on truth. In the relaxed gentleness of grandfatherhood, they dally with new inventions, without taking them enthusiastically to their bosoms, and dandle great and weighty theories as though they were sporting with a winter's tale. What has been they know, but of what is, their perception is dim, while that which is to be, wholly eludes their vision. They have no skill in political prophecy; none of the energy which takes up the measure of the past, lays it beam-ends upon the present, and then lowers it gently through the dim mists of futurity, in order to take the dimensions of things to come. We speak of them as a body. Some few happy exceptions we have known. Men whose unwrinkled minds defy the effects of time, and will be flexible, buoyant, and youthful to the last. These are able to run '*pari passu*' with the swiftest intellects of their age, and with intuitive power to forestall the results of the most laborious calculations. From such men no one ever heard a doubt of the success of Indian railways. Their horizon is not bounded by past realities; they account the events which must be, equally certain with the events that have been; for the consequences of present things are as intimately and necessarily linked with them, and their antecedents. *As surely as pathways and camel tracks preceded metallic high-roads in the East, so surely will railways follow

them, and, following, prove productive of national advantages and individual wealth. It is impossible to resist this conclusion, and most fortunately for India, Sir Henry Willcock, the present chairman of the Court of Directors, is a man of high capacity and enlarged views, who knows what India stands in need of, and appears to be fully disposed to aid her in obtaining what she requires. Our opinion, moreover, is, that he is supported by an enlightened court, more intent on conferring benefits on the East, and converting our sway into a blessing, than any of their predecessors.

Accordingly, we may safely take it for granted that the railway system will immediately strike root in India, and yield there golden fruits, which it has been wont everywhere else to produce. This having been premised, we may divide the Indian lines into two classes, those which have been projected in the Bengal Presidency, and those which are designed to intersect the Dekkan. Of the former, some, of course, are more and more less important; and of those the importance of which is undeniable, the value in some cases is relative, more to government and less to commerce, or more to commerce and less to government. For the interests of commerce it would probably be best to construct a great trunk line from one seat of trade to another, and then proceed to carry out its ramifications into the provinces and districts on either side, so as to afford all the existing sources of industry channels by which to flow towards the general market of the country and the world. On the other hand, one prolonged, continuous line, stretching from Calcutta to the extreme verge of the north-western provinces, would supply most completely the immediate wants of government, which is often required to throw out its strength in masses in that direction. If, therefore, it were necessary to choose, this ought to be the choice made, because to strengthen the government in India, is to promote its permanent welfare.

But there is no reason whatsoever why the system should not be developed to its minutest modifications on all parts of the line at once. This may be done by dividing the railway into large sections, and appropriating each to a separate company, with capital adequate to complete the realization of its plans. In this way the political interests of India might be closely combined with its commercial interests, and while the shareholders would enjoy a rich return for their capital, the East India Company would be enabled to transport its bullion, its military stores, its artillery, horses, and troops, with

the greatest economy and rapidity from one part of the country to another.

In the lower division of the valley of the Ganges, that is from Calcutta to Mirzapore, the river being deep, and nearly at all times of the year navigable, may be said in some sort to compete with the railway; but from Mirzapore upwards, all attempts at river navigation will prove ridiculous failures in comparison with the railway. Were this mode of transit unknown, or wholly inapplicable to India, there might be some sense in setting up a company for effecting the navigation of the Jumna and Ganges, as far as they supply sufficient depth of water to float a light steamer. But the thing is now rendered useless by the practicability of a railway, and the capacity of a steam train. It resembles the fancy of certain military pedants, who desire to revive the bow, and oppose arrows to artillery. We touch lightly on this antiquarian project at present, but if the folly be persisted in we shall esteem it our duty to enter into a thorough exposure of it—we mean as the competitor of a railway—for that some use may at certain seasons be made of both the great rivers that flank the Doab, is of course manifest.

The ground lying between Mirzapore and Delhi presents the most admirable track for a railway of any in India. It unites nearly all the advantages that any locality could possibly present. Were Egypt now in its glory, with Thebes and Memphis standing, and a stream of commerce as large and fertilising as the Nile flowing down the valley, the plain lying between those two great capitals would not be more eligible than the 430 miles of country lying between Mirzapore, the commercial capital of the north-west, and the renowned seat of Mohammedan splendour and empire in India. The line proceeding from the south-east, and running parallel with the Ganges, will at first traverse a slightly undulating country up to the banks of the Jumna. A vast and lofty bridge will there carry it over into the Doab, a plain level as the ocean, with the imperceptible rise of six inches in the mile, stretching away towards the north-west, crowded with towns and villages, and covered with varied harvests following each other in perpetual succession. Throughout the whole distance not a single obstacle presents itself. The calcareous soil being thrown up into embankments, speedily hardens into a substance like rock, and the few rivers which it will be necessary to bridge are small and comparatively tranquil, even during the rains. From every side the produce of some of the richest districts in all India flows towards the line which, without bend

or interruption, will project itself towards Delhi and the future province of the Punjab.

Of the cities and towns on the route, our limits will scarcely permit us to speak at any length. After the three capitals Mirzapore itself is the greatest emporium in India, and as this is owing to no accidental causes, but to the excellence of its position, and the productions and industry of the neighbouring provinces, its prosperity and greatness may be expected to go on steadily increasing. Even now its population can fall little short of 100,000 souls, and this population does not, like that of Benares, consist in great part of an idle rabble, attracted together by superstition and subsisting by the arts of imposture; but of active, industrious, enterprising, and thriving merchants, bankers, and traders of all descriptions. Nowhere in India does the bazaar present a more animated aspect. The showy, self-confident, overbearing Mohammedan, with broad and regular physiognomy; the quiet, subtle, indefatigable Hindû, with sharp features, shuffling gait, and calculating eye; the insolent and rapacious Sikh; the bold, and somewhat stolid Mahratta; the clannish and feudal Bûndela; the truculent Affghan; the slovenly and cunning Kashmirian; the semi-Tartarian Nepalese; and the Englishman unlike all, superior to all, and, therefore, over-awing and commanding all, may frequently be seen huddled together pell-mell in the bazaar of Mirzapore, discussing the price of goods or of freight, bargaining for carriage, or making or answering inquiries respecting the prospects of cotton or indigo crops, the duties on opium, or the mercantile policy of the government. And this immense crowd is made up of men perpetually in motion up and down the valley, every one of whom would be but too happy did railways exist to step into a train, and be whirled in an hour or two to the next seat of commerce.*

But who that has studied the history of trade throughout the world can fail to conclude, that with increased facilities for locomotion, the concourse of merchants at Mirzapore would speedily be multiplied many fold? At present, before a person

* Since writing the above, the mail from India has brought the following confirmation of this opinion:—"A special meeting of the Dhurannee Subha or Synod of the orthodox Hindûs, was lately convened, to discuss the question as to whether native pilgrims would avail themselves of railway to travel to the several famous shrines and holy places. The conclusion arrived at was, that provided due attention were given to the segregation of various castes, and the provision of proper refreshments, pilgrims would largely avail themselves of that means of transit."

undertakes a journey which will consume many weeks and much money, he waits for an accumulation of business, which may seem to justify a prudent man in entering on so important an undertaking, and incurring so considerable an expense. He would otherwise, in fact, spend his life upon the road, and be compelled to neglect his affairs at home. But when hours are substituted for days, and days for months, the case will necessarily be different. The mobility of the Mirzaporees will then be augmented; they will breakfast at Allahabad, dine in the latitude of Agra, and sup at Delhi, and the wealth and population of their city will increase daily, till it rivals Calcutta or Bombay.

The rapidity with which this place has grown up and acquired opulence, may be illustrated by a fact which occurred in 1801. It was found that the population was so dense that it required space for expansion, while new streets and houses could not be constructed, because all the land in the neighbourhood belonged to government. A formal request was, therefore, addressed to the authorities for permission to build, which having been granted on condition that all the new houses should be spacious and constructed with stone, new suburbs, capable of containing 10,000 persons, were forthwith run out into the country. Since that time the process has been frequently repeated, until the city has reached almost half the size of Manchester, with a corresponding amount of trade and opulence. This, then, is the proper terminus of the railway to Delhi, and not Allahabad, which is only remarkable for being a military station, and an object of superstitious reverence to the Hindús. The population is scarcely equal to one-fifth of that of Mirzapore, and its trade is far more insignificant in comparison. Nothing but the most egregious want of judgment, therefore, could induce any one to select it as the terminus of a great railway, it being, in fact, barely worthy of constituting the termination of an unimportant branch line. The Ganges, for forty-five miles below this city, is, during many months of the year, too shallow to be navigated by boats of any great burden, there being in many places not two feet of water, whereas goods may be shipped from Mirzapore, and only require one trans-shipment on the whole voyage to England. The incalculable superiority, therefore, of the latter city may be regarded as established past doubt. Besides, it would be most inconvenient for troops and government stores, brought up from Calcutta by the East Indian Railway, to meet with a break of forty-

five miles on the line, and have to be shipped for that distance on the Ganges. This short passage might, in fact, consume more time than the previous five hundred miles.

We proceed with the great line from Mirzapore to Delhi. Once in the Doab it will traverse those districts of India which have been found best adapted to the cultivation of the American cotton. This fact alone will serve to show the incalculable value of this railway, which may hereafter owe much of its success to circumstances taking place beyond the Atlantic. In the event of a suspension of friendly relations with the United States we should be forced to depend almost entirely on India for a supply of cotton, and as the principal part of that supply would be derived from the districts bordering on this line, its importance may be easily understood. The Americans are extremely anxious to persuade themselves that the best kind of cotton cannot be grown in India, and a sort of war of paragraphs has been recently carried on by the journals of the Union with all those who take up the cause of India in this matter. But the very earnestness and vehemence with which they disclaim against the Indian cotton, betray their uneasiness. The consciousness has evidently got hold of their minds that they are not standing on firm ground, and that a very few more experiments on the growth of American cotton in India may begin to close our all-important market against them.

If they were discreet, they would stir as little as possible in this business; for the more they bluster and are positive, the more vigorously shall we apply ourselves to the cultivation of superior cottons in the East; that, let what will happen, we may be independent of the rest of the world, for this necessary of our manufacturing life. On a future occasion, we intend to discuss the whole subject apart, and therefore need not enlarge upon it now, though it may not be out of place to add, that a very large portion of the profits of a railway, in the upper valley of the Ganges, must necessarily arise from the transport of cotton, and that as the trade in this article is rapidly on the increase, the proceeds of the railway may be expected to increase in proportion.

Having already described briefly, the general track of the line, we shall now enumerate some few of the principal towns and districts which it will accommodate. Of Allahabad, we have spoken above, but we may here remark, that a short branch line will of course connect that city with the railway; which, running up nearly through the centre of the Doab, will traverse the

district of Futeepoor, in its whole length, and enter into that of Cawnpore, a little to the north of Korah. In this district, the construction of a considerable branch will become necessary to the principal town, an important military station, on the banks of the Ganges. This will facilitate the relief of regiments, and thus assist in removing one of the greatest hardships of which our Indian army has to complain.

The railroad will then proceed through portions of Etawah and Ferrukabad. Of the latter district, the principal town, even so far back as thirty years ago, was a place of considerable importance, containing nearly 70,000 inhabitants, and carrying on a large traffic directly with Agra. Having passed these districts, the line will run through Mynpooree, Allyghur, and Boolansbehar, to Delhi, throwing out on one hand branches to Kalpee, Agra, and Muttrah, and on the other to Meerut, one of the largest military stations in the north-west provinces.

This brief view of the provinces, districts, cities, and towns, which will be benefited by the Mirzapore and Delhi railway, may serve to invalidate the sophistry, for it is not reasoning, by which certain journals seek to propagate the notion, that Indian railways will not prove profitable. They represent the whole East as at a perpetual stand still, and maintain that society tolerates no innovation there. The ideas, beliefs, opinions, habits, food, costume, and politics of the natives, are in their view as unchangeable as fate. The laws of the Medes and Persians are still in force, and an everlasting uniformity has transformed one whole quarter of the world into a quaker. The worst part of the matter is, that there are hundreds of people here at home, ready to repeat this nonsense. But consult the testimony of experience; does that confirm this monstrous theory? Does that represent the laws of nature and humanity, as paralysed throughout Asia? On the contrary, if we give credit to history, as well as to our own eyes, we must confess that the Asiatic changes like other men, though he observes particular rules in the modifications he undergoes. He does not become an European in his onward march, but he differs as widely from his ancestors as we do from ours. If any one believe that the institution of Menú represents a people and a state of things that once existed, and will be at the pains to compare them with the people and the state of things now existing in India, he must be under the influence of a miraculous prejudice, if he fail to perceive the startling contrast. And if he look on India again, at the time of Mahmood of Ghuznee's invasion,

he will discover that mighty changes had been wrought in the Hindús, and if he follow the train of conquests and massacre at the heels of Timúr and Baber, and Nadír Shah, and the thousand other scourges which have desolated India, he will observe that society, at each of those epochs, presented a different phasis, and appeared no longer the same as formerly.

That which deceives the unphilosophical observer, is the comparative permanence of the external forms of society. Many of the observances of the people, together with their habits and costume, submit slowly to innovations; so that persons are not struck by fantastic fluctuations, as in Europe. But, must it be inferred from this fact, that the mental ethnosyncrasies of the people have undergone no change? Look at the Osmanlis; until recently, they universally preserved the turban, caftan, and shalwas, of their ancestors; but he who should have expected to find the contemporary of Sultan Mahmood, in mind and manners, the same with the contemporary of Othman, or even of Mohammed the Second, or Suliman the Magnificent, would have been convinced by the slightest possible intercourse of the extravagance of his expectations. What were once deemed the external signs of certain passions and opinions, would have been found to represent others altogether different. And so is it throughout the East; but more especially in India. We have not exercised for nothing superior authority there for nearly a century; without intending, and, perhaps, sometimes without wishing it, our sway has modified the very mental constitution of the people; their whole system of thought has ceased to be what it was, and they have gradually, in spite of themselves and us, been assimilating, ever since the establishment of our ascendancy, their cardinal notions to ours. Indications everywhere appear, that to differ in the most important secular matters from us, is esteemed a mark of backwardness and vulgarity. The rich Baboos are addicting themselves to gardening and the laying out of parks, and adorning the walls of their habitations with the productions of the easel and the graver; slowly, as might be anticipated, do the indigenous tastes and feelings of this island make an impression on the prodigious masses of Indian society. But the process has commenced, and whoever has studied the history of mankind must know that when the elect of a nation have begun to lose confidence in its traditional dogmas and practices, the universal laws of our nature will not suffer that people to stand still, but will irresistibly urge it forward in the career of

improvement or deterioration, as the case may be.

Now when railways begin to be constructed in India, two parties will at once show themselves among the natives, consisting respectively of the advocates of change and the defenders of hereditary customs. Their relative strength at the outset will signify very little. The leaders of the movement party will be those who come most in contact with Europeans, and from them borrow their preferences, and these will have in their favour all the specious prejudices which invariably encircle the possessors and supporters of power. From these the humble natives will be ashamed to differ long. After a brief struggle, therefore, in behalf of old things and old fashions, they will discover that they are playing a losing game; that the worshippers of steam are too many for them, and that they also must offer sacrifice to the new divinity, or consent to go, with Vishnu and Siva, superfluous to bed.

This must inevitably be the course of things, and we deeply commiserate those, whether in India or in England, who obstinately refuse to be convinced of it. If they happen to possess the means of putting forward their notions, they may for a while succeed in perplexing the weak, and misleading the susceptible and unreasoning, but they cannot fail ultimately to share the fate of the author of 'A Counter Blast against Tobacco,' and the declaimers against coffee, and in proof of witchcraft. The whole rabble of pigmy sophists will be gradually consigned to the oblivion they deserve, while the rushing steam-trains, filled with Hindûs, male and female, go thundering on at the rate of fifty miles an hour by their graves, disquieting their harmless ghosts, and reading, it is to be hoped, an instructive lesson to their posterity.

We now turn to the Dekkan railways. It will be remembered, that in our July number, to which reference has already been made, we described at length the course and object of the Great Peninsular Railway. This undertaking has survived opposition and ridicule, and a company, formed for the purpose of carrying it out, have allotted their shares, which we have reason to believe have been duly accepted and subscribed for. The good repute of this undertaking, we feel convinced, will go on steadily increasing in proportion as the subject becomes better understood. Ultimate success will here, as elsewhere, depend on the nature of the policy pursued, and the greater or less degree of circumspection displayed in carrying into execution the original design. Some

little jealousy, we believe, was for a while cherished by this company, of all those other minor companies which have since been formed for supplying it with branches, and extending the railway system throughout the Dekkan. But as this was exceedingly injudicious, so it seems to be no longer felt. Experience helps to enlighten us all, even on the subject of our own interest. Precisely as the construction of the railway from Mirzapore to Delhi will augment the value of the great Calcutta line, so every extension and branch which may be made to the Peninsular Railway will multiply its chances of success. Nothing but the most short-sighted policy could induce men to desire the slow construction of railways in India. It is tantamount, if they could but understand the thing, to a fear lest their property should increase too rapidly in value. For the first 500 or 600 miles of a great railway must remain comparatively profitless, if deprived, till its entire completion, of all continuative or subsidiary lines. Instead, therefore, of obstructing the formation of new companies, every company now formed should be ready to lend all the aid in its power towards the establishment of other companies, whose operations cannot possibly fail to enhance the value of their several properties.

In the Dekkan, however, as in Bengal, an attempt has been made at obtaining a monopoly of railway making. A number of gentlemen calling themselves the Madras Railway Company, imagining southern India to be too small a field to admit of useful competition, put forward their intention of taking the whole Madras presidency under their iron wings. They could, apparently, perceive no absurdity in their ambitious project. The prospect of enormous profit blinded them to the wildness and injustice of their scheme,—injustice alike to India and to the projectors of other companies here at home. This may be proved by a very obvious method of reasoning. If India be in want of railways, it must be desirable that it should possess them; and if the principle of the division of labour being advantageous to mankind be correct, it follows that several companies undertaking several lines must promote the interests of India much better than one company possibly could by proceeding slowly from one enterprise to another. For while one set or succession of districts would enjoy the advantage of carrying its produce to a remunerative market, another set of districts would remain deprived for years of the like benefit, and the inhabitants consequently would have just reason to complain. The attempt would

be absurd, to endeavour to justify this partial distribution of railway lines by adducing the apathy of the natives, who in many parts of the country are too little advanced in civilisation to know precisely what they want. They experience all the evils resulting from the absence of proper means of communication, but, if questioned, would not be able to point out the remedy. They confess themselves to be labouring under the disease, but leave it to us to suggest the cure; the fact, however, that they are ignorant, cannot, we repeat, supply us with any excuse for visiting that ignorance with a punishment, as though it were a crime; and it would be a severe punishment to give, for example, railways to the Carnatic or the Northern Circars, and deny them to the Mysore or any other province. Yet this must be the result of granting a monopoly to any company. Favouritism, objectionable everywhere, is doubly so in politics. When men arrive, by accident or otherwise, at the management of public affairs, they should be able to place their minds on a level with them, that they may discern their course before them, and not trample on any interest which it is their duty to promote. This our Indian rulers may, in most cases, be said to do, and therefore we can scarcely apprehend, that in the matter of railways, their policy will degenerate in character. In reality, however, there is no need to put the matter hypothetically at all, since it has been openly declared by the Court of Directors, that it is matter of indifference to them whether A. or B. make the railways, provided they be made.

In the Madras Presidency, the railroads will derive a peculiar character from the structure of the country. They will not here consist of vast trunk lines running between distant seats of industry, and throwing out ramifications as they advance, but will resemble, at first, the larger cords of a net-work, traversing each other in every direction. This will almost necessitate the establishment of numerous small companies, to watch over whose interests, diverse though not conflicting, a new board of control ought to be instituted. On one side we have a short line running from Madras to Arcot, on another from Madras to Nellore; and lower down, a line presents itself, which designs to traverse the whole peninsula, from sea to sea, in the latitude of Trichinopoly; besides sending out a line larger than the trunk itself, to Poonah.

We regard all these projects as crude and unsatisfactory, as far as the direct track of the route, and the cities and towns they will accommodate by the way, are concerned,

though the objects of the companies be legitimate, and the railways they design to construct, much required. But this is of little consequence. Time and experience will enable the projectors to mature their present plans. The great point is to disabuse the public respecting the practicability of constructing railways in nearly all parts of India, of keeping them in repair when made, and above all, of deriving a profit from them. To put forward such objections as are generally urged, requires no knowledge of the country, no acquaintance with natural history, no proficiency in the exacter sciences. The more ignorant a man is, the better qualified for the task of objecting. He has but to babble about white ants, and the absence of wood and coal, and efficient labourers, and remunerating traffic, and everything else, and his business is done. A fool may, in five minutes, give a wise man work for a year, which he will probably undertake and accomplish for the good of mankind. He may despise the sceptic and his doubts, but he will tolerate the one, and refute the other, lest they should perplex men less prepared to encounter them. For this reason, without laying claim to superior sapience, we have laboured through many a long page to brush away sophistry and prejudices, which, under other circumstances, we should have treated with silent contempt. We have, in saying this, no desire to wound any man's pride; but when we see it set down in fair print, that the internal traffic of India is not sufficient to render a railway costing six or seven thousand pounds per mile remunerative, we do not think the writer deserving of refutation. His harmless eloquence may safely be left to produce what effect it may on the public mind, since it must be quite manifest, that he understands neither the economy of railways, nor the tendencies of commerce, nor the actual condition of India. To be in a country, and to understand it, are two very different things. One man can see better the distance of half the globe, than another across the street. Nearness disturbs the intellects of some persons, and makes it necessary for them, like Rousseau when making love, to go a great way off, that they may plead their cause the better. This unquestionable fact may serve to explain the hostility to railways, displayed by several Indian journals. Their fancies are so filled with jheels, and nullahs, and ghauts, and palankeens, and white ants, and rains, and lazy and lubberly natives, that they are incapable of exercising their natural faculties. When they return again to their native fogs, and cold, and showers, and pallid suns, they may recover their logic. The only thing to

be regretted is, that their position insures them the power to do considerable mischief. They have the ear of the English in India, among whom, in some cases, they may propagate prejudice and error for months, before a corrective can possibly go out from England; and even with respect to the British public, their supposed local knowledge fits them for the achievement of much mischief. People do not reflect that a man residing on the little island of Bombay, or pent up in Madras or Calcutta, sees as little of the interior and often knows as little of the natives, as a man boxed up in an office in Birchin Lane. To enlighten such persons, the interior of India must travel down to the coast, and unfold itself before them like a diorama. They have no enterprise or speculation in them; they sip their pale ale, and eat their curries, and rail at railways quite at their ease, under the influence of a *punka*. This is much pleasanter work than making their own legs their compasses, or even than lolling in a howdah on the brink of some giddy precipice. We fancy we have seen quite as much of India as most of these *fainéans* editors. They imagine they are paying us a great compliment when they depreciate our railway erudition, in order to exalt our personal knowledge of the Dekkan.

One little flourish of hypercriticism in the 'Englishman' we must slightly touch on before we conclude. He sets himself up for a scholar, and quarrels with the terms 'Anglo-Saxon civilisation,' as though they contained flat treason against England. We love England, and everything English, quite as much as he does, and if we could stop the mouth of history, should perhaps be quite as much pleased to lull the world into forgetfulness that we are not *autochthones*, seeing that a portion, at least, of our ancestors, came hither from Germany. The old chroniclers, however, talk of this as an established fact, and we have accepted the tradition too long to think of rejecting it now. Angles, we fear, and Saxons our ancestors were; and, as the two tribes, united with some others, constituted the original stock of the English people, we can discover no very formidable objection against the use of the word Anglo-Saxon, when applied as an epithet to the form of civilisation which the descendants of those Teutonic adventurers have co-operated in bringing to perfection in these islands. Still, should the public generally prefer the word English, we are ready to adopt it. There is, perhaps, a slight touch of pedantry in the other, which may recommend it to us reviewers, who cherish a traditional respect for that sort of thing; but the Calcutta 'Englishman,'

though a Tory, respects nothing older than a mushroom, or newer than his own school days. There is but one entity in the universe that he thoroughly venerates, which constitutes to him the link of the two eternities, a *parte-ante* and a *parte-post*. We recommend him to travel a little out of that link, backwards and forwards, and he may find something to admire both in Anglo-Saxons and railways.

ART. IV.—*Essai sur les Légendes Pieuses du Moyen-Age*. Par L. F. ALFRED MAURY. 8vo. Paris: Librairie philosophique de Ladrangé. 1843.

A VERY singular—we may fairly say, an absurd—attempt has been made in England within a few months, by the English Catholics, in conjunction with that backsliding party in the Protestant Church, which has obtained the title of Puseyites, to impose upon popular credulity the monkish miracles of the middle ages, by the publication of a series of 'Lives of the English Saints.' We can hardly look upon these as 'Signs of the Times,' for the age of believing in broiled fishes being restored to life, or fountains raised out of the barren ground, by the touch or at the prayer of the blind and often ignorant devotee, has certainly passed away before that good sense which alone is compatible with true religion and piety. The miracles of the middle ages can now be regarded only as subjects of discussion for the antiquary, who would become acquainted with the manners of former days, or for the philosopher who would trace the history of the aberrations of the human intellect. It is in this latter spirit that M. Alfred Maury, a French scholar of distinction, well known by several other valuable publications, has undertaken a critical examination of the 'Pious Legends' of the middle ages. His book is not large in bulk; but it is copious in learning, full of interesting matter, and deserves to be thoroughly studied by every one who is desirous of understanding the true character of the medieval church. We, therefore, take an opportunity of introducing it to our readers, for we believe that it is not much known in England.

The task which our estimable writer has imposed upon himself, is to submit the innumerable saints' legends of the middle ages to a critical analysis, and to point out the sources of their different component parts. These M. Maury divides into incidents copi-

ed or imitated from the Scriptures ; legends arising out of a confusion of figurative and literal meanings ; the tendency of the vulgar to apply to material life what has been said of the moral and celestial life, and stories invented to explain figurative symbols and emblematical pictures of which the sense had been forgotten.

Among the mass of prodigies, often contrary to every notion of what is rational, and performed for the most frivolous motives, which fill the mediæval hagiologies, the miracles of the gospels are repeated over and over again, and sometimes even in the very words of the sacred text. The Saviour—God on earth—is the grand model pointed out by our religion for our imitation, and it was natural enough for the monks to figure to themselves their favourite saint as closely resembling the glorious original. But they were not satisfied with the moral imitation required by the New Testament ; they sought to make literal copies, and they attributed to their saints the same power and the same actions. The most extraordinary example of this feeling is furnished by the vain-glorious order of the Franciscans ; a friar of this order, Bartholomeus de Pisa, published, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, a book entitled '*Liber conformitatum vitæ beati ac seraphici patris Francisci ad vitam Jesu Christi domini nostri*,' in which he shows no less than forty 'conformities' between the life of St. Francis and the Gospel history. We are here told that the birth of St. Francis was announced by the prophets, that he had twelve disciples, one of whom acted the part of Judas, that he was tempted by the demon, that he was transfigured, that he suffered the same passion, &c. ; in fact, this worthy writer not only states that St. Francis had been '*Jesu Nazarenus rex Judæorum*,' by the conformity of his life with that of Jesus of Nazareth, but that 'by his wounds St. Francis was so like Christ, that the Virgin would scarcely be able to distinguish him from her divine son, if she were capable of an error !' According to this writer, the miracles of Christ were far inferior in number to those of St. Francis : Christ was transfigured but once, St. Francis was transfigured twenty times ; Christ changed water into wine once, St. Francis performed this miracle three times ; &c. &c.

M. Maury has collected numerous examples of imitations of the incidents and miracles of the Gospel history. The Annunciation is found in the lives of many saints, copied more or less closely from those of Christ and St. John the Baptist ; the long fasting in the wilderness has also

numerous copies. The miracles were, of course, most easily imitated.

"The multiplication of loaves, which occurs twice in St. Matthew, with circumstances nearly identical, furnished the legend-writers with the idea of a host of multiplications, all which remind us more or less of the evangelical miracles, and are proved to be borrowed, in different degrees, from the life of Christ. Any one may be satisfied of this by reading the lives of St. John the Almoner, St. Colomanus, St. Apollo, St. Elias the abbot, St. Hellon, St. Druon, St. Clara of Assise, St. Richard the bishop, St. Francis, St. Benedict, St. Jean-Francois Regis, the blessed Pierre Deschaux, and John Abbot of Fontaines. Sometimes, instead of bread, it is wine which the saint, often for the most frivolous motive, multiplied miraculously ; this occurs in the biographies of St. Marcel, Bishop of Paris ; St. Agry the bishop, St. Radegonde, St. Vedast, St. Leger, St. Nympha the virgin. It is probable, that in these latter miracles, the hagiologists had in mind that of the marriage at Cana ; which, moreover, is found more closely copied in the lives of St. Albert, St. Clotilda, St. Maclou, St. Radbode, Bishop of Utrecht, St. Remy, St. Odila, St. Aldegonda, St. Cuthberta, and St. Hedwigis. Everybody knows the celebrated incident in the life of the Saviour, where he is represented to us by St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. John, as marching on the waves of the Lake of Genesareth. This extraordinary prodigy is repeated more than once in the histories of different saints, though not always with circumstances exactly similar to those described in the New Testament ; but yet, such as they are, it is always easy to discover the original analogy with the fact which gave birth to them. For instance, St. Blaise and St. Peter Telme were endowed with the particular virtue of being able to be supported on the water. In the instance of other saints, it is on their cape, like Faust with his mantle, that they traverse, without wetting themselves, the humid element ; as did St. Hyacinth and St. Francis de Paule. These fables had reference also to a singular article of belief in the middle ages, in accord with which it was admitted that the bodies of saints weighed less than those of other men, doubtless because people imagined that they participated more in the ethereal nature of the bodies of angels. Thus it has been related of a number of personages who were admitted to the honour of beatification, that they had been seen at times to rise above the earth ; this was even one of the facts produced in favour of canonisation. This superstition, then, found in the miracle of saints, walking on the waves, a new aliment which it would seize with avidity."

We might add a numerous list of prodigies of this latter class, in which saints are made to pass over the water miraculously, and even on heavy bodies, as was the case with St. Patrick, who

"—came to the Emerald Isle,
On a lump of a paving-stone mounted."

The calming of the raging tempest, the

curing of fearful diseases, the raising of the dead to life, &c., are constantly transferred from the Gospels to the monkish legends. The miracles of the Old Testament were seized with equal avidity. We may cite as examples, the multiplication of oil, related in the history of the two prophets, in the Books of Kings, which is produced in the life of St. Remi, and in that of St. Antoine, Bishop of Florence; Elijah fed in the desert by ravens, which served as a model to the legends of St. Paul the hermit, also fed by a raven, and of St. Vitus, St. Modestus, and St. Crescentius, fed by an eagle, as other saints were by different birds and animals. We read in the sacred text, that Elisha stretched his rod over the Jordan, and caused the iron of a hatchet, which had fallen to the bottom of the river, to rise to the surface. This is a miracle which arose out of such peculiar circumstances, that we should hardly expect to find it repeated; yet, a miracle absolutely identical occurs in the life of St. Leufroi the abbot, and in that of St. Benedict, with the only difference that a river of the country inhabited by these saints is substituted for the Jordan. 'It is,' observes M. Maury, 'in presence of a reproduction of features so particular as these, that the imitation becomes evident. The more *bizarre* and original the miracle, the greater importance has been placed by the legend-writer in appropriating it, with the aim of making more striking the resemblance of his saint with the personages already universally venerated, in order that this veneration might thus be reflected from the model to the copy.'

The confusion of the figurative meaning with the literal sense of the earlier writers was the source of a great number of legends, which were further embellished by ardent imaginations, and worked into histories to serve the purposes of pious fraud. The ignorant multitude is constantly in the habit of applying moral allegory to material life; and we perpetually meet with ancient monuments, no longer understood, the figures of which are explained by some absurd popular legend. This tendency was nourished, rather than otherwise, by the love of figurative language, which characterized the middle ages. M. Maury cites as an excellent example of an allegorical fable turned into a saint's legend, the story of St. Christopher.

"St. Christopher was a Cananean of prodigious strength and stature. Proud of the physical advantage which Providence had allotted to him, he was resolved to obey no one who was not stronger than himself. He enters the service of a king; but this king is afraid of the devil, and

signs himself when he hears any one pronounce the name of the infernal spirit. Christopher, who as yet was only known by the name of Offerus, quits him to enter the service of that Satan as at whose name the monarch trembles. He goes in search of the demon, and meets him in the midst of a desert. The spirit of darkness has the features of a hideous knight; he says to him: 'I am he whom thou seekest.' Thereupon Offerus takes him for his new master. But lo! they find a cross on the side of the road; Satan trembles, and is afraid, and immediately turns off in another direction. 'Thou art not then the strongest!' says Offerus to him; and immediately he quits the devil, and retires into the wilderness, resolved to seek the Christ whose power casts such fear into the devil. By the advice of a hermit he meets, he prepares himself for his conversion, by carrying on his shoulders all the travellers who offer themselves, across a torrent situated near the desert inhabited by the anchorite. One night he hears a small voice cry out to him to be carried over. He instantly goes out of his hut, and finds a young infant; he places it on his shoulder, and rushes into the stream; but the child becomes heavier and heavier, and when Offerus has reached the middle of the torrent, even his prodigious strength fails him, he supports himself in vain on his staff, and is sinking. Then the child says to him: 'Christophore! Christophore! (that is, carrier of Christ), for that is the name which thou hast merited; grieve not because thou hast not been able to carry the world and him who made it.'"

This has all the character of an Eastern apologue; and M. Maury has alluded to its resemblance to the history of the Indian Vishnu taking the form of the dwarf Vamana, in order to manifest the divine power to the giant Bali. But the medieval hagiologists looked upon it as sober history. It was said that St. Christopher gave health and long life, and preserved from sudden and unfortunate death, all who could look upon him. Hence the custom in France and Germany of raising colossal statues of this saint, and in England, of painting his figure of gigantic dimensions on the church walls, in order that he might be seen by the multitude. Several paintings of this kind have been found within a few years under the whitewash of the walls of our old churches. A medieval Latin distich was often placed under the statue, or figure—

"Christophori sancti specimen quicunque tuetur,
Isto nempe die non morte male morietur."

The mystical idea of spiritual baptism in this manner became the origin of a number of extraordinary legends; the saint, who had converted heathens, was represented as literally raising dead people to life.

"The legend of St. Nicholas seems to owe its origin to this same mystical sense of resurrections.

We know that the pious Bishop of Myra recalled to life young children, whose flesh had been served to him for his repast. In memory of this miracle, the saint is always painted beside a tub in which are three children, with their hands joined together. This representation itself refers us to the origin of this legend; the tub was originally the baptismal font, in which are placed the three catechumens, the type of the pagan nations, whom the apostle had converted, and to whom he had given a new existence by baptism. We are reminded of this by a representation given in Ciampini (*Vet. Monum.*, Op. t. 3, c. 3, p. 23), and which was to be seen in the palace of the Latran; in this the Bishop of Myra was drawn actually baptizing children, or rather catechumens, and the inscription could not be more significant:

“Auxit mactatos hic vivo fonte renatos.”

It let out the word of the miracle, in reviving the idea of moral resurrection, consigned in another inscription of the baptistery of St. John of Latran, given in the same work:

“Cœlorum regnum sperate, hoc fonte renati,
Non recipit felix vita semel genitos;
Fons hic est vitæ et qui totum diluit orbem,
Sumens de Christi vulnere principium.”

These naked children placed in a tub are not children, but men represented of a stature much less than that of the saint, according to a custom borrowed from paganism, and emanating from the idea of moral greatness and superiority, which the artist endeavoured to make sensible to the eyes. It was then out of these representations of St. Nicholas, copied without being understood, that they created the absurd story which was received with so much fervour in the middle ages, and procured such high renown for the saint.”

Many of the wonderful cures attributed to the older saints, which were merely imitated in the lives of the saints of later times, originated in this misapprehension of figurative language and painting. Sin, in the eyes of the Christian, is a dangerous malady which threatens our spiritual life, a hideous leprosy which gnaws and devours us, to be cured only by faith and the power of the Saviour. This leprosy, in the eyes of the unenlightened people, became a bodily disease, of which a saint cured the faithful through the merits of Jesus.

“The primitive signification of the sick man and the leper,” observes M. Maury, “may frequently be traced in the nature and circumstances of the recital. St. Arnulph, Bishop of Metz, and St. Sebastian, cure lepers by baptism. At the basilica of St. John of Latran, beneath a mosaic representing the baptism of Constantine, was inscribed:

“Rex baptisatur, et lepræ sorde levatur.”

There was formerly, on one of the outer gates of the church of St. Saturnin at Toulouse, the statue

of the saint baptizing a young girl, with this inscription:

“Jure novæ legis, sanatur filia regis.”

But the common people, who could not understand that the cure alluded to was a figurative one, the cure of sin, told a story how the saint had miraculously cured a young girl; and this other inscription, written underneath the statue, confirmed them in the error.

“Cum baptisatur, mox mordax lepra fugatur.”

If a pagan, or a hardened sinner, were illuminated with the light of the Gospel, through the doctrine of Jesus, according to the figurative language of his new faith he was cured of his blindness. The very expressions which the legend-writers employ, in reciting this class of miracles, remind us of the older figurative sense of the cure, for which superstition has substituted a sense more agreeable to its taste for the marvellous, although preserving the very expressions used by the older and more trustworthy biographer. Such are the phrases so frequent in the lives of the saints: *Statim lumen oculorum et mentis recepit. Miraculose illuminavit veritate, Christo, quem cæcaverat peccatum, diabolus, &c.*, in which we easily recognize the presence of the metaphorical idea of moral blindness. In the case of the blindness of St. Odila, it is by baptism that this miraculous cure is effected. We have already said enough to raise a presumption of the meaning of this blindness; but, in addition to this, the legend adds that the saint was blinded with the foolish superstition of the Gentiles. It is by means of the sign of the cross that St. Vedast gives light to one who was born blind, *signo crucis illuminat*, that is, he enlightened by faith him who had always been without the light of the Gospel; a meaning which is further evinced by the words of the saint, *Domine Jesu, qui es lumen verum, qui aperuisti oculos cæci nati ad te clamantis, aperi oculos istius et intelligat iste præsens.*”

Miracles of persons struck with blindness for their offences, appear to have originated often in similar figurative expressions. Among other examples of this kind we may instance the legends so frequent among the monkish stories, of miserable beggars who offered themselves under particular circumstances to beg charity of the saints, which beggars proved to be no other than Christ himself. Originally it was a way of translating in a manner more sensible and striking the Gospel precept: ‘He who receives you, receiveth me.’ Thus St. Judicael meets a wretched leper whose sufferings only inspire the crowd with disgust and terror. The saint alone has compassion upon his misfortune, braves the danger and attends upon the sufferer. The latter proves to be Jesus Christ, who had taken this disguise to put the charity of his servant to trial. The same story, with some variations, is found in the lives of other saints, such as St. Julian, St. Martin, St. John the Almoner. The figurative meaning which has always been

given to flowers and plants was another fertile source of legendary miracles, such as that of causing dead wood to bud and to flower, and the like. So prevalent, as our intelligent writer observes, was the taste for miracles, that even the simplest figure of language was enough to give being to some new prodigy. St. Thomas inquired of St. Bonaventure whence he derived that force and unction which characterized his writings; he pointed out to him a crucifix suspended in his chamber, and said: 'It is that image which has dictated to me my sentences.' In vain the biographers of St. Bonaventure give these words as expressing that it was the contemplation of Christ's suffering which inspired the great theologian with his eloquence: people continued to relate the history of the miraculous crucifix which spoke, and it formed a common subject for the medieval painters. Another example, which is a still more remarkable specimen of simplicity of comprehension, is furnished by the figurative expression, that men would, after their death, be weighed in the balance of God's justice; in the middle ages it was an article of popular belief, that men's souls would literally be weighed in scales, and this process of weighing was supposed to be one of the duties of the archangel St. Michael. St. Michael weighing souls has been found painted on the walls in the interior of several churches in England, when the modern coat of whitewash was cleared away; the same subject is often found on the bas-reliefs of Churches in France, and it sometimes occurs in the paintings of the early masters.

The third source of monkish miracles was the passionate love of symbolism which characterized the middle ages. Material objects of all kinds, animate or inanimate, were clothed by over-imaginative teachers with symbolical meanings. We find symbols thus used among Christians at a very early period, many curious examples occurring among the catacombs at Rome. Animals, especially, were thus used, and in some instances we may trace the idea to have been borrowed from paganism. Thus the phoenix was equally among pagans and Christians the emblem of immortality. As Christianity extended itself among the barbarian nations, symbolism and pictorial representations became more and more popular. It was a language which spoke to those who could neither read nor understand any other, and therefore it was recommended by the early teachers of religion, and from this source sprang the custom of covering the walls of churches with paintings and sculptures, representing pictorially

the events of sacred history and emblematically the doctrines of religion. St. Gregory says: '*Quod legentibus scriptura, hoc et idiotis præstat pictura, quia in ipsa ignorantæ vident quid sequi debeant, in ipsa legunt qui literas nesciunt.*' The feeling here expressed led to the multiplication of pictures and images to a wonderful extent. After a time, the meaning of the old symbols was forgotten, and as the spiritual ideas attached to them disappeared, people took them literally, and invented a host of absurd legends to explain what they no longer understood. This was the case even with so well known an emblem as the serpent, or dragon, the type of the evil one, the spirit of darkness, which was often placed under the feet of holy bishops and martyrs, to imitate the triumph of faith over the demon. The dragon was an animal which acted a very extensive part in the mythic romances of all the nations of medieval Europe, and the multitude were led very naturally to connect the combats of their romantic heroes with the emblems of the saints. Hence arose the legends of saints, who destroyed dragons, like that of St. George and several others. The manner in which the populace understood most of the Christian dogmas was, indeed, so little spiritual, that the monks in Mount St. Michel, in France, did not hesitate to exhibit as pious relics, the sword and shield with which St. Michael the archangel combated the dragon of the Revelations! This idea, no doubt, arose from the popular custom of painting the defeat of Satan as a material combat between armed angels and devils. In accordance with this notion, Milton pictures the archangels fighting with a huge two-handed sword:—

"With huge two-handed sway
Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down,
Wide wasting."

Many other animals seem to have given rise to monkish legends in the same way as the dragon; lions, bears, wolves, &c., placed originally by the side of figures of saints, as emblems of abstract ideas, were explained by legends which represented these animals as having been conquered or tamed by the sanctity of the individual whom they accompanied; even the dove, the emblem of the Holy Spirit, was supposed to be a bird which came obedient to his call. Sometimes it was imagined that the demons had presented themselves to the saints in these forms. A devil appeared to St. Taurinus, under the forms of a lion and a bear; to St. Albert, the hermit, under those of a dog, and as an ass. Legends like

these, when once invented, multiplied rapidly, and found a host of imitators. The stag was sometimes looked upon as emblematical of Christ, perhaps confounded in some degree with the fabulous unicorn. It appears not unfrequently in saints' legends, probably invented to explain its presence in ancient paintings and sculptures, where its figurative meaning was further indicated by a cross placed between its horns. Thus, in the life of St. Eustache, who, before his conversion, was named Placidus, and held the situation of master of the horse to the Emperor Trajan, we are told that one day, when he was hunting, he met with a troop of stags, among which he saw one much finer and larger than the others, which fled towards the most remote part of the forest. Placidus followed with impetuosity, and was soon separated from his companions, when suddenly the stag sprang upon a rock. The pursuer looked at it attentively and beheld a shining cross between its horns, and the image of the Saviour stretched upon it, who, through the mouth of the stag, said to him: 'Placidus, why pursuest thou me? I am Jesus Christ, whom thou honourest unknowingly; thy alms-deeds have mounted up to me in heaven; and in return for them, I come to thee, &c.' The result was, that the huntsman was baptized, and became a saint. So in the life of St. Hubert, Bishop of Leige, we are told that he was hunting in the forest of Brabant, and in the heat of the chase had become separated from his followers. On a sudden a stag of unusual magnitude and beauty advanced towards him; Hubert beheld between its horns the figure of the Saviour crucified, and the denouement is almost identical with the story of Placidus. Similar stories are also found in the lives of St. Julian and St. Felix of Valois. Many instances of legends, thus arising from symbolical representations of animals of different kinds, are cited and discussed by M. Maury in the interesting volume before us. In a concluding chapter, he examines the kind of credit due to the evidence given by the monkish writers, in favour of these miracles, and shows the right we have to submit them to a critical examination. When personal witnesses for medieval legends are brought forward, they are always prejudiced enthusiasts, and men whose imagination was easily imposed upon. We cannot but feel obliged to M. Maury for the mass of information he has collected together, and for the intelligent manner in which he has arranged it.

ART. V.—*Stories from the Italian Poets; being a summary in Prose of the Poems of Dante, Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto and Tasso, with Comments throughout, occasional Passages versified, and critical Notices of the Lives and Genius of the Authors.* By LEIGH HUNT. 2 Vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

THIS is a dainty book to set before a critic. The idea is as happy and as suitable to the wants of the day, as the execution is masterly. It is a book for the poetical of all tastes. Grave and gay, fanciful and imaginative, romantic and pathetic are its stores; and the guiding-spirit is that of the genial, graceful, and accomplished author of 'Rimini.'

In these busy times of ours, when the intellects of men are sorely tasked to keep pace with the advancing spirit of the age, when books multiply with startling fecundity, and, amidst the number, so many are worthy of attention, the works of bygone times must necessarily occupy less of our study. Except for a few stray students, the past can never be supposed worthy to absorb attention; yet rightly to understand that past, a long-life study must be given. On the other hand, the past, for its own great sake, no less than for the sake of its parentage with the present, cannot be neglected by the thinking world. It must be studied till it is thoroughly understood; it must be ransacked; all that is dim and questionable, be it ever so trifling in appearance, must be elucidated. And this labour, which is divided amongst the archaeologists, the historians, the philosophers, the critics, and the bibliographers, is meant for the million, who cannot so occupy themselves, having more pressing matter on hand. Daily, therefore, do we see some new attempt to shorten the routes of study; or, at least, to clear them from obstacles. 'There is no royal road to knowledge,' is a true saying only in one sense; the Sovereign People cannot, indeed, be wise by merely willing it; but they can demand that the road shall be cleared of all obstacles before they will venture to travel. We are quite aware that the majority of works undertaken with the express purpose of making the journey easy, make it profitless; because they are the productions of men who are almost as ignorant as the public they pretend to teach. But we are also aware that all the leading tendencies of our literature are towards one desirable end—the removal of all obstacles from the path of knowledge. Not only has there sprung up a high sort of literature for the people; not only has

Latin long been banished as a literary language, but it has even begun to be banished from the notes of editions to the classics; so that at last it seems frankly to be understood that works are to be written with a view to the facility of the reader. Abstruse subjects, indeed, must always remain abstruse. You cannot popularise the higher branches of science. But even there, unnecessary obscurity in expression, whether by the pedantic accumulation of formulæ, or by the careless indecision of a wordy style, is inexcusable.

In this great work of facilitating the studies of mankind, such a book as that now before us has a fitting place. It addresses itself to various classes. To those ignorant of Italian, and likely to remain so, it furnishes a vivid and satisfactory idea of the great Italian poets. To those who merely 'dabble' in the literature, it will be a dainty feast. To those who are about to study any one of these great poets, it will be the fittest introduction they could possibly have. To those who have read the poets, but have not time to re-read them, it will be a charming and facile opportunity of refreshing their knowledge. Finally, to the poetical readers of all kinds, it will be an almost inexhaustible source of delight. It is of poetry 'all compact.' The magnificent pictures painted by these truly great men are given to the world in exquisite engravings. Perhaps no translation could do the justice to the original that is done by the simple, faithful, and delicately-picked prose of these volumes; in the first place, because poetical versions always have more or less of the translator forced upon the poet; in the second place, because prose, though robbed of the endless charm of rhythm, does by its very unpretendingness leave more room to the reader's imagination to conceive the glories of the original: prose is confessedly incomplete; a poetical translation pretends to be complete, and is not.

We will give a specimen. Let the reader turn to Cary or Wright, and read there the ghastly story of Ugolino ('ce malheureux,' as Théophile Gautier, with his usual sprightly absurdity, says, 'qui mangeait ces enfans pour leur conserver un père'), and then compare the following prose version as given by Leigh Hunt.

"The pilgrims went on, and beheld two other spirits so closely locked up together in one hole of the ice, that the head of one was right over the other's like a cowl; and Dante, to his horror, saw that the upper head was devouring the lower with all the eagerness of a man who is famished. The poet asked what could possibly make him show a hate so brutal; adding, that if there were any

ground for it, he would tell the story to the world."

"The sinner raised his head from the dire repast, and after wiping his jaws with the hair from it, said, 'You ask a thing which it shakes me to the heart to think of. It is a story to renew all my misery. But since it will produce this wretch his due infamy, hear it, and you shall see me speak and weep at the same time. How thou camest hither I know not; but I perceive by thy speech that thou art a Florentine.

"Learn, then, that I was the Count Ugolino, and this man was Ruggieri the Archbishop. How I trusted him, and was betrayed into prison, there is no need to relate; but of his treatment of me there, and how cruel a death I underwent, hear; and then judge if he has offended me.

"I had been imprisoned with my children a long time in the tower which has since been called from me the Tower of Famine; and many a new moon had I seen through the hole that served us for a window, when I dreamt a dream that foreshadowed to me what was coming. Methought that this man headed a great chase against the wolf, in the mountains between Pisa and Lucca. Among the foremost in this party were Gualandi, Sismondi, and Lanfranchi, and the hounds were thin and eager, and high-bred; and in a little while I saw the hounds fasten on the flanks of the wolf and the wolf's children, and tear them. At that moment I awoke with the voices of my own children in my ears, asking for bread. Truly cruel must thou be, if thy heart does not ache to think of what I thought then. If thou feel not for a pang like that, what is it for which thou art accustomed to feel? We were now all awake; and the time was at hand when they brought us bread, and we had all dreamt dreams which made us anxious. At that moment I heard the key of the horrible tower turn in the lock of the door below, and fasten it. I looked at my children, and said not a word. I did not weep. I made a strong effort upon the soul within me. But my little Anselm said, 'Father, why do you look so? Is anything the matter?' Nevertheless, I did not weep, nor say a word all the day, nor the night that followed. In the morning a ray of light fell upon us through the window of our sad prison, and I beheld in those four little faces the likeness of my own face, and then I began to gnaw my hands for misery. My children, thinking I did it for hunger, raised themselves on the floor, and said, 'Father, we should be less miserable if you would eat our own flesh. It was you that gave it us. Take it again.' Then I sat still, in order not to make them unhappier: and that day and the next we all remained without speaking. On the fourth day, Gaddo stretched himself at my feet, and said, 'Father, why won't you help me?' and there he died. And as surely as thou lookest on me, so surely I beheld the whole three die in the same manner. So I began in my misery to grope about in the dark for them, for I had become blind; and three days I kept calling on them by name, though they were dead; till famine did for me what grief had been unable to do."

* This is the famous story of Ugolino, who betrayed the castles of Pisa to the Florentines, and was starved with his children in the Tower of Famine.

"With these words, the miserable man, his eyes starting from his head, seized that other wretch again with his teeth, and ground them against the skull as a dog does with a bone."

This specimen will sufficiently inform our readers of the style in which the whole work is executed. Dante's long poem is seldom read through by foreigners; but with such a full analysis of it—or rather, with its story briefly but so completely told, as in these volumes, the most indolent reader will have patience to the end: and the delight thereby gained may induce him to venture on the original. The same remark applies to Ariosto, whose charming stories are here charmingly narrated; but whose poem is confessedly tedious from excess of wealth. And we may here mention, by the way, the beautiful little book, similar in its object, which Mr. Craik has given us on Spenser;* wherein as much of Spenser as is conjectured would be read by the busy men of our day, is given in his own lovely words; and the rest in a prose analysis. So many persons have expressed their gratitude for Mr. Craik's having thus brought Spenser home to them, that we can have little hesitation in assuming that Leigh Hunt's book will be widely popular. Still less hesitation have we in ranking it amongst our English classics. To prophesy is perilous, when contemporaries are the subjects; nevertheless, when we consider the immortal beauty of the poets here assembled, and the exquisite manner in which their stories are retold, we cannot but assume that the book will never grow useless, as we are sure it never can be more felicitously executed.

One portion of no slight interest is that devoted to the notices of the lives and genius of the five poets. Painstaking memoirs they all are; and, with one exception, they are all genial criticisms. It is this portion of the work, which calls for especial notice at our hands; the poets can speak for themselves.

Great critics are rare; rarer even than great poets. To be a great critic a man needs the sensibility and imagination of a poet, with the acuteness and comprehensive grasp of reasoning of a philosopher; and to these qualities he must add a highly-cultivated taste. There have been some excellent critics; but we should hesitate before naming any one as great, that is to say, as greatly uniting in himself the above conditions. The celebrated critics have either

leaned too much to the philosophical side; or else too much to the imaginative side.

But while on the one hand it is notorious that many great thinkers have had no relish, no capacity, for poetry; so also, on the other hand, most poets have had no power of *explaining* accurately what they *feel* vividly: the logical faculty has been, not deficient, but differently employed by them. Hence the profound truth of Plato's paradoxical discussion in the 'Ion.'

Of the two classes of critics, Leigh Hunt ranges under that of the imaginative. A poet himself—genuine in kind, though not of a great kind—he has been all his life a student of poetry; and in all that relates to the art of poetry he is an accomplished critic. Hazlitt once said that the style of poetry which a man set deliberately down to write, was the style he would praise, and that only. There is some truth in this; and Leigh Hunt, though catholic in his tastes, may be seen, in his criticisms, to exhibit the tendencies of the poet, quite as much as those of the judge. The bias of his mind, however, is only the more visible, from its being original; and to object to this bias is idle; all that the reader has to do with it is to note it, to be aware of its influence, and make allowance accordingly. Any opinion coming from one so well qualified to pronounce, as he is, on all poetic matters, must be received with the utmost respect; and, before it is questioned, should be examined as to how far it may be the result of any opinions peculiar to him—of any tendencies which his mind manifests in contradiction to those of mankind in general.

With all deductions made for what are called *Huntisms*, the fact still remains that Leigh Hunt is a critic of very uncommon excellence. He knows poetry, and he feels it. He can not only relish a beautiful poem, but he can also explain the mystery of its mechanism, the witchery of peculiar harmonies, and the intense force of words used in certain combinations. The mysteries of versification in their subtlest recesses are known to him. His sensibility, originally delicate, has been cultivated into taste by a lifelong intercourse with poets. He has read much, and read well.

His greatest drawback as a teacher, is the absence of that conception of literature as the product of national thought, which, though often carried to excess, is the distinguishing characteristic of modern continental criticism. A new class of thinkers has arisen, who, when judging of a work of art, endeavour to throw themselves back into the era in which it was produced; thus striving to look at it, as those looked at it

* Forming vols. 60, 61, 62, of 'Knight's Weekly Volume.'

for whom it was produced. They endeavour as much as possible to penetrate into the spirit of that age, to understand its language—its beliefs—and its prejudices; in order that the imagination of the poet who utters the language, may have its influence over their minds unimpeded by any want of sympathy, which ignorance would create. The reasonableness of this mode of viewing works of art, in contradistinction to that of the eighteenth century, which consisted in viewing them absolutely, without reference to the era in which they were produced, may be illustrated by the common question, as to whether Shakspeare's plays would succeed, if now for the first time produced. It seems certain, that if the 'Tempest' were now first to appear, it would scarcely be tolerated. That is not saying the 'Tempest' is a bad play, but simply that it was written for another taste and for other audiences. It is obvious, that if Shakspeare were now living, he would manifest the same dramatic power, but he would manifest it under different forms; his taste, his knowledge, his beliefs, would all be different from those we find in him. We always admire his plays with a secret consciousness of their antiquity; under which consciousness many things are received as beauties, which would otherwise be intolerable. There are, probably, few men now living of greater intellectual and moral qualities than Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney. Our admiration of these men is hearty and unfeigned. But, if they were now resuscitated, and were to appear in modern society as they then appeared, they would seem little better than barbarians; their intellects would be thought narrow, their ignorance astonishing, their manners rough and uncultivated. The historian who should test these men according to the modern standard would be guilty of the same misconception as the critic, who views a work of the past without making allowance for the characteristics of the past. Leigh Hunt, in practice, at least, whatever may be his theoretical views of the matter, belongs to the eighteenth century school of critics. He judges works of art absolutely; the effect they produce on him is taken as the test of their excellence. A method, which, though proper enough for each man seeking merely his own pleasure among books, is, we believe, singularly unfit for literary criticism. The account of Dante is throughout defaced by this original sin. He evidently dislikes Dante. His own Muse loves to wander amidst the Graces and Charities of life, and shrinks from any outburst of violence and energy. The vehement Dante startles and annoys him. His aim has ever

been to inculcate gentleness and tolerance. The stern and fanatical Dante makes him shudder. It is quite curious to trace in these volumes the constant uneasiness with which he finds himself in Dante's company. He becomes intolerant of Dante's intolerance. The fierce saturnine face of the sad Florentine seems to have been perpetually present to him, exasperating him into resentment. This is apparent, not only in his critical memoir, to which it has given a colouring utterly false, but also in the notes which accompany his version of the poem; every trait of fanaticism and bitterness is there noticed, even although he may have noticed it before in the memoir; and when some touch of sweetness wrings from him a cry of admiration, it is sure to be succeeded almost in the same breath by a sigh of regret, that a poet possessing such sweetness should so often have indulged in bitterness. There is this inevitable inconvenience in attacking a great man, that in order to excuse our temerity, in order to make out a case strong enough to justify attack, we are hurried by our own eagerness into an exaggerated statement of the thing we object to. We lay too much stress upon trifles; we are too apt to bend facts to our views, and to give the interpretations suiting our object rather than those which would naturally present themselves.

To give an instance: Leigh Hunt, who is quite horrified at the way Dante assigns places to his friends in Hell, sees nothing in this but the spite and wilfulness of the poet. Dante the theologian is quite left out of sight; indeed, the whole poem is never looked upon as a product of the middle ages. Thus he says:

"If Dante thought it salutary to the world to maintain a system of religious terror, the same charity which can hope that it may once have been so, has taught us how to commence a better. But did he, after all, or did he not, think it salutary? Did he think so, believing the creed himself? or did he think it from an unwilling sense of its necessity? Or lastly, did he write only as a mythologist, and care for nothing but the exercise of his spleen and genius? If he had no other object than that, his conscientiousness would be reduced to a low pitch indeed. Foscolo is of opinion he was not only in earnest, but that he was very near taking himself for an apostle, and would have done so had his prophecies succeeded, perhaps with success to the pretension.* Thank Heaven, his 'Hell' has not embittered the mild reading-desks of the Church of England."

Really this introduction of the 'mild reading-desks of the Church of England,' betokens a misconception of the office of a

* *Discurso sol Testo*, pp. 64, 77—90, 335—338.

literary critic. We have no space here to exhibit the close relations of the Divine Comedy with the spirit of the age; but we present one fact for the critic's consideration. If Dante was actuated solely by spleen and wilfulness, if his distribution of punishments was prompted solely by his personal spite, how is it that he never placed one of his personal enemies in Hell, except Pope Boniface VIII., and the motive for placing him there, was probably the same religious motive which prompted him in the case of others? Even his judge, Cante Gabrielli, was deemed unworthy of his revenge. Again, exception is taken to Dante's invectives against the various towns of Italy; that Lucca made a trade of perjury; that Pistoja was a den of beasts, and ought to be reduced to ashes; that the river Arno should overflow and drown every soul in Pisa; that almost all the women in Florence walked half-naked in public, and were abandoned in private; that every brother, husband, son, and father, set their women to sale, &c., &c. That Dante does pour forth these invectives, and worse than these, is true, but to draw any conclusion therefrom, respecting his moral character, appears to us preposterous. The very exaggeration of these invectives robs them of their malevolence. As Coleridge, in his own case, says: 'it seems worthy of consideration, whether the mood of mind and the general state of sensations, in which a poet produces such vivid and fantastic images, is likely to co-exist or is even compatible with that gloomy and deliberate ferocity which a serious wish to realize them would pre-suppose. It had been often observed, and all my experience tended to confirm the observation, that prospects of pain and evil to others, and in general all deep feelings of revenge, are commonly expressed in a few words, ironically tame and mild.' Coleridge himself, certainly neither a vindictive nor a vehement nature, might be convicted of vindictiveness and wilfulness, upon evidence similar to that which is brought against Dante. Coleridge also pertinently asks; 'Whether it would be either fair or charitable to believe it to have been Dante's serious wish that all the persons mentioned by him should actually suffer the fantastical and horrible punishments to which he has sentenced them in his "Hell and Purgatory"?' Or what shall we say of the passages, in which Bishop Jeremy Taylor anticipates the state of those, who, vicious themselves, have been the cause of vice and misery to their fellow-creatures. . . . Do we not rather feel and understand that these violent words were mere bubbles, flashes, and electrical apparitions from the

magic caldron, of a fervid and ebullient fancy, constantly fuelled by an unexampled opulence of language.' Leigh Hunt, however, taking the poet at his word, exclaims:

"One is astonished and saddened at the cruelties in which the poet allows his imagination to riot: horrors generally described with too intense a verisimilitude, not to excite our admiration, with too astounding a perseverance not to amaze our humanity, and sometimes with an amount of positive joy and delight that makes us ready to shut the book with disgust and indignation. Thus, in a circle in Hell, where traitors are stuck up to their chins in ice (Canto xxxii.), the visitor, in walking about, happens to give one of their faces a kick; the sufferer weeps, and then curses him—with such infernal truth does the writer combine the malignant with the pathetic! Dante replies to the curse by asking the man his name. He is refused it. He then seizes the miserable wretch by the hair, in order to force him to the disclosure; and Virgil is represented as commending the barbarity! But he does worse. To barbarity he adds treachery of his own. He tells another poor wretch, whose face is iced up with his tears, as if he had worn a crystal vizor, that if he will disclose his name and offence, he will relieve his eyes awhile, *that he may weep*. The man does so; and the ferocious poet then refuses to perform his promise, adding mockery to falsehood, and observing that ill-manners are the only courtesy proper towards such a fellow!" It has been conjectured that Macchiavelli apparently encouraged the enormities of the princes of his time, with a design to expose them to indignation. It might have been thought of Dante if he had not taken a part in the cruelty, that he detailed the horrors of his 'Hell' out of a wish to disgust the world with its frightful notions of God. This is certainly the effect of the worst part of his descriptions in an age like the present. Black-burning gulfs, full of outcries and blasphemy, feet red-hot with fire, men eternally eating their fellow-creatures, frozen wretches malignantly dashing their iced heads against one another, other adversaries mutually exchanging shapes by force of an attraction at once irresistible and loathing, and spitting with hate and disgust when it is done. Enough, enough, for God's sake! Take the disgust out of one's senses, O flower of true Christian wisdom and charity, now beginning to fill the air with fragrance!"

The last paragraph shows us how Dante is tested by the gentle spirit of the 'Indicator.' But are the two fairly contrasted? Would Leigh Hunt himself, in the thirteenth century, have had his select circle of admirers, loving him for that very 'Indicator' spirit? Revolting at the superstition and fanaticism no less than at the untamed fierceness which in those days had free expression, he attributes them to Dante, as if they were sins peculiar to him. But Dante was the creature of his age: the intense expres-

* "Cortesia fu lui esser villano."—*Inferno*, canto xxxiii., 150.

sion of its dominant elements. If asked whether such fanaticism, such vehemence be laudable now, no one can hesitate as to the answer. But the question for the literary critic is whether they were laudable then.

We shall not further pursue this discussion, points of which we have rather indicated than examined. Leigh Hunt's book excites feelings the reverse of polemical; and if we have thought it necessary to signalize this sole defect we find in the book, it is in the hope that the author may be induced, in a second edition, to modify his criticism of the great Florentine. We are not presumptuous enough to suppose that any observation of ours could modify his opinions—opinions, we are sure, not lightly hazarded; but the expression of those opinions he may be induced at least so to modify, that they shall not appear as they now do, flagrantly unjust. Dante was vehement, bitter, and fanatical; but do not let us see nothing in him but malevolence and fanaticism. If those notes in the commentary which now so unscrupulously track the sentiments of the great poet which are repugnant to the Christianity of modern times, were replaced by notes of more strictly critical character, such as Leigh Hunt is eminently qualified to write, the book would not only have additional charm and value, but the impression of injustice towards Dante which it now so painfully produces, would be considerably lessened. For it is not the mere statement, however energetic, of Dante's faults, but the constant recurrence, and the polemical, the almost querulous, tone of objection, which leaves the impression on the reader's mind that the prominent characteristics of Dante are hateful.

Leigh Hunt has written worthily in Dante's praise; but if the reader compare the general terms in which this praise is conveyed with the lovingness in which the details of Ariosto's style are dwelt on, he will see the difference between genial and ungenial criticism—between the admiration which is spontaneous, and that which is forced. We will select specimens of each:—

"Many, indeed, of the absurdities of Dante's poem are too obvious now-a-days to need remark. Even the composition of the poem, egotistically said to be faultless by such critics as Alfieri, who thought they resembled him, partakes, as everybody's style does, of the faults as well as good qualities of the man. It is nervous, concise, full almost as it can hold, picturesque, mighty, primeval; but it is often obscure, often harsh, and forced in its constructions, defective in melody, and wilful and superfluous in the rhyme. Some-

times, also, the writer is inconsistent in circumstance (probably from not having corrected the poem); and he is not above being filthy. Even in the episode of Paulo and Francesca, which has so often been pronounced faultless, and which is unquestionably one of the most beautiful pieces of writing in the world, some of these faults are observable, particularly in the obscurity of the passage about *tolta forma*, the cessation of the incessant tempest, and the non-adjunction of the two lovers in the manner that Virgil prescribes.

"But truly it is said, that when Dante is great, nobody surpasses him. I doubt if anybody equals him, as to the constant intensity and incessant variety of his pictures; and whatever he paints, he throws, as it were, upon its own powers; as though an artist should draw figures that started into life, and proceeded to action for themselves, frightening their creator. Every motion, word, and look of these creatures becomes full of sensibility and suggestions. The invisible is at the back of the visible; darkness becomes palpable; silence describes a character, nay, forms the most striking part of a story; a word acts as a flash of lightning, which displays some gloomy neighbourhood, where a tower is standing, with dreadful faces at the window; or where, at your feet, full of eternal voices, one abyss is beheld dropping out of another in the lurid light of torment. In the present volume a story will be found which tells a long tragedy in half-a-dozen lines. Dante has the minute probabilities of a Defoe in the midst of the loftiest and most generalising poetry; and this feeling of matter-of-fact is impressed by fictions the most improbable, nay, the most ridiculous and revolting. You laugh at the absurdity; you are shocked at the detestable cruelty; yet, for the moment, the thing almost seems as if it must be true. You feel as you do in a dream, and after it; you wake and laugh, but the absurdity seemed true at the time; and while you laugh you shudder."

A few pages on he continues:—

"Ginguéné has remarked the singular variety as well as beauty of Dante's angels. Milton's, indeed, are commonplace in comparison. In the eighth canto of the 'Inferno,' the devils insolently refuse the poet and his guide an entrance into the city of Dis:—an angel comes sweeping over the Stygian lake to enforce it; the noise of his wings makes the shores tremble, and is like a crashing whirlwind, such as beats down the trees, and sends the peasants and their herds flying before it. The heavenly messenger, after rebuking the devils, touches the portals of the city with his wand; they fly open; and he returns the way he came without uttering a word to the two companions. His face was that of one occupied with other thoughts. This angel is announced by a tempest. Another, who brings the souls of the departed to Purgatory, is first discovered at a distance, gradually disclosing white splendours, which are his wings and garments. He comes in a boat, of which his wings are the sails; and as he approaches, it is impossible to look him in the face for its brightness. Two other angels have green wings and green garments, and the drapery is kept in motion like a flag by the vehement action of

the wings. A fifth has a face like the morning star, casting forth quivering beams. A sixth is of a lustre so oppressive, that the poet feels a weight on his eyes before he knows what is coming. Another's presence affects the senses like the fragrance of a May-morning; and another is in garments dark as cinders, but has a sword in his hand too sparkling to be gazed at. Dante's occasional pictures of the beauties of external nature are worthy of these angelic creations, and to the last degree fresh and lovely. You long to bathe your eyes, smarting with fumes of Hell, in his dews. You gaze enchanted on his green fields and his celestial blue skies, the more so from the pain and sorrow in midst of which the visions are created.

"Dante's grandeur of every kind is proportionate to that of his angels, almost to his ferocity; and that is saying everything. It is not always the spiritual grandeur of Milton, the subjection of the material impression to the moral; but it is equally such when he chooses, and far more abundant. His infernal precipices—his black whirlwinds—his innumerable cries and clashing of hands—his very odours of huge loathsomeness—his giants at twilight standing up to the middle in pits, like towers, and causing earthquakes when they move—his earthquake of the mountain in Purgatory, when a spirit is set free for heaven—his dignified Mantuan Sordello, silently regarding him and his guide as they go by, 'like a lion on his watch'—his blasphemer, Capaneus, lying in unconquered rage and sullenness under an eternal rain of flakes of fire (human precursor of Milton's Satan)—his aspect of Paradise, 'as if the universe had smiled'—his inhabitants of the whole planet Saturn crying out *so loud*, in accordance with the anti-papal indignation of Saint Pietro Damiano, that the poet, though among them, *could not hear what they said*—and the blushing eclipse, like red clouds at sunset, which takes place at the Apostle Peter's denunciation of the sanguinary filth of the court of Rome—all these sublimities, and many more, make us not know whether to be more astonished at the greatness of the poet or the raging littleness of the man. Grievous is it to be forced to bring two such opposites together; and I wish, for the honour and glory of poetry, I did not feel compelled to do so. But the swarthy Florentine had not the healthy temperament of his brethren, and he fell upon evil times. Compared with Homer and Shakspeare, his very intensity seems only superior to theirs from an excess of the morbid; and he is inferior to both in other sovereign qualities of poetry—to the one, in giving you the healthiest general impression of nature itself—to Shakspeare, in boundless universality—to most great poets, in thorough harmony and delightfulness. He wanted (generally speaking) the music of a happy and a happy-making disposition. Homer, from his large vital bosom, breathes like a broad fresh air over the world, amidst alternate storm and sunshine, making you aware that there is rough work to be faced, but also activity and beauty to be enjoyed. The feeling of health and strength is predominant. Life laughs at death itself, or meets it with a noble confidence—is not taught to dread it as a malignant goblin. Shakspeare has all the smiles as well as tears of nature, and discerns the 'soul of goodness' in things evil.

He is comedy as well as tragedy—the entire man in all his qualities, moods, and experiences; and he beautifies all. And both those truly divine poets make nature their subject through her own inspiring medium—not through the darkened glass of one man's spleen and resentment. Dante, in constituting himself the hero of his poem, not only renders her, in the general impression, as dreary as himself, in spite of occasional beautiful pictures he draws of her, but narrows her very immensity into his pettiness. He fancied, alas, that he could build her universe over again out of the politics of old Rome and the divinity of the schools!"

The specimens of his critique on Ariosto are in a very different strain.

"The poet takes a universal, an acute, and, upon the whole, a cheerful view, like the sun itself, of all which the sun looks on; and readers are charmed to see a knowledge at once so keen and so happy. Herein lies the secret of Ariosto's greatness; which is great, not because it has the intensity of Dante, or the incessant thought and passion of Shakspeare, or the dignified imagination of Milton, to all of whom he is far inferior in sustained excellence—but because he is like very Nature herself. Whether great, small, serious, pleasurable, or even indifferent, he still has the life, ease, and beauty of the operations of the daily planet. Even where he seems dull and commonplace, his brightness and originality at other times make it look like a good-natured condescension to our own common habits of thought and discourse; as though he did it but on purpose to leave nothing unsaid that could bring him within the category of ourselves. His charming manner intimates that, instead of taking thought, he chooses to take pleasure with us, and compare old notes; and we are delighted that he does us so much honour, and makes, as it were, Ariostos of us all. He is Shakspearian in going all lengths with Nature as he found her, not blinking the fact of evil, yet finding a 'soul of goodness' in it, and, at the same time, never compromising the worth of noble and generous qualities. His young and handsome Medoro is a pitiless slayer of his enemies; but they were his master's enemies, and he would have lost his life, even to preserve his dead body. His Orlando, for all his wisdom and greatness, runs mad for love of a coquette who triumphs over warriors and kings, only to fall in love herself with an obscure lad. His kings laugh with all their hearts, like common people; his mourners weep like such unaffected children of sorrow, that they must needs 'swallow some of their tears.*' His heroes, on the arrival of intelligence that excites them, leap out of bed and write letters before they dress, from natural impatience, thinking nothing of their 'dignity.' When Astolfo blows the magic horn which drives everybody out of the castle of Atlantes, 'not a mouse' stays

* "Le lacrime scendeàn tra gigli e rose,
Là dove avvien ch' alcune sò n' inghiozzi."
Canto xii., st. 94.

Which has been translated by Mr. Rose:—
"And between roses and lily, from her eyes
Tears fall so fast, she needs must swallow some."

behind;—not, as Hoole and such critics think, because the poet is here writing ludicrously, but because he uses the same image seriously, to give an idea of desolation, as Shakspeare in 'Hamlet' does to give that of silence, when 'not a mouse is stirring.' Instead of being mere comic writing, such incidents are in the highest epic taste of the meeting of extremes—of the impartial eye with which Nature regards high and low. So, give Ariosto his hippogriff, and other marvels with which he has enriched the stock of romance, and Nature takes as much care of the verisimilitude of their actions, as if she had made them herself. His hippogriff returns, like a common horse, to the stable to which he has been accustomed. His enchantment, who is gifted with the power of surviving decapitation, and pursuing the decapitator so long as a fated hair remains on his head, turns deadly pale in the face when it is scalped, and falls lifeless from his horse. His truth, indeed, is so genuine, and at the same time his style is so unaffected, sometimes so familiar in its grace, and sets us so much at ease in his company, that the familiarity is in danger of bringing him into contempt with the inexperienced, and the truth of being considered old and obvious, because the mode of its introduction makes it seem an old acquaintance. * * *

"Ariosto's animal spirits, and the brilliant hurry and abundance of his incidents, blind a careless reader to his endless particular beauties, which though he may too often 'describe instead of paint' (on account, as Foscolo says, of his writing to the many), show that no man could paint better when he chose. The bosoms of his females 'come and go like the waves on the sea-coast in summer airs.' His witches draw the fish out of the water

" 'With simple words and a pure warbled spell.'†

He borrows the word 'painting' itself, like a true Italian and friend of Raphael and Titian, to express the commiseration in the faces of the blest for the sufferings of mortality :

" 'Dipinte di pietade il viso pio.'‡

" Their pious looks painted with tenderness.

Jesus is very finely called, in the same passage, 'il sempiterno Amante,' the Eternal Lover. The female sex are the

" 'Schiera gentil che pur adorna il mondo.'§

" The gentle bevy that adorns the world.

He paints cabinet-pictures like Spenser, in isolated stanzas, with a pencil at once solid and light ; as in the instance of the charming one that tells the story of Mercury and his net ; how he watched the Goddess of Flowers as she issued forth at dawn with her lap full of roses and violets, and so threw the net over her 'one day,' and 'took her ;

" 'un dì lo prese.'||

" But he does not confine himself to these gentle

* Vengono e van, come onda al primo margo
Quando piacevole aura il mar combatte."‡

Canto vii. st. 14.

† "Con semplici parole e puri incanti."§

Canto vi. st. 38.

‡ Canto xiv. st. 79.

§ Canto xxviii. st. 98.

|| Canto xv. st. 57.

pictures. He has many as strong as Michael Angelo, some as intense as Dante. He paints the conquest of America in five words :

" 'Veggio da diece cacciar mille.'"

" I see thousands

Hunted by tens.

He compares the noise of a tremendous battle heard in the neighbourhood to the sound of the cataracts of the Nile :

" 'un alto suon ch' a quel s' accorda

Con che i vicin' cadendo il Nil assorda.'†

He 'scourges' ships at sea with tempests—say rather the 'miserable seamen;' while night-time grows blacker and blacker on the 'exasperated waters.'‡

Is not this excellent ? In the same genial spirit has he written upon Boiardo and Pulci. With respect to the latter, the critic's own universality has suggested to him the true solution of the mixture of gravity and absurdity in the 'Morgante Maggiore,' a mixture which has strangely puzzled the critics :

"One writer thinks he cannot but have been in earnest, because he opens every canto with some pious invocation ; another asserts that the piety itself is a banter ; a similar critic is of opinion, that to mix levities with gravities, proves the gravities to have been naught, and the levities all in all ; a fourth allows him to have been serious in his description of the battle of Roncesvalles, but says he was laughing in all the rest of his poem ; while a fifth candidly gives up the question, as one of those puzzles occasioned by the caprices of the human mind, which it is impossible for reasonable people to solve. Even Sismondi, who was well acquainted with the age in which Pulci wrote, and who, if not a profound, is generally an acute and liberal critic, confesses himself to be thus confounded. 'Pulci,' he says, 'commences all his cantos by a sacred invocation ; and the interests of religion are constantly intermingled with the adventures of his story, in a manner capricious and little instructive. We know not how to reconcile this monkish spirit with the semi-pagan character of society under Lorenzo de Medici, nor whether we ought to accuse Pulci of gross bigotry or of profane derision.' Sismondi did not consider that the lively and impassioned people of the south take what may be called household-liberties with the objects of their worship, greater than northerners can easily conceive ; that levity of manner, therefore, does not always imply the absence of the gravest belief ; that, be this as it may, the belief may be as grave on some points as light on others, perhaps the more so for that reason ; and that, although some poems, like some people, are altogether grave, or the reverse, there really is such a thing as tragedy-comedy both in the world itself and in the representations of it. A jesting writer may be quite as much in earnest when he professes to be so, as a pleasant companion who feels for his

* Canto xv. st. 23.

† Canto xvi. st. 56.

‡ Canto xviii. st. 142.

own or for other people's misfortunes, and who is perhaps obliged to affect or resort to his very pleasantry sometimes, because he feels more acutely than the gravest. The sources of tears and smiles lie close to, ay, and help to refine one another. If Dante had been capable of more levity, he would have been guilty of less melancholy absurdities. If Rabelais had been able to weep as well as to laugh, and to love as well as to be licentious, he would have had faith, and, therefore, support in something earnest, and not have been obliged to place the consummation of all things in a wine-bottle. People's every-day experiences might explain to them the greatest apparent inconsistencies of Pulci's muse, if habit itself did not blind them to the illustration. Was nobody ever present in a well-ordered family, when a lively conversation having been interrupted by the announcement of dinner, the company, after listening with the greatest seriousness to a grace delivered with equal seriousness, perhaps by a clergyman, resumed it the instant afterwards in all its gaiety, with the first spoonful of soup? Well, the sacred invocations at the beginning of Pulci's cantos were compliances of the like sort with a custom. They were recited, and listened to just as gravely at Lorenzo di Medici's table; and yet neither compromised the reciters, nor were at all associated with the enjoyment of the fare that ensued. So with regard to the intermixture of grave and gay throughout the poem. How many campaigning adventures have been written by gallant officers, whose animal spirits saw food for gaiety in half the circumstances that occurred, and who could crack a jest and a helmet perhaps with almost equal vivacity, and yet be as serious as the gravest at a moment's notice, mourn heartily over the deaths of their friends, and shudder with indignation and horror at the outrages committed in a captured city? It is thus that Pulci writes, full no less of feeling than of whim and mirth. And the whole honest round of humanity not only warrants his plan, but in the two-fold sense of the word embraces it."

After speaking of the 'unbounded tenderness' that beautifies Pulci's serious passages, he proceeds thus:

"A charm of another sort in Pulci, and yet in most instances, perhaps, owing the best part of its charmingness to its being connected with the same feeling, is his wit. Foscolo, it is true, says it is, in general, more severe than refined; and it is perilous to differ with such a critic on such a point; for much of it, unfortunately, is lost to a foreign reader, in consequence of its dependence on the piquant old Tuscan idiom, and on popular sayings and allusions. Yet I should think it impossible for Pulci in general to be severe at the expense of some more agreeable quality; and I am sure that the portion of his wit most obvious to a foreigner may claim, if not to have originated, at least to have been very like the style of one who was among its declared admirers—and who was a very polished writer—Voltaire. It consists in treating an absurdity with an air as if it were none; or as if it had been a pure matter of course, erroneously mistaken for an absurdity. Thus the good abbot, whose monastery is blockaded by the giants

(for the virtue and simplicity of his character must be borne in mind), after observing that the ancient fathers in the desert had not only locusts to eat, but manna, which he has no doubt was rained down on purpose from heaven, laments that the 'relishes' provided for himself and his brethren should have consisted of 'showers of stones.' The stones, while the abbot is speaking, come thundering down, and he exclaims, 'For God's sake, knight, come in, for the manna is falling!' This is exactly in the style of the 'Dictionnaire Philosophique.' So when Margutte is asked what he believes in, and says he believes in 'neither black nor blue,' but in a good capon, 'whether roast or boiled,' the reader is forcibly reminded of Voltaire's Traveller, *Scarmantado*, who, when he is desired by the Tartars to declare which of their two parties he is for, the party of the black-mutton or the white-mutton, answers, that the dish is 'equally indifferent to him, provided it is tender.'"

We must now turn to the last 'Memoir' in these volumes—that of Tasso. This perplexing and much-debated subject has been treated in a masterly manner by our author, who has not only sifted evidence with the acuteness of a philosopher, but has had the courage to look at the subject in its true light, leaving romance and sentiment to shift for themselves. The quantity of nonsense written about Tasso is an abuse of the privilege which biographers have of setting 'themselves down asses.' Professor Rosini, who edited Tasso's works, and who is a man of reputation in Italy, may be taken as a sample of the extravagances which are deemed permissible in transalpine literary criticism. In his 'Saggio sugli Amori di Tasso,' amidst a mass of sweeping assumptions and loose reasonings, he lays down this critical canon—that a man of an *ingegno severo*, like Tasso, would not deliberately write a falsehood; from which we are to conclude, that whenever he speaks in his verses of his lady-loves, what he says is strictly true. With such a canon a man may go a great way in criticism; with what result we shall leave our readers to determine. Tasso's life is in itself perplexing enough; we need no extra confusion on the part of biographers; many things in it will probably never be cleared up; but all that seems capable of explanation is, we believe, rightly explained by Leigh Hunt. One of the points worthy notice in his memoir, is the admirable manner in which the reader is prepared for Tasso's madness. This is one of the disputed subjects. Was Tasso mad, before imprisonment and ill-treatment drove him so? Sentimental biographers answer in the negative: foolishly enough, as it appears to us, since Tasso's imprisonment, though galling, was not accompanied by any degree of ill-treatment which could have

affected a sane mind. The disease was earlier. In the vivid picture of his restlessness, inconsequences, and perpetual suspicion, Leigh Hunt has shown us the mind diseased, which even before the imprisonment broke forth into frantic vehemence. Alfonso, whatever may have been his conduct afterwards, seems to have behaved kindly enough on first hearing of Tasso's outbreaks. He merely directed, in the mildest and most reasonable manner, that Tasso should be confined to his apartments, and put into the hands of a physician. This afflicted Tasso deeply: what step of the kind had ever any other effect upon an unsound mind? Yet he bore it in silence, and the duke took him to his beautiful country seat of Belriguardo; 'where, in one of his accounts of the matter, the poet says that he treated him as a brother; but in another he accuses him of having taken pains to make him criminate himself, and confess certain matters, real or supposed, the nature of which is a puzzle to posterity.' It was Belriguardo, as most of our readers will remember, that Göthe makes the scene of his exquisite dramatic poem, 'Torquato Tasso:' a work as profound as it is enchanting, but which takes the utmost poetical license with the history it treats of. Those persons who fancy that Alfonso imprisoned Tasso because he discovered the poet's love for the princess, forget that the occasion of the imprisonment was Tasso's furious outburst of indignation at not being sufficiently attended to, and his calling the court a 'ciurma di poltroni, ingrati, e ribaldi,' in a speech of 'good set terms,' but of very uncourtly flavour. Let us hear Leigh Hunt on this debated question:—

"The causes of Tasso's imprisonment, and its long duration, are among the puzzles of biography. The prevailing opinion, notwithstanding the opposition made to it by Serassi and Black, is, that the poet made love to the princess Leonora—perhaps was beloved by her; and that her brother the duke punished him for his arrogance. This was the belief of his earliest biographer, Manso, who was intimately acquainted with the poet in his latter days; and from Manso (though he did not profess to receive the information from Tasso, but only to gather it from his poems) it spread over all Europe. Milton took it on trust from him;* and so have our English translators Hoole and Wiffen. The Abbé de Charnes, however, declined to do so;† and Montaigne, who saw the poet in St. Anne's hospital, says nothing of the love at all. He attributes his condition to poetical excitement, hard study, and the meeting of the extremes of wisdom and folly. The philosopher, however, speaks of

the poet's having survived his reason, and become unconscious both of himself and his works, which the reader knows to be untrue. He does not appear to have conversed with Tasso. The poet was only shown him; probably at a sick moment, or by a new and ignorant official.* Muratori, who was in the service of the Este family at Modena, tells us, on the authority of an old acquaintance who knew contemporaries of Tasso, that the 'good Torquato' finding himself one day in company with the duke and his sister, and going close to the princess in order to answer some question which she had put to him, was so transported by an impulse 'more than poetical,' as to give her a kiss; upon which the duke, who had observed it, turned about to his gentlemen, and said: 'What a pity to see so great a man distracted!' and so ordered him locked up.† But this writer adds, that he does not know what to think of the anecdote: he neither denies nor admits it. Tiraboschi, who was also in the service of the Este family, doubts the truth of the anecdote, and believes that the duke shut the poet up solely for fear lest his violence should do harm.‡ Serassi, the second biographer of Tasso, who dedicated his book to an Este princess inimical to the poet's memory, attributes the confinement, on his own showing, to the violent words he had uttered against his master.§ Walker, the author of the 'Mémorial on Italian Tragedy,' says, that the life by Serassi himself induced him to credit the love story:¶ so does Ginguené.‡ Black, forgetting the age and illnesses of hundreds of enamoured ladies, and the distraction of lovers at all times, derides the notion of passion on either side; because, he argues, Tasso was subject to frenzies, and Leonora forty-two years of age, and not in good health.** What would Madame d'Houdetot have said to him? or Mademoiselle L'Épauvée? or Mrs. Inchbald, who used to walk up and down Sackville-street, in order that she might see Dr. Warren's light in his window? Foscolo was a believer in the love;†† Sismondi admits it;‡‡ and Rosini, the editor of the latest edition of the poet's

* In the 'Apology for Raimond de Sebonde;' Es-says, vol. ii., ch. 12.

† In his 'Letter to Zeno.'—Opere del Tasso, xvi., p. 118.

‡ 'Storia della Poesia Italiana.' (Mathias's edition), vol. iii. part i., p. 236.

§ Serassi is peremptory, and even abusive. He charges everybody who has said anything to the contrary with imposture. "Egli non v'ha dubbio, che le troppe imprudenti e temerarie parole, che il Tasso si lasciò uscir di bocca in questo incontro, furono la sola cagione della sua prigionia, e ch'è mera favola ed impostura tutto ciò, che diversamente è stato affermato e scritto da altri in tale proposito." Vol. ii., p. 33. But we have seen that the good Abbé could practise a little imposition himself.

¶ Black, ii., 88.

‡ 'Hist. Litt. d'Italie,' v. 243, &c.

** Vol. ii., p. 89.

†† Such at least is my impression; but I cannot call the evidence to mind.

‡‡ 'Literature of the South of Europe' (Roscoe's translation), vol. ii., p. 165. To show the loose way in which the conclusions of a man's own mind are presented as facts admitted by others, Sismondi says, that Tasso's 'passion' was the cause of his return to Ferrara. There is not a tittle of evidence to show for it.

* "Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam." &c.

† 'Vie du Tasse,' 1696, p. 51.

works, is passionate for it. He wonders how anybody can fail to discern it in a number of passages, which, in truth, may mean a variety of other loves; and he insists much upon certain loose verses (*lascivi*) which the poet, among his various accounts of the origin of his imprisonment, assigns as the cause, or one of the causes, of it.*

"I confess, after a reasonable amount of inquiry into this subject, that I can find no proofs whatsoever of Tasso's having made love to Leonora; though I think it highly probable. I believe the main cause of the duke's proceedings was the poet's own violence of behaviour, and incontinence of speech. I think it very likely that, in the course of the poetical love-making to various ladies, which was almost identical in that age with addressing them in verse, Torquato, whether he was in love or not, took more liberties with the princesses than Alfonso approved; and it is equally probable, that one of those liberties consisted in his indulging his imagination too far. It is not even impossible, that more gallantry may have been going on at court than Alfonso could endure to see alluded to, especially by an ambitious pen. But there is no evidence that such was the case. Tasso, as a gentleman, could not have hinted at such a thing on the part of a princess of staid reputation; and, on the other hand, the 'love' he speaks of as entertained by her for him, and warranting the application to her for money in case of his death, was too plainly worded to mean anything but love in the sense of friendly regard. 'Per amor mio' is an idiomatical expression, meaning 'for my sake'; a strong one, no doubt, and such as a proud man like Alfonso might think a liberty, but not at all of necessity an amatory boast. If it was, its very effrontery and vanity were presumptions of its falsehood. The lady whom Tasso alludes to in the passage quoted on his first confinement is complained of for her coldness towards him; and, unless this was itself a gentlemanly blind, it might apply to fifty other ladies besides the princess. The man who assaulted him in the streets, and who is supposed to have been the violator of his papers, need not have found any secrets of love in them. The servant at whom he aimed the knife or the dagger might be as little connected with such matters; and the sonnets which the poet said he wrote for a friend, and which he desired to be buried with him, might be alike innocent of all reference to Leonora, whether he wrote them for a friend or not. Leonora's death took place during the poet's confinement; and, lamented as she was by the verse writers according to custom, Tasso wrote nothing on the event. This silence has been attributed to the depth of his passion; but how is the fact proved? and why may it not have been occasioned by there having been no passion at all?

"All that appears certain is, that Tasso spoke violent and contemptuous words against the duke; that he often spoke ill of him in his letters; that

he endeavoured, not with perfect ingenuousness, to exchange his service for that of another prince; that he asserted his madness to have been pretended, in the first instance, purely to gratify the duke's whim for thinking it so (which was one of the reasons perhaps why Alfonso, as he complained, would not believe a word he said); and, finally, that, whether the madness was or was not so pretended, it unfortunately became a confirmed though milder form of mania, during a long confinement. Alfonso, too proud to forgive the poet's contempt, continued thus to detain him, partly perhaps because he was not sorry to have a pretext for revenge, partly because he did not know what to do with him, consistently either with his own or the poet's safety. He had not been generous enough to put Tasso above his wants; he had not address enough to secure his respect; he had not merit enough to overlook his reproaches. If Tasso had been as great a man as he was a poet, Alfonso would not have been reduced to these perplexities. The poet would have known how to settle quietly down on his small court-income, and wait patiently in the midst of his beautiful visions for what fortune had or had not in store for him. But in truth, he, as well as the duke, was weak; they made a bad business of it between them; and Alfonso the Second closed the accounts of the Este family with the Muses by keeping his panegyrist seven years in a mad-house, to the astonishment of posterity, and the destruction of his own claims to renown."

Did Tasso love three Leonoras; did he only love the princess? In one of his canzones (though we cannot at this moment recover the passage) he says, 'three have I sung; one only have I loved.' But this does not prove that the loved one was the princess; and as to the three Leonoras, modern criticism has amply demonstrated that there were only two—the princess and the Countess Scandiano. Goldoni, indeed, in his lively comedy of 'Tasso,' has given us the established three; and, curiously enough, while assuming as a matter of course that Tasso was in love with the princess ('*tutti sanno che il Tasso diventò innamorato della principessa*') he transforms this princess into an attendant at court, *out of respect for the illustrious family of Este*. 'Il rispetto per questa illustre casa, che regna amora in Italia, mi ha fatto cambiare nella mia commedia il grado di principessa in quello d'una marchesa, favorita del duca ed alla principessa attaccata.' Considering how much it was the custom for poets in those days to be enamoured (upon paper) of every beautiful woman; and how to such poetical attachment rank was no obstacle, nay, rather a stimulant; we may fairly accept Tasso's verses as amatory verses, without at all concluding that he was in love. But as the evidence either way is but vague, the sentimental may assume the truth of the traditional story, if they please. All we

* 'Saggiogl'Amori,' &c., ut sup., p. 84, and passim. As specimens of the learned professor's reasoning, it may be observed that whenever the words *humble, daring, high, noble, and royal*, occur in the poet's love-verses, he thinks they must allude to the Princess Leonora; and he argues, that Alfonso never could have been so angry with any '*versi lascivi*,' if they had not had the same direction."

stipulate for is, that they do not insist on this attachment being the occasion of his imprisonment. For ourselves, we have little faith in either of his three goddesses. It may be pleasant enough for a poet to have three mistresses to adore in verse: they stimulate his muse to variety; but we doubt the sincerity of the attachment so distributed. It reminds us of Meleager's epigram, in which, complaining of being smitten by the charms of three women at once, he asks whether Love has discharged three arrows into his heart, or whether he has *three hearts within him*:—

τριῖσαι μὲν Χάριτες, τρεῖς δὲ γλυκευτέρωνοι Ὀφραί
 τρεῖς δ' ἐμὲ θηλυμανεῖς οἰστροβολοῦσι πάθοι.
 ἢ γὰρ Ἐρως τρία τόξα κατέρυσεν, ὥς ἔρα μέλλων
 σὺχ' ἑμὴν τρώσειν, τρεῖς δ' ἐν ἐμοὶ καρδίας;*

which is a pretty conceit enough, but only a conceit. Tasso sings as amorously of the Scandiano as he does of the princess: a presumption that he loved neither; though the majority of critics look upon the countess as a stalking-horse, beneath whose cover he could pierce the heart of the princess. We again say, let the critics settle the matter: each as he pleases for himself, without attempting to force his convictions upon other people. Meanwhile, we cannot help regarding the view taken by Leigh Hunt as by far the most satisfactory.

There is one passage in this 'Memoir,' which we would have graven in letters of gold, and placed on the portals of every Pantheon. It is a clear and deep insight into that miserable fallacy 'the miseries of genius.' Listen, ye critics!

"Poor, illustrious Tasso! weak enough to warrant pity from his inferiors—great enough to overshadow in death his once-fancied superiors. He has been a byword for the misfortunes of genius; *but genius was not his misfortune; it was his only good, and might have brought him all happiness.* It is the want of genius, as far as it goes, and apart from martyrdoms for conscience' sake, which produces misfortune even to genius itself—the want of as much wit and balance on the common side of things, as genius is supposed to confine to the uncommon."

We must close our rambling notice of this beautiful book. Not a quarter of what we intended to say has been said, and yet our allotted space is filled. A book so suggestive, and embracing so wide a field, is an *embarras de richesses*, which, as far as 'articles' are concerned, impoverishes the critic. If we have brought, however, no quota of our own, we have compensated for the deficiency by presenting the reader with extracts from our author; which extracts,

* Epig. LIV. ed Jacobs. Anthol. Græca.

though not by any means the most attractive in the work, being selected in the course of discussion, will, we trust, create a strong desire for a more intimate acquaintance with the book itself. It is indeed a book which, to speak with Marlowe, contains

"Infinite riches in a little room."

ART. VI.—1. *Charakterzüge aus dem Leben des Königs von Preussen, Friedrich Wilhelm III.* (Traits of Character from the Life of Frederick William III., King of Prussia). Founded on Personal Observation, by FR. EYLER, Evangelical Bishop and Court-Precacher. Potsdam and Magdeburg. 1844, 1845.

2. *The Religious Life and Opinions of Frederick William III., King of Prussia.* (Extracts from the above.) By JONATHAN BIRCH. London. 1844.

3. *Das königliche Wort Friedrich Wilhelm III., König von Preussen; eine den Preussischen Ständen überreichte Denkschrift.* (The Royal Word of Frederick William III., King of Prussia; a Memorial presented to the States of Prussia.) By Dr. JOHN JACOBY. December, 1844.

In the clean and elegant town of Töplitz, amid the lonely Bohemian hills, where the most select sprigs of Prussian and Austrian gentility flock annually to refresh their jaded bodies with salubrious baths, there used (some ten or a dozen years ago) to be seen, regularly at a certain hour, a tall and well-built figure, of a sombre aspect and a measured stride, plainly clad, with an olive-coloured coat (sometimes a little the worse for wear), a white vest, gray trousers, a round hat on his head, and a walking-stick in his hand. Judging by the stiffness and solemnity of this personage, you might have taken him for a Methodist minister meditating a sermon; for a Scottish 'Dominie' pondering on the relative *qui, quæ, quod*; or, for a provincial stroller rehearsing to himself the part of the Ghost in 'Hamlet.' But if you wait a little, you will perceive that this judgment, like most others made on the first blush, is as superficial as it is precipitate, and very far wide of the truth. You will perceive that this personage, though courting solitude, a friend of silence and laconic in his phrase; though he will often stand for hours together on the banks of the large pond in Prince Clary's park, con-

templating the slow and solemn sailing of the stately swans; that this remarkably severe and solemn man is anything but a recluse; has, on the contrary, moved much in the great world; and is known and recognized by every baron and baroness in Töplitz as a person whom all are bound, and whom many of them delight, to honour. He is in fact a monarch; Frederick William III., King of Prussia; one of the most remarkable men of his age, if not by virtue of his overtopping personal qualities, certainly by the strange and eventful nature of his public history. Yet even as a private character you will find him not unworthy of a little passing observance; if he has got the prime exterior of a parading Prussian, he has also the true heart and the straightforward aspect of an honest German; and when you consider how much the character of an absolute monarchy like Prussia is moulded and modified by the personal qualities of the monarch, you may be apt to think that this ungainly and repulsive personage is a character that will richly reward the trouble of a more minute personal inspection. Frederick William, however formal and pedantic in his outward man, is evidently no mere player-king, speaking the speech exactly in all points as it is set down; you may rest assured, on the contrary, that behind this exact and measured exterior there dwells a soul not unfurnished with certain native ideas and purposes, that well know how to assert their own steady place in the world, and will not easily be jostled out of joint.

The number 40 seems to be a special favourite of the Fates in the advancing history of the house of Brandenburg. In 1640, the 'great elector' mounted the throne, to whom Prussia owes her first prominence over the mass of petty states with which she was originally confounded; in the year 1740, that greater Frederick began to reign, who first gave to Prussia the reality, as his grandfather had given it the name, of a European kingdom. Another century revolves; and the same year 40 witnesses the death of one sovereign who organized the commencement, and the succession of another who is destined to preside over the completion of the greatest social revolution effected without bloodshed that modern history records. Frederick William III., who lost the battle of Jena, in 1806, and called the Baron von Stein to his counsels, in 1808, died in the year 1840. In his character and policy, the seeds lie concealed of much that is full of important consequence in the present political and ecclesiastical aspect of one of the most rising states of Europe.

We shall endeavour, in the remarks that follow, to bring forward a few points of this European biography, the contemplation of which may enable us more perfectly, whether to understand the past or to anticipate the future of Prussian history.

One word, in the first place, on the author of the three volumes, the title of which is prefixed. A good biography of a king anywhere is a rarity; a good biography of a German continental absolutist, written by a German bishop, and father-confessor, immediately after the decease of its royal subject, is, as human nature goes, we may say shortly, an impossibility. Bishop Eylert's life of Frederick William, accordingly, exhibits in rich abundance every fault that might be expected to belong to it in the circumstances; it is prosy and discursive as the production of a German (for the Germans, once for all, as a general rule, cannot write biographies), eulogistic and exaggerated as the production of a courtier, submissive, subservient, and stupid as the production of a centralized Prussian, and an Erastianised bishop. Nevertheless, the book is a very useful book; and the bishop a man for whom we feel no vulgar respect. He has, indeed, said many things that he ought not to have said; and, on the other hand, refrained from saying much that he ought to have said; but for the one fault, that of superfluity, he has the double plea to urge that he is a German, and that he is an old man above seventy; while for his sins of omission he can state, that in Prussia many matters are considered as of private interpretation and professional decision, on which in England every drinker of port-wine or porter thinks himself privileged to descant. How honest, for instance, is the following prefatory confession:—

"The portrait which I have given," says the bishop, "is taken from the life, but it is incomplete; I do not exhibit the monarch to my readers as a soldier, or at the head of his army, not as a financier, nor as a ruler, not as a diplomatist, nor as a politician, in none of these most important relations of his public life, where he exerted his most remarkable influence; for these are matters, in fact, which I do not understand; and in matters which I do not understand, I can pass no judgment."

There is a certain humility here, which, like charity, may well be allowed to cover a multitude of sins; though we cannot help remarking, that in countries situated as Prussia at the present moment is, there may be as much of worldly convenience as of Christian self-restraint in the virtue. However, we shall think no evil; opinions on matters of this kind, like plants and animals, are liable to be affected not a little by the

atmosphere in which they grow ; and we agree entirely with the worthy bishop, that the root of the governor and the politician is to be found in the man and the Christian, whom he makes it his main business to characterize. Let us commence, therefore, under the guidance of the evangelical father-confessor, with a few of these personal traits.

The late King of Prussia, in his intellectual and moral character, was a true German ; but he possessed eminently rather the qualities which the German has in common with the Lowland Scot, than those other and characteristic elements which distinguish the Trans-Rhenane Teut from every other species of the same wide family. There are indeed, as all who are familiar with the Germans know, two kinds of men amongst them, both very German as opposed to Frenchman, Spaniard, or Italian, but opposed to each other by the strongest and most obstinate laws of natural temperament. There is what we may call the winged German and the walking German, or if you please, the ballooning German and the architectural German ; the soaring German, and the steady German ; the speculative German, and the practical German. The late King of Prussia belonged altogether to the latter class ; and was, in fact, according to the more common English idea of Germanism, more like a Scotchman than a German. Like the Scotchman, of a plain unpretending exterior, he was not less plain, discreet, and downright, in his whole cast of thought and tone of sentiment ; and though he was not without respect for Immanuel Kant—whom he called ‘ a strong soul in a weak body ;’ and even went so far as to call the transcendental Fichte to Berlin, when he had been expelled from Jena on a charge of atheism—yet was his nature anything but speculative ; he was prosaic, practical, and utilitarian in the highest degree ; and no professor of Calvinistic theology in the shrewd North ever expressed a greater abhorrence of German metaphysics than did Frederick William III. As his quiet and decent-minded brother, ‘ good Kaiser Franz,’ of Austria, used to say often very emphatically—‘ We want no CLEVER people’—so his Prussian majesty not less characteristically, but with infinitely more sense, used to repeat—‘ I want no phantoms and no phantasmagorias ; your fantastic gentlemen I cannot use ; PHANTASUS WAS THE BROTHER OF MORPHEUS.’ There is truth here and wit also ; for that morose and monosyllabic German mouth could at times, as the bishop assures us, expand itself, and give utterance to something like a French *bon mot* ; but still the characteristic feature

of his mind was that Scotch one of sound sense, and the general complexion of his existence the most bald and inveterate prose. A grand habitual antidote he did bear in his mind to that portentous effusion, and diffusion, and confusion, which is the besetting sin of German intellect ; and how often did he not, in the course of business, put a wise stop to the large discourses of his councillors, by the words—‘ *Gehört nicht hieher. Zur Sache! Zur Sache!* Nothing to do with the matter—to the point ! to the point !’ Intimately connected with this direct and blunt practicality was another feature in the king’s character ; and a feature more characteristically German ; a great love of truth and a detestation of anything in the shape of unsubstantial rhetoric, sounding compliment, and well-turned flattery ; for all these things are at the core essentially false ; and a direct, truthful, plain working-man can have nothing to do with them. He showed, also, no vulgar insight into Christian ethics, when he said that, ‘ *acting against a man’s conviction is the sin against the Holy Ghost, which cannot be forgiven.*’ Of his general regard for truth the following interesting traits are given by the bishop :—

“ Once, when the king was entering a considerable town, the superintendent of the place thought proper to greet him with a eulogistic address. Frederick interrupted him, turning indignantly to the adjutant, Colonel Witzleben, ‘ This is not to be endured—the man speaks plain untruths.’ Then taking out the paper upon which the names of those invited to the afternoon entertainment stood, with his own hand he scored the name of the superintendent out.

“ A young man possessing good talents and much fluency, and furnished with high testimonials, had been proposed as preacher to the division of guards. He was permitted to preach his trial sermon in the presence of the king in the court and garrison church at Potsdam. He here discoursed eloquently upon Christian heroism, but making use of unmeasured encomiums upon the conduct of the king and the Prussian army, the former, who at other times sat there listening with undivided attention to all he heard, lost his equanimity, and rising, looked round the church. As his eye rested on me, in his displeasure, he added, ‘ The preacher has certainly not studied the Holy Scriptures, at least he has not learnt their *spirit*, or he would have known well that the inspired writings never flatter men, but, on the contrary, humble them. A preacher who makes my troops feel their self-sufficiency, and puts them asleep when he ought to rouse them, I will not endure.’

“ In 1809, when the king with his family returned to Berlin, according to his former practice, he attended the celebration of the Lord’s supper in the church at Potsdam with the congregation. The moving and elevating spectacle of a sovereign and his people uniting on such consecrated ground,

affected every heart so much that I thought some allusion to the circumstance was necessary. But trifling as the allusion was it displeased him. 'I thank you for your sermon,' he said, afterwards; 'it was an excellent one, and it edified me. But it is painful to me when, in the preaching of the divine word, any mention is made of my name, especially in the way of praise.' I answered that his feelings on this subject were known to me, and that I honoured such sentiments; but that in present circumstances the people would have been disappointed in their justest expectations, had I passed over in utter silence the subject which warms all hearts. I added, 'If, however, on that account, I have displeased you, yet may the good intentions which I had excuse me.' The memorable words of the king in answer to me were, 'Your good intentions I have by no means mistaken, but I believe there is no king in a church in the eyes of God, no distinctions, no merit. The more earnestly, and freely, and without respect of persons, a man preaches God's word, the more will I esteem him. The public worship of God, and the participation in it, is meant to improve man, and on that account real truth and disagreeable truth must be spoken as well to master as to servant.'

Beautifully illustrative of this deep-rooted love of truth in the royal breast, is the following reminiscence from the king's own mouth, of his early intercourse with the great Frederick in his latter days. It concludes with a prophetic intimation of the French revolution, inferior in interest and significance to nothing of the kind that is recorded:

"Yes! a truly great man. On this very spot it was, here on this seat, that I saw and spoke to him for the last time. He was full of kindness and tenderness. He examined me on the different subjects of study in which I was then receiving instruction, especially in history and mathematics.

"He made me converse with him in French; and then took out of his pocket Lafontaine's fables, one of which he made me translate. By mere chance it happened to be one that I had read before with my tutor; and when he began praising me for my performance, I told him so. Immediately his earnest countenance brightened up, he stroked me gently on the cheeks, and added, '*So ist's recht, lieber Fritz*,—that's the right plan, my dear Fritz, always honest and without concealment. Never wish to seem what you are not; always be more than you appear.' These words made a deep impression upon me; and dissimulation and misrepresentation of every kind I have, from my earliest years, held in the greatest detestation and abhorrence.

"He exhorted me particularly to cultivate the French language: the language of diplomacy over the whole world, and by its flexibility peculiarly adapted for that purpose. And, in fact, I do speak it (for it is more pliant) with greater readiness than German; but still I like the German better. Then, on dismissing me, Frederick, I remember, spoke seriously to this effect. 'Now, Fritz, *werde was tüchtiges par excellence*. Learn to do something thorough in the world. There are great events waiting for you. I am at the end

of my career, and my work will soon be finished. I am afraid things will go *pêle-mêle* in the world when I am gone. Everywhere I see a great deal of fermenting matter; and the men that should regulate and lay the approaching disturbance, especially in France, do all that they can to nourish it. The masses are already beginning to move up from below; and when this comes to an outbreak, *da ist der Teufel los—then the devil is loose*. I fear you will have hard work of it some day. Make yourself ready: keep yourself in training; be firm. Remember me. Guard our honour and our fame. DO INJUSTICE TO NO MAN; BUT LET NO MAN DO INJUSTICE TO YOU.'"

But the most prominent feature in the character of the late Prussian sovereign, and one which seems to have been communicated to the present monarch, was his profound reverence for religion, and his conscientious supervision of ecclesiastical matters. As Dr. Arnold said of Sir Robert Peel, that he has an idea on the subject of the currency, and will, therefore, show constancy and consistency in that region, however he may vacillate elsewhere; so we may say truly of Frederick William III., that if many parts of his political conduct are inexplicable on any constant principle, his ecclesiastical views are always the same. In this part of his character, also, the Prussian monarch showed more of the Scottish, than of the Saxon Teut. The Scot and the Saxon are, indeed, both pre-eminently religious; but the piety of one is more closely bound to definite dogma and external institution, while that of the other partakes more largely of discursive speculation and desultory sentiment. From everything of this kind, so common among German philosophers, theologians, and poets, the plain, practical, prosaic mind of Frederick William III. was particularly averse; and instead of the new lights by which Hegel taught the modern divines to interpret the Nicæan doctrine of the Trinity, his majesty preferred the old and obsolete guidance of Luther and Melancthon. He was, indeed, not only a most pious, sincere and serious Protestant Christian, but like our notable James I. (with infinitely greater sense), a theologian, and like his son Charles, a manufacturer of liturgies. The deeply religious tone of Frederick William's mind sprang, no doubt, from an original and essential element of his character; but it received its full development, as the religious faculty not unfrequently does, in his years of deep personal affliction and public prostration; in the years 1807-8-9, when Napoleon had forced him to flee from the sight of his own enslaved capital to the far banks of the Pregel at Königsberg. Here the humbled monarch found that spiritual consolation of which he stood

in need, in the evangelic words of Archbishop Borowsky, a man whom he always looked up to with such emotions of reverence and gratitude, as belong to the converted man when he contemplates the apostolic agent of his conversion. In Borowsky the wounded majesty of Prussia found a healing power, that, on a mind constituted as his was, neither the profound subtlety of Kant, nor the iron energy of Fichte, was calculated to exercise. The following extract is characteristic :—

“ You must contemplate Borowsky as a prophet of the Old Testament, and an apostle of the New ; or, if this is saying too much, at least, look upon him as a true copy of this original type. Everything in him bears the stamp of his position—suggestive and solid, gentle, and serene, artless and simple, truthful and open. The Christian minister only is seen and heard in him, free from all affectation and all pedantry. And so it shall and must be ; and so it ever is when the vocation to which a man has devoted himself has penetrated his heart so as to become his second nature. It is this that is wanting in the clergymen of our times. Every profession gives to him who lives and breathes in it a peculiar and recognizable impress. The jurist is rooted in positive law and rests there ; the philosopher in the subtlety of the thoughts which are ever passing through his speculative understanding ; the physician in his search after the laws and powers of Nature. To the soldier the word of command is ‘ rule and type.’ Each of these vocations has its allotted sphere to cultivate ; and it is to the limited nature of this sphere that all its consistency, steadiness, and calmness are owing—this gives it at once a sure centre and a wide circumference.

“ On the other hand, I find in the clergymen of our age a visible and tangible indefiniteness and desultoriness of character—an irresolution, a guessing, an imagining, a play of opinion ; now this way, now that way, to suit the many-coloured and changing ideas of the age.

“ I am aware that the stagnation of religion in a nation is corruption and death ; but indecision begets insecurity, and in the fluctuation we lose hold of the basis and firm foundation on which we ought to rest. Perfectionation is the ever restless grand impulse of humanity ; but without a deep, solid foundation, no advance can be made towards this ; and what with the charm of novelty for a certain period may look like progress, is found afterwards to be but a vague wandering about and beating of the bush, in which real experience is lost, and a wild, hazardous, experimenting supplies its place. In a Christian clergyman I at least desire a man, who, both in word and deed, shows that he is impressed with the deep conviction that he is the servant of the Church. This is seen in many in nothing but their priestly garments—it is lost when in coloured and modish clothing they mix with the world around them. I am certainly not of opinion that the doctrinal scheme of the Church, according to its symbolical books, ought to be considered perfect, and remain for ever as it is ; I am convinced rather that the Church would be revived and would develope

and retain a fresh and vigorous existence were it to enrich itself out of the inexhaustible fulness of God's word, and restricting itself to this decisive authority still further to make use of the results of the progressive age for its own advantage.

“ But a fixed system, in which she is what she is, and will be, and shall be, and by which she separates herself from other bodies, the Church must have, and moreover must watch over, as over a sacred possession ; because only by means of a common element can a Christian community exist, and only in a community is there a cementing and self-preserving power. But where that which is the object of the Church's Faith is lost and split into opposing countless individual opinions, each man making a new religion to himself, instead of accepting the one religion given to him in the Scriptures, and where men are allowed to use such discretionary power and to call it Protestantism, the inevitable result will be that they will go on protesting till not one iota of the tenor and substance of Biblical Christianity is left remaining.”

These sentiments, so familiar to us in this country, where most persons that are Christians at all are so as believers in a strictly miraculous and supernatural communication, might not be worth quoting at such length in this place, were it not that this very matter of religion, in this very shape of a fixed and definite super-naturalism as opposed to a more free and floating rationalism, is one of the great questions now agitated between the German people, and the present King of Prussia. The struggle is not merely between bureaucrats and constitutionalists, between central uniformity and local variety ; but eminently and decidedly between one religious party of which the watchword is Church, and another of which the watchword is Freedom. It is a dangerous thing indeed, in some sense, for a people to have a very religious sovereign ; at least all the great civil wars in Europe during the last three hundred years have been excited and cherished by the zeal of eminently religious kings. Ferdinand of Austria, in the year 1618, and Charles of England in 1638, equally set their kingdoms in a blaze by their piety. Genius of any kind, indeed, military no less than religious, is dangerous upon a throne ; not because genius is a bad thing anywhere, but because it is often unaccompanied with sense : and genius with a sceptre in one hand, and a sword in the other, is a thing of all others the most apt to become despotical. We shall not, therefore, be surprised if we find the mild, sober, and tolerant personal piety of Frederick William III., taking a form upon the throne, in little distinguishable from the most obdurate bigotry and systematic intolerance. Most interesting and instructive in this view is the following passage, in which the royal theo-

logian himself, with a curious casuistry (of which we have familiar examples nearer home), draws the line of distinction between the private conscience of the citizen, and the state conscience of the monarch. In his private capacity, according to this doctrine, the crowned individual must be comprehensively tolerant, and delicately polite; in the performance of his public duties intolerance may often become a necessary first principle, and persecution a natural result.

"The often repeated sentiment of Frederick the Great—'In my kingdom every man may go to heaven in his own way,' is one to which I cannot give my unconditional assent. Taken with reference to individuals indeed, and single cases, the maxim is not merely perfectly safe, but absolutely imperative. No man, no ruler, has the right to prescribe to another what he shall believe; faith cannot be commanded; it is the freest possible act of a free mind. Every man appropriates to himself and assimilates the objects of his faith according to his capacities and temperament; this man with the understanding, that with the heart. A perfect unanimity in matters of this kind is an impossibility. And if an attempt is made to force such unanimity by the imposition of external forms, this outward compulsion must always remain a dead letter; nay, worse, it will even excite hatred and opposition, for this plain reason, that the mind of man, as soon as it begins to think, must assert its liberty in all directions, and especially in the dominion of religion. Here to maintain independent dignity, and to enjoy absolute liberty are necessary correlatives.

"So far Frederick's maxim is correct; and is the best practical rule that can be given to guard society against the evils of intolerance and sectarian hatred; but it becomes wrong and false whenever it is attempted to be applied to the serious relation in which a Protestant monarchy stands to a Protestant Church. This church came into existence at first, only by the protecting power of those princes who adhered to its principles; and only by their subscription and executorial power did the Augsburg Confession receive public sanction and ecclesiastical authority. The reformers, in order to give stability and permanence to the new Church, placed it under the protection of the supreme territorial authorities, and these are, therefore, the born patrons of the Church. This protectorate, by the free act of the Church, made their sacred duty, and intimately connected with everything that possesses intense vitality under their government, has, by the peace of Westphalia, been secured as the sacred right of the princes of Germany. They must, therefore, take the Evangelical Church of the country under their protection, and this can, in common sense, mean nothing else than that they must watch over the maintenance and operative power of the fixed leading principles which constitute the spirit and the substance of the Evangelical Church; and through which, and in which, she has become that which she is, by which she distinguishes herself from other communions, and specially from the Roman Catholic; principles, in short, which she cannot surrender and lose, without giving up her own

character and losing her own existence. For wherever this ordering, controlling, and leading hand is absent, the arbitrary will of the individual becomes supreme; and everywhere, in the state as well as in the Church, there is nothing more terrible than individual caprice. This lawless power having no boundaries to keep, scatters the seeds of destruction around; all ties are loosened, and social dissolution is the unavoidable consequence.

"I am the decided enemy of every hierarchy, because it is opposed to the spirit of Christianity, and I detest above all things its despotical government; but if the Evangelical Church is without all government, and if every clergyman is to have the right and the liberty to administer the sacrament according to his private opinion and caprice, if he may preach and teach in one congregation so, and in the other congregation so, then all organic connection is dissolved, and to talk of a confession of faith of the Evangelical Church (though every church must have some confession or other), becomes a practical absurdity. The ecclesiastical element thus becomes identified with the whirl of every momentary and ephemeral idea, and amid choosing and rejecting, building up and pulling down, gradually undermines the evangelical faith of the people. The children have then a different faith from their parents; family worship and domestic piety have no longer any nucleus round which they can form, and public worship loses every charm, and the Church itself all binding power and authority. Binding, cementing, and controlling liturgical forms are, therefore, according to the precedent of the reformers, an essential want of the evangelical as of every other church.

"These prescribed forms are by no means the essentials of religion, but they are the encircling and preserving case of vital piety, and this often vanishes when these are broken down. The great matter always is, that the officiating clergyman shall know how to keep himself at a distance from a mere cold and dead mechanism, and to breathe into the simple and noble form the animating and elevating spirit which belongs to it. When this is done, the stable uniformity and the constant recurrence of these forms is, in fact, the very thing which clothes them with a peculiar charm; for it is consistent with the testimony of all experience that Christian congregations, of the middle and lower classes especially, are so much the more edified with these forms the more familiarly and fondly they recur to them, as to a sure guide and a clear light amid the constant changes of earthly existence. I have thought and read much on this matter, *pro* and *con*, and what I have stated is my decided and well proved conviction, of which no man shall rob me."

This whole passage is pregnant with instruction; and equally so, whether we apply it as an interpreter to explain the most notable ecclesiastical events in Prussia since the peace, or as a prophet to predict the result of the struggle at present going on beyond the Elbe, between the Prussian people and the Prussian government. In the one application we see clearly how the same sovereign, who offered his territory as an asylum to the expatriated victims of Austrian

bigotry in the Tyrol, could lend his countenance and his arm to the expulsion of the pious old Lutherans from Silesia. In the other application, we see how evangelical piety, inherited from his father, has, in the person of the present sovereign, become a synonym for bigotry, methodism, and every sort of selfish narrow-mindedness. In an absolute monarchy, indeed, where the personal feelings of the king are at no point separable from the public law of the land, a zealously religious man almost necessarily becomes an energetic Erastian; he studies Luther and Melancthon, he determines the number of the sacraments, he makes and unmakes bishops, he edits a new version of the hymn-book, he fuses old Calvinists and Lutherans into one new 'EVANGELICAL' Church; and in so doing, while matters proceed smoothly enough with an indifferent or a submissive people, he now and then stumbles on a stump of obstinate old orthodoxy; and in this case, if he will not say *peccavi* (which a king and a public man can rarely do), he becomes, with all his piety and peacefulness, a Henry VIII., and nothing less, in principle; and he also must victimise his score of Sir Thomas Mores, or other worthies, though in a bloodless fashion, by the more decent and temperate martyrdom of the nineteenth century. Such has hitherto been the history of 'evangelical' piety on the throne of Prussia; while its present workings and expected explosions chain the eye of the reflective, before all other parts of Europe, chiefly on Breslau, on Königsberg, and on Berlin.

Let us now, to complete the outline, cast a glance on the political and military aspect of his majesty's character; and here we cannot do better than choose as our text the short characteristic of the Prussian monarch given by his great adversary, Napoleon: '*Le roi de Prusse, comme caractère privé, est un loyal, bon, et honnête homme; mais dans sa capacité politique c'est un homme naturellement pitié à la nécessité; avec lui on est le maître tant qu'on a la force, et qui la main est levée.*'* Now, if the part of this portraiture which relates to the king's political character be softened down a little, and expressed in phrase a trifle more polite, it seems to give the whole truth of the matter, so far as we can judge, fairly enough. In the political career of Frederick William III. we see nothing of that consistent and homogeneous character which is impressed on his ecclesiastical movements; an incoherent alternation of caution and rashness, liberalism at the helm to-day, and despotism to-morrow,

indicate plainly enough that in this sphere the ostensible leader of affairs was in reality led, and that the royal movements were in all cases the result, not the cause, of the circumstances with which they were connected. We have, therefore, to seek for the political history of Frederick William III. more in the times than in the man; for he was, in fact, nothing of a born king and a ruler of men; the great stage of public life was not his natural element; and he was by temperament utterly ignorant of the grand, and to kingly actions in critical times indispensable, science of DARING. He had one great virtue, however, which our Charles I. did not possess; he had modesty and sense enough, when necessity pressed hard, to allow himself to be used by those circumstances which he could not control. If he could not be the steam in the coach, as little would he be the drag, much less would he be the impertinent peg, that by pushing itself in at every hole, where it was not required, might even cause an explosion. In his long reign of forty-three years, while, on the one hand, ill-timed timidity and vacillation had reduced the kingdom of the great Frederick almost to the bounds of the original electorate; on the other hand, well-timed decision and steady resolution achieved in the course of a few years a social regeneration in Prussia, more important in its consequences than the political importance acquired to the same country by the European renown of the famous Seven Years' War. A man naturally cautious, and a king essentially conservative, the preacher of moderation and progressive development in all things, became, in fact, under the sudden pressure of urgent circumstances, a bold state surgeon, amputating limbs by wholesale, cutting off thousands of legs (as Nero wished to do necks) at one fell swoop: was, unquestionably, as one of his own academical men said, 'the most radical reformer in Europe.' Such an excellent thing is it, when a man, however far out of his natural place, still retains that one virtue, which is the soil of many virtues, docility, or the capacity of benefiting by the hard lessons of experience!

The first great era in the king's political life is that from his accession, in 1797, to the battle of Jena, in October, 1806. Frederick William III. found his kingdom isolated from the great European alliance against France, by the peace of Basle, made in 1795. At what period precisely he should have taken up arms against the even more glaring acts of Gallic insolence, we shall not undertake to decide; certain it is, that he took them up at the very time when he ought not to have done so; and the

* 'Las Cases, in Fain. 1813. Vol. i., p. 99.

crowned Corsican, by the slowness and indecision of his adversary, had the full advantage, with regard to Germany, of that old Roman maxim, so skilfully exhibited by the sententious Tacitus, '*Dum singuli pugnant, universi vincuntur.*' But on this part of the king's conduct, so unlike the bold preventive style of his great ancestor, we have the benefit of direct evidence from a man who could say of those eventful days with a more just pride than any man in Prussia, '*Et quorum pars magna fui.*' In Von Gagern's correspondence with Stein,* we have the following most instructive utterances from the fiery old baron:—

"It was not Frederick William II.," says he, commenting on Gagern, "but his successor, Frederick William III., who is to be blamed for the long duration of the peace with France. The former wished for war—loved war—hated the French, and allowed the peace of Basle to be made against his will: and there was nothing for which he was so eager as that it should be broken with all possible convenience. He was well read in history, and with his high notions of royal dignity could not but be sensibly alive to the danger that threatened Europe from French preponderance. Had this king been alive in 1799 he would have taken part in the war against France. Both with the army and with the people at that time there was a very general desire for war. Neither were the ministers to blame. Lombard was not a shallow nor a weak man; as little was Haugwitz. Both had good understandings, the former a great deal of classical learning, a thorough knowledge of French literature, and no vulgar poetical talents. Both were immoral and *roués*; Lombard of low birth (his father was a wigmaker, and therefore he often used to say *mon père de poudreuse memoire*), both having been bred in the licentious school of Riezen and Lichtenau. Haugwitz wished war in 1799. In the conference which he, the Duke of Brunswick, and the king, held at Petershagen in May, 1809, war was in fact resolved on, and Prussia was to take part with Russia. Haugwitz went to Berlin for the purpose of arranging the final details with Count Panin. The king, however, on the road from Minden to Wesel, took back his resolution, gave Haugwitz instructions to back out of the matter the best way he could, and the event is known to all the world. The discontent in Prussia at this impolitic hesitation and delay was universal. At this time Haugwitz should have given in his resignation."

This not merely on Stein's authority, but on due consideration of the late king's character, and reviewing the whole circumstances of the war in 1806, we take to be the real state of the case. If the vain confidence of the Prussian aristocracy is most righteously called on to bear one-third of the burden of Jena, and if another third is no less justly (as in all military matters it

ought to be) laid on the charge of CHANCE, to complete the prostrating forces, we must call in the doubtful and undecided temper, the vacillations and tergiversations of Frederick William III. Weakness upon a throne, indeed, never was capable of anything better: and as a politician, so far as we have been able to see, the late majesty of Prussia was essentially weak. Of a piece with this ill-omened beginning is the whole after-course of his public life; nowhere do we find him acting on any other principle than that negative one of all weaklings and cowards—*don't be in a hurry, don't anticipate Providence, wait upon God*; and as caution sometimes is a virtue, and much oftener than rashness leads to a safe result, so we find that, after the event, when it has happened to turn out in his favour, the doubt and the delay of a weak man, whom nature never equipped to sit upon a throne, becomes, in the courtly style of episcopal and bureaucratic eulogisers, the most rare wisdom and most prophetic intuition. Bishop Eylert, professing as he does to abstain altogether from the difficult science of politics, descants nevertheless* with considerable pomp of words, on the extraordinary sagacity of Frederick William in 1811 and in 1812, when all his best advisers and the substantial men in his service were eager for a league with Russia; but this lauded perspicacity of royal vision was in fact nothing more than the same spirit of doubt and indecision that had brought the same sovereign, to his own utter shame and ruin, to refrain from war in 1799 and 1806, nothing higher than the vulgar instinct of choosing the side which seems the safer for the day, and waiting the moment when a man may afford to act rashly at the least possible risk to his own flesh. The king waited in 1811 till he had seen what 1812 might produce. The thing produced happened to be the thing desired; but what if the contrary had chanced?—what if Napoleon (a thing certainly within the fairest range of probability) had succeeded as well against the modern 'Scythians' as Alexander the Great did against the ancient?—where was Prussia then? Bound neck and heel at the foot of haughty Gaul, with the one favourable opportunity of shaking off the hated yoke, lost perhaps for ever. Let us hear, therefore, no more empty laudations of the political sagacity of Frederick William III., in 1811, or at any other period. He understood Luther, and the Lutheran liturgy; but he did not understand politics. Not even in 1808, when he made Baron

* 'Anthetti,' iv., 48.

Stein his minister, and forged his famous Agrarian Law, was Frederick William III. a great legislator; nor in 1811, when he made Blücher, and Scharnhorst, and Gneisenau his generals, was he a great commander; but in both cases greatness was forced upon him; in the one case by the battle of Jena, in the other case by the people of Prussia, and he received it (to this praise he is well entitled) in both cases not ungraciously.

There is one more point yet remaining, and it is a sad one. The King of Prussia, in his private character, was, as we have seen, remarkable for nothing more than for his plain, direct, unvarnished manner, and for his love of truth. But in his public character we see him publicly arraigned by his own people as a deceiver and a liar; as a person at least who, on the pledge of certain solemn promises, induced his people to hazard their lives for his safety, and then, when that safety was secured, found it inconvenient to attempt the fulfilment of the self-imposed obligation. The matter is well known, and does not require any detailed exhibition in this place. We merely state it as a fact known to all who take any interest in continental politics, that in the year 1808, under the pressure of necessity, Frederick William III. called men to his counsels who were of decidedly liberal opinions, and originated not a few measures of a decidedly popular character; that under the fresh impulse and salutary inspiration of these measures, the tremendous struggle of 1813 was begun and carried to a successful conclusion chiefly by the efforts of Blücher, Gneisenau, and the Prussian people, emphatically so called; and that in furtherance of these popular measures, and under the influence of that liberal inspiration, the late King of Prussia, in May, 1815 (in anticipation of the renewed contest at Waterloo), gave a deliberate public promise to his people that he would grant them a representative constitution in conformity with the demands of the age. Now it is quite true that promises of this kind relating to complex social changes, even when given with the most honest purpose, and acted upon with the most zealous diligence, cannot be fulfilled, for the most part, so soon as either party would desire; but it is equally certain that the space of twenty-five years—a quarter of a century—is long enough for an absolute monarch of ordinary vigour and determination, in ordinary circumstances, to take steps for carrying his expressed will into execution. Frederick William III., however, lived exactly a quarter of a century after the giving of this public pledge, in the midst of

his loyal subjects at Berlin, and Europe still looks in vain for the assembling of a national parliament on the banks of the Spree, and for the re-echoing of a free popular voice from the Rhine to the Niemen. So far from this, we have seen Prussia since the paltry proceeding against the students in 1817, closely banded with Metternich, Gentz, and the other minions of Kaiser Franz at Frankfort, in what we cannot designate otherwise than as a secret conspiracy to rob the German people of their dear-bought political liberties, and to reduce the royal word* of the King of Prussia, in its practical operation, as much as possible, to a mockery and a sham. The conclusion from all this is, that his late majesty, in the matter of the constitution, was either a liar meaning purposely to deceive, or a political weakling unable to carry his own plans into execution, and shrinking dastardly from the spirit which himself had raised. The former supposition is altogether inconsistent with his known character; there remains only the latter; and it is a supposition in perfect consistency both with his previous political conduct, and with the opinion of Napoleon already quoted, that in political matters his late majesty was the child of circumstance and the slave of necessity; not to be trusted unless when the arm of chastisement stood ready uplifted to enforce a prompt and decided obedience. The same pliability of temper, that after the battle of Jena, when the aristocratic party failed him, threw the royal pleasure of Prussia into the hands of Stein and other constitutional reformers, did, after Waterloo, prepare him, as swiftly as decency would allow, for sinking back into the arms of the old bureaucratic party that now, when the storm had been weathered by better men, dexterously played themselves back into place. Once in possession of the royal ear, these men had no difficulty in conjuring up a thousand phantoms of conspiracies and convulsions, rebellions and revolutions, to work upon his large organ of caution and conservativeness; and though they could not induce him, being an honest man, deliberately to recall his word, they supplied him with reason after reason sufficiently weighty to make

* "Charles I. sent a message to parliament wherein he desired the houses' charity to let him know whether they will rest upon his *royal promise* in favour of their liberties; which promise he had made at several times, and chiefly by the lord keeper's speech made in his own presence. If they rely on it, he assured them it should be *really and royally* performed."—*Hume*.

It seems to be implied here that the word of a king, like that of a Quaker, is as good as another man's oath. Let history be consulted.

him delay its execution from day to day, and from year to year; till at last, after twenty-five years' waiting for the more convenient season, the fond old promiser dropt quietly into his grave, leaving the double legacy of royal perjury and popular resentment to his successor. Such a kingly game of shuffling the cards with solemn pledges and promises was played in Britain by several crowned individuals in succession, at various periods preceding the year 1688. What it led to then in our island all true Britons now, both Whigs and Tories, contemplate with satisfaction; what it may lead to on the banks of the Spree, at the present hour, the living Majesty of Prussia ought certainly, while it is yet time, in all seriousness to consider.

ART. VII.—1. *Geschichte der französischen Revolution bis auf die Stiftung der Republik.* (History of the French Revolution up to the establishment of the Republic.) By F. C. DAHLMANN. Leipzig. 1845.

2. *Geschichte des Zeitalters der Revolution, Vorlesungen an der Universität zu Bonn im Sommer 1829, gehalten von B. G. NIEBUHR.* (History of the Age of the Revolution, a Course of Lectures delivered at the University of Bonn in 1829.)

OF the mere course of events during the French Revolution it can scarcely be possible that much remains to be told. From the multitude of elaborate narratives to which the great convulsion has furnished a subject, as well as from the newspapers, pamphlets, and memoirs which illustrate it, no portion of history has attained equal publicity. It is true that many curious questions are still unsolved, because the transactions which they concern were in their nature secret, as the earlier treasons of the Duke of Orleans, or the machinery by which leaders such as Danton or Hebert directed the ruffians of the suburbs to the perpetration of any convenient sedition or murder: but these obscure details are either lost for ever, or only to be recovered by accident—the historian has little chance of further success in his researches. More may remain to be done in the negative direction, by stripping off the picturesque covering which the French have so liberally bestowed on their history, in emulation of Barrère and Napoleon. The celebrated scene of the sinking of the *Vengeur* is probably one of a hundred brilliant epi-

sodes in the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire, which, originating in pure fiction, have become in France articles of national faith. Many of Mirabeau's happiest bursts of eloquence,—above all, his celebrated defiance of the king in the person of the astonished master of the ceremonies, appear to be as entirely fabulous as some of Napoleon's most celebrated evolutions; and if the greatest of French orators and of French generals thought their exploits incomplete without the aid of fiction, it is not too much to suspect the literal veracity of their inferiors, and to fear that wherever we meet with an unusually successful piece of stage effect, the imagination of the narrator has been at work. Perhaps it is desirable that this duty of sceptical criticism, which certainly will never be undertaken by the French, should also be declined by the perfidious enemies of France and of the human race, our cold-blooded countrymen, and left to the future industry of Germans, who deserve and have the credit of comparative impartiality and conscientious industry. After all, the exposure of misrepresentations of particular events is a matter rather of literary curiosity than of historical importance.

However little novelty the historian can hope to attain in the materials of his narrative, there is still abundant room for the exercise of judgment in arranging them, and in appreciating their tendency and effect. As yet no single writer has made the Revolution his own, in the sense in which portions of ancient history belong to Thucydides and Tacitus. The greater French historians of the present age have declined the task, and Thiers, the most celebrated of those who have undertaken it, seems deliberately to affect and cultivate a spirit of partisanship, where impartiality would be easier as well as better. In England the cognate failing of affected toleration and sympathy for opponents is not uncommon, producing perhaps less injustice but far more platitudes. Mr. Alison, though it has been said that he writes to prove that Providence was on the side of the Tories, often seems to suspect that right and wisdom were on the side of the Jacobins, even in their worst excesses. Neither his laborious work, nor the hasty compilation of Scott, forms so valuable a contribution to history as the singular work of Mr. Carlyle, which, with all its appearance of reckless irregularity and brilliant wilfulness, expresses the results of a profound and original judgment, in the graphic reality with which the characteristic and prominent scenes of the Revolution are represented. As a work of art, however, Carlyle's history appeals to a

taste which, even among sensible and judicious readers, is not universal, and in all cases it presupposes or requires considerable supplementary knowledge. To those who prefer more regular drawing, even though the picture should be less like life, we can recommend Dahlmann's well-written and instructive work. He offers it as a continuation of his 'History of the English Revolution,' formerly noticed in this Review; but we think he does injustice to the present publication. Containing the events of four years in the space which, in the former book, was allotted to two centuries, the work before us is an interesting narrative, instead of a comparatively dry and colourless summary of events. The author admits that the time is not yet come for him to look at his book without personal feeling, 'and judge from my own impressions, whether my mode of viewing the question is sufficiently profound and original to justify visiting the book-loaded world with a new work on this subject, handled, as it has been, so infinitely often.' We are inclined to think this book not superfluous, and regret that he should have concluded it at one of the most interesting points of the whole Revolution—the dethronement of the king in the autumn of 1792. The fall of Robespierre, or the establishment of the Directory, would have offered a far more natural termination.

One of the most instructive parts of Dahlmann's book consists in his introductory account of the political condition of France, and of the various changes of government from the accession of Louis XVI. to the assembling of the States General. In illustrating the downward course of affairs from Turgot to Brienne, he shows at once the school of political opinion to which he belongs, in his uniform desire to base every change and improvement on an historical foundation. The Jacobinical theory, that the rights of man may be expressed in a few plain propositions, and developed into all the institutions requisite for a state, is in itself plausible and intelligible; but it is separated by the widest gulf which can disunite political creeds, from every system, however popular in its character, which recognizes historical rights as the conditions and means of present expediency. Turgot himself is not free from the charge of encouraging the prejudices of his contemporaries in favour of abstract and theoretical rights which statesmen would do well not to mention, till they are prepared to carry them out in practice. That various highway duties were oppressive and unjust was a sufficient reason for altering the laws under which they were enacted; but Turgot's declaration that they were illegal as being

opposed to natural justice, involved every theory which was afterwards carried out by the Jacobins, and every principle necessary to justify the far more extensive revolution now advocated by the French and German Communists. As in the case, however, of many other statesmen, his practical good sense enabled him to tolerate a convenient inconsistency in his opinions. No minister of the time was less disposed to weaken the executive power, or more rigorous in enforcing obedience to the law. If the king had possessed firmness and courage to support him, it seems almost certain that the Revolution would never have happened. Dahlmann's judgment of the characters of the successive ministers, and of the causes which led to their failure, corresponds in a great measure with that of Carlyle. In Necker he sees little more than an inflated pedant, while of Maurepas, Calonne, and Brienne it is scarcely possible that two opinions should be formed.

Of the proceedings of the Constituent Assembly his judgment is generally unfavourable, though free from bigotry and prejudice. A warm admirer of the English constitution, he blames the supineness of the court and ministry in not defining the form of the States General beforehand, in such a manner as to form an upper house of the great nobility and prelates; and he warmly applauds the subsequent efforts of Mirabeau to secure the uncontrolled executive power of the crown. At the time of the meeting of the states, or even earlier, it may be doubted whether the establishment of a mixed constitution was possible. The nobility who were afterwards reconciled to the cause by the pressure of common danger, had long been engaged in a determined opposition, which was rendered more violent by the supposed popular leanings of the king. An upper house formed from the high aristocracy, was wholly unknown to the ancient constitution, and would have been odious to the great body of the lesser nobility. The parliament of Paris had declared that the old form of the states must be preserved; and an attempt to combine the three independent orders into two houses on the English model would probably have met with universal resistance. From the time when the Assembly of Notables was dissolved, only one chance of avoiding a violent convulsion remained; and the king can scarcely be blamed for not adopting it, as it could scarcely by possibility have occurred to him, to appoint Mirabeau minister with unlimited powers. His knowledge of finance, his instinct of business, his commanding genius and indomitable courage, might have impressed

the leaders of the Assembly with respect and fear, and confined them to practical improvements compatible with the existence of the monarchy. Not inferior to Strafford in grandeur of character, he would have met with no Pym or Cromwell in Barnave and Lameth, or in the formal and puritanical Lafayette; and instead of concentrating, like the great viceroy, the hatred of the people on his cause, he would have represented the triumph of their influence with the crown.

Nothing can be more just than the censures of Dahlmann on almost every successive step, by which the Assembly at the same time engrossed the executive power, and showed its incompetence to administer it; but at a time when Mirabeau was almost the only man in France who thought a working government the first condition of liberty, it was probably impossible that a wiser course should have been adopted. Absolute power to construct a constitution can only lead to unlimited caprice. There are no institutions which are uniformly and indisputably the best; there are none free from some defect in theory, which is easily put into words; while the indirect and complex good which they produce in practice, is not easily reduced into plausible statements such as influenced the well-meaning but inexperienced debaters of the General Assembly.

A peculiar interest attaches to Niebuhr's account of the French Revolution, not only in consequence of his unequalled knowledge of universal history; but from the eager interest which he took in contemporary politics, from his experience in public affairs, and above all from the intimate acquaintance with his personal character, which has been so generally diffused by the publication of the 'Memoirs of his Life.' The 'History of the age of the Revolution' is not strictly speaking Niebuhr's composition. In 1829, he delivered a number of lectures on the subject at Bonn; and his son, Marcus Niebuhr, the editor of the 'Memoirs,' has compiled the present publication from a collation of several note-books supplied by students who attended the course. We have no hesitation in saying, from internal evidence, that the reports must be accurate and characteristic. They contain the positive and vehement opinions, the ready application of remote parallel cases, and, above all, the decided and rather uncommon political doctrines, with which every reader of Niebuhr is familiar. We have, besides, great confidence in the industry which German students are wont to bestow on their *Hefte*, mindful of the

advice given to their predecessor long ago by the craftiest of professors.*

In an introductory lecture, Niebuhr states his peculiar qualifications to be the historian of the Revolution, at the same time that he regrets that other employments have prevented him from undertaking the task. History, in the strict sense of the word, he says can only be written by contemporaries speaking from personal experience, and as no historian of the time has yet appeared, it is probable that none will appear hereafter.

"I embrace, therefore, with the more pleasure an opportunity of presenting a true and faithful outline of the time which I have witnessed, here as in a family circle connected with myself. . . . I must claim your confidence in my knowledge of the history. I have for the most part witnessed the period which I am about to describe, and in circumstances which gave me the opportunity of learning more of what happened than many others. When the *Hesperia sonitus ruina* burst forth, I was thirteen; I lived in a nook of Northern Germany as son of a father who had connections with the whole of Europe, and knew the world far and wide. My father, who had many friends and supporters in England, thought of getting me admitted into the service of the East India Company, and with this view was anxious to make me acquainted with different countries and nations. I therefore began early to interest myself in newspapers and public events. In our domestic circle I heard of the events which occurred, read the newspapers myself, and had them explained to me by my father, and in this way obtained a knowledge of the institutions and relations of states as they then existed, which few of my age could enjoy. Afterwards I went early, while I was still in my seventeenth year, from my father's house to Hamburg, and became acquainted with emigrants, who were personally involved in the course of events, and who showed a favourable disposition to me, on account of my father, who was naturally an opponent of innovation. In this way I acquired the most perfect familiarity with the course of events, and in my twentieth year I was able to talk with emigrants about particular circumstances, in such a manner, that they believed I had lived at Paris, so vivid a picture had I of the Revolution and its principal characters. It was with unutterable pain and interest that I made myself master of the occurrences of the time. From my twentieth year I entered into public affairs and the great world. Even at that time I was intrusted with many diplomatic commissions in which the ministry did not wish to appear. My first relations of friendship were with emigrants; afterwards I formed them with men of the Revolution. Next I went to England and lived there some time among the different factions of emigrants; there I saw courtiers of the old régime, men who began the Revolution, men who soon

* * Doch euch des Schreibens ja befeisset,
Als dictirt' euch der Heilig' Geist."
Memphitophiles in the Faust.

deserted it, men who stood by it till the 5th of October; in short, men of all parties; and they were in general communicative and cordial. There I soon accustomed myself to independence, and to the consciousness that I belonged to none of their parties. Afterwards I returned to public business; I withdrew from politics, and devoted myself as much as possible to science. During the Consulate I looked at events only from a distance. In 1806, I entered the service of our own state (Prussia). I was instantly carried into the current of the transactions of 1806 and 1807, and from that time to 1815 I was in the midst of events. In 1808 I was sent on a mission to Holland, when the noble Louis Napoleon was then king, and honoured me with his favour; I came often into contact with Orangists, Jacobins, Bonapartists, and listened to their narratives. In 1816, I went as envoy to Rome, and there I formed the closest relations with the men of the Restoration, including ultras of the *côte droit*, but principally with members of the left centre. I believe that there is not a secret of the Richelieu administration which I have not heard from the mouth of men, who themselves proposed and managed its plans. This is the summary of my life, given to show that I have the means of knowing the events of our time accurately. I believe that I have as vivid a perception of them as any one could have, who had lived in France; with the advantage of not being compromised in anything, which unluckily affects the opinion of many an excellent man in France. For instance, Royer Collard is a very upright man, but he has not quite a just view of these transactions. He has a kind of giddiness in looking on the past, and a different mode of judging of it from that which he applies to what is now going on under his eyes."

Before entering, however, on the history of his own time, Niebuhr devotes a considerable space to the characteristics of the eighteenth century, which prepared the way for the Revolution. With all its shallowness and vice he justly considers that the condition of Europe had greatly advanced from the rudeness of the preceding age. Of Germany, indeed, his account differs little from that which many modern writers have given, and which Bruno Bauer, as mentioned in a late number of this Review, delineates as a justification of his hostility to religion and government. The only political changes which he sees with satisfaction are those which were produced in Prussia by the practical wisdom of Frederick William I., and by the genius of his celebrated son; but a great social improvement had been produced by the dawn of literature in Germany, and the influence of French and English writers. Manners became less coarse, women were treated with greater respect, and a kind of sentimental enthusiasm, which was fashionable among the young, had an elevating effect, which for the time saved it from being ridiculous. It was common, Niebuhr says, in his own time, for fathers

to congratulate their children, on having fallen on a time so much better than that in which they themselves had been brought up. The theories of the French reformers and philanthropists were everywhere dominant on the Continent. In adopting their easy and plausible doctrines, opinion seemed to have made a wonderful advance, and Europe was full of the generous and unselfish feelings which attach to great and beneficent changes, as long as they are only talked about. But in proportion to the spread of knowledge, and the enlightenment of the people, was the growing weakness of the governments, retaining, as they did, the forms of the middle ages, or of the sixteenth century. Joseph II. in Austria, and Charles III. in Spain, as well as ministers such as Aranda and Pombal, were themselves devoted to reform, and reckless of established immunities and privileges: but their determination to forward liberal measures by arbitrary power, and the obvious inconsistency of exempting royalty from change, when all other prescription was invaded, left the kingly revolutionists without popular support to meet the hostility of the numerous and powerful classes, whose interests they attacked. In the Peninsula the spirit of reform died with its originators, and in the Austrian dominions it produced dissensions which incapacitated the imperial government from prosecuting the war against France with vigour. The Belgian aristocracy looked with complacency even on the Jacobin levellers, as the most formidable enemies of their own levelling sovereign.

In England alone freedom of political action had kept pace with boldness of speculation. The form of government was, on the whole, consistent with public opinion, and the abundant vents open to temporary irritation, prevented it from ripening into habitual disaffection. Immediately before the French Revolution, the English minister was, as Niebuhr observes, the only great statesman then directing any European government. It was the singular fortune of Pitt to enjoy at the same time the confidence of the crown and of the landed gentry, and the unbounded admiration of the people. Since his death, he has had the still more singular fate of being accused of narrowness and bigotry, on the very points in which he was furthest in advance of his age. Niebuhr does him justice by appreciating his enlarged commercial policy, his desire to emancipate the Irish Catholics, and his practical wisdom in checking in a time of general convulsion the desire for a change in the parliamentary franchise, which he had encouraged in a

period of quiet and safety. Above all, he recognizes that steady though disappointed love of peace, which even among his countrymen was so long obscured by calumny, and which M. Thiers, in 1845, is not ashamed to ignore. Until the breaking out of the revolutionary war, the rapid and steady advance of the country under Pitt's administration, had brought it, in Niebuhr's estimation, to a higher pitch of greatness than has been attained by any modern state. England has since been richer and more powerful, but it has never so indisputably held the first place in Europe. Even in France, though the feelings of the government were jealous and hostile, the general enthusiasm for liberty made the free-born islanders popular for a time, and the pupils of Montesquieu wished for nothing better, in 1789, than to copy, as nearly as possible, the principles of our limited monarchy. But realities have no chance with phrases in a trial of speed, nor is the Bill of Rights as expansive as the Rights of Man. In 1792, the wretched Girondists, while they were trembling under the frown of Danton, despised their neighbours for submitting to a king; and two years later, the Convention excluded English soldiers from quarter, and invested their nation with those attributes of horns and hoofs, which the imagination of the French populace still loves to attach to the inhabitants of perfidious Albion.

As a practical and professional financier, Niebuhr deserves attention, when he investigates the financial causes of the Revolution: but the progressive derangement of the French revenues is too well known to admit of much novelty of elucidation. As the readers of his former works are aware, he regrets the neglect in modern times of the rule of the canon law, which forbade raising capital sums by loan with interest, and, therefore, compelled governments to procure money by the sale of perpetual annuities, redeemable at the option of the state, but not at the will of the annuitant. Without entering on the question, we may say that he seems to be fighting with a shadow. His objection may apply to the first experiments of the modern system of national debt, when particular revenues were assigned over to the creditors as a security; but in the present day fundholders are precisely in the position of the state annuitants of the sixteenth century, as they have no power of calling up their principal, and yet are subject to the liability of being paid off, if a fall in the rate of interest renders such a proceeding advantageous to the debtor. The derangement of the French revenues proceeded from causes altogether

independent of the mode of borrowing; from extravagance in expenditure, from miserably ignorant and unjust modes of taxation, and from the indifference which many ministers exhibited to the support of public credit. It was not from any attempt of the public creditors to call up the capital, but from the inability of the government to defray the interest of the debt, that it became necessary to invoke the aid of the States General to effect the equal system of taxation which the parliaments steadily prevented the king and his ministers from adopting.

It is hardly necessary to say that Niebuhr utterly disapproves of the more extravagant proceedings of the national Assembly, of the spoliation of the Church for the benefit of the landowners, of the wholesale abolition first of feudal superiorities, and a year later, of titles of nobility; and, above all, of their assumption to themselves of the executive power. He goes further, however, and in defiance of political economy and modern prejudices, he laments the destruction of guilds and of other exclusive trading corporations, in conformity with his uniform belief that the multiplication of independent and anomalous powers in a state, is the indispensable security for individual freedom—Jacobinism and despotism require absolute uniformity. Niebuhr, who hated Jacobins and despots equally, wished to see the utmost possible variety, such as belonged to the only two constitutions which he greatly admired, the Roman republic and the English parliamentary monarchy. As a security against absolutism, he advocated the existence of hereditary nobility, though his personal feelings were strongly opposed to the social preponderance of an aristocracy, and though he steadily refused to be ennobled himself.

However anti-revolutionary an historian may be, it is necessary for him to recognize the Revolution, when he finds it accomplished, and to estimate the conduct of those who direct it with reference to the circumstances, which have become inevitable. Among the leaders of the Revolution, Niebuhr allows two men only to be really great, Mirabeau and Carnot. He justly admires Carnot's resolution to defend his country for any government against any enemy. He perhaps passes too lightly over his passive share in Robespierre's proscriptions, for which no defence has ever been offered, but that a division of labour among the members of the government was necessary, and that Carnot did not take the murdering department, though he countersigned all the sentences of death. We should also suspect, that

Niebuhr and most other writers over-rate his strategical abilities and successes, but we bow to the weight of authority. Like Lafayette, Carnot retained to the last the phrases of his youth and the most perfect self-satisfaction. Of Mirabeau, as an orator, a statesman, and a financier, Niebuhr's admiration is unmix'd and almost unbounded. In favour of his genius and practical wisdom, he is willing not only to pardon the excesses of his private life, but to overlook his pecuniary transactions, which certainly throw a stain on his personal integrity. It is, however, very important to establish the principle, that ability is the first requisite of a statesman. A man of commanding powers will seldom exercise his authority with purely selfish motives, and in great affairs a fool cannot, if he will, be honest. Of Sieyès and Talleyrand, and other persons of revolutionary celebrity, Niebuhr's judgment differs little from that which has generally been formed. Of Lafayette, his character is worth quoting.

"Among the heads of the moderate right side was the Marquis of Lafayette, who commanded the national guard, and had been one of the principal composers of the *droits de l'homme*. Before the Revolution, he had enjoyed great popularity, which showed itself particularly in his appointment as commander by a spontaneous movement in Paris; but from that time he was a mere figure put forward by a party. He is an honest, well-meaning man; he went to America from youthful enthusiasm, and showed himself there a capable officer, and in the Revolution always displayed freedom from selfishness and cowardice; it is inexcusable to attribute to him the events of the fifth and sixth of October. But his misfortune was, that he was proclaimed as a great man without being one—the greatest danger that can occur to a man, especially to people of narrow views. Lafayette is the most singular mixture of vehemence and phlegm; his ideas are limited, and in almost every question, one may know beforehand what he will propose. His imagination is poor, his eloquence meagre. But his name was very important to the democrats, on account of his family connections. His wife, a Noailles, belonged to the first families of the court; he was himself not strictly speaking a member of the great nobility, but of a distinguished family in Auvergne. Then, they had in him a man whose honesty nobody doubted; he gave a colour to the follies of the democratic party. He was thoroughly honourable, and is so up to this day; but he has probably acquired no one idea, nor submitted to be instructed on any point since 1789; he is wholly incapable of moving forward, and therefore he is to me unendurable (*uneträglich*). His being honest and virtuous is something negative, the first commencement of political importance; with all this, a man may commit an infinite amount of

wickedness. The proverb applies to him: 'L'homme de bien est extrêmement peu de chose,' a proverb which in other cases has been generally misapplied."

For similar reasons, Niebuhr regards the far less honest and equally narrow-minded Girondists with unmixed antipathy. Approving of every popular atrocity which forwarded the establishment of their theories, utterly blind to the inevitable consequences of encouraging the populace to perpetrate exactly so much murder as would bring their favourite republic to the top of the revolving wheel, they formed probably the most remarkable example on record of the consecration of every thought and the sacrifice of every plain duty to a puritanical system of cant. There is, however, one redeeming feature in their character; if they sacrificed others, they sacrificed themselves also. They were many degrees above the sordid dishonesty of administering public affairs with a view to selfish interests. As compared with the Condés and Retys of the Fronde, they were honest and upright men; not so much because they intrigued less or lied less, but because their crimes and meannesses had an object beyond themselves, the name of Virtue, the name of Freedom, the ideal French Republic. Their crime was a pragmatism self-satisfaction which precluded them from inquiring into their own principles, or the real interests of the state. From the more vulgar criminality of wilfully perverting their power to their own private profit, they are free in the same sense in which many honest fanatics were free from it, while they assisted in the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

This comparative praise, moreover, belongs to the leaders of the Revolution in general. It was not till the time of the Directory that jobbers and selfish adventurers came to the head of affairs. The Revolution was the working out of an idea which had long occupied almost every imagination in France; and the imagination is generally unfavourable to meanness. Castles in the air seemed now capable of being brought down to the solid earth, and such fabrics are seldom dens of thieves. Not only were Lafayette and Roland in this sense unselfish, but even Danton, notwithstanding the stains on his private integrity, committed his colossal crimes with a real desire for the triumph of freedom, and for the security of France. There was another leader, too, as unassailably honest as the best of the Girondists, the pure and incorruptible Robespierre, who was perhaps, as was said of Rob Roy, in comparison with the Glasgow bailies, 'bating the Reign of Terror and the

* It must be remembered that Lafayette was alive when Niebuhr spoke of him.

death of the queen, and one or two other things he did, an honest man than stood on any of their shanks.'

The great defect of the French people, and especially of their leaders during the worst period of the Revolution, consisted, in a great measure, in a want of courage, arising from their not being equal to the circumstances in which they were placed. Great events, it has often been said, make great men, and there is no want of historical examples to make the saying plausible. Great men make great events, is Mr. Carlyle's truer, yet not altogether true statement of the same phenomenon. The French Revolution was a great event—few greater have occurred in history; yet, neither form of the proposition can be made to fit with the facts of the time. The judgment of contemporaries on this point has, to a great extent, been confirmed by posterity. 'It is a new creation of a world, and the actors in it are a handful of flies,' said one, who living with and among the nominal leaders of the time, felt and wondered at the disproportion, which we too, at the distance of half a century, can see, but cannot altogether explain. For the solution of the difficulty would be the explanation of the Revolution itself, of the great convulsive movement, which the men who were thrown successively by its action to the top, partially mis-directed, but by no means originated. It is comparatively easy to form a general estimate of the characters of those, whose names were successively identified with the progress of the struggle; of Lafayette, for instance, and Mirabeau, Vergniaud and Robespierre; but what was the influence excited by each, for what share in the Revolution each was individually responsible, is a question, which, even if there were no such thing as a disputed fact in French history, would still be difficult of solution.

The truth is, that all which even the greatest of them contributed to the advance of the Revolution, consisted in their giving it sufficient guidance and consistency to overcome external obstacles. It derived little of its force from its leaders. The whole nation was possessed by the zeal which can only be inspired by undoubting faith. For fifty years, every writer, who seemed to have an honest love of truth, or a regard for the interests of mankind, had uniformly attacked some part of the religious or political traditions, which still retained all the marks of external sovereignty. Excluded, without exception, from all practical share in government, the current theories in turn excluded existing systems from all share in the ideal constitution. To the people, reason

appeared to be appealed to only by the innovators. They saw that princes and nobles recognized Rousseau as their teacher, and that even bishops did homage to Voltaire; all in utter ignorance of the real grounds on which their own privileges were justifiable or excusable. When some of the broader conclusions of fashionable philosophy penetrated to the knowledge of the lower classes, they naturally believed that the creed which was so unfavourable to rank, could only have been adopted by the rich and noble, from an irresistible persuasion of its truth. The people could not know the temptation which attracts men to dally with opinions dangerous to themselves, or the zest which imaginary self-denial adds to actual enjoyment—the aristocracy wished to combine the advantages which they derived from the sacredness of established institutions, with a monopoly of contempt for the superstition which invested them with sacredness. But when the new faith descended to the people, they took it up in earnest. Hierarchy and aristocracy, by their own admissions, were founded on selfishness and abuse. The wildest violence of the multitude seemed to be directed against brute unreasoning force. They had been taught, that a perfect constitution was possible, and that it was hindered from approaching only by the selfish interests of the privileged classes. Even when the Monarchy was destroyed, their faith in political perfectibility was unshaken. The ideal happiness, which they were promised, was assuredly not to be found in a recurrence to their past condition, assuredly they had not already attained it—where should it lie but in further change, in more complete destruction of the tyrants who delayed its coming? In this faith they rebelled, and massacred, and fought, till they had roused the hostility of Europe, and the instinct of self-preservation was added to enthusiasm, to urge them to farther deeds of valour and bloodshed. Who, as Carlyle asks, would sit quiet with the millennium next door, separated from him only by traitors? 'Tremble, ye traitors,' he proceeds, 'dread a people which calls itself patient and long-suffering, but which cannot always submit to have its pocket picked in this way——of a millennium.'

In this universal enthusiasm of the nation was to be found, not only the living principle of the Revolution; but the explanation of the circumstance, that few of its leaders were great men, and that the greatest of them accomplished but little. The multitude was, probably, at first neither better nor worse than the mass of a population might

be expected to be found, when exposed to the effects of ignorance and poverty. In its excitement, it became like an intoxicated man, more fearful and forgetful of self, and at the same time more ferocious and reckless. But the leader of an infuriated mob is almost necessarily weak or wicked. Only a blood-thirsty maniac like Marat, could keep pace with the violence of the people, without a deliberate consciousness of guilt. The only field for great qualities was in resistance; only Mirabeau was powerful enough to stem the current for a time, and before it had reached the height of flood, he was removed from the conflict by death. One indispensable requisite of greatness consists in a business-like instinct, which can discriminate between definite practicable objects and empty systems of words. Great men would not have wasted time like the Constituent Assembly, and the Girondists, in discussing the merits of constitutions, till they had first secured the means of enforcing obedience to them. They would have provided a moving force, before they adjusted the machinery. Robespierre, almost alone, relied on the extreme Revolutionary spirit as the support of his power; but he also was filled with impracticable dreams of a future reign of fraternity and benevolence, in which his only instrument of government, the guillotine, should be laid aside. His method could not be lasting, and he had provided no alternative to succeed it. It is more possible, however, to attribute greatness to Robespierre than to Roland or Brissot.

The greater part of the writers on the French Revolution, may be divided into two classes, separated by the distinction which has been drawn between the Greek and English tragedy; the ancient drama, moved as it has been said from without, the modern containing all the springs of motion, like a watch, within itself. English writers have generally devoted their principal attention to the obvious abuses and evils of the monarchy, to the mismanagement of the finances, and the imbecility of the king himself. The French Royalist Memoirs descend to minuter agencies, to freemasonry, to the Duke of Orleans and his bribes, even to the queen's disregard of the consecrated forms of the *grande* and *petite levée*. French historians, on the other hand, and speculative essayists, dwell too exclusively on the progress of opinion, the power of popular conviction, and the irresistible march of democracy. Yet the causes which they assign, are entitled to precedence, over the mere casual and external conditions which permitted them to operate. A universal con-

viction of right and justice, penetrating the people, and only repudiated by the privileged class, when they personally suffered from it, was the essential principle, the indispensable cause of the Revolution. If the revenues had been equal to the expenditure, if taxation had been equalised in time, if Lafayette had been wise and the king firm, the Revolution might probably have been postponed or averted. Like all the forms of human action, it required room and opportunity to develop its full organization; but if the living principle of enthusiasm and faith had been absent, no facility or opportunity would have produced it. Many states have survived financial distress or bankruptcy, abuses have been remedied and endured, weak statesmen and kings have floundered on till worthier successors arose. But in France, there was a coincidence of weak resistance and attacking force, like that which prepared the still graver convulsion, which overwhelmed the ancient world. As the Roman Empire might long have held together in its decrepitude, but for the great expansive movement which threw on it the tribes of the North; so France required the force of the new faith in philosophism, to overthrow the old fabric of royalty and feudalism. The revolutionary spirit was the *causa causans*, the errors of the government, the *causa sine qua non*.

The great practical importance of this distinction is to be found in the application of the Revolutionary history to the political prospects of our own time. The world can never more be ignorant of the danger which awaits all established institutions. The Rights of Man have henceforth an established place in history, beside the law and constitutional customs, which they incessantly threaten with destruction. Historical and chartered rights, admitted limitations of arbitrary power, no longer form the whole demand of the speculative and disaffected. Since the birth of Jacobinism, the ancient belief of the sacredness of national laws has been irrecoverably shaken; and in the minds of the most numerous classes in all European states, supplied by an entirely new faith in the power of human will to attain political perfection. It is scarcely necessary to show the untenable nature of the Jacobinical creed. A constitution established in virtue of the rights of man may be instantly attacked in further exercise of those rights, and must either fall or maintain itself by force, in defiance of its original principle. Loyalty and willing obedience, the only mode of reconciling liberty with law, can never be paid to a government which claims no higher right than that which it derives

from its conformity to reason. 'I always wished,' said Carnot, when an exile in the later times of the Directory, 'that the people should submit to law rather from custom and feeling, than from compulsion.' It was strange that he should appeal to the prejudices and habits which he shared so largely in destroying. Perhaps the revolutionary party throughout the world now understand their principles better. Triumphant Jacobinism renders freedom impossible, but to the multitude equality is dearer: and, indeed, freedom has never been so well understood or so firmly defended as by those who have prided themselves on their superiority to the populace, as the citizens of Rome, the German and Italian burghers of the middle ages, and the upper and middle classes of Englishmen. But although a Jacobin government must be so far inconsistent with its origin as to maintain itself by force, it would remain not the less a reality in the new order of things which it would substitute for existing institutions. It would gratify the passions and ambition of many if realized; and while it yet remains a matter of speculation, it appeals to a conviction which will always possess the minds of a formidable proportion of the inhabitants of civilized states. Its objects may be plausibly defended; but for the present, assuming that Jacobinism is dangerous, we must admit that the positive and active elements of revolution are widely diffused through Europe. Even if we could shut our eyes to the profound dissatisfaction which always ferments in the manufacturing cities of England and France, the slighter but significant symptoms of a diseased political condition are accessible to every observer. Of the revolutionary literature of Northern Germany, we gave some specimens in a recent number of this Review, and we remarked that among the characteristics of the writers was to be found the significant feature of excessive sentimental philanthropy. To those who are familiar with the popular writings of the generation before the Revolution, it is not uninteresting to remark the sudden burst of sentimentality which has again overspread Europe. In shallowness, folly, effeminacy, and venal extravagance, Eugene Sue may be considered the chief purveyor to this morbid craving for excitement, which, as was shown in the Revolution, so readily changes itself into a thirst for blood. His childish phantasmagoria of impossible events, his conventional melodramatic effects, his bugbear mysteries and mountebank heroes, would have been confined to their natural office of astonishing and touching benevolent elderly ladies, but for the philanthropy

which, with its transcendent silliness, gives a crowning charm to the whole. His readers are tired of reality, and delight to believe that all the weariness which they feel, is caused by the injustice of human arrangements. It is said that the 'Wandering Jew' influenced the fate of the Jesuits in France. In a sound state of opinion it would, perhaps, have affected at most the private sentiments of a *grisette*.

In England, sentimental romances have, as yet, scarcely influenced legislation; but, of late, we are grievously overrun with mawkish philanthropy. A grave writer would, perhaps, be little attended to, who should assert that almsgiving was the only virtue, and the possession of power the only vice; yet the same doctrine is incessantly propounded and illustrated in the light literature which forms the only reading of the bulk of our respectable classes. The comparatively rational cant, borrowed from political economy, has in ten or twelve years entirely disappeared, and a whining compassion for poverty has supplanted the invention of systems for relieving it. Looking neither before nor after, despising historical regard to the past, dispensing with economical calculations for the future, philanthropic sentimentalism can suggest no remedy for the evils of society, but to take from the rich and give to the poor, to crush existing power, and trust to some unmeaning phrase, such as 'the universality of the human heart,' to disguise the necessity of finding a substitute. There is nothing new in the opinions: the danger of them consists in the diseased condition of feeling which alone can make them popular. Toryism has recognized the general craving by coming forward with its philanthropy too, its tender recollections of monastic distribution of alms, its theatrical alliance between the noble and the labourer. Fortunately it is in England long before opinion influences action. If sentimentalism should become practically operative, if the educated classes, persuading themselves that they are unjust and tyrannical, commenced a change, as the same class did in France, without definitely foreseeing and planning its extent, the multitude will adopt their feelings in earnest, and, unless forcibly prevented, carry them out to their natural consequences.

It is the nature of Jacobinism to extend its sphere. The French Revolutionists would have revered nothing willingly, but some positive institutions escaped their hostility, by escaping notice. Private property, as the basis of society, was never seriously attacked, and indeed it had formed a part of the first article of the American

creed. But if ever the will of the multitude is again let loose, the struggle will not be to reduce *Monsieur* to *Citoyen*, but to bring capitalists and proletarians to a level. Eugène Sue, the most skilful sycophant of popular fancies, is the professed advocate of the Communism which is said to form the political faith of the artisans of Paris and Lyons. In England, the literary organs of the follies of the day feel that the barometer has not yet sunk to the point of Socialism and community of property; but such is the only rational result with which philanthropy can be satisfied, when it disregards the consideration of the laws of wealth; nor if opportunity offered, would consistent reasoners to draw the inference be wanting. We say nothing here against Communism. It is not altogether a silly or contemptible scheme. The silliness attaches to the effeminate writers and empty-minded readers, who would whine away institutions without seriously wishing for the only possible alternative. Of course our censure does not apply to those who wish for definite changes, good or bad, with a view to distinct and practicable objects.

On the other hand, Europe appears to be in a safer state than at the latter part of the eighteenth century. England, France, Prussia, Austria, have all governments which, with all their defects, are wiser and more vigorous than those of Louis XVI. and his predecessor. The outward hindrances in the way of a general convulsion are greater, and forces of a different kind are ready to neutralise, in part at least, the fanaticism of anarchy. The French Revolution has compelled the interests and opinions which were opposed to it, to rationalise themselves by recurring to their principles, and consequently to recover a part of the strength which they had lost by time. The votary of ancient laws, the adherent of a church, is now ready with his theory, and if necessary with his faith, to oppose the faith which demands a change. The Jacobins may, perhaps, find imitators and rivals in violence; but the imbecility and ostentatious selfishness of the emigrants would scarcely be reproduced at the present day. There may be much to suspect and to criticise in the greater part of the reasonings, which have been invented in later years to justify ancient systems; but they all contain some portion of truth, and above all, they pay homage to reason. It is not necessary that a political theory should be impregnable; but it must furnish a colour to those whose prejudices are concerned in supporting it, and suggest an apparently unselfish basis even for their selfishness. Profounder reasoners, who see

that it is not wholly sufficient, will not fail to discover that a similar defect exists in opposing systems also, and in all political theories, to leave a large margin for experience and chance.

The evils, too, of modern society are less. Taxes are imposed with more approximation to equality, and the vexations of feudal duties have everywhere been mitigated or abolished. Still there was much truth in Calonne's saying: '*Les abus sont les ressources de la monarchie.*' In political economy, above all, existing anomalies are so many storehouses of wealth, which may be opened to a population, which for the very reason that they have not been opened before, has not become too numerous to enjoy them. With a line of custom-houses and a corn-law surrounding each of the thirty-three provinces of France; with a nobility and hierarchy possessing two-thirds of the land, and as yet untaxed; with every abomination of *corvée* and *gabelle*, labour duty, and rent in kind, which had survived from an obsolete condition of society, and lastly, with abundant advice and information at its command, and with a clear knowledge of the advantages of change, the French government had the rare felicity of being able to enrich its subjects and itself by a few simple words, which it required only courage and earnestness to convert into binding laws. But Calonne was satisfied with uttering at once a witticism and a truth, without endangering his popularity at court, by making use of the resources he described. In modern times the store of wealth invested in abuses, has become considerably diminished. Nor will any one contend that, however large he may think the field still left for change, the existing systems of England, France, and Germany, are as bad as that of the old Bourbon monarchy.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *The Life of Mozart.* By EDWARD HOLMES. Chapman and Hall.
2. *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens et Bibliographie Générale de la Musique.* Par F. J. FETIS. Paris: Fournier.

THAT the present, though not a time eminent for its productions, is a period full of interest to all lovers of the art of Music, no one that watches the turns of the tide can doubt. The increased facilities of intercourse which, during the last twenty years, have been afforded to the inhabitants of Europe; the rapidly strengthening disposition

to study Art intellectually—no longer as an isolated phenomenon, but as bound up with opinions and manners—have not been unattended with noticeable results. There has been a diffusion of general enlightenment: and with it, of charity. England no longer looks suspiciously at France, nor Italy at Germany. The other day, when our queen was in the Rhine-land to witness the inauguration of Beethoven's monument, her 'cousin of Prussia' gathered for her entertainment a Spaniard, a Swede, an Austrian, a Wirtemburger, a Bohemian, and an Hungarian, while a company of Parisian Journalists and musicians was bidden to look on and listen. To our thinking, the concerts given at Brühl and Stolzenfels were curious signs of the times. Nor are such intimate meetings, such wanderings to and fro, unaccompanied by curiosity in research. There is a desire to inquire into the lives of artists: to collect together such particulars as shall afford the world not merely a view of their professional career, but also some idea of their characters as men and women. The wholesale contempt of musicians as a race of 'inspired idiots,' however convenient to indolence, or necessary as an excuse for the scornful want of sympathy too often carefully paraded by the 'strong-minded,'—is, happily, voted obsolete, narrow, and unreasonable. We believe the taste for such investigations will spread yet further, at least among those who find pleasure in analysis. "Heard melodies," says Keats,

"—are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter."

Did we only confine ourselves to the tracing of undeveloped talents among those who have filled the world with their genius, the pursuit would not be chimerical, nor the occupation useless.

Even in a work, of necessity so compressed and devoted to the technicalities as this general 'Biography of Musicians,'* by M.

* As it is probable that we may illustrate our remarks upon Mr. Holmes's 'Life of Mozart,' by the aid of M. Fétis, it is expedient to state how far we conceive his work to be reliable. Generally speaking, the musical knowledge of M. Fétis seems to be as extensive as his sympathies are catholic—possibly more extensive than precise. It is rare, however, to find so vast a volume of topics treated with so few appearances of prejudice or inconsistency. As regards the schools of France and Flanders (the due importance of which is only beginning to be recognized) the work of M. Fétis seems to us unique. It is also copious and learned, when dealing with the church music of Italy. The field of Germany being more familiar, the section devoted to it is, probably, the one best executed in all modern publications. We are bound to add that whenever he touches the musical past, or the musical

Fétis, we could prove, from some hundred articles, that what we have advanced has reason and truth for its foundation. We could make out, for instance, with no undue recourse to conjecture, sufficiently attractive portraits of Lulli the wit, 'holding his own' at the French court; of Farinelli, the nobleman by nature, making no mean figure among Spanish grandees and statesmen. Instead, however, of expending labour and ingenuity in setting forth the claims of a class, let us for the present content ourselves with studying a single figure; because the collection of many sketches laid before us by Mr. Holmes, presents us with a whole picture of un hoped-for variety and vigour.

There are few names so perpetually invoked by the musician and amateur as that of Mozart: few artists, whose capacities of mind and whose works of imagination have been less completely understood. The man who had never learned to pack his clothes when on a journey; whose wife carved the meat for him at table; who could neither gather nor keep a fortune, and whose decease was attended by presentiments amounting to portents, has been again and again cited as a signal instance of rare genius in Art, unaccompanied with any other talent, by those, who, desiring to debase Music, have wished to disparage her priests. On the other hand, the composer has been deified as the Raphael, as the Shakspeare of Music—presented with attributes, gifts, and versatilities, more affluent and incoherent than ever fell to the lot of one poet-mortal: and his true place, it seems to us, in the history of Art, not as yet assigned to him. So that, in these days, when admiration is something better than a cant, and knowledge more extensive than such a catechism or dictionary of terms affords—a complete biography of one so severely criticised, and so outrageously praised, is a benefit, for which many will be thankful:—students of character, as well as students of counterpoint.

May we not be permitted to express our pleasure in the fact, that this fullest and best-ordered among many biographies of the

taste of England, M. Fétis fails signally. He is inaccurate, flippant, and totally unaware of the relative proportions of the different parts of his subject. Indeed, from the singular choice of his celebrities, and the partiality with which they are treated, we are led to imagine that he has merely availed himself of an English 'Biography of Musicians,' published some twenty years since, in which it is difficult to say whether the sins of omission or commission are greater. To make the work of M. Fétis in any respect complete or self-consistent, the English articles should, with very small exception, be re-written. Fortunately we shall have no occasion to refer to them.

great Austrian composer, should be of English origin? We have been accused abroad (by our cousins-German especially) of coldness and indifference to Art and artists; nor is the reproach totally unmerited. Yet a long list of cases, bearing an opposite import, might be drawn up. Would Handel have worn out his mighty mind in this country, had all been so dark, and so chilling, and so antipathetic, as the reproach asserts? Would Haydn have remembered his sojourn in London by aught beside its brilliant harvest of guineas, had the twelve grand Symphonies he wrote for Salomon fallen on the ears of deaf adders? And who cheered Beethoven's death-bed, when Austrians and Prussians, and the fickle French left him to lonely sickness, and the terrors of impending poverty?—the phlegmatic English. Further, not only some acquaintance with the memoirs of the last century, but also some familiarity with the state of contemporary manners at home and abroad, enables us to assert, that in no land is the worthy artist more honourably treated than in ours. He may not, it is true, be starved with crosses—nor, as befell Rubini at St. Petersburg, be honoured by being appointed to the command of a regiment. Our court usages do not lend themselves to encouraging the exhibition of talent—and our great lords and ladies are apt to humiliate their favourites with lavishing silly raptures on them. Neither is our great public leavened with so simple and hearty a taste for music apart from display, as pervades all ranks of German society. But in England, the artist need not sue: nor waste his independence in the ante-chambers of Chamberlains, and Chamberlain's friends. Be he Jew or Gentile, he will be frankly and cordially entertained by the enlightened of all classes, according to the measure of his talent and his breeding. And the names of Garrick, Burney, Siddons—to say nothing of the grateful memories boasted by the Farinellis and Catalanis—and the position which these players and that music-master occupied in our choicest circles of intellect and rank and imagination—may be cited: without fear of rejoinder from lands, where the mime has been denied Christian burial, as in France;—or the *cantatrice* is, in virtue of her office, stigmatised as a *puttana*, as in Italy; or the great musical thinker, if he have Israelitish blood in his veins, is sneered at by landlords and tavern waiters, and his presence, a blot in select circles, is apologised for, as in Germany. Mr. Holmes's book, then, is not the first plea in mitigation we should put in, against a sweeping censure: though it pos-

sibly may be one of the strongest and most permanent in its impression.

What Mr. Holmes has done, is well done. His first object has been to set before the world his hero in the most favourable light possible. Never was biographer's faith in his subject more implicit or unbounded; and, in these faithless days, when Niebuhr picks the legends of Old Rome to pieces, and Lanes so load the dear old 'Arabian Nights' with notes, the romance reads more strangely like a volume of 'Useful Knowledge' than is acceptable: such warm-hearted and poetical idolatry is not a thing to be quarrelled with; even though we must account for some excesses in omission and commission, to which it gives occasion. If, therefore, in the following pages, we shall call upon M. Fétis to assist us in correcting what appears to a be misjudgment, or in throwing light into some dark corner, we are not to be understood to censure our author—still less to denounce his task as carelessly fulfilled. Rhadamanthus would make at best an ungracious biographer, however indispensable it is that he play the critic: and though the caviller and arguer must glean after the panegyrist, and may gather here and there a handful of full ears, let it be remembered, that they are only let into the field after he has filled the wain: nor does it by any means follow, that his eye has overlooked the fragments of food they snatch up, because he has left them on the ground.

Few places are calculated to leave a more agreeable impression on the mind than the city of Salzburg, which, indeed, deserves its reputation as the most picturesque placed among all the towns of southern Germany. The pilgrim who has been lingering among the lovely scenery of the Salkammergut, cannot complain of descending from poetry to prose on entering it: more especially if, as we have done, he wind along the road at the foot of the castle, at the last hour of day, when the mountains that girdle the town cast their long empurpled shadows across the plain—for then, too, he may chance to be welcomed, as we were, by a silvery and cheerful tongue from the huge cathedral—to which the twilight gives a grandeur not its own—chiming that freshest of melodies, 'O cara armonia.' And if he have a grain of the 'fanatico,' in his composition, his heart will leap up with the thought that he is in Mozart's town! The birth-place of a genius could hardly have fallen in a more engaging spot. One of Mozart's parents, too, was no common person. Not only was Leopold Mozart as handsome for a man, as his wife,

Anna Bertlina, was beautiful for a woman, but he was shrewd and far-sighted, if not profoundly cultivated, as well as warm-hearted. The character 'satirical,' which he bore among his easy-going townfolk, speaks volumes: that epithet being, in nine cases out of ten, the complaint of unconscious inferiority. He had literary aspirations and fancies, the existence of which, in an Archbishop's valet-musician, compelled not only by his position, but by the peculiar temper of his master, to bow and cringe, argues the existence of no common force of character, of no common ambition. The delight, then, may be judged of such an one, at finding himself parent of a boy whose genius was as prodigious as his temper was affectionate. Few Alnaschars' dreams are at once so entrancing and so reasonable as visions like his, and it is not wonderful that he abandoned himself to their full enchantment, without stop, let, or misgiving. But while it is to be regretted that the child Mozart was so early steeped in the fascinations of a life of prodigious exhibition, it must also be noted that Leopold Mozart seems to have been, according to his order, a wise, no less than a fond father. The education he gave his son was more than ordinarily general:—in Music, deep, thorough-going, and sufficient—and while possibly he forced one of the most brilliant geniuses ever bestowed on artist in its development, to the premature exhaustion of its possessor, it should be honourably recollected, that in no instance did he urge his son—however great the discouragement, however imminent the need of success—to the mean compliances 'ad captandum,' which have seemed the inevitable resource of the proprietors of precocious talent. The little Wolfgang, and his sister, 'Nannerl,' appear to have enjoyed a reasonable share of childish gaiety. The former, indeed, was one who mixed up merriment with the most serious concerns of life, and whose South-German liveliness never forsook him, till, as he emphatically expressed it himself, 'the taste of death was in his mouth.' But if this elasticity was not destroyed by the compression of home-tyranny, neither was it sufficiently balanced. The fearful responsibilities attendant on the education of the gifted, seem to have been understood by Mozart's father, to mean an encouragement of artistic enthusiasm, and cultivation of the affections. The Mozarts were devout: but theirs was a religion of masses and pilgrimages, expiations and deprecations, the morals of which did not get beyond a sense of honour nor reach that higher but less obtrusive sense of duty, the fruits of which are self-denial, patience,

and a practical and a progressive consciousness of responsibilities bearing proportion to endowments.

We may be thought to sermonise unbecomely in place of drawing upon the engaging pages of Mr. Holmes, for some of the anecdotes and details of young Mozart's career;—but our author's pages have been already diligently ransacked, and his manner of narration, artless, yet not careless, has been too universally commended, to make any large amount of quotation, or any new tribute necessary;—whereas it seems to have been as yet hardly sufficiently understood, either by Mr. Holmes or his public, that as a commentary on prodigy-life, this work has a philosophical interest of deep and serious importance. How many existences have been wrecked, and promises falsified—how many brilliant endowments turned into the most direful plagues which can vex the earth—how many homes have been made cheerless, hearts broken, and hands debased to the vilest services, owing to a forgetfulness on the part of those who have watched over Genius in its youth, that their stewardship was a strange and a difficult office, beyond every other, calling for the sacrifice of present to future! We would have the parents of Mozarts in embryo, fix their eyes not merely upon the master's magnificent works; his 'Jupiter Symphony,' and his 'Don Giovanni,' and his Twelfth Mass, but upon his vexed life, his early death, and his forgotten grave. When Father Mozart was leading the boy about in triumph from Vienna to Paris, and from Paris to London, and writing with so lively and artless a joy, of the kisses and snuff-boxes, and rich clothes and sweet words bestowed on 'Wolferl' by the great ones of the earth—he little thought that he was rejoicing over the waste of nervous energy; over the annihilation of youth with all its blessed emotions;—over the implanting of a taste for desultory labour and dissipation, over the shutting out all that real knowledge of life and its trials, which ought to steal upon, not startle the pilgrim; over the extinction of every gift, save one:—which might flourish, indeed, preternaturally, but not healthily, for being deprived of support and relief and balance.

Enough, however, of this strain of speculation, when we have pointed out that it runs like an under-current through all the pleasure we take in this engaging book. The records of Mozart's childhood, which Mr. Holmes has collected, as we have said, are full of amusement and curiosity. The boy began to experimentalise in creation, almost before his hand could stretch an

octave on the piano, or stop a single note in tune on the violin. When only four years of age he composed regular minuets, in which the Mozart grace was dimly shadowed out. When only six, he had blotted down a concerto, so 'immensely difficult that nobody could play it.' At the same age we find him mollifying a cross custom-house officer with his violin; nor much later, distinctly making out tunes with one finger on the pianoforte, after the Emperor Francis had covered the keys with a handkerchief—calling out with most uncourtly sincerity to correct one of the princes who played false in a violin solo—and, with true infantine audacity, assuring Marie Antoinette 'that she had been very kind, and he would marry her,' because she had comforted him on the occasion of his falling. Though so bold, however, in some encounters, he was terrified by the sound, nay, by the sight of a trumpet; and sank to the ground pale and half fainting when one was blown in his hearing, to inure him to it. A vein of the whimsical, too, is to be traced in the nursery nonsense which he insisted upon seriously singing in thirds with Leopold Mozart, every night before retiring to rest, a practice only laid aside when he was nine years of age—and in the fancy, that 'when his father was old, he would have him preserved in a glass case, the better to contemplate and admire him.' Pity that all these pleasant qualities; these joys of a fairy-land, which the least precocious among us quits too soon, should almost as early as they budded have been disturbed by the knowledge of envy and uncharitableness—by the explanation of such ugly words as cabal, intrigue, and jealousy—by the necessary fostering of a spirit of self-assertion, not to call it selfishness! At a very early stage of the Mozarts' journeys, want of success at Stuttgart is ascribed to the intrigues of Jomelli and his 'great prejudice against the Germans.' Little less sadly suggestive is the pleasant announcement, that the boy had excited so much wonder by his performance in the church of the Holy Ghost at Heidelberg, that his name 'was to be inscribed on the organ as an eternal remembrance.' What was either the dark or the bright passage but a premature initiation of the child into the fever of 'life and longing vain?' What was left for the man to learn or to enjoy?

It is noticeable that in Mozart's youth, the Artist's career in Germany seems to have been largely, if not exclusively dependent on the patronage of 'the great';—that travelling *virtuosi* did not so much direct their steps in quest of publics as of princes. Concert-giving seems, in those days, to have

been a speculation far different from what the Catalanis, and Paganinis, and Liszts, have since found it. In England, it is true, there were, even then, guineas to be gathered, and here and there, in other European capitals, a great personage might throw a purse of gold into the player's lap, though such solid encouragement was chiefly reserved for the benefits of the Camargos, Sallés, and Vetrises of the *ballet*.—But the general public seems to have been at once parsimonious and meagre in number. Then lesson-giving was too ill-paid to soften its abomination to an artist of Mozart's temperament. What drudgery so horrible as to superintend for a meagre recompense the stiff and idle fingers of some foolish young lord, or to hammer one's own brains with the vain hope of extracting thence a capacity for some incapable lady of genteel parentage! Nor, in those times, had the mania of learning music spread so wide as it did during the first five-and-twenty years of this century. Still less encouraging was the condition of musical publication. The discovery of multiplying copies of favourite works, by means of engraving, had hardly as yet led to the establishment of a reciprocal system of advantage in publication. It was hardly possible to guard against piracy, so lax was the law (even as compared with its present ill-ascertained provisions), so scanty intercourse. There seemed no alternative, therefore, for an instrumentalist and composer, save starvation or a court appointment. And it is painful—aware as we are that the parties most concerned were not alive to the humiliation—to read how the clever, spirited father of such a son as Mozart, traversed Europe in every direction to find escape from the valet-musicianship of Salzburg and the tyrannical requisitions and selfish neglects of the Archbishop,* in an

* Such a perpetual stress is laid upon the untoward circumstances of the Mozarts' position, by Mr. Holmes, who gives the fullest credence to all the statements contained in their letters, that we cannot refrain from citing a testimony of a somewhat different import, which would, in part, refer their impression of wrongs wrought and justice denied, to natural impatience, and absolve the patron from a part of the accusations launched against him. The passage, however, is from the musical tour of Dr. Burney; and he, it will be recollected, was not given 'to speaking evil of dignities.' The final judgment of Mozart's genius as a composer, may have been an affair of ignorance, as much as of intrigue:—similar complacent verdicts having been always passed on those who are in advance of their age.

"The Archbishop and Sovereign of Salzburg," writes Burney, "is very magnificent in his support of music, having usually near a hundred performers, vocal and instrumental, in his service. This prince is himself a *dilettante* and good performer on the violin; he has lately been at great pains to reform

other servitude better paid and less onerous. In all these respects the world has changed for the better. Let those who write about Art rail as they will against the desecrating cupidity and money-getting spirit of our times; to our apprehensions it is less desecrating than that reverence which might mean sycophancy: and the Artist, whether he be poet, or dramatist, or musician, or painter, is more honourably employed, even when bargaining for hard money with his publisher, than, when as of old, he was to be seen among adventurers, and panders, and projectors, haunting the ante-chambers of the great, with obsequious words on his lips, and bitter contempt at his heart; above a lackey, and yet a visitor whom lackeys were permitted to flout; below an equal, though sometimes capriciously treated as a boon companion.

But not the least beautiful of the thousand instances of compensation, which the annals of life reveal, is afforded in the fact, that Genius finds in its very disabilities, materials for progress and triumph. Without taking the side of Walpole, when, writing in the character of the king of Prussia, he promised Rousseau entertainment, by *getting up misfortunes for him*—certain it is, that since the days when the acanthus, crushed down by the tile, wreathed itself into one of the most beautiful combinations of Architecture—contempt, vicissitude, and ungenial circumstances, have done no little part—not merely in calling out the energies of the persecuted, but absolutely in determining the form of their efforts. While speaking of the grave consequences of Mozart's career as a prodigy, we are bound to own, that the immense versatility of talent which he was compelled to exhibit while seeking the desired Court Eldorado, may have operated favourably on the development of his musical genius—may have given it self-reliance, courage, and rescued it from the eccentricities into which the more retired and scholastic are apt to fall. And this leads us to another point, illustrated by what may be called the prodigy-career of the young Mozart, to which we must call attention. For the sake of it we

his band, which has been accused of being more remarkable for coarseness and noise, than delicacy and high finishing. The Mozart family were all at Salzburg last summer. * * * I am informed that this young man, who so much astonished all Europe by his infant knowledge and performance, is still a great master of his instrument. My correspondent went to his father's house to hear him and his sister play duets on the same harpsichord; but she is now at her summit, which is not marvellous; 'and,' says the writer of the letter, 'if I may judge of the music which I heard of his composition in the orchestra he is one further instance of early fruit being more extraordinary than excellent.'"

must leave, with but a passing mention, the more amusing details, of how *philosophical* French morals were found by Leopold Mozart—how he presently discovered, that to gain the love of the English, a show of philanthropy was advisable; how, won by the acquiescence of the Hollanders, in Wolfgang's giving a concert during Holy Week, he relaxed greatly in orthodox antipathy to Lutheranism, with which he had started from Salzburg;—with many more such unconscious revelations of character, more precious and pleasant. Much has been said of the increased demand made on the musician's exertions of late days; but this complaint is a popular fallacy. Their fashion, only, has in some respects changed. What singer is there now, who could touch the passages noted by Mozart, as having been sung by La Bastardella? What average organ player can conform to Handel's coolly written direction, in the score of the 'Ode to St. Cecilia's Day:' *Here take the theme of the chorus and execute a fugue upon it?* How many pianists, even, can improvise a cadence in a Pianoforte Concerto, worthy of the name? The transcript of the *programme* of the concert, given for Mozart, by the Philharmonic Society at Mantua, cannot, of course, be accepted as a specimen of what every *virtuoso* was expected to accomplish; the young Salzburger being professedly a marvel. Yet it throws a light upon the artistic cultivation of the time; from which many a renowned wonder player of our days, who makes his fortune on the strength of a dozen show pieces, would turn away in utter dismay. Omitting here, all specifications of the compositions, by Mozart, which were to be executed, we find that he undertook the following engagements;—and the perfection with which he was accustomed to fulfil his promises, may be gathered from the fact, that his excellence in spontaneous performance was ascribed by the envious Viennese professors, to Mascarille's well-known receipt for making impromptus. At Mantua, the young Mozart could hardly have prepared, beforehand, the feats here noted:—'A Concerto on the Harpsichord, presented to him, and executed at sight.' 'A Sonata for the Harpsichord, performed at sight, introducing Variations of his own invention!'; and, lastly, 'the whole repeated in a different key to that in which it was written.' 'An Air, sung and composed extempore, by the Signor Amadeo, on words not previously seen by him, and accompanied by himself on the harpsichord.' 'A second Sonata for the harpsichord, performed extempore on the same, on the subject proposed by the leader.' 'Fugue for the

harpsichord on a given theme, executed extempore, by the Signor Amadeo, and brought to a perfect termination according to the rules of counterpoint.' 'Symphony in which he will improvise a part for the harpsichord, from a single violin part placed before him.' 'Trio, in which he will perform a part extempore on the violin.'

Chance has made us conversant with some of the modern musical feats which will figure in biographies to come. We have heard Malibran, in the extravagance of her gipsy gaiety, rehearse 'Deh parlate!' half a tone sharper than the orchestra, the latter stubbornly refusing to give way. We have listened while Hummel, in the space of three-quarters of an hour, so presented the principal themes of 'Masaniello,' that the whole story, as well as the spirit of that brilliant opera, seemed told by the pianoforte: without singers or chorus, or dresses, or scenery. We are familiar with, perhaps, the rarest display of musical ingenuity extant—the duett improvisations of Mendelssohn and Moscheles—where the coherence between the players is less wonderful, even, than their resolution to throw out each other; a delicious and animated and symmetrical whole being, in both cases, the result. We have seen Liszt's memory tested by the severest and most unexpected trials—now to the point of his playing through, at an instant's warning, some long orchestral piece, without failing to indicate one single point or effect—now, by his returning to some obsolete *passacaglia* or *gigue* of the harpsichord writers, or to some closely-knit exercise of Clementi or Cramer, with a correctness as sure as if the book was on the desk before him. Yet, save in the mere matter of finger accomplishments, the above list of Mozart's performances distances all the wonders cited. Readiness of inspiration and command over scientific resource could not be carried further. It is the union of the two which largely contributes to make the master's music so charming. Unlike other great men, whom the possession of great thoughts has made somewhat uncomplying and tyrannical, Mozart seems to have been royally rich enough to afford to conciliate and propitiate. He could produce the effect required by such means as lay under his hand. Whereas we have seen of later days composers of renown taking a wilful pride in compelling voices to do what instruments were made for, and instruments to 'un-pipe' and 'un-wire' themselves in an agonising strain to imitate vocal attempts.—Mozart seems to have found pleasure in making his imaginings accessible and genial to those who had

to execute them. It was a saying of his, Mr. Holmes tells us, 'that he prided himself on suiting a singer with an air as a tailor would fit him with a coat.' At a later page of the book, we find that in directing the first rehearsal of 'Don Giovanni,'

"Mozart was obliged to stop the orchestra at the scene in the cemetery, 'Di rider finirai,' 'Ribaldo audace,' &c., as one of the trombone players did not exactly execute his part correctly. The scene was accompanied by three trombones only. As the passage, after repeated attempts, had no better success, Mozart went to the desk of the player, and explained to him how he would have it done. The man, who was a crusty fellow, answered with some rudeness, 'It is impossible to play, and if I can't play it, I am sure you can't teach me!' 'Heaven forbid,' returned the composer, smiling, 'that I should attempt to teach you the trombone; here, give me your part, and I will soon alter it.' He did so on the spot, and added two oboes, two clarionets, and two bassoons."—*Life*, pp. 286-7.

How different is a spirit like this from Beethoven's, when torturing Mademoiselles Sontag and Ungher, over the Mass in D Major, and insisting upon their getting through the notes, no matter at what cost—from Cherubini's, when writing the 'Medea,' which utterly destroyed the voice of Madame Scio, its heroine—from Meyerbeer's, when 'aggravating' the French opera band at the rehearsals of 'Les Huguenots,' till one and all mutinied, and declared they could and *would* do no more! It is a nice point for the casuists to determine whether the greatness which despises, or that which respects limits, be of the higher order—whether audacity or reserve be the nobler. Mozart's considerateness, however, seems, in some measure, ascribable to remorseless exercises of his powers like the above, and thus far shows us the bright side of prodigious exhibition as influencing the artist's career;—in the musician tutored, however, the man might be destroyed. The preparation and destruction are not necessarily compatible.

Once more,—while endeavouring, from Mr. Holmes' pleasant pages, to trace and to collect the influences which made Mozart what he was,—we must not overlook a point of special, rather than general application, which has been already too much lost sight of by modern historians of Art; these being mostly sectarians. It is clear to us, that the great German musician was widely and deeply obliged to the Italians. In his day their supremacy was great; almost undisputed throughout southern Germany. Indeed, with the solitary exception of those whom Sebastian Bach had drawn

round him, a very limited number, there was hardly one German artist, northern or southern, beyond the sphere of Italian singers, or players, or contrapuntists, or chapel-masters. It is now the fashion to make light of the obligation. For one student of Palestrina, or Clari, or Colonna,—of Marcello, Scarlatti, Jomelli, now to be found in Germany, France, or England;—we shall find hundreds grappling with the crudities of Beethoven, and on his individualities and exceptions, forming a theory and a course of training. The most salient results we see are the diffusion and acceptance of ugliness for strength, and extravagance for sublimity. So, too, have there been legions of violinists thrown into a state of spasmodic palsy for life by Paganini, and of singers rendered incurably *bizarre* in the desperate hope of emulating Malibran. Dangerous and pitiable folly! However extensive be the genius of the inventor, the student, while mastering first principles, is only safe so long as he analyses what is beautiful and complete. The laws and rules which the enterprising make for themselves, are, in the larger number of cases, only applicable to themselves: and, if acted upon by imitators, lead to confusion, affected singularity, repulsiveness of form, and frenzy of colour.

Something like the above, we imagine, are the determining causes which gave to Mozart's life its character, and to his genius its colour. His works are too well known to call for separate analysis, the less so, as we may have a few general words to say with regard to them, ere our task is closed. Too well known, also, are the events of his life:—how he wooed one sister and wedded another—how he continued in perpetual quest of the life-appointment, which was to bring his entangled affairs right—lavishing his talent here, there, and everywhere; on the worthless, the scheming and the ungrateful: how the disappointment of his hopes (to admit his biographer's view of the subject) threw him into reckless gaiety and frivolous companionship, by which his early wasted frame was further enfeebled—how superstitious misgivings darkened his death-bed: and unblessed, and unhonoured by the people to whom he had done such honour, he was laid in the grave. These things, we say, are too familiar, to call for us yet again to trace Mozart's steps from artistic triumph to artistic triumph, and from moral failure to moral failure. One or two musical questions, however, may be illustrated; and an anecdote or two contributed, for the consideration of Mr. Holmes, ere his work comes to a second edition—with the view, too, of still illustrating, collaterally, the

annals of art and the history of the artist.

We are enabled by the first matter in debate, to afford the reader a very agreeable idea of Mozart's powers of description. There is, at all events, neither fatuity nor want of observation in the following portrait. The subject is Vogler, and in the background the Electoral Palace at Mannheim, before whose gates Mozart was lingering, in the hopes of there finding the desired anchorage. Taking every word of the following for granted, Mr. Holmes is not wrong in lifting up his voice against the charlatan, so unmercifully pictured.

"Vogler's history" (writes Mozart) "is short. He came here in a miserable plight, exhibiting on the clavier, and composed a ballet. His condition excited pity, and the elector sent him to Italy. Afterwards, on visiting Bologna, the Elector inquired of the Padre Valotti respecting Vogler. 'O altezza, questo è un grand' uomo,' &c. He then asked Padre Martini. 'Altezza, è buono, ma a poco quando sarà un poco più vecchio, più sodo, si farà, si farà. Ma bisogna che si lengi molto.'"

"Vogler on his return became a priest, and was immediately appointed court-chaplain. He has composed a 'Miserere,' which every one tells me is perfectly intolerable to listen to, the harmony being all wrong. He found that it was not much relished, and went to the Elector to complain that the orchestra, from spite to him, played badly on purpose. In short, he has so managed matters (engaging also in some serviceable intrigues with women) that he has been appointed Vice-kapellmeister. He is a fool, who fancies that there can exist nothing better nor more perfect than himself. He is hated by the whole orchestra. He has often brought Holzbauer into trouble. His book will better teach arithmetic than composition. He gives out that he will make a composer in three weeks, or a singer in six months, but the products of his system have not yet made their appearance. He contemns the great masters, and spoke to me of Bach with great disrespect. Bach composed two operas here, of which the first pleased more than the second. As the title of the last mentioned was 'Lucio Silla,' the same which I had composed at Milan, I felt curious to see it. Holzbauer had told me that Vogler possessed it, and I asked him to lend it me. 'Willingly,' said he, 'I will lend it to you tomorrow. But you will not find any master-strokes of genius in it.' A few days afterwards, on our meeting, he said to me, very satirically, 'Well, you have now seen something beautiful. Have you gained any ideas from it?' 'One air is very pretty.' 'How do the words go?' he inquired of somebody near him; 'Of which air?' 'Why, of that abominable air of Bach's. Let me see—' 'Purille Amate,' which he was certainly drunk when he wrote!" I really thought that I must have taken him by the nose. I, however, made as though I had heard nothing, and went away with-

out saying a word. He has already out-lived his favour at court."—*Life of Mozart*, pp. 117-18.

A word or two more on the Abbé's compositions:—

"Yesterday, that is Wednesday the 19th (apparently of November, 1777), was again a gala day. I attended the service, at which was produced a brand new mass by Vogler, which had been rehearsed only the day before yesterday, in the afternoon. I stayed, however, no longer than the end of the 'Kyrie.' Such music I never before heard in my life; for not only is the harmony frequently wrong, but he goes into keys as if he would tear one in by the hair of the head; not in an artist-like manner, or in any way that would repay the trouble, but plump and without preparation. Upon the conduct of the ideas, I will not attempt to speak; I will merely say that it is quite impossible that any mass by Vogler can satisfy a composer worthy of the name. For though one should discover an idea that is *not bad*, that idea does not long remain in a negative condition, but soon becomes—beautiful? Heaven save the mark! it becomes bad, exceeding bad; and this in two or three different ways. The thought has had scarcely time to appear, before something else comes and destroys it, or it does not close so naturally as to remain good, or it is not brought in in the right place, or it is spoiled by the injudicious employment of the accompanying instruments. Such is Vogler's composition."—*Life*, pp. 119, 120.

This passage calls forth a note; more being meant therein than meets the ear. When Mr. Holmes recommends it to the thoughtful student as matter for deep consideration, adding 'The lesson is Mozart's'—he might also, we think, have called attention to the fact, that in Vogler's career and the young Salzburger's criticism, the modern direction of German music, when it parted company from Italian, is shadowed out. Let us turn to Fétis, for a notice or two of this reprobated person. From his childhood the Abbé Vogler seems to have been one of those erratic, crotchety beings who pick up and combine knowledge in their own way, rather than follow any systematic course of instruction. 'He taught himself,' says Fétis, 'to play upon several instruments, and invented a system of fingering the harpsichord, which he communicated to his pupils.' His literary studies in the Jesuits' College at Würzburg were followed by his joining the order:—a step, which we are told, was followed by many temporal advantages, and which—to theorize after the fashion of M. Eugene Sue—may have introduced the shrewd Franconian into some of those habits of intrigue, which are so pithily denounced above. One so restless and aspiring was, at all events, not likely to profit deeply by such a course of

deliberate and regulated study as Italy afforded: and we shall accordingly find Vogler in Italy, flying from Valotti to Padre Martini; and leaving the latter again, for Rome, where he took Priest's orders, and where we are told, he got some ideas from Misliveczek, better known in Italy as 'Il Boemo.' He had not long been established at Mannheim, it seems, before Mozart's arrival: some two years later (in 1779) when the Elector Palatine was transferred to the sovereignty of Bavaria, disgusted possibly by the failure of his opera 'Albert the Third,' he resigned his appointments as court-chaplain and Kapellmeister, and successively wandered through France, Spain, Greece, and the East, 'to make,' we are told, 'researches relative to music.' The last region we must think 'a barren land,' despite of its having ripened the genius of France's youngest composer, M. Felicien David.

On his return from these progresses, the Abbé Vogler took service with the King of Sweden; but, restless, it would seem, by temperament or by training, he appears thenceforward never to have remained long constant to one place, or one occupation:—now playing on the organ in different German cities; now exhibiting in London on the *orchestron*, a precious invention of his own, the name of which is hardly remembered; now publishing treatises, courses, systems; now producing operas at Copenhagen, Vienna, Munich, &c.: and, lastly, setting up his tent at Darmstadt (not then, as now, the deadest of dead court towns), and what is more to the purpose, opening his school there. From this school proceeded the two inventors of Modern Germany—Weber and Meyerbeer. The figure made in art by these two men is in some sort an answer to Mozart's sarcasm; while, at the same time, the peculiar form thereof attests the justice of his criticism. It would have been expecting a miracle to look for his tolerating such an entire departure from the old Italian principles of harmony and of continuity, as the authors of 'Euryanthe' and 'Les Huguenots' manifest. While, however, we note the dash of empiricism in Vogler's genius and in his progress, which naturally made the Abbé offensive to so complete and so conscientious a musician as Mozart, it were unjust not to point out the large share an original man had in forming the genius of other original men: and since, at the outset of his life, he sits under the heavy ban of a greater artist, let us, for justice' sake, see what forms his career as instructor and theorist had taken towards its close. To this end we will translate a

page from M. Fétis's biographical notice of Meyerbeer, apprising the reader that the materials were probably furnished by that great musician himself. After mentioning that Meyerbeer's precocious genius had been placed under the training of Bernhard Anselm Weber, conductor of the Berlin opera; who, as well as the greater Von Weber (Carl Maria), had been a pupil under Vogler—

"One day," Fétis continues, "Meyerbeer took a fugue to his master. Enchanted with the *morceau*, Weber proclaimed it to be a *chef-d'œuvre*, and sent it at once to the Abbé Vogler, by way of proving that he, too, knew how to form scholars. After waiting some time for an answer, a voluminous packet was at last received. It was opened with eagerness, but oh vexations surprise! in place of its containing the expected praises, a practical treatise on the fugue appeared, written by the hand of Vogler, and divided into three parts. In the first the rules for the formation of music of this class were succinctly set forth. The second called 'The Scholar's Fugue,' contained Meyerbeer's analysis in its several parts, and thence proved to be not good. The third part, which was entitled 'The Master's Fugue,' was one which Vogler had written on Meyerbeer's subjects; this, too, was analysed bar by bar, the master giving his reasons for the adoption of one form in preference to another."

"Weber was struck dumb: but, for Meyerbeer, Vogler's criticism was a flash of light. . . . All that in Weber's instruction had seemed obscure and unintelligible presented itself to him as clear and easy. Full of enthusiasm, he set himself to writing a fugue in eight parts, according to the Abbé Vogler's principles, and forwarded it immediately. This new attempt was received by the master differently from the former one. 'A fair future in art is before you,' he wrote to Meyerbeer. 'Come to me here at Darmstadt; I will receive you as a son, and point out to you the sources of musical knowledge.' Incessantly occupied with serious studies, the life led by Vogler's pupils was truly artistic and scientific. After the Mass, which Carl Maria von Weber was obliged to serve, because he was a Catholic, —the master assembled his scholars and gave them an oral lesson on counterpoint, then set them to work in composing some movement of church music on a given theme, closing the day with the analysis of what each had written. Sometimes, also, Vogler went with Meyerbeer to the cathedral where there were two organs. There they improvised together on the two instruments, each taking in his turn the subject of the fugue given, and developing it."—Fétis—*Art., Meyerbeer.*

The reader will readily admit that this latter picture is far more gracious than the

former one. The value of Vogler's instructions remains still an 'open question:;' but the circumstance of his having contributed to form the taste of two inventors should, we think, be accepted as 'a plea in mitigation,' by all who take a catholic and comprehensive view of Art. How in Weber the Abbé's antipathy to Italian principles was perpetuated—how in Meyerbeer it was so corrected as to throw the student into an eclecticism the most original which the world of Art has seen—are matters the examination of which would lead us too wide: and, what is less desirable, assuredly land us in controversy. Those who are curious to work out our idea further will find interesting food for comparison and speculation in later pages of Mr. Holmes's Life, where Sarti's published observations on Mozart's quartetts, dedicated to Hadyn, are discussed. The Italian composer's strictures on Mozart's 'crudities' are, in tone, whimsically like those lavished by Mozart on the eccentricities of the Mannheim Abbé. "Such is the slavery to the conventional," remarks Mr. Holmes, "by which the public at large are enthralled, and the bold inquirer must often be content to wait till the accumulated opinions of years gradually reverse the verdict of contemporaries!" Something of this moderation, we think, might have been brought in to qualify Mozart's severity against Clementi (see Life, p. 198), and to correct his oracular tone with regard to future results of the Abbé Vogler's systems.

There will be small dissent, we imagine, from any of Mozart's views with regard to his own operas:—still less exception taken against the stores of anecdotes which Mr. Holmes has collected with regard to 'Idomeneo,' 'Die Entführung,' 'Figaro,' 'Don Giovanni,' and 'Die Zauberflöte.' Of 'La Clemenza,' and 'Cosi,' less is known. The artless fondness with which the composer describes his own works is to us very engaging. The world is, however, too fond of calling this paternal self-occupation vanity; and Mr. Holmes falls into the error, when writing (p. 219) of 'the amusing partiality' for his own performances' with which Glück 'favoured his friend and correspondent the Bailli du Rollet.' This is another illustration of the 'choleric word' and 'flat blasphemy' adage. For a couple of anecdotes, not worthless as rendering completer the history of Mozart's immortal operas, we are indebted to a somewhat out-of-the-way source—the 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles' of Mrs. Jameson. When that lady was in New York, some seven years ago, she "was introduced to a fine old Italian, with long and flowing white hair, and

* 'Unfortunately,' adds M. Fétis in a note, which speaks of the publication of this treatise, 'the analysis of Vogler is deficient in correctness, nor is his own fugue too good a one.' This criticism is oddly at variance with the passage of text immediately following.

a most venerable and marked physiognomy: it was Lorenzo de Ponte, the man who had first introduced Mozart to the Emperor Joseph," (*quære*, on what authority?) "and who wrote for him the text of the 'Don Juan,' the 'Figaro,' and the 'Cosi.'" The same page gives us a glimpse of the latter days of Shikaneder, the Vienna manager and buffoon companion of Mozart's married life; to save whom from ruin the thrifless and good-natured composer wrote 'Die Zauberberflöte' even at a moment when 'Death was with him dealing.' Those who have denounced the manager as one of those unworthy creatures who prey upon the gifted, will accept as a piece of poetical justice the following picture of his latter days:—"Shikaneder," says Mrs. Jameson, "was patronized by Joseph, Mozart's 'good Emperor,' and much attached to him. After the Emperor's death he went mad, and spent the rest of his life sitting in an arm chair with a large sheet thrown over him, refusing to speak to his family. When any one visited him, he would lift the sheet from his head, and ask, with a fixed look, 'Did you know Joseph?' If the answer were 'Yes,' he would perhaps condescend to exchange a few words with his visitor, always on the same subject—his emperor and patron; but if the answer were 'No,' he immediately drew his sheet about him, like a shroud, hid his face, and sank again into his arm-chair and obstinate silence: and thus he died."—*Winter Studies*, vol. i., pp. 261, 262.

Another contribution to the history of Mozart's operas, as indicating the powerful hold they have retained on the sympathies and imaginations, not merely of musicians, but also of men of letters, might have been found in Hoffmann's analysis of 'Don Juan,' where, by way of accounting for the impassioned tone of the composition, which was personal rather than premeditated, he credits Mozart with a profound and mystical view of the subject. This, Hoffmann assumes, must have presented itself to the composer in its psychological, and not merely its picturesque aspect. As a piece of ingenious rhapsody, the essay is well worth half an hour's attention, and was worth a foot note; though its value, as we have said, lies in its illustration of the ingenuity of commentators, as attesting the greatness of their subject. So, to the end of time, there will be no end of theories about Shakspeare, in explanation of the marvels of his genius:—and, after having surmised that he must have visited Scotland, because he could imagine Glamis and Cawdor and 'the blasted heath,' some speculator, bolder grown, may possibly proclaim cousinship for

him with Ahasuerus the Wanderer, and insist that 'Egypt's' pomp, as she sailed down the Cydnus, could only have been thus pictured by an eye-witness.

Mr. Holmes leaves much to be said with regard to the origin of 'The Requiem,' and the part which Mozart really bore in its composition: so much indeed, that time and space forbid our here arguing out the question, or even marshalling the evidence, of which the world is at present in possession. Zelter's earnest and laboured discussion of the subject, published in the well-known 'Correspondence with Goethe,' ought at least to have been adverted to, as a singularly honest piece of musical writing on a musical subject; such specimens being rare. There is an appearance, almost, of avoidance of the difficulties of the question by our biographer, which is hardly satisfactory.

We must now offer a few speculations on yet another musical point, in which Mr. Holmes's partisanship has carried him too far. Desirous of aggrandizing Mozart's stature, by measuring him against his contemporaries, our biographer is particularly restless with respect to Glück; accuses him of loving parasites and intrigues, and thus accounts for the slack intercourse maintained between him and Mozart: whereas, the latter's preference for Shikaneder and Stadler the clarinet-player, and for Arlequin and Pierrot, might have been cited as certain to make any close companionship with the philosophical artist restrained and uncomfortable. In another page Mr. Holmes asks, how is it that 'Glück's operas no longer keep possession of the stage?' Does he count how many of Mozart's operas are ever to be heard in Germany, France, and Italy? Three at the most. Does he forget that *four* of Glück's—the two 'Iphigenias,' the 'Alceste,' and the 'Armide'—have, ever since they were written, formed a part of the stock repertory of Berlin: that one at least, in like manner, takes its turn at Frankfurt, at Stuttgart, at Munich, Vienna, to our certain knowledge—we believe we might add, at every *first-class* opera-house in Germany? At the very moment we are writing, the French papers are describing the gorgeous preparations ordered by their King for the representation of 'Armide,' for the delectation of our Queen, provided she visits Paris this year. Nor is Mr. Holmes profound or happy in his judgment of Glück as a composer. In forming it, he seems to us to have listened to others, rather than looked into matters for himself. Let us quote a few lines:

"Give him (Glück) some great situation

or striking sentiment to express, and he did it in perfection, but in the mere luxury of music divested of action, and in the numerous other ways in which music, though vaguely, addresses itself to the passions of the soul, he has no power." In this passage, we apprehend Mr. Holmes means to say, that Glück was poor as a melodist; though, virtually, in place of this impression, he gives the master the highest praise which can be given to a dramatic composer, who is bound to avoid, not court, 'the mere luxury of music divested of action.' But let us take our critic according to his meanings. It is true that Glück has left fewer melodies than Mozart, since his sterner system of working precluded their admission, and the number of his mature compositions is smaller. But we deny his 'powerlessness.' To our apprehensions, the opera of 'Orfeo' contains a tenor part as full of fine melody, as various, too, in its colouring, as any single part in any of Mozart's operas. If the air, 'Objet de mon Amour,' with its enchanting answer of Echo; if the *bravura*, 'L'espoir renaît dans mon ame;' if the wondrous prayer to the demons, 'Laissez vous toucher,' and the *rondo*, 'J'ai perdu mon Eurydice' (which will be sung so long as there are ears to hear and hearts to feel) do not substantiate this assertion, whether the questioner choose to take up his ground on the parts of *Zerlina* in *Don Giovanni*, or the *Countess* in 'Figaro,' or *Pamina* in 'Die Zauberflöte'—Criticism must be allowed to use the sliding scale of sympathy and antipathy, instead of maintaining any unchanging standard of truth and beauty. There is a less amount of what may strictly be called *tuneable* in the two operas on Iphigenia's story; but let us turn to 'Armida,' and where, if not there, are we to seek for the 'luxury of music?'—where for such a flow of haunting and voluptuous melody as befits the land of enchantment? There may be movements more rhythmically fanciful—in Mozart's 'Magic Flute' for instance, the chorus, 'Gia fan ritorno;'—but for that delicious flow of sweet sound which 'steeps the senses in Elysium,' it is impossible, we think, to outdo the great tenor *scena*, 'Plus j'observe,' the close of which has a picturesque romance of the most exquisite imagining, or the Naiad's song, 'On s'étonnerait moins,' or *Lucinda's* ballad,* 'Jamais dans ce beaux lieux,' or the chorus, 'C'est l'amour

qui retient dans ses chaines.' A hundred causes could be pointed out why the operas of Glück have been, and might at any future time be again laid aside: one main reason being, that they are not written for any particular singer. But thus, also, may Shakespeare's 'Lear,' 'Othello,' and 'Merchant of Venice,' be forsaken for a while; if an actress appears, for whom Knowles writes his 'Hunchback,' or an actor, in spite of expectation, succeeds in embodying a Talfourd's 'Ion.' The latter have special claims, and will enjoy a success so long as the special order of executive talent for which they were suited, shall appear. But the really great plays will survive a hundred fashions and forced reputations—beautified and not depreciated by the flight of Time, and the silence in which they have lain. Such, we conceive, is the place occupied by Glück's operas. They may be already more antique, but they are less old fashioned than Mozart's.

Such are a few among the many speculations which this very agreeable book has suggested; put forth in no cavilling spirit, but rather as offering a view of the silver side of the shield, when Mr. Holmes is confident of the gold,—or of the *or* when he would blazon it as wholly *argent*. We will now, like true comrades, offer him a fair opportunity of retaliation, having still on our minds some remarks which he will esteem heretical, of which we must deliver our selves ere closing these notices.

In the opening paragraphs of this article, it was intimated that Mozart's place among the great musicians seemed to us hardly to have been rightly adjudged. He has been perpetually set *above them all* on the score of his versatility; it being forgotten that versatility of effort does not of necessity imply variety of fancy. It may appear paradoxical to some, but the intense seal of individuality which is stamped on all his productions, while it engages our sympathies, qualifies, in some measure, our enthusiasm. The greatest artist is he, who the least interposes himself between his thoughts and the public. It will surprise many,—above all, the legion of those who accept reputations on trust,—to hear it asserted, that (taking their respective eras and disposable materials into account) Handel more frequently laid by his *Handelism* than Mozart the Mozart-*ishness*, of which he speaks with so intelligent a modesty, when pressed as to its origin by a friend (see *Life*, pp. 315, 320). There is a wider range embraced by such airs as 'Wise men flattering,' 'He was despised,' 'Cease thine anguish' ('*Athalie*'), 'O ruddier than the cherry,' 'Sound an

* As we are labouring to establish Glück's versatility, we may be allowed to call attention to the simple but delicious contrivance of the accompaniment of long-sustained notes for the voice, which sets off this melody with a fulness of beauty not to be surpassed.

alarm,' and 'Lascia ch' io piango' ('Armida'),—and by such choruses as 'Cheer her, O Baal,' 'The people shall hear and be afraid' ('Israel'), the 'Hallelujah' of 'The Messiah,' 'Wretched Lovers' ('Acis'), and 'See the conquering Hero comes,' (to string together at random the first compositions which present themselves), than is circled by the entire body of Mozart's writings. For some of the specimens just numbered have no mark of the master upon them, howsoever they may bear marks of his time: while others, again, possess a virgin freshness, and delicacy of invention, belonging to no century, impossible though it be for those familiar with them, to cast themselves loose of associations of time and place. Whereas, we cannot call to mind a single piece of Mozart's, in which some harmony, some phrase, some luscious close, or some exquisitely resolved discord, does not refer the work to its author as surely as the carnations of Rubens, or the brocade of Veronese, or the Holy Madonna countenance of Francesco Francia. He has always seemed to us the solitary specimen of dramatic self-abstraction, and intense personality or manner combined (the one not damaging the other) which could be cited: and it is because qualities so opposite have been deemed impossible of existence in the same person, that Mozart has been credited by his enthusiasts with attributes, in reality, not belonging to his music. Let us not, for an instant, be thought to take part with M. Jules Maurel and the herd of flippant French critics who have denied the greatness of the author of 'The Requiem' and 'Figaro.' They acted according to their vocation, which is to sneer and to destroy without understanding; we would fain understand without sneering or destroying: deep love and reverence in our creed implying, also, intimate knowledge:—the worship of a *mens sana*, not the idolatry of the enthusiast. Thus, in considering the mass of Mozart's music—whether for the orchestra, or the chamber, the minster, or the opera house—we cannot but perceive that one sentiment (with little exception) colours the whole: the affectionate, tender, voluptuous spirit of the man: not incapable of mirth, but carrying through that mirth an undertone of something deeper and more mournful—not too sensual to soar to sublime heights, but still never raised by soaring above its own mortality.

"The still sad music of humanity"

is the line which occurs to us, whenever we attempt to characterize Mozart. To illustrate—let us compare 'Figaro' with 'Il

Matrimonio Segreto," and the superior pensiveness of the former must make itself felt—though the opera founded on Beaumarchais' drama, containing, as it does, none of the suppressed *tragedy* of the hero's soliloquy (which gives the character in the play a closer analogy to *Shylock's*, than the generality are aware)—is assuredly infinitely more superficial and heartless, than the story containing the fears and the persecutions of the secretly-married *Carolina*. In like manner, we cannot but think that the passion of 'Don Giovanni' must be owned to be exceeded in many parts of the 'Fidelio'—that the fantasy of the faëry-work in 'Die Zauberflöte,' is less wild and aerial than the supernatural music of 'Der Freischütz' and 'Oberon,'—and that though the classical grandeur of the concerted music in 'Idomeneo' and 'La Clemenza' be great, Glück towers higher in his three Greek Operas. On the other hand, for delicious natural melody, adorned by every garniture that scientific experience can suggest, neither Cimarosa, nor Beethoven, nor Weber, can stand before Mozart. He had rhythm without formality, grace without affectation, variety without pedantry—knew where to place those orchestral touches, which give to the vocal portions of a work a crowning charm, not wholly their own—how to elaborate without cumbrousness, how to accumulate without strain after climax. And his own glass, through which, we must repeat, he viewed every theme, whether 'grave or gay, lively or severe,' was tinged with such a delicious and delicate colour, that we wonder not, if the world has been so fascinated as to forget the tinge, and to declare that the rich, mellow, and tender hue is real, and not a matter interpolated. Perhaps, in short, there has been little or no music so complete as Mozart's. Produced under every possible temptation to haste—adapted, as much of it professedly was, to exhibit or conciliate the peculiar qualities of peculiar artists, who are not, as a race, very scrupulous how they are conciliated, so they be only sufficiently exhibited; the perfection of finish and the avoidance of common-place in his writings are extraordinary; the traces of a fatigued or unwilling invention, so few as not to deserve mention. It is rare to meet an artist who is so profoundly scientific, so admirably clear of anything like scientific parade. On the contrary, when even Mozart puts forth the scholarship of his art, he manages to give the dry exercise a certain grace and eloquence, imparting to it a picturesque attractiveness, and permanent value, of which the pedants never dreamed. Here we come upon the

bright side of the man's individuality. He could not be severe, as distinct from beautiful. Others may, and have been stronger and more startling :—but none so uniformly winning ; none so perpetually retaining his hold over the many and the few. And none, be it recollected, have extended their efforts over so wide a surface. The quantity of Mozart's known music is probably exceeded by the quantity which is forgotten. Yet he died among 'the youngest of the crowned.'

To speculate upon what might have been added to gifts so magnificent and comprehensive, had education and circumstance been more kind, is somewhat too much like chronicling events which never happened, to be long indulged in. And the English have so recently begun to consider the musician's art as anything better than a luxury to be enjoyed without respect, that to speak of the serious interest of the matter may be thought bombastic. Yet we cannot take leave of this 'Life of Mozart,' without regarding the question as in some sort opened afresh, by its publication and the general interest it has excited. Some future day, then, we may possibly attempt to trace more clearly the destinies of Art, the responsibilities of the Artist,—and the duties of those to whom his childhood (for training) or his youth (for directing) or his manhood (for praising) are confided.

ART. IX.—1. *Adalbert von Chamisso's Werke.* 2e. Auflage, 6 Bände. Leipzig. 1842.

2. *Chamisso*, par M. J. J. AMPÈRE, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Mai, 1840.

WE would fain perform in some degree an act of tardy justice to the memory of a poet of no mean order, and a man of rare and sterling worth. Considering the early and extensive popularity which the story of Peter Schlemihl obtained in this country, it is surprising how rarely the author's name is mentioned amongst us. Few English readers, we believe, are aware that he ever wrote a line of poetry, or acquired any other title to celebrity than that which his far-famed romance conferred upon him. Yet neither as to the man nor his works is this neglect deserved. Both have long been regarded in Germany with fervent love and admiration, and both commend themselves to our sympathies by qualities peculiarly adapted to win the cordial esteem of English-

men. But even were it not so, even though Chamisso claimed our attention on no higher grounds, curiosity at least might well be directed towards the productions of a Frenchman, whose German style has been accepted in the country of his adoption as a model of purity, force, and elegance. Such an example of eminent mastery achieved both in prose and verse over a language which was not the writer's mother tongue, is almost unique in the history of literature.

Louis Charles Adelaide, or, as he was afterwards called, Adalbert von Chamisso, was one of the younger sons of the count of that name, and was born in the Château de Boncourt, in Champagne, in January, 1781. His family, which was of Lorrainian origin, had been distinguished for its loyalty to its suzerains, its ample feudal honours and possessions, and its intermarriages with many reigning houses. Not less eminent than its prosperous fortunes were the disasters that afterwards befel it. Adalbert's parents were residing in the château where he was born when the Revolution broke out. Boncourt was assailed, ransacked, and destroyed. No stone was left standing on another, and of the many valuable heirlooms it contained not a fragment was saved. Of all the losses then sustained, what the family most regretted was a sword, bestowed with the rank of Captain, by Marshal Villars, on Chamisso's grandfather, then aged fifteen, for an important military service performed with singular address, coolness, and intrepidity. The marshal's sword was afterwards replaced by another, still more precious, perhaps, as a token of gallant and generous fidelity to a fallen master. Chamisso's two elder brothers, Hippolyte and Charles, were pages in the service of Louis XVI. Charles especially was always by the unfortunate monarch's side in moments of peril. He was severely wounded on the eventful 10th of August, in defending the king, and would have been killed but for the favour shown him by one of the mob. Louis was not ungrateful ; imprisoned and closely watched as he was in his own palace, he seized a favourable moment to present the brave page with a sword he himself had worn in better days, accompanied with a scrap of paper about the size of a crown-piece, which he had secreted under his coat, and which contained the following words in his own handwriting :

"I recommend M de Chamisso, one of my faithful servants, to my brother ; he has many times risked his life for me.

"LOUIS."

Such was Chamisso's origin, such were the circumstances surrounding his childhood : a feudal manor in Champagne, a,

family strongly attached to the usages and traditions of an expiring order of things. How different was the tenor of his after-life, from what its first auspices portended! Had any one at Boncourt, in 1781, cast the nativity of the noble babe just born there, the prediction would surely have taken any other shape rather than this: that the boy was to be a distinguished German author, who should translate the songs of the democrat Béranger into the language of another people, and should be throughout all his life the steady, temperate, but intrepid approver of those great social changes, the first fruits of which to himself were to be loss of fortune and station, exile, and long continued adversity and privation. Chamisso seems to have been sent into the world expressly to rebuke a selfish age by his noble example, and teach men of all parties justice, moderation, and obedience to the manifest will of Providence. How beautifully his faith as a reformer was reconciled with the most affectionate and reverent tenderness for the past, may be seen from his exquisite lines on

DAS SCHLOSS BONCOURT.

Ich träum' als Kind mich zurücke,
Und schütt'lte mein greises Haupt;
Wie sucht ihr mich heim, ihr Bilder,
Die lang' ich vergessen geglaubt?

Hoch ragt aus schatt'gen Gehegen
Ein schimmerndes Schloss hervor,
Ich kenne die Thürme, die Zinnen,
Die steinerne Brücke, das Thor.

Es schauen vom Wappenschilde
Die Löwen so traulich mich an,
Ich grüsse die alten Bekannten,
Und eile die Burghof hinan.

Dort liegt die Sphinx am Brunnen;
Dort grünt der Feigenbaum;
Dort, hinter diesen Finstern,
Verträumt ich den ersten Traum.

Ich tret' in die Burghapelle
Und suche des Ahnherrn Grab,
Dort ist's, dort hängt vom Pfeiler
Das alte Gewaffen herab.

Noch lesen umflort die Augen
Die Züge der Inschrift nicht,
Wie hell durch die bunten Scheiben
Das Licht darüber auch bricht.

So stehst du, O Schloss meiner Väter,
Mir treu und fest in dem Sinn,
Und bist von der Erde verschwunden.
Der Pflug geht über dich hin.

Sei fruchtbar, O theurer Boden,
Ich segne dich mild und gerührt!
Und segn' ihn zweifach, wer immer
Den Pflug nun über dich führt.

Ich aber will auf mich raffen,
Mein Saitenspiel in der Hand,
Die Weiten der Erde durchschweifen,
Und singen von Land zu Land.

THE CHATEAU DE BONCOURT.

A dream wafts me back to childhood,
And I shake my hoary head.
How ye crowd on my soul, ye visions,
I thought were for ever fled.

There glistens o'er dusky foliage
A lordly pile elate;
I know those towers and turrets,
The bridges, the massive gate.

Welcoming, kindly faces
The armorial lions show;
I greet each old acquaintance,
As in through the arch I go.

There lies the Sphinx at the fountain;
There darkly the flag-tree gleams;
'Twas yonder, behind those windows,
I was rapt in my earliest dreams.

I enter the chapel, and look for
My ancestor's hallow'd grave;
'Tis here, and on yonder pillar
Is hanging his antique glaive.

I try to decipher the legend,
But a mist is upon my eyes,
Though the light from the painted window
Full on the marble lies.

Home of my fathers, how plainly
Thou standest before me now!
Yet thou from the earth art vanish'd,
And over thee goes the plough.

Fruitful, dear earth, be thou ever;
My fondest blessings on thee!
And a double blessing go with him
That ploughs thee, whoe'er he be.

For me, to my destiny yielding,
I will go with my harp in my hand,
And wander the wide world over,
Singing from land to land.

Though we may not coincide with Ampère in considering this piece as our author's *chef-d'œuvre*, we fully agree with him that it is admirable in construction as well as in sentiment, and that it will live. The theme is one which has been treated thousands of times, and which, indeed, will never be old; but it comes from Chamisso's hands, stamped with as distinct an individuality as though it did not belong to the common domain of human life. The first stanzas suggest, by the simplest means, a vivid picture of the feudal manor; and Burns himself never wrote anything more touching, anything that strikes home more directly to the feelings, than the last stanza but one. As the

present accomplished King of Prussia said in a letter written by him, when crown prince, to the author, no one can read these lines without involuntarily returning upon the poet's head the blessings he invokes on the husbandman, who guides the plough over the beloved site of his father's house.

Little is known of Chamisso's childhood, except that he was even then remarkable for the taciturn and thoughtful disposition that characterized his manhood, and already evinced a propensity to the pursuits of the naturalist and the reveries of the poet. 'I used,' he says, 'to observe insects, search out new plants, and at an open window on stormy nights, stand contemplating and reflecting.' When his more volatile companions teased and ridiculed him for his backwardness to join in their romps, his mother would come to the rescue, and cry out to his persecutors, 'Let him alone; he will outstrip you all by and by as a man, as much as he surpasses you now in good conduct and information.' He used to say of his own fourth son, a delicate boy, whose apparent weakness of intellect occasioned his mother much uneasiness, 'Never fear, the lad will come right in time; he is exactly such as I was myself at his age.'

Chamisso was nine years old when his impoverished family fled from France. At thirteen, he studied drawing and miniature painting, at Wurtzburg. At fifteen, after having been for some time a pupil in the painting department of the royal porcelain manufactory of Berlin, he became one of the Queen of Prussia's pages. At seventeen, he entered the Prussian army; three years afterwards (1801) he was a lieutenant, and his family returned to France. The first occupation of the young Prussian officer was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the German tongue; for at twenty years of age he was not yet perfectly familiar with the language, in the literature of which he was afterwards to take so prominent a place. To this period belong two of his earliest known productions, a translation into German prose of a French tragedy ('*Le Comte de Comminge*'), and some French verses addressed to a countrywoman of his own, the young and fascinating widow, Ceres Duvernay. He was in love with her—the reader will have already concluded so much as a matter of course; and M. Ampère is by all means right in saying, that the verses he addressed to the object of his passion were fully as bad and as high-flown as became the occasion of a first love. We mention these two pieces chiefly for the purpose of placing in juxta-position the comments made upon them respectively by

the author's two friends, German and French, Hitzig and Ampère. The former says of the tragedy, that 'it bears proof of the writer's painful wrestling with a language which he had not yet made completely his own. He mistakes even the meaning of words, and says for instance "*heilsame Flamme*" instead of "*heilige Flamme*." At the same time there is manifested a certain suppleness of expression, and an involuntary tendency to rhythm. The prose runs into verse without the author's perceiving it.' Of the lines to Ceres Duvernay, M. Ampère says: 'I quote them only to show to what a degree our countryman was already German as regarded the bent of his imagination, even in his French verses. This fanciful madrigal reads like a translation from the German. Chamisso rendered into that language the coquettish and rather insipid French verses which Madame Ceres Duvernay addressed to him. His adoptive language was then, as it were, the natural speech of his imagination and his heart. Then and ever after he felt more at ease in using it than his mother tongue.'

Chamisso heroically proposed for the fair widow's hand, his sole means for maintaining a wife and family being the not very magnificent appointments of a Prussian lieutenant. Fortunately, the lady was no green girl, and his suit was rejected. Disappointed in love, he soon found consolation in the friendship of a little knot of embryo poets, most of whom have since become distinguished in various walks of literature and science. Among them were La Motte Fouqué, Robert, the brother of Rahel, Varnhagen, Neumann, Koreff, De la Foye, an emigrant like himself, and now professor of chemistry at Caen, and Hitzig, Chamisso's dearest and most intimate friend, his posthumous editor and biographer.* The young friends combined together to start a poetical annual or *Musen-Almanach*, for which poor Chamisso, besides acting as editor, contrived to find the funds; for the hard-hearted German publishers refused to exchange their good dollars for the effusions of the gifted obscure, and none of his coadjutors had either money or credit enough to help the vessel of their hopes off the stocks. The important work at last appeared, and soon procured its authors the unspeakable delight of having admirers of both sexes, and enemies of one. The Green book (this was the

* Hitzig, who had already published the lives of Hoffmann and Werner, says touchingly at the close of his preface to the life of Chamisso, 'This is my last biographical work, for death cannot take from me another Adalbert (denn es kann mir kein Adalbert mehr sterben).'

title of the collection) ran a long and prosperous career, and was in its revived form the medium through which Freiligrath first made his way to fame. Graver occupations by and by broke up the little intimate circle formed by the founders of the work, and obliged them to disperse in pursuit of their several callings. But neither absence nor time abated the strong attachment Chamisso had conceived for 'his brothers,' as he delighted to call them. He wrote to them frequently, and the correspondence between him and them went on without interruption through all the vicissitudes of an erratic life. Let the world make itself merry over the 'Quarrels of Authors,' let it laugh to its heart's content at the petulance, the wayward weakness, and the fretful jealousies of the *genus irritabile*; laughter is the natural and appropriate corrective of these things; but the genial glow, the strength and fullness of literary friendships, are matters, we imagine, beyond the range of the world's ordinary speculations. Chamisso, who in every act, thought, and purpose, was thoroughly in earnest, carried with him to the grave the whole freight of his youthful affections, no particle lost by the way, only the store augmented by fresh accessions made during the voyage of his life.

In September, 1804, war being about to begin against France, the young Lieutenant thus expresses, in a letter to De la Foye, the vague thirst for action that tormented him: 'I could beat myself with my fists! Here am I, a young fellow of four-and-twenty, and have done nothing, seen nothing, enjoyed nothing, suffered nothing, become nothing, won nothing, nothing, clean nothing, in this miserable, miserable world!' Meantime, he was not idle, but applied himself 'six, eight, or ten hours daily,' to the study of Greek. He was also desirous of entering one of the German universities, but his family strongly objected to this project, and he abandoned it.

The campaign opened, and Chamisso left Berlin with his regiment (Oct., 1805). During his toilsome marches he was constantly occupied with his pet Green Book. Homer was never out of his hands, and Greek phrases are scattered through all the letters he wrote at this time to his most intimate friends. The great events of the day occupy but a small place in these letters; the matter of which they consist is chiefly personal—the movements of the writer's imagination, his hopes, reminiscences, and affections, and the few books he is able to procure. 'I am reading the Scriptures,' he says, 'diligently, and with edification. I have read Matthew's gospel, and am now

comparing it with John's. Matt. 14, 22, *et seq.* This passage has struck me. . . . If we have winter quarters here, I shall be a theologian. I have a hope, a charming hope; I shall perhaps be able to procure books here from the Göttingen library.'—'I imagine,' says M. Ampère, 'there was not in the French army a lieutenant whose correspondence resembled that of Chamisso. Courier might be an exception as regards Homer, but Courier did not read St. Matthew.'

"Chamisso's military career," we quote from Ampère, "was terminated by an event that caused him intense mortification. It would, perhaps, be too harsh to reproach him with having consented to bear arms against the French. Be it remembered that he had quitted France at nine years of age, and that he was bound by gratitude and honour to the country that had given him bread and a sword.* But whatever judgment be pronounced on the decision he came to, or rather, which destiny prescribed to him, justice should be done to the noble sorrow he evinced on the too prompt surrender of a fortress (Hameln) which he would gladly have contributed to defend. The long letter in which he relates the event is full of earnest protestations against such dastardy; and he looks on this disgrace, which he submits to with rage and despair, as a punishment for the course he had, after many inward struggles, adopted with repugnance and gloomy forebodings.

"Chamisso obtained a passport for France, where his family now were; but before he departed he wrote to Hitzig, 'I am a German at heart, and for life.' And this was true. He was never indifferent to the fortunes of France, but by his inward nature he belonged to Germany. His frankness, his straightforward plainness, the awkwardness of his manners,† his disposition at once studious and pensive, his inclination for travelling, or for a tranquil life amid a small circle of friends, the originality of his ideas, always a little encumbered by a mode of expression, strong indeed, but painfully laboured; everything about him, in short, even to his personal appearance, was more German than French. Did he owe this Teutonic strain to the Lorraine origin of his family? I cannot tell; but really he seemed predestined to the part he filled. Chance did not so much give him to Germany, as restore him to her."

Forced from the land of his choice, and unable to strike root in that of his birth, Chamisso remained for many years in that morbid condition of feeling incident to men of strong temperament and generous mind, who find themselves condemned to live without a definite aim or occupation. His

* "Here the soil, there the men are foreign to me," he used sadly to exclaim, "nowhere can I find contentment."

† This must be understood in a conventional sense only. Chamisso was not formed to shine in the *salons* of Paris; but he was a gentleman in the best import of the word.

family wished him to settle once for all in France, but in spite of his attachment to a family that deserved all his affection, his heart was with his early friends in Germany. He returned to Berlin, where he expected to find Varnhagen at least, but his friends had all left the capital before he arrived. He spent three weary, purposeless years there, in a state of extreme despondency, augmented by the false position in which he was placed by his birth. He saw Germany rising up around him, and buckling on its weapons against the coming struggle for liberation; and, unable to take part in the movement, he exclaimed with somewhat coarse energy against the fate that doomed him 'to rot in the midst of all this fermentation, without even turning out good for manure.'

In 1810, he was called to France, to fill a professorship in the new college of Napoleonville; his errand was again a fruitless one, but the journey made him acquainted with Madame de Staël and with M. de Barante, the historian, then prefect of Vendée. With the latter he spent the winter of 1810-11, agreeably enough, instructing the future translator of Schiller in German literature, and filling up his leisure with the perusal of old fabliaux and romances of chivalry. He was also a welcome guest of Madame de Staël's, at Chaumont and Blois; and after her banishment he followed her to Geneva and Coppet.

"Chamisso," said Ampère, "with his bluntness, his *salvagery* and his pipe, made a singular figure amongst that brilliant, elegant, and romanesque society. Yet Madame de Staël appreciated the elevation of his soul, his singleness of heart, and the originality of his mind. As for him, he was somewhat astounded, somewhat ill at ease, and half seduced, like a Scythian in Athens. He has expressed with rather blunt vivacity the impression made on him by the extraordinary woman with whom chance threw him in contact: 'After all, I like De Staël better than the German (Schlegel); she has a more just intuitive perception of life than he, though she has less skill in dissection; she has also more life, more heart under her ribs (*mehr Lieb im Leibe*); she possesses the good qualities of the French, ease of manners, *savoir vivre*, and grace; but she hates them cordially, her friends even not excepted.' Elsewhere he says: 'She is an extraordinary being, combining the earnestness of the Germans, the warmth of the South, and the manners of the French. She is sincere, open, impassioned, jealous, all enthusiasm; she conceives ideas only with her soul. She has no feeling for painting, music is all in all for her, she lives only in its tones; she must have music about her when she writes, and in reality she writes only music. The geometry of life fares but badly here—she is equally enthusiastic for freedom and for chivalry. Intrinsically she is a thorough aristocrat, as she is herself well aware, and everything she knows she

tells her friends. A heroine of tragedy she is, who must needs receive, bestow, or throw away crowns. Her former life was passed in the region wherein were formed the political tempests that decided the fate of the world. She ought at least to hear the rattle of the carriage wheels in Paris. She pines away in this exile.'

It was one of the caprices of the De Staël-ish society, to play *petite poste*, instead of carrying on oral conversation. The game was played thus: the company sat round a table supplied with writing materials, and wrote down questions and answers on the slips of paper which were rapidly passed and repassed between each two interlocutors. In this way it was contrived to afford each individual the pleasure of a *tête-à-tête*. Hitzig has published a few specimens of these dialogues, out of a large collection he found among Chamisso's papers. The following is one of them:—

"St. You have a great deal of *esprit*, and you pay no attention to your accent. You know all the tongues, and are ignorant of your own. You are handsome, and are astonishingly negligent of your person. Lastly, you have some friendship for me, and you cannot give up your pipe for my sake. Now comes this incompleteness, when you want only the will to make so distinguished a figure?

"Ch. How shall I reply? You are a proficient in flattery, whilst I am inexpert with the language even of praise. Spare me, we do not meet with equal weapons. Do not plane-away the bark from an oak, in order to polish it; it would die. Leave it above all in the forest; it is there it thrives.

"St. Do you think me wanting in energy? I will not allow you to be in the forest, if I am not there too. I do not seek to strip you of your leaves, but of the briars about you. I do not flatter you, I do what is better.

"Ch. You will not allow me to be in the forest if you are not there? You do not choose to be in the forest! What, then, would you make of me? Where would you have me be?

"St. I would have you be what you are, energetic in heart, and elegant in outward things (*dans les formes*), ancient and modern, the savage and the gentleman—in short, a combination of contrasts, which is perfection."

It was during his visit to Coppet that Chamisso began the study of botany, which was afterwards the professional occupation of his life. In 1812, he made a pedestrian tour in Switzerland, hesitated on the frontiers of Italy, and then turned short round to the north, hungering for his beloved Germany. Hastening to Berlin, he entered the university as a medical pupil, and he began to study anatomy and physiology with intense zeal. His mind now recovered its natural serenity; he saw a glimpse of blue sky, as he says himself; he had a laudable and de-

finite object to strive for, that of fitting himself to take part in a scientific expedition.

He was again painfully agitated by the events of 1813, but not so as to be diverted from the course he had begun. 'I had no longer a country, or rather, I had not yet a country.' He was Frenchman enough to feel for the disasters of the great Russian expedition. In the midst of the warlike movement in Germany, he would sometimes cry out, 'The time has no sword for me.' Again, he says in a letter to Varnhagen, 'To a war against France—being the fellow that I am—I must not, cannot contribute anything; but in aid of a war for the defence of North Germany, I could freely carry my bones to market—and something of the sort may possibly come to pass. I assist here in exercising the militia, and if it comes to a war of peasants I may very likely take part in it—*pro aris et focis*—I will not refuse to perish with you.'

It was to beguile his uneasiness during this year, and to amuse his friend Hitzig's wife and children, that he composed his famous tale of 'Peter Schlemihl,' the man who was rendered miserable by the loss of his shadow. Ampère has an ingenious passage on this subject, which is worth quoting:

"Is there a latent moral in this whimsical story? Without doing like Schlemihl, and running after a shadow, it seems to me we may attribute to the author the intention of expressing this truth, that in society, as it is now constituted, virtue, merit, and even fortune, are not everything. It is not enough that one is rich, something more is wanting to give one mark and consequence in the world; there needs a slight shadowy something, designated by the vague, but not insignificant words, speciality, notability, position. To be other than a nobody in society in these days, when men are no longer classed according to rank, one must bear a known name, or have produced a book, or possess some striking accomplishment; one must have the supplementary aid of fashion, or enjoy a celebrity, a notoriety, a distinction, as they phrase it, of one kind or another. This is the indispensable shadow for which the devil sometimes tempts us to sell our souls, and without which we succeed in nothing. The author of 'Peter Schlemihl' is right in concluding, that when one has not a shadow, one ought not to go into the sunshine."

We accept this interpretation, although since it was written Hitzig has published Chamisso's positive declaration that he had no didactic purpose in view when he composed the tale. We hold that every well-constructed story, inasmuch as it purports to present a regular series of events and circumstances, bound together by known

laws, must of necessity supply data from which may be deduced one moral or more. In other words, the details of any fable will suggest pointed analogies just in proportion as they are consistent with each other and coherent. It is generally conceded that although the poet's functions have a moral tendency, he is not required to be solicitous about teaching categorically; and perhaps it would not be too much to say that if he thinks about his moral at all, the less he does so the better. Chamisso appears to have been of this opinion:

"I have seldom," he says, "any ulterior aim in my poetry; if an anecdote or a word strikes me in a particular manner (*mich selbst im Leibe von der Seite der linken Pfote bewegt*) I suppose it must have the same effect on others, and I set to work, wrestling laboriously with the language, till the thing comes out distinctly."

"If by chance I have had a notion to evolve, I am always disappointed with the way in which the thing turns out. It looks flimsy; there is no life in it. . . . You may call me for this a nightingale, or a cuckoo, or any other singing bird, rather than a reasoning man; with all my heart! I ask no better. . . . Schlemihl, too, came forth in this way. I had lost on a journey my hat, portmanteau, gloves, pocket-handkerchief, and all my moveable estate. Fouqué asked me whether I had not also lost my shadow; and we pictured to ourselves the effects of such a disaster. Another time, in turning over the leaves of a book by Lafontaine (I do not know the title), was found a passage in which a very obliging man was described as producing all sorts of things from his pocket in a party, as fast as they were called for; upon this I remarked that, only ask him civilly, the good fellow would, no doubt, lug out a coach and horses from his pocket.—Here was Schlemihl complete in conception, and as time hung heavy enough on my hands in the country, I began to write. In truth I had no need to have read the 'Baron de Feneste' (Daubigné's philosophical romance) to have picked up all sorts of practical knowledge, touching the *paradoxe* and the *craze*. But it was not my object to embody this knowledge, but to amuse Hitzig's wife and children, whom I looked upon as my public, and so it has come to pass that you and others have laughed over my performance."

Here is a ludicrous trifle by our author, which was no doubt meant for nothing more than what it appears, though it would be easy to 'moralize it into a thousand similes.'

* This was a favourite expression of our author's, and marked what he considered the most commendable quality in any composition. When he communicated a new copy of verses to a friend for his opinion, his first question was always *ob es herauskommt?* was all perfectly clear? did every figure stand out well from the canvass?

TRAGISCHE GESCHICHTE.

'S war Einer, dem's zu Herzen ging,
Dass ihm der Zopf so hinten hing,
Er wollt' es anders haben.

So denkt er denn: 'Wie fang ich's an?
Ich dreh' mich um, so ist's gethan—
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.'

Da hat er flink sich umgedreht,
Und wie es stund es annoch steht—
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Da dreht er schnell sich anders'rum,
'S wird aber noch nicht besser drum—
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Er dreht sich links, er dreht sich rechts,
Es thut nicht Gut's, es thut nicht Schlecht's—
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Er dreht sich wie ein Kreisel fort,
Es hilft zu nichts, in einen Wort—
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Und seht, er dreht sich immer noch,
Und denkt: 'Es hilft am Ende doch'—
Der Zopf, der hängt ihm hinten.

Let us return to the life of Chamisso. He employed the latter part of 1813, and the greater part of the following year, upon natural history, attending lectures on mineralogy, which surprised him with the discovery 'that stones had so much sense in them,' assisting in the arrangement of the Crustacea in the Zoological Museum of Berlin, and exercising himself in writing and speaking Latin, preparatory to taking his doctor's degree. The storm of war broke out again in 1815, and made him more than ever solicitous to withdraw for a while from the scene of strife. He endeavoured to join the Prince de Neuwied, who was about to travel in Brazil, but was disappointed in this and many other similar attempts. At last the opportunity he so much longed for arrived. Taking up a newspaper one day at Hitzig's, he chanced to see the announcement of a voyage of discovery towards the North Pole and in the Pacific, which was about to be undertaken on board the Russian ship of war, commanded by Otto von Kotzebue, son of the German author of that name. Stamping with his foot, Chamisso exclaimed, 'I wish I was with these Russians at the North Pole.' 'Are you in earnest?' said Hitzig. 'Quite so.' And, on the 15th of July, Chamisso left Berlin for a voyage of three years.

He published a very lively and entertaining account of this voyage, which we strongly recommend to the readers of the 'Foreign Quarterly.' We extract only one very short passage, for the sake of a piece of literary history connected with it.

"The Island Salas y Gomez is a bare rock

A MELANCHOLY STORY.

A man there was sore vex'd in mind,
For why, his pigtail hung behind;
The thing he fain would alter.

Thinks he: 'With half a turn here goes
To see it stick beneath my nose—
This tail that hangs behind me.'

So, bounce! he turns him round about;
'Tis odd! he cannot make it out—
The tail still hangs behind him.

The other way with might and main
He pirouettes; 'tis labour vain—
The tail still hangs behind him.

He turns him left, he turns him right,
'Tis all the same, unlucky wight!
His tail still hangs behind him.

Like a teetotum round and round
He spins; and yet no change is found—
The tail still hangs behind him.

He keeps on spinning hard and fast;
'Twill sure,' thinks he, 'come right at last'—
The tail still hangs behind him.

rising out of the waves. * * * No traces of incipient vegetation are yet discernible upon it. It is the abode of countless swarms of sea birds, which seem to prefer such naked rocks to verdant islands, even uninhabited, since where there are plants, there are also insects, such as ants, which are particularly injurious to their broods. * * * Fragments of a wrecked vessel are said to have been discovered at Salas y Gomez; we looked for them in vain. It makes one shudder to think of the possibility that a human being may have been cast upon the island, for the sea birds' eggs would probably have sufficed but too well to prolong his forlorn existence between sky and ocean on that bare sunburnt rock."

In this passage, written most probably during the voyage, though not published until long afterwards, we have the rudiment of a terrible and pathetic monodrama. It lay germinating in Chamisso's mind for eleven years, until, in 1829, he produced his grandest work, SALAS Y GOMEZ.

This poem, remarkable, among other merits, for the majestic strength of its Dantesque rhythm, consists of four parts, in the first of which Chamisso describes his landing on the island with the crews of two boats sent off from the *Rurik*. The seamen dispersed themselves along the shore in search of fresh water, whilst he proceeded towards the interior and reached one of the two summits. Here he was startled by a strange discovery; the rock beneath his feet bore indubitable traces of the presence of civilized man; five rows of crosses, ten in each, were scratched upon it; and an inscription in European characters was still discernible, though nearly effaced, as it seemed, by footsteps. Heaps of eggshells, lying near the spot, also indicated that the

person whose food they had contained had been a long sojourner on the island. Chamisso immediately began to explore the mystery suggested by those appearances, and found a clue to it at length on ascending another eminence. There he saw a naked old man stretched on the rock, apparently dead, with his arms crossed on his breast, and his long silvery hair and beard nearly covering his emaciated form. As soon as he had recovered from the surprise this spectacle occasioned him, Chamisso summoned his companions; they gathered round the old man, who just then opened his eyes, and moved his lips, but presently expired without being able to utter a word. A signal shot from the *Rurik*, followed by a second and a third, obliged the spectators of this melancholy scene to return in haste to the vessel. They left the body of the old man as they had found it, and Chamisso became heir to all his property, consisting of three stone tablets, filled with writing in the Spanish language, traced with a pointed shell. The remainder of the poem is made up of their contents.

The first tablet narrates the catastrophe by which the aged solitary had become the tenant of the desolate rock. Returning to his home in South America from a successful course of commercial adventure, he lay one night on deck, gazing on the starry glories of the tropic sky, and indulging in all those blissful visions which the hour naturally awakened in his mind. In the prime of manhood, he had acquired an ample fortune, and was about to attain the fulfilment of his dearest hopes. Love, honour, and all earthly happiness awaited him at home; but that home he was never to behold. The vessel struck on a coral reef, filled and instantly went down. His companions all perished; he alone was reserved for a more dismal fate. The island on which he was cast, abounding in sea fowl, afforded him the means of prolonging the most frightful state of existence humanity could endure or imagination conceive. Less fortunate than *Crusoe* he was unable to recover any fragment of the wreck, which, having stranded on the reef far beyond his reach, lay there for years until it was gradually carried out to sea by the current. *Crusoe's* pitiable fate brought with it its own antidote in the energies it excited, the ingenuity it called forth, its varied incidents, and lively, alternating emotions. But the solitary of *Salas y Gomez* had no occupation to beguile the horrors of his naked, blank, monotonous existence; and he closes the first chapter of his awful history with

the words, 'Not even the hope of dying soon is left me.'

We will translate as faithfully as we can the last two divisions of this noble poem; but after mature consideration we have thought it advisable to make some departure from the order of the rhymes. The *terza rima* has never been thoroughly naturalised amongst us, nor does it satisfy an English ear, but leaves on it an uneasy impression of vagueness and incompleteness. We grow weary of the never-ending flow of alternate rhymes, and wish they were sometimes rounded to a close by the interposition of a couplet, as in the *ottava rima*, or of some other principle of variety. May this be done by a translator without injustice to his original? We think it may. A poem in *terza rima*, it appears to us, may be rendered into English heroic measure with rhymes at irregular intervals, without greatly offending against Bishop Lowth's excellent canon; at all events we will make the attempt.

THE SECOND TABLET.

I sat above the shore ere break of day;
The starry Cross declining low foretold
The near approach of morn; the east still lay
Wrapt in deep gloom, only in fiery play
The sheeted foam beneath me gleam'd and roll'd.
With straining eyes I watch'd the horizon's verge,
And thought the weary night would ne'er be done,
So did I long to see the sun emerge.
The nestling birds uplifted, one by one,
As if in dreams, their voices; on the surge
Died the pale lustre; the clear sky withdrew
From the sea's bosom, and in depths of blue
The starry choir melted and disappear'd.
I knelt in prayer, and tears stole down my beard.
Now in its majesty came forth the sun
That kindles gladness even in hearts foredone.
Upward I look'd. A ship! a ship! full sail,
Running before the breeze, and hither steer'd!
My God forsakes me not, he hears my wail.
O God of love, that dost in mercy chasten,
Scarce had I knelt to thee in penitence,
Ere thou hadst pity on me, and dost hasten
To snatch me from this grave, and bear me hence
To dwell with living men once more, and press
them
To my full heart, and gaze on them, and bless
them.

Up to the islet's topmost crag I flew,
And scann'd the ship, with expectation livid.
Onward it came, and larger and more vivid
It loom'd upon the sight, and with it grew

• "In exhibiting the works of great poets in another language, much depends upon preserving not only the internal meaning, the force and beauty as regards sense, but even the external lineaments, the proper colour and habit, the movement, and as it were the gait of the original."—*Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews. Lecture 3.*

The unutterable agony of hope,
My doom dependent on the Telescope!
No smoke! no rag to wave! bare and forlorn,
My arms alone for signal spread abroad;
Thou seest my wretchedness, compassionate God!
And still the ship across the waves was borne,
Its steady way with bellied canvass cleaving,
And lessening fast the space 'twixt it and me.
Hark! hark! it was no dream my ear deceiving,
It was the boatswain piping cheerily,
O! with what greedy ears I drank the sound!
Heart, weary heart, how will thy pulses bound,
When the sweet music, so long mute for thee,
Of human speech shall break thy trance profound.
They have desied me, and the rock, and now
They shift the sails, they change their course—O
In whom my trust is!—southwards!

Well, they need

All vigilance to shun the reef, they steer
Wide of the breakers; that is well; take heed,
Hope-freighted vessel, safely, safely speed.
Now were it time—O my prophetic fear!
Look here! look here! lay to! lower down the
boat!

Yonder to leeward, yonder make for shore.—
They pause not on their course, no boat they
lower;

They reck not, know not of my misery.
And onwards still I saw the vessel float,
Far, far away with bellied canvass speeding,
Increasing fast the space 'twixt it and me.
Rigid as stone, I watch'd it still receding,
Till it was lost in the void infinite blue.
I saw it no more. O! then indeed I knew
That I was mock'd, foil'd, cheated; and out burst
The smother'd tempest of my rage and grief.
Dashing my head against the rocks, I cursed
My Maker and myself; in frenzied mood,
All thought in one tumultuous anguish drown'd,
Three days and nights I lay; tears brought relief
At last on the third day; hunger subdued
My impotent rage; I raised me from the ground,
And stagger'd forth in quest of joyless food.

THE LAST TABLET.

Patience! Uprising in the east, the sun
Sinks westward in the bosom of the main;
Once more he hath his daily circuit run.
Patience! From north to south, and north again,
My shadow ranges with the sun's career;
A year's closed, another hath begun.
Patience! Its destined march, year after year,
Pursues and halts not; but I mark no more
Their number since the fiftieth cross I traced.
Patience! I loiter by the sea, and pore
Vacantly on the wide, blue, watery waste,
And hear the surge boom on the rocky shore.
Patience! Let sun, moon, stars, roll on their path,
Let chilly rain or burning sunshine fall
On this blanch'd head; I am inured to all.
It is an easy thing to brave the wrath
Of the wild elements in open day;
But sleep! when torturing dreams the soul appal;
And worse, the long, long, sleepless, cowering
night,

* It will be recollected that between the tropics, the sun is half the year north, and half the year south, of the spectator's position.

When from the brain, in visible array,
Mem'ry's perturbed ghosts stalk forth and wring
me
With looks and tones that nigh to madness sting
me—

Phantoms begone! Who gave you such dread
might?

Why wave in air thy locks of raven hue?
I know thee, and my blood runs thick and cold,
Thy features, fiery-hearted boy, to view.
Thou art myself, as in the days of old,
Lured by false hope, impetuous, buoyant, bold;
I am thyself, the image on thy grave.
Wilt babble still of things good, true, and fair,
Of love and hate, and powers that action crave?
Thou fool! look here, I am what thy dreams
were;

And bringst thou back these outworn mockeries?
Fond wife, forbear. Dead in this heart love lies;
Wouldst thou in ashes wake unwonted fire?
O bend not so those sweet, sad looks on me.
Illusion all.—Quench'd are thy lustrous eyes,
And mute thy voice of gentlest melody.
The exquisite bloom, the heaven of young desire,
Have faded from thy cold sepulchred form.
Time's deluge welters o'er my buried world,
And I alone, upon this bleak rock hurl'd,
In hideous solitude survive the storm.

What! ye pale shapes of life, do ye gainsay
Him who belongs already to the dead?
Back to your nothingness! 'Twill soon be day.
Rise up, O quickening sun, and with thy light
Chase these importunate visitants of night.
He breaks in splendour forth, and they are fled.

Alone once more; the creatures of my brain
I hold within their silent cells compressed.
Fail not, old stiffen'd limbs, bear me again
To take my daily sustenance from the nest;
Soon shall ye lie in undisturb'd repose.
If you deny your aid, hunger will close
The wretched strife, and I shall be at rest.
The tempest in my heart hath spent its rage,
And here, where I have sorrow'd, suffer'd, striven,
Here have I vow'd to end my life and woes.
O grant it, Lord, by whom the strength was given
To conquer my despair and bear my cage,
Grant that nor ship nor men this rock may reach
Till I have sigh'd my latest breath away;
Here let my quiet bones unnoticed bleach.
For my few lingering hours, what were it worth
O'er kindred graves, a living corpse, to stray?
All, all are slumbering on the lap of earth
That should have welcomed back the ocean ranger;
No tongue now names me in my place of birth.
Thy chastisements, O Lord, I have endured;
But in my home to sit down as a stranger—
No—bitterness is not by wormwood cured.
As I have lived, so let me die, all lonely,
My hope, my trust in death, Thy mercy only.
Down from Thy heaven upon my bones will shine
The star'd presentment of Thy cross divine.

Chamisso's *Odyssey* was now ended, and the happiest portion of his life was about to begin. Returning to Berlin in the autumn of 1818, he employed the remainder of that year in arranging the specimens of natural history he had brought home, and which he bestowed on the Berlin Museum. Mean-

while, not yet seeing any certain prospect of a suitable appointment in his favourite Prussia, he wavered between two alternatives—to undertake another voyage, or to marry. Necessity alone seemed to recommend the former course, but every instinct of his nature pleaded for the latter. Had he been acquainted with Burns, as he was with Shakspeare, he would never have tired of repeating the lines :

"To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

As it was, he was continually ruminating a verse of Göthe's to the same purpose :

"Weiter bringt es kein Mensch, stell' er sich wie
er auch will."
"Better than this can no man do, set about it how
he may."

In his first letter to De la Foye, after his return, he writes very characteristically : "To marry—good—but whom ? Ay, that's the question !" It was a question, however, which he could have answered to his own satisfaction had he dared. She whom he desired for his bride was one he had often nursed as a child on his knee, and amused with wonderful stories, or with all sorts of curious pantomimes, in which he was very expert, to the great delight of numerous small patrons. On his return from his voyage he found the child grown into a lovely woman ; his heart was deeply moved, but he hardly hoped to be heard with favour, if he spoke ; so he kept silence. Meanwhile, his friend Neumann was preparing to set him an example that had the happiest effect. Neumann, who was like himself fast approaching the close of his fourth decade, was accepted by a young girl, the orphan of a brother poet, whom Hitzig brought up with his own daughters. This was an encouraging omen for Chamisso, whose hair was already grey. His biographer says :

"This event made an indescribable impression upon him. When Hitzig brought the new bride to meet him on the threshold of his house, he caught her up in his vigorous arms, rushed up stairs with her to the family room, and there gave her the heartiest kiss of friendship. But the matter did not stop with Neumann ; news of De la Foye's marriage also arrived, and Chamisso wrote to him again : 'Don't grow conceited in the imagination that this comes by contrivance of your own wise head ; no, my dear fellow, I know better ; it is in the air now, it is endemic ; our friend Neumann, for instance. As regards myself, I see how it will be with me—marriage in spring as naturally as cold in the head in winter. No mat-

ter how cautious I may be in going out, all will be of no use.'

"And so it came to pass. The spring of 1819 brought Chamisso honours : the university of Berlin conferred on him the degree of *doctor honorarius* of philosophy, and the Society of Natural History admitted him a member to that body ; it brought him an official appointment, that of a curator of the Botanic Garden ; and a bride, Antonie Piaste, then eighteen, who had grown up as an elder sister with Hitzig's daughters, being the niece of the female friend, who, after the death of Hitzig's wife, had devoted her life to the care of his children."

Chamisso writes to Varnhagen, May 7. 1819 :

... "You know my bride, Antonie Piaste, the handsomest and dearest of those maidens whom, as Hoffman says, Hitzig keeps about him to kiss his hand and call him papa—the one whom Loest betrothed to me, as a child, in 1807—now I fetch her home. I have chosen with my understanding, and taken hold of the chosen object with my heart ; I could almost say, 'I have fallen in love in accordance with a plan.' She is young, blooming and strong, handsome and good, pure and innocent, clear, cloudless and serene, calm, rational and cheerful, and so amiable !

"If you come back soon to Berlin, I hope that you will find me in a little house that stands close by the Botanic Garden (I am the director's assistant, with a salary of 600 dollars, and have selected that little house for my official residence), busily and pleasantly occupied with my flowers, and with a helpmate like them. But if any old friend returns here some twenty years hence, then I hope to God he may find me just as ever engaged with my flowers and my helpmate ; only there shall sit by our side a blooming girl, that shall repeat faithfully and unaltered her mother's present image—for I should be loath to forego the pure satisfaction with which my artistic eye rests on my Antonie's form. We have cast anchor, the ship is moored. I have no further desire than to see what now is, continue forth in its tranquil development."

There was an end now to Chamisso's melancholy, which, indeed, had been, when at its worst, the most pardonable and the least selfish possible. The sober hope expressed in the last lines of the above letter was for many years amply fulfilled.

Whilst he was writing verses for his young wife, and arranging the Herbaria of the Museum of Berlin, Chamisso, it is probable, scarcely recollected his quality of French emigrant. He was agreeably reminded of this, in the autumn of 1825, by a call to Paris to receive 100,000 francs lodged to his credit by the Commissioners of the Indemnity Fund. He was welcomed with marked distinction by the learned world of Paris, and passed his time far more pleasantly than he had done when he visited the luxurious capital in his needy and ob-

scure youth. The letters he wrote home were filled with accounts of the many remarkable things, literary and theatrical, social and political, which Paris presented to his view at that stirring period. But in the midst of all this excitement he did not lose sight of the least every day detail of his beloved home. 'Don't forget,' he says, writing to his wife, 'don't forget the roses; don't forget the children's letters; don't forget to strew food for the sparrows on my window. I shall return to you the same as I left you; let me find everything again just as it was.'

After his return from Paris, in 1827, a second German edition of 'Schlemihl' was published, with an appendix containing a small collection of his poems. Up to this time he had no serious belief in his own po-

etical powers, and in a letter to Varnhagen's sister (May 24, 1827), he says, 'That I am no poet, nor ever was, is manifest, but that does not prevent me from having a feeling for poetry.' But the new publication began to attract public attention towards him, and, in June, 1828, he ventured to write to De la Foye: 'I almost begin to think I am one of the poets of Germany.' The matter was put beyond all doubt by the reception given to his 'Salas y Gomez' in the following year. Soon after this we find him mentioning, with honest pride, that next to Uhland's Poems, none were in such frequent demand for presents as his own. Bridegrooms especially selected them as gifts for their brides. One or two more specimens will not be out of place here.

DIE STERBENDE.

Geläute schallt vom Thurm herab,
Es ruft der Tod, es gähnt ein Grab,
Ihr sünd'gen Menschen, zum Gebet!
Ein gleiches Loos bevor euch steht.

Im Sterben liegt ein schönes Weib,
Sie weint um ihren jungen Leib,
Sie weint um ihre sünd'ge Lust,
Sie ringt die Hände, sie schlägt ihre Brust.

Es harret des Ausgangs ihr Gemahl,
Blickt starr und kalt auf ihre Qual;
Sie windet sich in dieser Stund'
Zu seinen Füßen, sie öffnet den Mund:—

"Vergieb mir, Gott, in deiner Huld,
Vergieb, Gemahl, mir meine Schuld;
Ich klag' es an in bitterer Reu',
Weh' mir! ich brach geschwor'ne Tren."—

"Vertrauen ist Vertrauen werth:
Und machst du mir kund, wie du mich entehrt;
So mach' ich dir kund in deiner Noth,
Du stirbst am Gift, das ich dir bot."

An awful tragedy! How its gloom is deepened by the solemn conciseness of the lines. They seem oppressed like the breathing of one who whispers the secret of a murder in the dead of night. The rugged energy and pathos of the following verses are equally in keeping with their subject.

THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.*

Three dollars, three, for my dog to pay!
Lightning strike me this moment, I pray!
What can they mean, these tyrant police?
Where will their grinding of poor men cease?

* Drei Thaler erliegen für meinen Hund!
So schlage das Wetter mich gleich in den Grund!
Was denken die Herrn von der Polizei?
Was soll nun wieder die Schinderei?

THE DYING WOMAN

A grave gapes for its prey; the bell
Tolls forth a passing spirit's knell.
To prayer, ye sinful sons of clay!
That bell will toll for you one day.

In death-throes lies a fair young wife,
She weeps her dear exuberant life,
She weeps her passionate joys unblest,
She wrings her hands, she smites her breast.

With bosom stern and eye of stone,
Her husband waits her parting groan.
Writhing she crawls along, and lies
Before his feet, and gasping cries:—

"Have mercy, mercy, gracious Heaven!
Speak, husband! say I am forgiven!
O bitterly my guilt I rue,
I broke the troth I vow'd to you."—

"Frankness should be in kind repaid:
You say, my honour you've betray'd;
Know this then, in your agony,
You die of poison mixed by me."

I am a broken, old, weary man;
And earn a penny I never can;
I have no money, no bread, no dole;
Hunger and want are my portion sole.

And when I sick'n'd and fever shook me,
Who pitied me when all else forsook me?
When alone in God's wide world I stood,
Who was it bore me companionhood?

Ich bin ein alter, ein kranker Mann,
Der keinen Groschen verdienen kann;
Ich habe nicht Geld, ich habe nicht Brod,
Ich lebe ja nur von Hunger und Noth.

Und wann ich erkrankt, und wann ich verarmt,
Wer hat sich da noch meiner erbarmt?
Wer hat, wann ich auf Gottes Welt
Allein mich fand, zu mir gesellt?

When my woes were sorest, whose love was un-
flinching?

Who warn'd my limbs when the frost was pinch-
ing?

And when I was hungry and surly, who
Growl'd not, but patiently hunger'd too?

Our wretched life we have both, old friend,
Drain'd to the dregs; it must have an end;
Old and sickly thou'rt grown like me;
I must drown thee;—and this is my thanks to
thee!

This is my thanks for thy love unswerving!
'Tis the way of the world with all deserving.
Though my part in many a fight I have play'd
'S death! I am new at the hangman's trade.

Here is the cord, here is the stone,
There is the water—it must be done.
Come hither, poor cur, not a look on me cast;
One push with my foot, and all is past.

As he tied round its neck the fatal band,
The dog fawn'd on him and lick'd his hand—
He tore back the cord in trembling haste,
And round his own neck he bound it fast.

And wildly he utter'd a fearful curse,
And wildly he gathered his latest force,
And he plunged in the flood; white eddies rush'd,
Recoiled, chafed, bubbled, and all was hush'd.

In vain sprang the dog to his rescue then,
Howl'd to the ships for the aid of men,
Whining and tugging gathered them round—
'Twas the corpse of the beggar they laid on the
ground.

To the grave in silence the beggar was borne,
With the dog alone to follow and mourn;
And over the turf that wrapp'd his clay,
The fond brute stretch'd him, and died where he
lay."

His visit to Paris had confirmed Chamisso
in the strong confidence he reposed in the
fortunes of the liberal cause. To that cause
he had always been earnestly, but tempe-
rately devoted. It may, therefore, be easily
imagined how deeply he was affected by
the news of the July revolution. It was on

Wer hat mich geliebt, wann ich mich gehärmt?
Wer, wann ich froh, hat mich gewärmt?
Wer hat mit mir, wann ich hungrig gemurrt,
Getrost gehungert und nicht gekurnrt?

Es geht zur Neige mit uns zwei'n,
Es muss, mein Thier, geschieden sein;
Du bist, wie ich, nun alt und krank,
Ich soll dich ersäufen, das ist der Dank!

Das ist der Dank, das ist der Lohn!
Dir geht's, wie manchem Erdensohn.
Zum Teufel! ich war bei mancher Schlacht,
Den Henker hab' ich noch nicht gemacht.

Das ist der Strick, das ist der Stein,
Das ist der Wasser,—es muss ja sein.
Komm her, du Koter, und sieh mich nicht an,
Noch nur ein Fusstoss, so ist es gethan.

the 3d of August, the King of Prussia's
birthday, that the account of the dethrone-
ment of Charles X. was published in the
second edition of a Berlin journal. Cha-
misso had no sooner cast his eye over the
paragraph, than he jumped up from his
desk where he was sitting in the most com-
plete *negligée*, ran slipshod and without a
hat, through the streets crowded with holi-
day folks, and rushing in upon his friend
Hitzig, threw down the paper before him,
exclaiming, 'There!' He was in an ecstasy
of delight and pride; he remembered at that
moment that he was born a Frenchman, and
he exulted as a prophet in the fulfilment of
his confident predictions. In the autumn of
that year he attended the meeting of natural
historians at Hamburg, and seeing the tri-
colour flag flying at the mast-head of the
first French ship that reached Germany
since the great event, he shouted aloud for
joy. But his enthusiasm did not get the
better of his sound judgment. On the 18th
of August he wrote a remarkable and, in
some respects, prophetic letter to his friend
De la Foye:

"Berlin, August 18th, 1830.

"Are we to wish you joy? I think yes. But
fair and softly! I see that, with much vigour,
you have need also of much prudence. The old
man, who found a very aristocratic cast of things
ready to his hand, might with ease have given
this full development; he might have put himself
at the head of the vanguard, and guided, led, and
made his own, the whole amount of that force,
the existence of which has been now so fully
demonstrated. A noble vocation! But the new
maa will not find matters so easy. A pure demo-
cracy is handed over to him; hence he will have
no opportunity to put himself in advance of the
nation, and make them follow his lead; he will
have quite enough to do to keep the pace, and
make it appear that he is not dragged forward
against his will. Things had already gained the
stability that fifteen years' duration conferred;
now all is shaken, and the new order of things
must again trust to time for its solidification.

Wie er die Schlinge den Hals ihm gesteckt,
Hat wedelnd der Hund die Hand ihm geleckt,
Da zog er die Schlinge sogleich zurück,
Und warf sie schnell um sein eigen Genick.

Und that einen Fluch, gar schauderhaft,
Und raffte zusammen die letzte Kraft,
Und stürzt' in die Flut sich, die wüthend stieg,
In Kreise sich zog und über ihm achwieg.

Wohl sprang der Hund zur Rettung hinzu,
Wohl heult' er die Schiffer aus ihrer Ruh,
Wohl zog er sie winselnd und zerrend her,
Wie sie ihm fanden, da war er nicht mehr.

Er war verscharret ins tiller Stand';
Es folgt' ihm winselnd nur der Hund,
Der hat, wo den Leib die Erde deckt,
Sich hingestreckt und ist da verreckt.

What is built up to-day, may easily be pulled down to-morrow, with a view to further improvement; and what is there which men may not think fit to improve?"

Chamisso's existence had now reached the culminating point from which began its continuous descent. In 1831, he was seized by that worst form of influenza, which we all remember to have been the precursor of the cholera. It broke down his iron constitution, and left behind it a chronic affection of the lungs, from which he never recovered. His declining years were still cheered by the increasing honours conferred on him, both as a poet and a naturalist, but they were visited by a calamity for which there was no balm on earth. His wife died on the 21st of May, 1837, in her thirty-sixth year. He bore this fatal blow with manly fortitude, thankful for the blessings he had enjoyed, and patiently awaiting his dismissal. It was not long delayed. He survived his wife exactly fifteen months, and expired on the 21st of August, 1839.

Most characteristic of the man, was the manner in which he passed this interval. Earnest and strenuous to the last, he increased rather than relaxed his mental activity. He found in occupation the best alleviation of his sorrows, and employed himself simultaneously on two works of very dissimilar character. He published a grammar of the Havai language, spoken in some of the islands of the South Sea, and entered upon an elaborate philological investigation of the kindred dialects; and he joined Baron Gaudy in translating, or rather, as he says, *Germanizing* a selection of ninety-eight songs of Béranger. He continued also, the troublesome task of editing the 'Musen Almanach,' and shortly before his death, he showed that the old ardour was not extinct within him, by undertaking a journey to Leipzig, in order to run over the first portion of the Dresden Railway. He was radiant with delight. Speaking as a poet, he called the locomotive '*Time's wings*;' and in the language of a naturalist, he defined it as a *warm-blooded animal without eyes*. He looked on the invention as the certain commencement of a new era, and deemed that every moneyed man was morally bound to contribute a portion of his means towards the promotion of a system from which such grand results were to accrue.

We cannot more appropriately sum up the character of Chamisso, than in the words of his faithful and excellent friend, Hitzig:

"What is it that before all other things so strongly charms us in the character of Chamisso:

To me it seems to be the childlike innocence or *naïveté* which he displayed in his intercourse with the world, whether his part thereon was assigned him by circumstances, or was voluntarily sought by himself. Next to this I place the conscientiousness, which, when he thought he had in any way offended, impelled him to not merely passive but active repentance. Hence the advice given him by Hitzig, when he saw no hope of escape from his cheerless position in Berlin, 'that he should commit some piece of folly, and so have something to do in labouring to make amends for it.' This leads me to mention another of Chamisso's characteristic qualities, his appetite for action. So long as he was not restricted physically, he was in perpetual motion bodily or mental; either running, in the strictest sense of the word (for what he called walking was a pace which no decent man could have kept up), or sitting as if nailed to his seat, in order to finish something about which no one hurried him but himself. Habits like these could of course have belonged only to a person of thoroughly sound constitution, such as Chamisso enjoyed until within a few years before his death. He had a gigantic appetite and an excellent digestion, the result of which was not corpulence (for he always remained thin) but solid strength and vigour. To no one more aptly than to Chamisso might be applied the phrase *mens sana in corpore sano*, for his judgment was as healthy as his body.

"Chamisso was a man of thoroughly noble character. Premeditated striving after effect, selfish policy, and what is called knowingsness, from all these he was freer than any man we ever knew, and we may lay claim to an extensive acquaintance with mankind. If innate nobleness of feeling be indeed the prerogative of noble blood, and follow from the consciousness of being descended from exalted progenitors, then was there no worthier representative of his caste than Chamisso, lightly as he estimated the outward privileges connected with it. How rightly, and without any discontented feeling, he estimated the modern position of things in this respect, appears among other evidence, from the remarkable words with which his will concludes:

"I determine nothing as to the future career of my sons. The world in which I have lived was a different one from that for which I was brought up, and so, too, will it be for them. I would have my sons acquire the power of relying upon themselves in various walks in life, and in various lands. Cleverness and capacity are the best fortune, and this I would have them win. I should wish them to study, as far as they may have the means, but should either of them choose to adopt a burgherlike trade or calling, I have no objection to this whatever. The age of the sword has gone by, and in the world, as it now is, industry achieves power and nobility. At any rate, it is better to be a clever working man than a scribbler, or one of the inferior pack of placemen."

"Let us now recapitulate what we have said. A man wholly without guile, full of restless activity, which in him was never directed to the acquisition of outward advantages, but always to the production of what was good and beautiful, and that for its own sake alone, a man of the noblest strain of thought and feeling, and sound to

the very core: such was Adalbert von Chamisso; and if to this we add what our readers have already seen from his letters, that he was a friend beyond compare, then have we the portrait of an individual who would have commanded our most admiring attention, although the man who combined all these rare qualities had never written a line of prose or composed a single verse."

We close this article with the last lines composed by Chamisso. He published them separately, for the benefit of the poor old woman mentioned in them, and says of them

in one of his last letters: 'If I cannot write myself into riches, yet I can make others rich. *Il fait des souverains et dédaigne de l'être.* The accompanying leaf has brought in about 150 dollars, a handsome honorarium for forty-eight lines.' We may, in some degree, regard these verses as his own requiem, a fit concluding strain for one, who, like the object of his benevolence, was pre-eminently 'of a constant, loving, noble nature.'

DIE ALTE WASCHFRAU.

Du siehst geschäftig bei dem Linnen
Die Alte dort im weissem Haar,
Die rüstigste der Wäscherinnen
Im sechs-und-siebenzigsten Jahr.
So hat sie stets mit saurem Schweiss
Ihr Brod in Ehr' und Zucht gegessen,
Und ausgefüllt mit treuem Fleiss
Den Kreis, den Gott ihr zugemessen.

Sie hat in ihren jungen Tagen
Geliebt, gehofft, und sich vermählt:
Sie hat des Weibes Loos getragen,
Die Sorgen haben nicht gefehlt;
Sie hat den kranken Mann gepflegt;
Sie hat drei Kinder ihm geboren;
Sie hat ihn in das Grab gelegt,
Und Glaub' und Hoffnung nicht verloren.

Da galt 's die Kinder zu ernähren
Sie griff es an mit heiterm Muth;
Sie zog sie auf in Zucht und Ehren,
Die Fleiss, die Ordnung sind ihr Gut.
Zu suchen ihren Unterhalt
Entliess sie segnend ihre Lieben,
So stand sie nun allein und alt,
Ihr war ihr heit'rer Muth geblieben.

Sie hat gespart und hat gesonnen,
Und Flachs gekauft und Nachts gewacht,
Und Flachs zu feinem Garn gesponnen,
Das Garn dem Weber hingebracht;
Der hat's gewebt zu Leinwand;
Die Scheere brauchte sie, die Nadel,
Und nähte sich mit eig'ner Hand
Ihr Sterbehemde sonder Tadel.

Ihr Hand, ihr Sterbehemd, sie schätzt es,
Verwahrt's im Schrein am Ehrenplatz;
Es ist ihr Erstes und ihr Letztes,
Ihr Kleinod, ihr ersparter Schatz.
Sie legt es an, des Herren Wort
Am Sonntag früh sich einzuprägen,
Dann legt sie's wohlgefällig fort,
Bis sie darin zur Ruh' sie legen.

Und ich, an meinem Abend, wollte,
Ich hätte, diesem Weibe gleich,
Erfüllt, was ich erfüllen sollte
In meinen Grenzen und Bereich;
Ich wollt' ich hätte so gewusst
Am Kelch des Lebens mich zu haben,
Und könnt' am Ende gleiche Lust
An meinem Sterbehemde haben.

THE OLD WASHERWOMAN.

Among yon lines her hands have laden,
A laundress with white hair appears,
Alert as many a youthful maiden,
Spite of her five-and-seventy years.
Bravely she won those white hairs, still
Eating the bread hard toil obtain'd her,
And labouring truly to fulfil
The duties to which God ordain'd her.

Once she was young and full of gladness,
She loved and hoped, was woo'd and won;
Then came the matron's cares, the sadness
No loving heart on earth may shun.
Three babes she bore her mate; she pray'd
Beside his sick-bed; he was taken;
She saw him in the church-yard laid,
Yet kept her faith and hope unshaken.

The task her little ones of feeding
She met unfaltering from that hour;
She taught them thrift and honest breeding,
Her virtues were their worldly dow'r.
To seek employment, one by one,
Forth with her blessing they departed,
And she was in the world alone,
Alone and old, but still high-hearted.

With frugal forethought, self-denying,
She gather'd coin, and flax she bought,
And many a night her spindle plying,
Good store of fine-spun thread she wrought.
The thread was fashion'd in the loom;
She brought it home, and calmly seated
To work, with not a thought of gloom,
Her decent grave-clothes she completed.

She looks on them with fond elation,
They are her wealth, her treasure rare,
Her age's pride and consolation,
Hoarded with all a miser's care.
She dows the sark each Sabbath day,
To hear the Word that faileth never;
Well pleased she lays it then away,
Till she shall sleep in it for ever.

Would that my spirit witness bore me
That, like this woman, I had done
The work my Maker put before me,
Duly from morn till set of sun.
Would that life's cup had been by me
Quaff'd in such wise and happy measure,
And that I too might finally
Look on my shroud with such meek pleasure.

ART. X.—*L'Europe depuis l'Avènement du Roi Louis Philippe.* Par M. CAPEFIGUE. *Pour faire Suite à l'Histoire de la Restauration du même Auteur.* Paris. 1845.

UNFORTUNATELY it is not in the power of nations to determine who shall and who shall not write their annals; otherwise France would probably not have suffered M. Capefigue to be her historiographer. He is an endless pamphleteer. He runs up and down a subject in search of figures of rhetoric, and almost constantly missing those which might have suited his purpose, takes up, and uses in their stead, the most inapposite tropes and figures in the world. And such as are his art and ideas, such is his language. No living writer, perhaps, can match him for the strangeness of his vocabulary or the poverty of his style. The same words do duty in all senses; sometimes he aims at dignity, and froths up into bombast; sometimes he seeks to be idiomatic and familiar, and sinks into vulgarity; and occasionally the ambition seizes him to be recondite and philosophical, in which case no Delphian interpreter could have divined his meaning.

Yet this same enigmatical gentleman is said to be popular in France; from which one of two things must be inferred, either that the French are longer-sighted than other people, and can discover sense where we fail to discern the most remote glimmerings of it; or that, like certain of our transcendentalists here at home, they think it lawful and even pleasant to admire what they don't in the least understand. That they are a tolerant, and, in some sense, a liberal people, no one can doubt. They endure compositions whose tediousness would kill any other nation, which shows their tolerance; and having read or heard out the infiction, they usually endeavour to say a good word for it, which places their liberality beyond dispute.

Of course the thing must be French, for they love none but indigenous nonsense. They have no patience with a dunce from beyond the Rhine or over the Channel. Upon such a one criticism may do its worst and welcome. What they delight in is a blockhead of home-growth: a proser, who has breathed the air of the *salons*; a Capefigue, in short, who has supped with Talleyrand, and been closeted for a full half-hour together with Prince Metternich.

Still, if contemporary France could have found an abler chronicler, it would probably have been better pleased; for M. Capefigue is an unskilful painter, who lowers his subject while labouring to impart grandeur to

it. Had he possessed the least particle of the serpent's wisdom, he would have appeared to be guided by a policy directly the reverse of that which he has ostentatiously pursued. While explaining the plan of his history, he says, that whereas other writers had been severe on France and its government, and lowered instead of raising them, he meant to follow the contrary course,* and, by displaying everything to the best advantage, to exalt the character of his country.

This destroys all confidence in him from the outset. It is a distinct intimation that we are to expect nothing in his pages but what he at least thinks will make for France. He may not, indeed, be always inclined to spare his political opponents, particularly if they manifest any leaning towards democracy. But he considers it quite practicable—as, in fact, it is—to segregate political parties from the mass of the community, and blacken the former without much detriment to the latter. It is an operation, however, that requires some skill. Nations are made up of parties, and parties generally paint each other in somewhat unattractive colours. It would scarcely do, therefore, to judge of the French democracy from the testimony of the Philippists, or *vice versa*, or of the Legitimists from the representations of either. There is, possibly, in each of these factions less evil and less good than the evidence of different classes of witnesses would lead us to expect; and in estimating the merits of the whole nation, we must examine the motives of those who give it a character, before we trust them.

Let it, however, not be supposed that the historiographer of 'Europe since the Accession of Louis Philippe' stands alone. He belongs to the fashionable school of French historians, in whose narratives the grave and momentous annals of the world are assimilated as nearly as possible to a romance. There is a lavish display of what is vulgarly denominated eloquence. Philosophy, too, stands at the corner of every page, and politely ushers you into the next. Facts, like mere stubble, are cast into the furnace of the fiery elaborator of history, and vanish amid the intense glow of declamation.

We seem to have grown too wise in this generation to lay any stress upon events, or to think of reading for ourselves. Our plan now is to put on the spectacles of some fashionable speculator, or to read by proxy.

* "Il y a des pamphletaires qui se font un plaisir d'abaisser le gouvernement de leur pays; je veux l'élever et le grandir en le faisant connaître."

We get our intellectual banquet eaten and digested for us. Our partiality for the representative system makes us transport it into the domains of literature and philosophy, and content ourselves with expressing our opinions as we do in parliament, vicariously, by burgesses and knights of the shire.

Formerly, a historian was held to be a narrator—a man who, through a transparent medium, enabled future generations to contemplate the past in its true character and costume, with all its defects and beauties, with all its greatness and its littleness; in short, just as it was. Had the men who performed this office been perfect, our knowledge of past times would have been so also. We should have conversed with the Persian and the Mede, with the Babylonian and the Egyptian, with the Assyrian and the Chaldean, with the Roman and the Greek, in their own moral and political languages. Our minds would have been familiar with their ethnosyncrasies. To our eyes would have been thrown open all the now mysterious processes by which their ideas, beliefs, opinions, and actions, were engendered. We should have understood what, in the present state of our knowledge, appears so passing strange; the reasons of their fantastic religions; of their abnormal institutions; of their wild and rude laws; of their capricious, irregular, fanciful, and contradictory manners.

As it is, these things do not altogether escape the grasp of our understanding, because Greece and Rome gave birth to men capable of writing history, of drawing a tolerably correct picture of the old world, and stereotyping it in the forms of intellect, for the benefit of the new. Had those great writers composed their works in accordance with the French theory of history, it is not too much to affirm that antiquity must have been wholly unknown to us. Some grand objects we might have discerned through the distorting mists of style, towering like colossal phantoms, in the background of time; though, like the vocal Memnon, they would have been dumb to us, and all that sweet and ravishing wisdom, which now speaks to our mind's ears, would have been utterly lost.

France has never given birth to a single great historian, for reasons all of which it might be presumptuous to attempt to assign. Some, however, lie prominent on the surface of the national manners; and of these the chiefest is that vanity which prompts to universal affectation and display. Nothing in politics, philosophy, or literature remains unsophisticated. Every man's principal

business in life is to astonish his neighbour, as the principal business of France is to astonish the rest of the world. Hence the entire abandonment of simplicity. No man obeys his natural impulses, or is content to appear before the public such as he is. There has even been an obvious degeneracy within the last seventy years; for, in the character of a great historian, language is an important element, and the language of France, for more than two generations, has been undergoing numerous metamorphoses, all of them with a downward tendency, and calculated to immerse the divine principle of thought in more and more ignoble forms.

In saying this, we trust we are actuated by no national feeling, though there be much in almost every phasis of the French character which we acknowledge to be distasteful to us. It may be the field of our sympathies is narrowed by our insular position; and yet, if this were the case, we should discover the same phenomena in our intellectual relations with the Italian and the Spaniard, with the Turk and the Persian, with the Arab and the Hindú; but it is not so. There is scarcely any nation now existing with whose prevailing forms of thought—with whose taste and preferences—apart from all considerations of religious belief, we have not more sympathy than with those of the French people. Living at our very threshold, they present, in almost all possible respects, the most striking contrast to us. It signifies very little that they secretly regard our character with profound reverence; that they have borrowed from us their political institutions and the better part of their laws; that they are happy to be our imitators in philosophy, poetry, and the useful arts. They do not by this means appear to approach a jot the nearer to us; but, on the contrary, the more they borrow, the less they seem to resemble the lenders. From this, if from nothing else, we may discover how wide is the distance between admiration and love. France admires England, because it has set her up as its model in all things; yet it hates her in the same proportion; and that, too, perhaps, because it has been compelled by the force of circumstances to submit to this servile imitation, in order to retain its place among the great powers of the world.

There was, indeed, once a time, and we frankly acknowledge it, when France stood foremost among Christian nations, and served in most things as a model to all its neighbours, and to us among the rest. This truth appears evidently from a large portion of our history. We borrowed from her our fashions and our drama, our wigs and our

morals, our cookery and our philosophy. Even in the art of war we went to school to her, and were content humbly to follow her footsteps in the external development of our civilisation by distant settlements and colonies; and that period of inferiority was of long duration. But an end was at length put to it, about the middle of the eighteenth century, when the superior grandeur, expansiveness, and stability of the British character began to display themselves, and be recognized by the rest of the world.

Putting forth our national strength with that steady perseverance which our worst enemies will not deny to us, we gained the ascendancy over our rival by land and sea, in the useful arts, in literature, and in arms. We destroyed the influence of France throughout the whole continent of America and the West Indian islands, we gradually cleared the ocean of her fleets, we rendered ourselves masters, one by one, of all her colonies, we subverted the empire she had begun to found in India, and appropriated to ourselves that of which we had deprived her. Even the volcanic eruptions of the Revolution interrupted our career but for a short time. The new power that appeared to have arisen out of anarchy and confusion, and to thrive by what had always proved the bane of other states, yielded at length to our superior character. We overthrew Napoleon, and indisputably established our claim to be esteemed the first political community in the world.

And, willingly or unwillingly, France has long, by acts and words, admitted us to be the paramount power in Christendom. Her very annals have ceased to wear the impress of originality, and in their leading features have become almost a repetition of ours, only that we had arrived early in the seventeenth century at the point which they barely reached at the close of the eighteenth. We consummated our great revolution by an act of regicide, and so did the French; we placed a man of brilliant genius at the head of our commonwealth, who excited the wonder and admiration of mankind by his achievements in war and peace, and so did the French; we then became weary of our own greatness, surfeited, as it were, with glory, and in a paroxysm of despondency and weakness, submitted to the disgrace of the restoration; and in this inglorious transaction also, the French have been our faithful imitators. Having given the restored Stuarts a trial, and found that misfortune had not rendered them wise, we set aside the reigning family and placed over us a distant branch of it, in which again we have been imitated by our neighbours.

The remainder of the parallel time, in all likelihood, will supply. But enough, surely, has already taken place to show what position Great Britain occupies in relation to France.

In saying this we would, as far as possible, guard against being misunderstood. It is not from any motive of vanity that we here dwell on these unquestionable facts of history; but in order to prevent some, who may not sufficiently attend to such facts, from being betrayed into error by the lively and romantic class of writers, who at present obtain the name of historians beyond the Channel. It no doubt costs even great authors an effort to admit the inferiority of their own country, and to relate faithfully the transactions which demonstrate it. But when a man reflects that to love and serve truth is an act of greatness, and that past events will remain unalterable, whatever view he may please to take of them, he will prefer being true to his own reputation, in the hope that it may reflect some lustre on his native land, to augmenting its calamities by proving it to have given birth to a partial and ignoble historian. But it is, perhaps, too much to expect to find this feeling common among the journalists and pamphleteers of the day. Some, no doubt, experience it; but in the strife of parties, and in the fever of national jealousy, they are far from being the most influential writers. They please most who keep in countenance the failings of their contemporaries, who strengthen their prejudices, inflame their passions, and flatter their self-love.

We may, perhaps, be thought, while making these observations, to be engaged in the very task, the pitifulness of which we are seeking to prove. But there is no getting rid completely of the facts of history. We appeal to what has happened, and is daily happening, in France, in support of our views of the two countries; and if any one will undertake, from the same sources, to convict us of error, we shall be most happy to acknowledge his success, if he succeed, and to relinquish our mistaken notions.

As far, however, as our knowledge extends, whether of French writers or of the French people, we can discover nothing but involuntary testimony to the superior greatness of England. Much reluctance is certainly exhibited in delivering the evidence. The most friendly journals, the least partial writers, the quietest good people of town or country, who pronounce the name of Great Britain, do so with manifest pain. The mere sound, or the very sight of the letters that compose it, suffices to send a thrill of anguish through a Frenchman's frame. All

the epithets they heap upon us are only so many proofs of their conviction that we have far outstripped them in the race of power. They call us proud and repulsive, which, when properly interpreted, can only mean, that as a nation and as individuals, we feel our independence of the rest of the world, and will not pay them court, having no favour or concessions to ask of them.

Precisely the same notion prevailed of the Romans of old beyond the limits of the Republic. They were regarded as haughty and unsociable, because their thoughts were habitually of empire, which rendered it difficult for them to converse freely with other nations whom they had subdued or meant to humble. They could have very little in common with persons living beyond the frontier; and although the circumstances of modern Europe be now greatly changed, the people of a country like Great Britain, perpetually meditating on the development of its strength, and regarding nothing seriously but what may serve to extend its dominions, or enlarge its commerce, or impart fresh stability to the distant and multitudinous outposts of its power, is obviously placed in analogous circumstances.

No phrase is more common in the mouths or writings of the French than 'Perfidious Albion';—but why perfidious? All we contend for is admitted by this epithet. We should not be perfidious at all did we stand in a relation of inferiority to France. We never hear of perfidious Bavaria or perfidious Portugal, or even of perfidious Austria. The compliment is reserved for us, because the French people are fain to fancy that we have stolen a march upon them. They perceive clearly that we have shot far ahead, and their vanity will permit them to account for the circumstance only by attributing it to superior cunning on our part. They ought to reflect, however, that perfidious is a term which the superior never addresses to his inferior; whereas it is always uppermost on the lips of the vanquished. If, therefore, they would dissemble their inferiority, let them cease to call us perfidious, proud, haughty, repulsive, and so on, and affect to regard us as extremely agreeable people. That would indeed be a bitter satire, because it would show that we had ceased to be feared.

Superficial observers who desire to obtain a reputation for acuteness, are apt to ridicule the Englishman for the strange impression he habitually makes on foreigners. He is looked upon as an unaccountable, mysterious being, whimsical in his preferences, fantastic in his tastes, but possessing incalculable energy of character. Coming from a

wealthy country, he is invariably supposed to be opulent, and because he has commerce and settlements all over the globe he is believed to concentrate within himself something of the peculiarities of all nations. Scarcely is he imagined to have a home. Now the world beholds him steaming athwart the ocean, now building cities or planting vineyards on the vast islands of the Pacific, now smuggling opium on the coast of China, now lolling in luxurious and costly palanqueens on the burning plains of India, now fighting amid the rocks and snows of Affghanistan, and now listening to soft music, or admiring sculpture and painting, in the balmy atmosphere of Italy.

To ignorant foreigners, London appears to be a sort of Pandemonium, enveloped perpetually in dusky clouds of smoke, and resounding to the roar of innumerable wheels, and steam-engines, and hammers, and whatever else is wielded by the hand of industry. Nay, our whole group of islands is frequently imagined to form a dreary outskirts of the habitable world, scarcely ever warmed or illuminated by the sun, and breeding nothing but turbulent and ambitious men who, born and educated amidst storms and sleet, rush forth from their dismal dwelling-place to carry terror and devastation over the finer portions of the globe.

For ages the French had no correcter idea of us or our country, and still the number is very small, even of those that have actually been in England, who possess more accurate knowledge. Not many years ago, the French amused themselves with the fancy that we had no literature and no philosophy. They had heard, perhaps, of Bacon, Locke, and Hobbes; but whether they were Laplanders or Americans, they would not have taken upon themselves to say. Shakspeare they knew by reputation, as a sort of European Ojibbeway, who possessed the knack of amusing from the stage the blue-coated savages of Great Britain. In the course of time, the discovery was also made that we possessed an atrabilious puritan versifier, whom Jacques Delille undertook to dress up in the forms of humanity. And if those days of stupid ignorance be now vanished, they have yielded to a but very imperfect popular enlightenment in regard to us. The statesmen and politicians of France, together with some few of her literary men, entertain more enlarged notions, both of us and our constitution, and set, in general, so great a value on the latter, that, as we have already remarked, the higher efforts they have yet made in politics have been so many attempts to naturalise it and its subsidiary institutions among them.

Every man who has had any experience in life knows how difficult a thing it is for one individual thoroughly to comprehend the character of another; and when a nation applies itself to the study of any of its neighbours, the obstacles in the way of a just appreciation are infinitely multiplied. There is, however, one element in our composition which renders the study of foreigners easier to us than the study of us and our institutions is, or ever can be to them; we make a matter of business of it, and speculate as it were commercially on the results. The French are right in their notion that we are pre-eminently a trading people, and look very much upon the rest of mankind with the eyes of political economists. When brought in contact with an outlandish race, the first question always is, can we trade with them? and if not, then the second is, can we beat them? And we generally do the one or the other. This habit of ours makes us studious of foreigners. We try to know what they are that we may learn what they want, and, having got at these two facts, we are in most cases able to make money by them. The French are fully aware of this, and sometimes, as in their observations on the late treaty with China, affect to despise us for it, though their disdain be something like that of the negro, who, comparing his own hair and physiognomy with those of the white man, pretended to prefer the former before his wavy ringlets, and the latter before his godlike features.

But whether our motives be grand or solid, philosophical or economical, certain it is, that we endeavour to understand the other nations of the world by travelling and residing among them, by studying their languages and their characters too much, perhaps, as we study books without caring greatly for the particular volume in hand, and only solicitous respecting the results.

The French, in this respect, successfully resist the instinct of imitation. They make the Delphian precept, 'Know thyself,' the great rule of their investigations, and turning their back on the rest of the world, fix their gaze incessantly on their own country and themselves. Hence the exclusiveness and the narrowness of their theories, and hence, too, we fear, the mistake of their philosophers, who deny the existence of a spiritual principle in man.

We do not desire to insist on this unpleasant topic; but we have met with few writers, save among the French, possessed by a passionate solicitude to claim affinity with the ape and the chimpanzee. Our feelings, at least, carry us towards another

goal. If they experience the yearnings of relationship in the direction we have indicated, we have relinquished them to their kindred, and trust they will make much of them; but for ourselves we would much rather soar upwards with humanity, and place it on a level of a higher species.

How the perusal of M. Capefigue's work has betrayed us into this course of observation, any one who reads it will easily understand. Claiming to be regarded as a history, it is in truth nothing but an apology for France, a very long, laboured, but futile attempt to secure to her the first rank among nations. In one of M. Guizot's journals it was affirmed the other day, that France is the greatest Catholic power in the world, which left to England its natural supremacy over all states, Christian or Pagan. The historian of Louis Philippe would not be content with this, yet he rather insinuates than asserts his opinion which he appears to base entirely on this fact, that France has it in her power to unsettle the foundations of civil society throughout Europe. We grant that she is sufficiently great to play with much effect the part of an incendiary, but it requires much less power to disturb the world than to pacify it. A single flash may set a mountain of combustibles on fire, but to extinguish the flames, to substitute order for confusion, to repress the principle of anarchy and to restore a disjointed world to harmony and music, this is what France has never yet done or attempted to do. The task has invariably been reserved for us. We are the hereditary pacificators of Christendom. Ours is a preserving not a destructive power, though in the act of repressing violence and injustice, we can, when it suits our views, put forth considerable energy, as France and many other countries can testify.

Had M. Capefigue been altogether destitute of ability, we should have spared ourselves the trouble of examining his labours. But he is in many respects a clever man. Several passages in the volumes now before us, are interesting and well written, and the whole would have possessed a certain value, had he confined himself within far narrower limits. Some idea of the diffuseness of his style may be gathered from this, that the history of a month, with the previous explanations which he judged necessary, is more voluminous than the history of the Peloponnesian war; and the narrative of events from the accession of Louis Philippe to the present day, will nearly equal in extent Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' a work which embraces the history of the world during fourteen hundred years!

M. Capefigue aims, perhaps, at being considered the Clarendon of these times. But we fear he will be disappointed, for though he is quite as tedious as Clarendon, he has little of his acute insight into affairs, nothing of his stately egotism, or of the voluminous grandeur of his style. He begins by describing a state of things extremely curious in itself, the position of parties, and the feelings prevalent throughout France and Europe previous to the Revolution of July—but the whole is presented to the mind in so vague a manner, that it will require extraordinary labour to derive much instruction from it. We happened to be on the spot during the momentous period under review; we witnessed much of the revolution, and observed at leisure its effects and consequences; we conversed with some of the principal actors in it, more especially with him whom M. Capefigue treats with the greatest severity, the Marquis de Lafayette; we beheld the effervescence and the agitation that pervaded the distant provinces; we witnessed the setting up of some of the supplementary barricades, and therefore we may, perhaps, be able to form a tolerably correct idea of the difficulties which the historian of Louis Philippe had to encounter, but certainly has not overcome. He has, no doubt, got through a considerable portion of his task after a fashion, and it may be useful to review or even to read him; but whoever does so, in the hope of acquiring by his aid a just conception of the period and of the characters of the men who figured during its continuance will be egregiously disappointed.

The French people never show to so much advantage as during an *émeute* or a revolution. In the state of intense excitement into which they are then thrown, they appear to escape from the trammels of their habitual selfishness, and to display many of the qualities of heroism. It would be injustice to them not to allow that they love their country. We have had convincing proof of the contrary, both at home and abroad; by their own fire-sides, and in far distant regions, where the name of France with the familiar sounds of its beloved language have brought tears of unaffected rapture into their eyes, and we have everywhere been treated by them with partiality on account of our attachment to many departments of their literature, and to many particular spots in their native land.

It would be unjust, we say, then, to deny that the French love their country with a deep passionate love, more than half instinctive it may be, but still most powerful and ennobling. We saw and mixed famili-

arly with them at a distance from the capital during the fiery excitement of the three days, when every hour threatened an explosion of popular fury, when the troops and the people stood for whole days face to face; the one with fingers perpetually on the trigger, and the others with the accidental weapons supplied by courage in their hands. We shall never think of those days otherwise than with admiration. They were most honourable to the French people. Fathers, husbands, children, all assembled in the great thoroughfares of the city, ready at the first warning to march upon Paris, and lay down their lives in support of their theory of liberty. All industrious avocations were put a stop to. The sense of private gain and the value of sous, so dear in the eyes of a Frenchman, were forgotten. People did nothing but watch for the diligence from Paris, and when its uncouth bulk at length appeared in the distance, rolling forward at the heels of nine or ten horses, and swinging to and fro like the side of a street put in motion, the intensely anxious crowd rushed tumultuously towards it to inquire what news from Paris, what chance there was of a republic? what hope of getting rid of royalty for ever? The *conducteur* and the outside passengers, sunburnt and thickly powdered with dust, the weather being then exceedingly hot and dry, with bits of tri-coloured riband in their button-holes, would then doff their hats and, from their lofty platform, give as full an account as they were able of the state of things in the capital. When they could tell no more they were usually greeted with loud huzzas, and allowed to pursue their journey with the blessings of the multitude on their heads.

This fervour of public opinion continued for many days; but when at length the news came that the chiefs of the liberal party had, in their view of the matter, played the nation false, and given them one branch of the Bourbon family for another, the exhibition was like the extinguishing of flames by a heavy, sudden shower. Every countenance looked blank. The men hung their heads for shame, and sneaked away as fast as they could into their houses; the women, less able to contain themselves, in many cases wept for very vexation, and there was an almost universal sorrow diffused through the whole department. No doubt, in the interior of numerous houses there were, at the same time, royalists rejoicing at the event, and legitimists who deluded themselves with the notion that Louis Philippe was only holding the crown in trust for Charles X. We knew some of both these

sections of the people, who did not hesitate to communicate their feelings to us.

In a few days afterwards, when we found ourselves in the capital, among the fragments of the barricades, and while the funeral baked meats for those who fell during the three days, were still furnishing the feasts of triumph and rejoicing, other proofs of the secret dissatisfaction of the people presented themselves continually. Professed politicians, who had been engaged in the late drama, affected to regard it as a grand stroke of policy, though not one of them could completely disguise the feeling of chagrin and disappointment that lurked in his breast. They had, in fact, no sooner made themselves a king, than they discovered the fallacy of pretending to surround him with republicans and republican institutions. M. Capefigue plants himself on the steps of the Tuileries, and considers the whole question from that point of view. Yet, from his narrative, or, rather, elaborate special pleading, it is quite possible to acquire a tolerably correct notion of what was going forward. He of course hates Lafayette, together with the whole democratic party, and labours to hold them up to ridicule throughout his work. He is at the same time enamoured of Louis Philippe, the hero of his piece, the object of his most servile idolatry. To damage the one and serve the other, he would at any moment of the day or night make a holocaust of truth, and sometimes, we are almost tempted to think, of those also who reverence her. But, notwithstanding all this, M. Capefigue is unable to conceal the cardinal fact that Louis Philippe, both before and after the Revolution of July, played the part of a consummate hypocrite.

Of Lafayette we feel no inclination to become the apologists. We think, and always thought, him a weak, well-meaning man, with far too much attachment to cut-and-dried theories, and too little knowledge of the circumstances and generation among which he lived. His notions of republicanism were obsolete. He had, no doubt, studied the theory of free government, and was likewise acquainted with the habits and characteristics of his countrymen; but he had not sufficiently applied himself to understand the relations between his archetype and his materials, and the possibility of fashioning the latter into a strict resemblance of the former. In other words, he could not see what every real statesman could, that the French are incapable of republican government, and are scarcely yet ripe even for constitutional monarchy.

This was M. Lafayette's leading fault. But M. Capefigue at once thinks him a sim-

pleton and a Jesuit; a man without political reach and discernment, and yet so deep as to be almost unfathomable to all around him. He fancies him to have been aiming at making a cat's paw of Louis Philippe, and to have placed him on the throne only in order to pull him down again, as soon as it should be found to suit the interests of his party. Few persons, however, who knew the Marquis de Lafayette, will agree with him on this point. It is quite true that a coolness almost immediately took place between the old republican general and the king, who, in the course of a few weeks after his accession, ceased to come to the parties in the Rue d'Anjou, of which he had, until then, formed one of the most remarkable ornaments. From M. Capefigue's account, one might be tempted to think that Louis Philippe had never mingled with the strange company that assembled weekly in the Hôtel de Lafayette, consisting, we are told, of the discontented of all countries, habitually living and moving in an atmosphere of anarchy and sedition. The fact, however, is quite otherwise. Not only while Duke of Orleans, but for six or seven weeks after he became King of the French, did M. Capefigue's model statesman court the society of those anarchs, old and young. He then made the discovery, which he might reasonably have been expected to make, that it was not quite becoming in the grave king of a great people, to mix familiarly with the young enthusiasts, whether for liberty or legitimacy, who congregated weekly at the houses of his friends. He therefore dropped the habit of frequenting private parties, not only at Lafayette's, but elsewhere also.

However democratic the worthy marquis may have been—in our opinion he was less so than is generally imagined—he felt severely the slight which his old friend, in his interpretation of the matter, put upon him. It would be difficult to forget the fidgettiness of his manner the first evening that his kingly guest omitted his visit. Hundreds of persons of both sexes, many of whom, whatever M. Capefigue may fancy, belonged to the first families in Europe, had assembled early to meet the king, who usually came late and left soon. That there were several republicans present is quite true, and that they occasionally met in knots, and talked what the Philippists would call sedition, is probable also; but a majority of the company then, and always, consisted of the most distinguished members of all parties and all nations in Christendom—English, Russians, Austrians, Italians, Spaniards, and Greeks. On the very evening in

question some of the loveliest daughters of the noble houses of England were present, and instead of discussing the doctrines of the political propaganda, were far otherwise engaged in giving utterance to those remarks and sentiments which spring from a polished education and a joyous heart.

Every carriage that drove into the spacious court was supposed to be the king's, and Lafayette, notwithstanding his aristocratic breeding, veered more than once towards the door, as though to attract the wished-for visitor. But he did not make his appearance, and people contrived to amuse themselves without him. There were, we remember, a few Orientals among the company, who at times led the conversation towards the East; and there were those also who introduced the comparison between the French and Austrian armies, at that moment a most exciting topic, since the idea had gone abroad through Europe that events might speedily bring them into collision. Comparatively little was said in any of the circles of the domestic politics of the hour. On other occasions, when the company consisted of less heterogeneous elements, the case may have been different.

M. Capefigue labours hard to justify Louis Philippe for the manner in which he conducted himself towards his republican friends, the Marquis de Lafayette, M. Lafitte, and others, and in order to attain the end proposed, judges it necessary to blacken with might and main those whom he regards as the king's enemies. He may find this course necessary to the forwarding of his own interest, in which case we sincerely pity him. The fact, nevertheless, is not as he supposes. The king's defence may be based on the unchangeable nature of things; it being wholly impossible for a man recently invested with sovereignty to continue on terms of friendship with those to whom he owed his elevation. Doubtful of his situation, jealous of his privileges, the prince almost necessarily fancies that every one who approaches him, is about to invade his dignity, while his old friends, observing his punctilious devotion to the newly-imposed laws of etiquette and court formalities, are no less necessarily offended by the changes in his demeanour. Thus coolness, distance, and anger, arise not so much from the fault of either party as from the incompatibility of their claims and pretensions. Had M. Capefigue taken this view of the case, as we think he might, he would have escaped the supposed necessity of libelling the former associates of the Duke of Orleans.

We have omitted to dwell on the events of the three days in Paris, because, though

the details may be highly exciting, they are not very instructive, and have already frequently been laid before the public. But with respect to the revolution itself, was it justifiable or was it not? In answering this question people will of course be guided by the habitual cast of their politics. The partisans of freedom will of course decide that it was founded in justice because Charles X. had violated his compact with the nation, and thus forfeited his right to govern. On the other hand the Philippists will maintain pretty nearly the same doctrine, only they will be careful to add, or at least to insinuate, that though the elder branch of the Bourbon family had thus as it were abdicated the throne by its folly, yet a sort of right derivable in part from it, passed to the younger branch, and gave it a certain claim to sovereignty.

Such, at least, appears to be M. Capefigue's view. He nowhere, indeed, distinctly expresses himself to this effect; but we may very fairly gather it from the language he employs. Like all other weak persons, he is smitten with a profound reverence for traditional names and traditional titles, and the Bourbon family, in his estimation, is as respectable as that of Confucius. By what chain of reasoning he arrives at this conclusion, he never explains. He thinks so, apparently because he thinks so, which he reckons satisfactory, though we can scarcely go so far along with him. On the contrary, if we may venture to express an opinion at all on so immense a question (to borrow one of M. Capefigue's favourite expressions), we should say that the Bourbon family was anything but respectable. It has produced very few able, and still fewer good men; and its virtuous women it would be much harder yet to find.

But M. Capefigue is not particular. He thinks Louis Quatorze a great man, and would probably, therefore, experience no difficulty in discovering greatness under every hedge. Louis Quatorze, according to our simple apprehension, was an accumulation of elaborate littleness, of profligacy, meanness, cruelty, and the most sordid and grovelling superstition. To refer to such an individual, therefore, by way of illustrating the glory of a family, is much the same as if he had referred to Cartouche, the one having been a knave on a grand and the other on a small scale.

We are less at odds with the historian, when he comes to estimate the personal merits and character of Louis Philippe. And here we may observe, by the way, that in the drawing of character, when no party prejudice happens to interfere, M. Capefigue

sometimes exhibits considerable ability; in proof of which we might certainly adduce that of Louis Philippe himself. There is, of course, a strong disposition to indulge in panegyric. His hero has a world of good qualities, some of which are real, and others imaginary, but, upon the whole, there is a striking general resemblance between the picture and the man. We trust M. Capefigue thrives by writing contemporary history, which may constitute his justification for the manner in which he speaks of persons high in office and power:—

"For 'tis their duty, all the learned think,
To espouse that cause by which they eat and drink."

That Louis Philippe is an extremely able prince, the events of the last fifteen years clearly show. He has a great aptitude for business, is calm, clear-sighted, and capable of much political combination; as a husband and a father, too, he appears to be deserving of high praise; nor would it, perhaps, be too much to give him credit for considerable industry. But when M. Capefigue requires us to put faith in the limited nature of his ambition, we smile at the simplicity of the man; for great simplicity it is, whether he believes what he says or not. If he believe, then he is a charming instance of unsophisticated trustfulness in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. But if, as is more probable, he believe nothing at all, and only threw out his bait to catch gulls, still he must be capable of putting large trust in human credulity to suppose that the world would be deceived by an artifice so transparent, in spite of the facts of history.

From these it would appear that Louis Philippe had long been closely linked with those who were engaged in undermining the elder branch of his family, and that he had assiduously aided and abetted them. For this he must have had some powerful motive—love for his country, or love of the house of Orleans. In these our iron days, we much fear that his majesty, the King of the French, will not be able to obtain much credit for love of country, otherwise than as a means to an end. He saw the madness of his relative, Charles X., and may really at times have entertained serious apprehension for the consequences both to himself and France. But to understand a man's antecedents, as the French express it, we must have recourse to the subsequent portions of his life.

It was a maxim, we believe, among the old Roman lawyers and rhetoricians, that the man who profited most by a crime always lay open to the suspicion of having commit-

ted it; and very justly, unless he could clearly prove his innocence. Now, though many gained by the overthrow of Charles X., none gained so much as Louis Philippe. It may fairly, therefore, be presumed, unless M. Capefigue can prove the contrary, that he kindly aided the process by which his ambition was so much gratified. His case is not that of a prince, who, having lived at a distance from the court in the obscurity of private life, has been dragged suddenly forward by the force of circumstances, and through the instrumentality of strangers, to take upon himself the much coveted cares of royalty. Quite the contrary. It was the intimate friends of Louis Philippe, men with whom he was in daily and nightly habits of intercourse, between whom and him there were no secrets, who overthrew Charles X. It is scarcely credible, at least to us, though the publication of the July ordinances was precipitated by the folly of the king and his ministers, that the business should not have been long foreseen and provided against. No word is more common in the mouths of French politicians than *eventuality*, and we fancy that this particular eventuality had for some months been calculated upon as a dead certainty. But calculated upon by whom? Why, in the first place, by Louis Philippe, and next by MM. Lafitte and Guizot, the Marquis de Lafayette, and their coadjutors. Few, perhaps, knew exactly that the ordinances were coming, but most persons anticipated some foolish act of power by which the throne would be endangered, if not lost; and the probability is that among the keenest haruspices in France, his present majesty, Louis Philippe, was the chief.

Kings of all ages have been addicted to snuff up with incredible satisfaction the incense of flattery, knowing which, there has been, ever since the invention of letters, a large herd of writers ready to administer it to them. To this herd M. Capefigue emphatically belongs, and he is a great adept in the art, seizing adroitly on every circumstance that may enable him to put forward things agreeable to royalty. He loves everything that wears the broad R. upon it. He loves queens regnant and queens dowager; princes and princesses of the blood; he loves their lacqueys, he loves their horses and their spaniels; he loves even their saddles and their coach-wheels. How amiable a man must he then be, and how exquisitely adapted to draw the characters of royal personages. In fact, his family groups are models in their way. All kings and princes are good, but with a certain difference, the living being always better than the dead, the

more powerful better than the weak, the reigning infinitely better than the abdicated and exiled. Even in the delineation of the Orleans family, we discover traces of exquisite tact.

The Duke of Orleans was, of course, perfection in his way; gallant and chivalrous, full of generosity, and overflowing with politeness. But then, having come occasionally in contact with Lafayette and the democracy, he had acquired a certain soldierly air hardly compatible with princely grandeur. The truth is, he was frank and free, and the nearest approach in look and bearing to an English gentleman of any we have ever seen in France. His manners were almost wholly divested of affectation. There was no appearance of condescension in his affability. He had, in short, some of the beautiful frankness of democracy, though a prince. Is it for this reason that M. Capefigue's eulogy is somewhat cold, and tinged with cynical indifference? We fear not. The Duke of Orleans is dead, and dead princes exercise no power, and distribute no patronage. It is lawful, therefore, to remember their faults.

Not so of those who have regencies in their eyes. Accordingly, we find that the Duc de Nemours is a right noble gentleman, aristocratic in his manners, and with aristocratic nose, whomever, even from his boyhood, liked Lafayette, or could endure the people, whether in or out of uniform, or was attached to anything below the level of his august self.

If this be not adroit, we know not what is. Of course there is one page in M. Capefigue's work which the Duc de Nemours will read with singular pleasure, and will doubtless remember when he comes to be regent and has places to give away. The truth, meanwhile, is, that this same duke is much disliked in France, and no one who ever saw the two brothers together, who ever watched the masculine, open countenance of the one, and contrasted it with the supercilious, finikin, effeminate man-milliner physiognomy of the other, could fail to discover the reason. The Duc de Nemours is thoroughly unamiable, and looks so. Even during the levelling pleasures of the chase, when most persons put on a jovial unconcern which places them on a level with their neighbours, the Duc de Nemours has all his drawing-room looks about him, and glances down the forest glades at the bounding deer as though he thought the fairest scenes in the world not good enough to hold him.

It is unnecessary to proceed with this royal spawn of the revolution, to celebrate the virtues of the Prince de Joinville, or d'Aumale, or Montpensier. They who are

desirous to know all their good qualities may consult M. Capefigue. In no part, as Chaucer says, will he fail. He has made a *catalogue raisonné* of their excellences, upon which he will enlarge with all the self-complacency of Juliet's nurse. He dilates on their mighty actions, past, present and to come; and consequently merits any pension which Louis Philippe may give, or be inclined to give him. He is really worth a considerable salary, and earns his cash, whatever it may be.

In saying that M. Capefigue has a knack at drawing characters, we may, perhaps, have contrived to be misunderstood. It is not by any means our intention to insinuate that he is at all solicitous to preserve a strict resemblance between his portraits and the persons represented. Not at all. His object is to produce a clever picture that may attract attention, and amuse and pique the curiosity of the public. They who have not seen the originals will not puzzle themselves with conjectures about the degree of correctness in the likenesses; while they who have, will good-naturedly, perhaps, imagine that the dashing chronicler may have seen further than they. However this may be, M. Capefigue's off-hand group of Louis Philippe's first ministry is cleverly imagined, and still more cleverly executed. In such pictures truth would be an impertinence. We have no right to expect it. The object is to cry up the politicians of the king's party, and to cry down all those who are troubled with popular leanings. And this is very ingeniously done. Conte Molé, the Duc de Broglie, and M. Guizot, are held up to public admiration as men of business, as grave statesmen, gifted more or less with genius, and equal to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies. It does one good to live in the same age with men of this vast calibre, whose colossal greatness throws its shadow even across the Channel, and enables us, hyperboreans as we are, to enjoy the pleasure of contemplating their Titanian proportions.

There is, however, one slight defect in the character of the Duc de Broglie, which M. Capefigue may perhaps forgive, but could not consent to overlook: the duke is a religious man, a sort of diplomatic puritan, who endeavours to reconcile the principles of probity and honour with the practice of public affairs. This, it must be admitted, is a great mistake of his. What should a minister of Louis Philippe have to do with religion or anything of that sort? M. Capefigue feels the preposterousness of the combination, and is at pains to point it out. The objects of his veneration are persons

like M. de Talleyrand, and Pozzo di Borgo, and Prince Metternich, proficient in worldly wisdom, who refuse to recognize in the universe any intellect superior to their own. These are the kind of people to manage the affairs of great states. They feel and are prone to exercise the power of men over the nature of things. Raised by meditation to that high level from which it is possible to discover the perfect unity of whatever exists, they regard all actions with their issues, as things indifferent in themselves, and only more or less preferable, according to their bearing on the interests of the contemplator. What are the creations of ethical science? What is good, or bad, or right, or wrong, but that which we choose to think so? Nature establishes differences, but no preferences. To her all things are alike, the toad and the Venus di Medici, the habits of Borgia and the habits of Socrates. That which enables us to attain our ends is lawful, and that which obstructs us is to be shunned. There is no other rule of morality—no other scale of good or bad.

To the school of politicians by whom these doctrines are propagated, have belonged Louis Philippe and all his favourite ministers. Of course, the historian discloses truths like this with becoming reserve. He has studied under the Jesuits, and forestalled Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman.

In the midst of the grave and reverend seniors above commemorated, are found in the July cabinet certain individuals ill adapted to co-operate with them, such as M. Dupont de l'Eure, M. Lafitte, and two or three other minor notabilities, the especial aversion of M. Cæpefigue. These gentlemen seem to have taken the Revolution in earnest, and to have imagined that they could at once have a king and a free Constitution, because such a thing has proved practicable in England. The historian pities them and so do we; they had, it seems, been long amusing themselves with dreams about 1688, and the American system, and what not, and now that they had overthrown the elder Bourbons, cherished the expectation that with a younger branch of that illustrious house, they should be able to accomplish all they desired. Experience, however, soon brought them to their senses. Like the horse, when he first put a man on his back in order to avenge him against his enemies, they found that they had got a master, and the thought seems soon to have crossed their minds, that it might yet be possible to get rid of him. This idea in reality it was, that produced those fierce dissensions in the cabinet, which, with so much unction, M. Cæpefigue commemorates. M. Dupont, he

says, always entered with the thought of resignation uppermost in his mind, and the word upon his lips. Twice at least in every twenty-four hours did he threaten Louis Philippe and his colleagues, that he would leave them to their fate. He opposed his morose and inflexible will to their courtly facility, and often forced them to adopt measures altogether against their preferences and convictions.

But how happened it that M. Dupont de l'Eure could exercise so irresistible an influence? Was he a great statesman? Did he possess a mind of a superior order? Had he a long experience of business, or a great capacity for the conduct of affairs? Not at all, according to the historian. He had nothing, and was nothing but the leader of a party. But how came he to be the leader of a party. By the exercise, according to the historian, of his nonentity. People followed him just because he was incapable of leading them, they had no other reason in the world. This is an odd statement, and one might be inclined to disbelieve it, were it not that M. Cæpefigue assures us of the fact. Upon his testimony, therefore, we must confide, falling as we do, bound hand and foot, helpless into his hands; he is the great magician of the period, and converts servility into wisdom, and honesty, ability, and patriotism, into folly, with a skill altogether marvellous.

Most persons will probably recollect the trial to which the revolutionary ministry was put, almost immediately after its formation. That it should not have pulled together, under any circumstances, is quite intelligible, considering the elements of which it was composed. There were, properly speaking, no political parties in France, and, therefore, no heads of parties, otherwise such a ministry would only have been a standing evidence of the utter profligacy of the country: it consisted of Republicans, Radicals, Whigs, and Conservatives, or of the things in France most analogous to those distinctions. It would, perhaps, have been difficult to patch up a better ministry at the time, or a worse at any other time; but even an able cabinet would then have experienced some difficulty in maintaining its ground.

The people of Paris, deeply enamoured of change, and proud of their success against the old monarchy, were little disposed to return at once to the jog-trot habits of daily life, under a strict and jealous government. M. Cæpefigue, however, grossly caricatures their propensities; converting a few accidental outbreaks into a general rule, he maintains that there was every disposition

to toss up for a general scramble. Most literary men of the period, shut up in a little study with their books, conceived much the same idea. One of the most distinguished among them observed to us, during the prevalence of the excitement: 'Sir, there are 12,000 rascals in Paris who would cut your throat for ten sous,*' and others seriously maintained that all the ragamuffins who fought during the three days, were actuated solely by the love of plunder, though accident prevented them from indulging the propensity.

Strolling about one evening in the neighbourhood of the Pantheon, or church of Ste. Geneviève, we were overtaken by a violent shower of rain. There was a lady with us, and having no umbrella, we were glad to take shelter in the first passage we saw open; it was that of a cobbler, who sat at work within, singing merrily, and at intervals pausing to chat with his wife, or poke with the handle of his awl a pretty chubby little fellow who stood close to his knee. The cobbler very civilly asked us into his room, handed us a couple of chairs, and, while we were sitting out the continuance of the shower, amused us with the history of his life. He had been a soldier in the grand army, and accompanied Napoleon to Moscow. During the dire retreat from that city, he had the good fortune to escape the almost universal ruin, and on returning to Paris took up again with his old trade of making and mending shoes. He had at a later period married and become the father of three children, two of which now lay sleeping on a neat, white bed, in a recess of the room where we sat, while the third stood, as has been said, at his knee, pleasantly, from time to time, interrupting him in his work. 'When the revolution of the three days began,' said he, 'I took down my old musket which hangs against the wall yonder, kissed my wife and children, and went out, as I ought, to fight for liberty. I thought, it is true, that I had done with that sort of thing, and had no wish, I assure

you, to be engaged in insurrection. If I kept my musket it was merely as a *souvenir*. I had carried it through the snows of Russia; it had saved my life, and I loved it, monsieur, as one loves an old friend. And though a poor man, sir, I loved my wife and children, too, and was very loath to part with them. Mais enfin que voulez-vous, monsieur, nous sommes tous enfans de la patrie.' And with the words he paused and hammered away more energetically than ever on his lapstone, looking sideways at the little boy, and seeming to be under the influence of a good deal of emotion. While we replied: 'You have fought bravely, and it is to be hoped have gained yourselves a good government.' 'Ah, poor cela,' answered he, without raising his eyes, 'je n'en sais rien,' accompanying the words by that expressive shrug of the shoulders, into which a Frenchman sometimes contrives to throw so much meaning.

This honest fellow had, at any rate, gained nothing by the three days, and we afterwards found, upon diligent inquiry, that the same was the case with by far the greater number of those who had overthrown the old monarchy. Nor do we think that they fought for plunder; it was opinion that swayed them. They fancied they were going to get a republic, and there is no conceivable earthly advantage which a French democrat does not believe to be signified by that magic word. Of course, the vagabonds of Paris availed themselves of the row to practise the legitimate arts of their profession; but they were far from being in a majority. In all the *émeutes* that afterwards took place, before and during the trial of the absolutist ministers, we were present and conversed freely with those desperadoes in *blouses Gauloises*, against whom M. Capefigue inveighs with so muchunction. They were by no means the tatterdemalions described in his 'history.' On the contrary, the most respectable portion of the working classes were out, and though they were certainly of opinion that Prince Polignac and his associates ought to be put to death, there was no ferocity either in their looks or their expressions. No doubt they were labouring under a grievous fallacy; they fancied the lives of poor men are of as much value as the lives of the rich and titled, which is a mistake in all monarchies, constitutional or unconstitutional. In France, at least, you have only to call people rabble and you may shoot them. It would argue something like relationship to feel any sympathy for the *canaille*. And then *canaille* can have no affections, no social domestic ties; they are none of them

* That Monsieur Capefigue's ideas of his town-folk are not a whit more favourable may be inferred from the following passages: 'Si cette multitude avait trouvé sous ses mains le Prince de Polignac, M.M. de Peyronnet, de Chantelauze, ou de Guernon Ranville, elle leur aurait arraché les entrailles, elle aurait promené leurs têtes ensanglantées sur des piques. . . . 'Sous prétexte que la Chambre de Paris voulait sauver les accusés, ces masses affreuses espéraient les déchirer de leurs ongles.' . . . 'Ainsi la mort partout, peut-être l'échafaud en vertu d'une sentence arrachée au pailleur par la violence, et ce qui est plus enible encore que la mort sur l'échafaud les excès du peuple qui demande à déchirer les entrailles des victimes.'—L. vi., 108, 149.

fathers or husbands, or sons or brothers, or lovers or friends. They are simply *canaille*, and when they happen to fall in an insurrection or otherwise, it is enough to state their quality. There is no necessity for sorrow or commiseration, so,—at least, reasons M. Capefigue, and he represents very accurately, we dare say, the prevalent feeling among the Philippists.

It is not our intention to deny that Paris wore a very alarming aspect during the trial of the ex-ministers. Angry and threatening crowds filled the streets and public places. Barricades were thrown up in various parts of the city. Even in the Place Vendôme and the Rue Rivoli, *voitures* and *diligences* were hauled out and jammed closely together so as completely to choke the thoroughfare. The Place de la Revolution, the Gardens of the Tuileries, and all the open spaces round the Louvre, were so densely thronged, that you might have walked over the heads of the people. At one moment, when the thought struck the mob that the criminals closely shut up in their prison were to be screened from the course of justice, the cry of vengeance was raised, and a vast body of men with torches in their hands passed the Barrière du Trône, and marched by night towards the Château de Vincennes. In such a temper of mind and fever of excitement they might, doubtless, have been betrayed into an act of atrocity. It was suggested by some one—some father, perhaps, who had lost his only son during the three days—that the people should fire the château, and thus take justice into their own hands; and with this idea in their heads, the multitude stretched forward in a column, and with shouts, and torches waving, advanced with fearful resolution along the road towards the State Prison.

The Château de Vincennes may be regarded as a second Bastille, with its turrets, moats, and dungeons, where indescribable crimes have at various periods of the monarchy been perpetrated. It was spared by mere oversight during the great Revolution, and the people appeared to be now resolved to correct the error of their predecessors.

It would, no doubt, have been a shocking thing, had they been able to carry out their design. All men, even the greatest criminals, have a right to a fair trial; and had the ex-ministers been burnt alive, the act would have been a stain on the civilisation of the nineteenth century. For once, therefore, we agree with M. Capefigue, and reprobate as heartily as he can, the form which the vengeance of the populace seemed likely at that moment to take. But

it would be the height of injustice to confine our sympathy to the prisoners. Pre-eminently guilty they, no doubt, were; all their acts and their demeanour during the trial proved it. But the period of active criminality had ceased, and they were now unfortunate. This fact would have sufficed, no doubt, to disarm the resentment of dispassionate men; whom they had not personally injured, whose whole hopes in life they had not blasted, whose nearest and dearest friends their acts of tyranny had not consigned to a premature grave: but some allowance must be made for the multitude, for those remnants of families which had been broken up for ever by the events of the three days, for those mourning and desolate persons who felt that they could never again know comfort, or hope, or peace in this world. M. Capefigue seeks to interest us in the fate of the guilty ministers, by dwelling on their firmness and courage, by sketching with as much art as he is master of, their aristocratic bearing and physiognomy, their pale and passive looks, their devoted attachment to the old monarchy. But what was the old monarchy? What was it but a name, or, as he is fond of expressing himself, a tradition? We are quite aware that men are generally weak enough to be the slaves of associations, traditions, prejudices, even in politics; but when the lives of thousands, and the happiness of millions, are placed side by side with an antiquated prejudice, what man, who takes upon himself to write history, ought for a single moment to hesitate on which side he should give his vote? We respect all forms of government which are capable of commanding the attachment of mankind. There is, and must be some good in every one of them. Even despotisms become amiable when they put on the character of paternal sway, and are administered by mild and gentle tyrants. But when the light of an institution has been quenched in the blood of the people, we experience the greatest possible repugnance both for the memory of the thing itself, and for those who cherish a preference for it. Indifference for human life is in itself a crime, and we discern no very distinct line of demarcation between those who are guilty of such indifference, and those who take part with them against the people.

Few studies in politics can be more instructive than that of the planting and growth of what the French, with ridiculous affectation, call the Monarchy of July. In the accomplishment of this undertaking, M. Capefigue's work may be useful. It would be quite absurd to regard it, with the author,

as a history of Europe from the accession of Louis Philippe. It is not even a history of France. It is simply a partial exposition of the arts and contrivances by which the present sovereign of that country has succeeded in setting up a new dynasty, and weaning his subjects from the love of liberty and independence. Most statesmen are of opinion that the passion for freedom is only a paroxysm among the French, and that the normal state of their feelings is an absorbing predilection for glittering and ostentatious authority. This at least is the settled opinion of Louis Philippe, who has made it the basis of his whole policy, domestic and foreign. He believes that the French are willing to forego the advantages of free institutions, provided they can be enabled to enjoy a sufficient amount of drum-beating, waving of flags, marching and countermarching, and be regaled from time to time with the smell of powder and blood. All these things are collectively signified by the word glory. There is, of course, an immense amount of this article in the sound produced by two sticks descending on a tight piece of parchment; there is still more of it in unfolding a large square of parti-coloured silk, and holding it up to flutter in the air; and there is an infinitely greater quantity still in applying fire to a little saltpetre and charcoal, and thereby giving motion to a spherical piece of lead, for the purpose of perforating the skull, or epidermis, and fibres, and respiratory organs of a biped.

When men do these things under the conviction that they are necessary to their freedom, the greatness of the end appears to sanctify the means. Red cloth and frizzled worsted then assume a respectable look, and we denominate the wearer of them a soldier, because for a moderate amount of pay, he is *soldé* or hired to fight in defence of his country's institutions. It is a wholly different thing when men put on uniforms, and play with lead and gunpowder, merely to make a noise, and call the echo of it *glory*. But this is the French notion. They think it extremely glorious just now to roast a whole tribe of Arabs alive, or wall up thousands of them in a cavern, to perish slowly of hunger, or by each other's hands. They think it glorious also to send their sons and brothers, by a hundred thousand at a time, to knock their heads against Mount Atlas, and perish in the sands of Africa, for the purpose of giving expansion to the fighting gas which might otherwise take fire and explode nearer home, to the no small danger of Louis Philippe's dynasty. But perhaps the height of glory, the delicate apex

of that sort of passion, is to place paper and ink at the command of a dozen sophists, with the understanding that they are to expend all the tropes and figures with which the Polytechnic School or the Sorbonne may have enriched their memories, in vilifying, libelling, and vituperating *Perfidious Albion*.

Knowing these little harmless foibles of the people over whom he was called to reign, Louis Philippe seriously set himself, from the very outset, about putting in practice the arts by which he could alone hope to render them happy. He knew it to be one of their crotchets that they would like to be free, and it cost him very little labour to manufacture certain forms of liberty, which would of course serve their purpose just as well as the reality. It was likewise quite easy to satisfy the popular leaders, who would think themselves honestly labouring in the cause of democracy, if raised to office and power, and enabled from time to time to indulge the people with flaming eulogiums on their heroism and idolatry of glory. Democracy in France means talking about the people, and serving one's self. Panegyrics cost little, particularly to those who are used to the manufacture of the article; and Louis Philippe commissioned all his popular supporters to keep the enthusiastic folks of Paris in good humour by all manner of rhodomontade. He foresaw what would be the issue of the business, and that he should be able to let the heroes down softly from the slippery pinnacle to which the surge of the Revolution had lifted them.

It is not just now in our power to pause to describe minutely all the means by which this exemplary monarch managed successively to deliver himself from his old friends. A man so illustrious, so fortunate in the acquisition of power, so lofty by his position, so mentally enriched by study and reflection, should be above the weakness of friendship. In the serenity of those elevated regions which princes inhabit, the passions that disturb the tranquillity of the *canaille* ought to have no place. Every person there takes care of one individual, and universal contentment is the result. To describe a man living in perfect independence, the people of a different class often say of him, that when his hat is on, his house is thatched. So exactly is it with princes. Every one of them is a perfect whole, *teres atque rotundus*, so that when his own microcosm is nestled snugly under the wing of fortune, all the rest of the world may go to the devil, if they think proper.

In strict accordance with this theory act-

ed his majesty Louis Philippe. As a great statesman and a wise prince, he could not but know that friends are mere incumbrances, unless they can be made to serve as stepping stones from a lower to a higher level of society. The man who aims at power should never entangle himself with inextricable relations, but hold every one about him by a slip-knot, which, when it suits his purpose, he can let go at a moment's notice. In this admirable art the new king was a great proficient. He felt the most profound contempt for the rest of the world, and was even wiser than Pistol, who regarded the whole system as his oyster, which he as he said with sword would open. Louis Philippe's wisdom, we say, was of a higher quality than this. He despised the sword, because he felt himself to be in possession of an instrument far more delicate and finely tempered, with which, like another adept of his fraternity, he would confidently have undertaken to wheedle the devil, had his majesty been weak enough to believe in such an entity. He knew much better, but undertook and accomplished a task of equal difficulty, when he enlisted Talleyrand in the service of the new dynasty.

That old gentleman was chiefly formidable from the perfect laxity of his character. All affections, principles, and sense of duty dropped through him like water through a sieve. He was bound by nothing, and to nothing. His only pleasure in life was to delude as many people as he could, to practise universal hypocrisy, to raise himself, if possible, and if not, to keep other people down. When brought into contact with Louis Philippe, this Coryphæus of knaves felt that he was overmatched, and experienced a strong anxiety to be removed as far as possible beyond the sphere of his master's influence. It was painful for him to recognize even secretly that he had met with his superior in the virtues of diplomacy. It was for this reason chiefly, that he desired the embassy to London rather than any post in the cabinet.

It is no doubt true, also, as M. Capéfigue observes, that Talleyrand hated the people and everything popular, and loved to be buried either in the obscurity of an office or in the misty glitter of a saloon. But the historian does not, apparently, comprehend the reason of this idiosyncrasy, which we shall endeavour therefore to explain. Lax principles of morals, epicurean indifference to good and evil, which some philosophers have dignified by the name of equanimity, aversion from strong emotions, trace their origin to some defect in the physical organ-

ization. What may be denominated the defensive passions, as fear, caution, hatred, revenge, are strong in such persons: while the attractive and expansive passions, as love, friendship, patriotism, are feeble or inactive. They, therefore, like spiders, delight to wrap themselves in the web of their own artifices, and lie in wait for men, that they may trip them up in the dark. Mobs, public assemblies, parliaments, are hateful to them, because they dislike meeting with opposition face to face, and also because they cherish an instinctive fear of popular men, who are commonly bold and energetic. This, in part at least, explains the repugnance of our countryman Hobbes for the institutions of a free commonwealth, and the anxiety of Talleyrand to sneak away from Paris, and place himself out of hearing of the tumultuous voice of the populace.

But in whatever way we explain the fact, certain it is that Louis Philippe contrived to rid himself of Talleyrand, and at the same time to turn his unscrupulous morality to account, by despatching him to the court of St. James's, where he could engage in the congenial employment of doing mischief, and amuse himself with repeating the hackneyed tricks of diplomacy. Here in London, however, he was held in no high estimation by statesmen; the minister who had most to do with him, and knew him best, thought meanly of his abilities, and considered him much better adapted to shine in the confined and murky atmosphere of a continental court, where genius itself is dwarfed and paralysed by the influence of despotism, than to carry on public business in a free country like this, where if statesmen overreach their rivals at all, it is by dint of sheer openness and candour in which men accustomed to fraud can put no faith, and therefore suppose them to conceal something else which they vainly torture themselves to discover.

Talleyrand, we say, was regarded in London as a wicked old woman, abounding in scandalous gossip, full of tricks, artful to the last degree in the fabrication of frivolous impostures. While he was hugging himself, therefore, in the belief of his own impenetrability, he was earwigged, hoaxed, and baffled, by more than one British diplomatist. Nevertheless, there are still left some public men who cherish a sort of traditional respect for this old sinner, whose inferiority is irrefragably established by this, that he was incapable of noble thoughts, and could not comprehend an elevated theory of humanity. The corrupt and ignoble never can, whatever may be their abilities. A man truly great, must put faith in human

greatness, because he derives from himself his archetype of humanity. He at least knows what thoughts and aspirations inhabit his own soul, he discovers there no taint of meanness; he loves his country and his kind, because it is his pleasure to love them, because he knows that the counterpart of his own greatness and goodness must exist external to himself. All the elements of grandeur are concentrated in this ennobling creed, which is firmly believed in by none but the chiefs of human kind. Talleyrand, in common with all other knaves, repudiated it utterly. He felt his own intrinsic worthlessness, and sought to avenge himself on the rest of the world, by being sceptical in regard to their virtues.

Our object, however, is not to paint the character of this vacillating and hackneyed diplomatist, but cursorily to indicate the manner in which Louis Philippe, after his accession to the throne, eased his shoulders of the burden of obligation, through whatever motive conferred upon him. It has, we believe, been said, that from gratitude to hatred there is but one step; this is more especially true in the case of princes; they always hate such of their subjects as have done them greater services than they can repay. In their presence, they feel themselves to be in some sort their inferiors, because in the reckoning of honour they are debtors, and to owe is a mark of circumscribed power. Besides, it is hard for men whom accident has raised to a throne, to persuade themselves that they do not deserve their advancement. They, therefore, soon learn to imagine, that as they exercise supreme authority, so ought they to monopolize all endowments and all fame. They are above all things jealous of their rivals in popularity. To be esteemed by the people is to trench upon their prerogative, to stand before them, to eclipse them, and ultimately to deprive them of the affections of the country. This made Tiberius abhor his triumphant generals, and regulated Louis Philippe's machinations to effect the overthrow of the popular leaders, whose folly had placed him over their heads.

It is not, meanwhile, our intention to absolve the victims of Louis Philippe's craft from all blame. They were many of them weak, vain, grasping, and overbearing. They should have understood their situation better. Experience ought to have taught them that a throne like the seat of the Delphian priestess, inspires all who sit on it with supernatural wisdom, and that frankly to advise a king, therefore, is like attempting to intermeddle with the laws of nature. They had undertaken to reconcile contradic-

tions, to wed democracy to royalty, to give supremacy at once to the will of the people, and to that of the sovereign. But one result could consequently follow. Louis Philippe felt secretly persuaded, and perhaps justly, that they repented of having made him king, and would soon be engaged in endeavouring to unmake him; while, on the other hand, they felt that their presence was irksome to the new court, because it always seemed to wear an air of importunity; and that persons who had done nothing for the monarch, were for that very reason more agreeable to him.

Had they read history with any care, they might have foreseen that things would necessarily happen thus. Here, in England, precisely the same game was played. Charles II., immediately after the restoration, turned adrift all those who had done him any service during his exile. He felt exactly like a debtor in the midst of duns, and took the first opportunity to deliver himself. Every one remembers the fate of Clarendon, and how pathetically the old gentleman bemoaned himself. Yet the reward he received was the proper one. He had written a lying history, and been for many long years engaged in fabricating false and mischievous proclamations, malicious libels, and fraudulent state papers. Charles II. knew all this, and could not trust him. He remembered the old proverb—the dog that will fetch will carry, and arrived instinctively at the conclusion that the abilities which Clarendon had prostituted in his behalf, he might some day or other be tempted by self-interest to turn against him. It is the fate of dishonesty never to inspire confidence.

The example of Louis Philippe and his friends may be regarded as a fresh illustration of this truth. Many of them had been dishonest. If they believed in the practicability of a republic, they were dishonest in raising him to the throne; and if the contrary was their opinion, they were dishonest in seeking to lead the country to expect the establishment of a democracy. Nothing accordingly could have taken place but that which actually happened. Lafayette, Dupont de l'Eure, Lafitte, Odillon Barrot, and their friends, demagogues, not statesmen, naturally dropped away from about the new idol. Louis Philippe no longer wanted them, and their interference in what were now his concerns, became a bore to him. He abhorred their fantastic nonsense about a republic of which he knew himself to be the antipodes, and he soon grew weary of acting a farce no longer necessary to his political advancement. The consequence was obvious.

It is the business, however, of M. Capefigue to represent the circumstances of those times in a different light. What he wishes to make appear is this; that while the leaders of the movement were silly and ridiculous pretenders to statesmanship, and as destitute of virtue as of ability, the king was all probity and honour, and endowed by nature with a superior intellect, and by experience with every variety of knowledge. This apology adroitly leads to the comparison of Louis Philippe with Augustus Cæsar, whom, indeed, he somewhat resembles. He is quite as cunning, and, perhaps, quite as wicked. He has something also of his munificence, though little or nothing of the genius which overthrew the bulwarks of liberty in Rome, and by policy, suavity, generous confidence and the native force of his character, subdued into acquiescence the boldest and sturdiest of her votaries.

Louis Philippe has in his own country had no great enemies to overcome. France has produced no Brutus or Cassius, and even no Anthony in these latter days. Against Napoleon, who in genius and villainy was a Roman, Louis Philippe would have been able to effect nothing. His enemies have been the Fieschis and Alibauds, antagonists far more worthy of him. He has had to escape from infernal machines, from garret conspiracies, from the Lilliputian wickedness of a Lilliputian race. There was a magnitude and a grandeur about the crimes of Rome, of which, even in imagination, France is incapable. In the worst days of the revolution, when the genius of villainy was emancipated and even encouraged to exercise its utmost invention, there was no massiveness, no originality in the atrocities which were perpetrated. Even the Noyades were an imitation.

M. Capefigue labours hard to create a contrary impression, but only practically exemplifies the truth, that the sublime is next door neighbour to the ridiculous. His pen would fain invest a row with all the attributes of an insurrection. He imagines what the people might have done, and is led by a sort of national consciousness to compare them with an old raven flapping his wings and digging his beak and talons into a corpse,* accompanying the act

by the most disgusting croakings. No writer, even in the worst times of the empire, would ever for a moment have thought of debasing the Roman people by such a comparison. When most a prey to corruption and degeneracy there was terror in their indignation. Trepidation accompanied their outbreaks, and the most hardened tyrants trembled to face them in the paroxysms of their fury. An *émeute* in France has generally, since the accession of Louis Philippe, been a hole and corner business instigated by some obscure criminal, and carried into effect by a handful of desperate vagabonds. To overcome such adversaries surely requires no display of transcendent abilities. Anything superior to the anile incapacity of Charles X. will suffice to govern France. There is not a despot in Europe who would be unequal to the task. The Parisians bend their neck to the yoke, they only ask bread and journals, and incessant abuse of England.

Where then is the mighty merit of governing, during fifteen years, so submissive and docile a people? There is no nation in the world whose relations, internal or external, are less complex. The population is homogeneous, and addicted to little variety of occupation; and a large amount of political ignorance lies like a dead weight on public opinion all over the kingdom; and this is a necessary result of the rural occupations of the people. An immense majority of the French, engaged from father to son in the pursuits of agriculture, live scattered over the face of the country, in villages and small towns, where much more thought is bestowed on fiddles and five franc pieces than on the franchise, on *réunions* than on reform, on soup than on political economy. There are few great cities which may be regarded as the forges of political opinion. There is little movement in the population, which has everywhere a local impress, a provincial character, a traditional cast of thought utterly inconceivable to us. No speculation, no enterprise disturbs or intermingles the various strata of society. The descent of trades and professions operates almost like the laws of caste among the Hindus. The channels of trade are few and narrow, and swept by no brisk current. A sluggish communication goes on between place and place, like that which existed in England during the middle ages. Externally, France has no multiplied relations, little commerce, few colonies, no neighbours but those on her own frontier. Great Britain is neighbour to three-fourths of the world. Innumerable nations stand in contact with her. Half the world depends on her for

* This delicate image is, with some slight variation, thus expressed by M. Capefigue, "Le Général Daumesnil le vieux soldat, fut obligé de venir parlementer avec cette troupe rugissante, et il parvint à calmer ce rassemblement, plus sombre que le battement des ailes des corbeaux qui s'abattaient pour aiguïser leur bec sur les ossements des cadavres."—T. iii., 168.

clothing and the productions of the useful arts. France has nothing to offer to strangers but wines or gewgaws, things which they can very well do without. Her people, therefore, are not much tempted abroad, and, consequently, never acquire that reckless independence of character which is incompatible with a tyrannical government.

The English people could not live under Louis Philippe for one week. They would not attack him with infernal machines, they would hatch no conspiracies, they would break out into no *émeutes*, but they would smother him under petitions, or brain him with a remonstrance. They would meet from one end of the kingdom to the other, they would agitate, they would shake the whole soil of the island with popular emotion. There would be no rest for him or his ministers, night or day. Trade would cease, politics would absorb man, woman, and child, throughout the three kingdoms. He would perceive that he could hope for no peace or intermission till he granted them their rights, and he would therefore grant them.

If M. Cpefigue be of a different opinion, as most probably he is, we should like to hear his reasons for the faith that is in him. These he has not given in the lengthy volumes before us. We grant he is very severe on the French people, abundantly ready to acknowledge their imperfections and to exaggerate their wickedness; for the worse he can prove them to be, the more credit must be due to Louis Philippe for keeping them quiet.

That the King of the Barricades very early learned to distrust his subjects we are aware. Even so far back as December, 1830, he began to be apprehensive of a fatal termination to his reign, and issued a curious order, to the knowledge of which we came by accident. Traversing the Champs Elysées one rainy day, wrapped up to the nose in a cloak, we were about to step into the gardens of the Tuileries, when a sentinel stepped forward and said: 'You can't go in.' And why not?' said we. 'Because,' replied the man, 'you have a cloak on.' 'And what harm,' we inquired, 'is there in a cloak?' 'Oh, none in the world,' rejoined he, 'but it is feared there may be something under it.' 'And what is to be done?' continued we. 'Why, just slip off your cloak,' observed the soldier, 'and then step inside the gate and put it on again. I shall have done my duty, and that's all I care about. His majesty, however, I can tell you, is afraid of cloaks, and of the people who wear them.'

The soldier was right, Louis Philippe had already begun to dread his people. For a few weeks after the Barricades he used to drive about with his family in an open carriage, and appeared anxious to court popularity. He even sometimes ventured, as M. Cpefigue very carefully relates, to go abroad on foot with a single aide-de-camp, when he was usually recognized and saluted with loud demonstrations of loyalty. But such days were far too bright to last. The intercourse between king and people is not to be carried on after that fashion in France. It might do very well for the old Emperor of Austria to stump about Vienna, like a parish beadle, and be known and greeted by his phlegmatic subjects with a submissive, affectionate alarm, which insured his safety, and their servitude. The offspring of the French Revolution have not yet reached that pitch. They have just enough of fire left in them, to make it hazardous for their sovereigns to go unescorted abroad, though not enough to compel them to rule constitutionally. They have never yet conquered for themselves the right to hold a public meeting. They cannot congregate together to discuss their grievances, and make speeches, good or bad, and pass resolutions and petition parliament, or remonstrate with it. Hence their partiality for secret societies, and the offensive asperity of their opposition press. But their hostile feelings do not exhale themselves in fierce and fiery declamation as with us; but in calumnious statements, quietly expressed, and odious insinuations. On this fact the French sometimes pride themselves. The reason, however, is, that they always write under correction, and play their little harmless gambols, like a spaniel accustomed to be beaten. They must not speak out, dare not be rough and boisterous. Such habits flourish only in free countries. The subjects of despotic states have always a certain tincture of politeness, which has a secret reference to the stick. In proof of their supposed freedom, they sometimes refer to their *émeutes* and the saturnalia of their revolution. But all these demonstrate the contrary; they are indications that the pressure was too great, and that the passions of the populace, finding a chance outlet, had burst forth, like the winds in Virgil, suddenly to ravage sea and land.

A people replete with energy, and actuated by strong feelings of independence, is little addicted to revolutions. It will stand no nonsense from its rulers. It does not suffer grievances to accumulate; it lies always on the watch against abuses; it murmurs, it grumbles, it threatens, and thus

prevents the necessity of trying conclusions with the established authorities. Louis Philippe would be a harmless man enough on this side of the Channel. Being gifted with considerable shrewdness, he would at once perceive that it is not for courts or cabinets to play with the feelings of the English people. We must have our representatives, good or bad; we must enjoy the freedom of the tongue; we must say what we please, and publish what we please; discuss anything and everything, and that, too, in any numbers, from five hundred to half a million. Enjoying these privileges, we eschew altogether infernal machines, barricades, and that sort of thing. Occasionally, to be sure, we ourselves submit to great abuses, because we know but one way of getting rid of anything that annoys us, and that way generally requires a considerable length of time to bring us to the point desired. We convince, instead of killing, the opposite party. We assail them with the artillery of public opinion, we thrust out towards them the ugly muzzles of syllogisms, we bring them down by force of argument.

And yet the French sometimes fancy that it is their mission to carry moral and intellectual ideas round the world. To Great Britain they attribute a much lower aim:—

“They call us *traders*, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition.”

But, among other things, we trade also in constitutions, and watch with as much anxiety over the fate of our freedom as over that of our printed cottons. We produce statesmen, too, and would not submit to be lectured by dreary doctrinaires, such as elaborate fustian for the French Chambers. Look at the two countries and the two people! In France, authority meddles with everything; in England, it never shows itself if it can help it, so that a foreigner might almost imagine we had no government at all. Authority never was so modest as it is in England. It conceals itself behind a thousand pretences, rather than come forward and contest the privileges of the subject. In France, the people cannot make a railway but the government will immediately have a hand in it. In England, scarcely any stress of circumstances can compel the government to invade the domains of private speculation. We draw an almost impassable line between public and private business, and confiding the one to the care of our rulers, forbid them to meddle with anything else. They know, also, and observe the limits of their duty. They understand what the public expects of them, and with a tact which would excite

admiration if it were not every day witnessed, they generally contrive to avoid producing a shock between the interests of the community and the interests of government.

We throw out these hints now, that as M. Capefigue progresses with his pamphlet in ten volumes, he may, if possible, take them into consideration. Perhaps, however, he may not find room for them, since, although he pretends to take all Europe for his theme, he is scarcely ever able to look beyond the frontiers of France. But to him, of course, France is Europe. We admire the ingenuity of patriotism when it keeps within any tolerable limits. But French patriotism too commonly means an utter contempt for everything beyond the borders. They are the only parallel the Chinese have in Christendom. They have two eyes, and see clearly with both, while all other nations have but one at most.

When the historian of Louis Philippe comes, however, to estimate the amount of mental activity displayed during the first six months of the new period, he discovers little that can afford him satisfaction. Arts and literature seldom flourish in periods of excitement. They are but the ornaments of our intellectual life, and when we are contending for the thing itself, it is impossible to bestow much attention on the mere graces of it. Literary men, in reviewing the progress of mankind, are too apt to overrate the value of mere letters. They forget that nations may be happy without them, and that, even in periods of high civilisation, it may sometimes be questionable whether the contemporary additions to them produce more good or harm. In France, as M. Capefigue acknowledges, the harm predominated. A vicious spirit pervaded nearly all the compositions of the day, and aimed at acquiring popularity by flattering the ignoble passions of the multitude. A sort of mock philosophy, half pantheism, and half sentiment, was got up expressly for the occasion; and this was accompanied by a new theory of political economy, adapted to the capacity of sots and dreamers. The noblest principles of politics were shorn of their dignity by being exhibited in connection with odious doctrines, which have always been the aversion of honest men. The speculators and visionaries of the period were obviously not aware that, in proportion as political systems divest themselves of the aid of material force, they require the support of doctrines and opinions. Despotism may repose on sensual creeds, may consort with vice, and even derive strength from national profligacy; but the opposite of despotism must, in all times and countries, owe its permanent existence

and efficacy to spiritual theories, which nourish virtue in the people, and render patriotism and the abnegation of self habitual conditions of the mind.

France has endeavoured to obtain possession of liberty under impossible circumstances. Her reformers have not sufficiently reflected that society cannot be kept together without the operation of cohesive or repressive principles. If lofty ethical habits, which endear men to each other, and lead them to discover their own good in the prosperity of their neighbours, do not prevail, their place must be supplied by the fear of power, by selfish solicitude, by mutual suspicion, with which freedom cannot co-exist. There is a strong sensual tendency in the French character. Even the most spiritual writers escape with difficulty from this failing, their highest thoughts and aspirations being too commonly disturbed by exhalations from worldly objects.

At the time immediately succeeding the revolution of July, great additional force was imparted to the grosser passions of the people; during the struggle itself they had, as we have said already, exhibited many good qualities, much disinterestedness, and a very strong desire to promote the good of the community. But afterwards, when they came to observe that the leaders of all parties were endeavouring to secure as many advantages as possible to themselves, and that what might be called the aristocratic class, placed in opposition to the democratic, was drawing up to itself and absorbing all the warmth that should go to vivify the whole body politic, they began to grow ashamed of their enthusiasm, and in their turn endeavoured to snatch as much pleasure and to accumulate as much property as they could for themselves. It was this reactionary feeling that gave rise to most of the excesses of the Parisians. Anxious above all things not to be duped, they sought to recompense themselves for their former sacrifices, by seizing upon all manner of coarse indulgences, which the vicissitudes of the hour flung in their way.

Hence the debasement of literature, the abuse of dramatic exhibitions, and the profane and odious character assumed by what passed just then for philosophy. Volney had observed of an Oriental people, that apprehending nothing after death, believing that when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, no dreams come to disturb our everlasting sleep, they take up arms with alacrity, and throw away their lives with absolute indifference. A phenomenon exactly analogous has from time to time been observed in France. Men steeped in the influence of the senses, swayed by irregular passions,

unaccustomed to reflection, destitute of all correct knowledge, have rushed from the orgies of sensuality into the embrace of death without allowing themselves a moment's pause for calm thought. And this is the heroism of pantheistical dogmas, the heroism of those villainous schools, which, at different epochs of the world's history, have reappeared for the calamity of mankind. St. Simonians, Communists, Fourierists, and a rabble of other sectarians arose, preaching vice, and eating like cankerworms into the hopes of future generations.

Their principal attacks were directed against property and marriage, and it is characteristic of the French that they have clung far more tenaciously to the former than to the latter; for while there has been no relinquishment of estates, no indifference to five franc pieces, marriage has been allowed to fall into so much disrepute that half the children now born in Paris are illegitimate, and yet the French perceive no absurdity in prating from time to time about democratic institutions, as though it were practicable to reconcile such things with the character of a people, a moiety of whom, by their own showing, live in habitual disregard of the fundamental duties of society. With these data before him any one may foresee what is to be the future destiny of France. It must submit to servitude under some form or other until it can resolve to have a national religion; Catholicism, if it can discover nothing better. There is no freedom without faith. The man who believes in nothing better than himself will never make great sacrifices for his fellow-creatures. The body politic is a sphere which is but half earthly, the other half is in the skies, and belongs to them. Weak and fantastic reasoners would strip politics of this attribute of sublimity, and reduce the people to a body of calculating savages congregated together, but still, secretly, in a state of mutual hostility. Religion gives men a common parentage, melts them into one family, throws the links of affection far and wide around the necks of all, creates a common home for the whole human race, where, in the sight of one common Father, they may taste of eternal happiness. The influence exercised by this system is, we own, less powerful than, for our good, we could desire; but without it man has no choice but to degenerate perpetually, and lose one by one all the attributes which raised him from primæval barbarism, and gave grandeur and expansion to his intellect, beauty to his thoughts, force to his principles, elevation to his fancies, and a broad and permanent basis to his happiness.

- ART. XI.—1. *Les Mystères de Londres*.
Par Sir FRANCIS TROLLOPP. 9 vols.
Bruxelles. 1845.
2. *Zambala l'Indien : ou Londres à vol d'Oiseau*. Par J. ARAGO. 4 vols. Paris.
1845.

THE French are fond of calling themselves *le peuple le plus sympathique du monde*,—the people, above all others, endowed with large and liberal sympathies. It is their 'mission,' they say, to lead the march of modern civilisation. Their fitness for this high calling is manifested by innumerable tokens. In literature, for instance, they have achieved eminence in several departments. Their eminence as travellers and painters of other nations, is incontestable of its kind. The kind is somewhat peculiar. Among all the faculties which they possess in any remarkable superiority, the faculty of not being able, as Locke quaintly says, 'to see beyond the smoke of their own chimneys,' is very distinguished. This characterizes them as observers of other nations. They are the Cockneys of Europe. With true Cockney spirit, they either gape in wondering enthusiasm at everything which is new to them, or else submit it to the test of their small standard. Thus we shall see M. Arago falling down, awe-struck, before the sublimity of the London policeman; as we have known the Parisian describe Switzerland as *une jolte décoration*. The power of observing what lies before them, be it of the simplest, is a power few of them possess. They must 'dress up' what they see. Reality is so prosaic; truth so feeble; and if not feeble, so *ignoble*. Now a writer's aim cannot of course be to convey simple truths; it must, as Bayes says, be to 'elevate and surprise.' This aim French tourists pursue, with a success more than respectable. They *do* surprise, not only their countrymen, but the nations whose manners they portray. We have already, in this Review, witnessed some examples of their success. The work of M. Alfred Michiels on England must be fresh in the memory of our readers. But that was nothing in comparison with the two works placed at the head of this article—works which on all accounts deserve an introduction here—works of lofty pretensions to truth (*vide* respective prefaces)—works of conscientious labour, and of high moral influence, to say nothing of '*les qualités du style, les péripéties du drame, les protestations énergiques,*' &c., &c., &c.

English society is such a complex subject, and its varieties are so numerous, that it would be no easy task for a foreigner to

depict it. Indeed one may be often surprised at the ignorance occasionally exhibited even by Englishmen, and men in such a position as would have enabled them, one would think, to know better. But if we reflect upon the strong, the almost irresistible, tendency in every mind to generalize from one or two facts, and to conclude that these facts are the general characteristics of a nation, we shall understand how easy it is for foreigners to give us their experience, and yet be ludicrously wrong. Moreover, let us couple this tendency with the *nature* of the facts likely to be observed, and we shall then understand most of the extravagances which are credited of us on the continent. The nature of the facts may easily be defined. They are either public, *i. e.* what takes place in the streets and open places; or, they are private, *i. e.* domestic. The former are easy enough to ascertain, but they do not reach far. The latter are extremely difficult, because extremely complex.

This is the way a Frenchman of the middle classes spends his month or more in London. He speaks no English of course; scarcely any Frenchman does.* He understands it, however, *parfaitement*; all Frenchmen do (if we are to believe them). He lodges with one of his countrymen; dines at one of the restaurants in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square; sees the 'lions;' spends his Sunday at Greenwich or Richmond; goes to the theatre; lounges up Regent-street; is alarmed at the quantity of money he spends, and the little amusement he gets for it; and returns to *la belle France*, to instruct his friends as to how things are managed across the Channel. He has seen our streets, our parks, our theatres, our 'lions,' our equipages, our splendour, and our rags. He has seen as much of England as the generality of Englishmen see of France.

But there is another class of visitors; more observing, better instructed. A Frenchman of this class has probably some letters of introduction; but he must be very lucky in the persons to whom they are addressed, or he must be a very superior person himself, if these letters do much for him. In every case he 'boards in a family.' He has a nice little drawing-room *au pre-*

* We can vouch for the literal truth of the following anecdote:—A Frenchman who had resided nearly a year and a half in London without acquiring three English phrases, inveighed against the stupidity of the people of the house where he lodged, because they could not converse with him. '*Sont-ils bêtes ces Anglais?*' Here I have been nearly eighteen months in this house, and the boobies can't speak a word of French to me yet.'

mier; he takes his meals with the family. The friends of that family become known to him. He is invited to their houses; he observes their manners; and he generalizes from them. A cautious man might easily make this mistake of hasty generalization. For observe, that to a Frenchman his landlady is a lady. He of course cannot draw nice distinctions in manners; and the mere fact of his landlady taking a boarder is to him insignificant. As no one in France has a whole house to himself, to 'let lodgings' is the most natural thing in the world. Now, although we are quite aware that straitened means are not always synonymous with inelegant manners, we must still say that, with due allowance for individual exceptions, the class of society in which a man mixes, who mixes with the friends of the family in which he boards, is *not* a representation of English breeding, is *not* the type which Englishmen recognize; no more than methodists are true specimens of Church of Englandism. Yet the pictures of English society published in France are obviously taken from this class; even when the painter has had opportunities of seeing better society, his habitual study has been of the class we speak of.

This is not the only cause of a Frenchman's misrepresentation of England. Setting his personal feelings towards us aside, we must still believe him to be essentially incompetent to form a correct opinion not only of us, but of every foreign nation. The French mind is the least flexible of any. The prejudices of an Englishman are neither wise nor agreeable; like all prejudices, they make the possessor ridiculous, offensive, and short-sighted. But an Englishman needs very little travel, if he have two grains of intelligence, to make him give up all such prejudices as are not wholly moral. This the Frenchman cannot do. France is his invariable standard, because he identifies himself with it.

We must be understood as speaking generally. Individual Frenchmen have studied England in an earnest conscientious spirit. We have no books on France at all equal to Gustave de Beaumont's 'Irlande,' and Léon Faucher's 'Angleterre;' such exceptions to the general tenor of their books we are delighted to acknowledge. Let us also notice the careful and accurate articles which Philarète Chasles publishes in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' which exhibit an intimate acquaintance with our language and literature, and a fair appreciation of our writers. The article on Burke, in the November number, is the very best we ever read on the subject. Nor should we omit

to mention the new review, 'La Revue Nouvelle,' which promises to take an important stand in periodical literature, and is animated by a grave and temperate spirit of friendliness towards England.*

The two works placed at the head of this article are worth a few minutes' attention. They will, perhaps, instruct the reader; they will unquestionably tell him much that he never knew before, but which two clear-sighted Frenchmen have seen with their piercing eyes. Sir Francis Trollope, emulating M. Sue, determined on concentrating the observations he had made in his 'nombreux voyages' to England, in a work which should be for London what M. Sue's work was for Paris. But Sir Trollope, though a great admirer of Eugène Sue, thought that in 'Les Mystères' the latter had indulged too freely in the exercise of imagination. He, Sir Trollope, determined to exclude imagination in favour of reality; his book should be '*palpitant et vrai*.' To this task he was very competent. His '*vie agitée*' had been passed in various circles: now in the bosom of the most *recherché* society, and now in the secret haunts of vice and crime. To him had been opened the *salons* of Belgrave-square, the clubs of Pall Mall, and the low taverns of St. Giles's. In fact, Sir Trollope was a sort of Marquis of Waterford: he was fond of 'seeing life;' what he saw, has been dramatised in nine wearisome volumes—volumes which have raised him from his deserved obscurity into a *feuilleton* notoriety. He is now writing at a rapid rate; and he no longer indulges in the pseudonym of Sir Trollope: he is Paul Féval, 'auteur des Mystères de Londres, &c.'

'Zambala' is by J. Arago, brother of the astronomer, author of the 'Voyage autour du Monde,' and contributor to several of the small newspapers of Paris; an empty, extravagant, turgid writer, labouring to be 'terrible' and 'palpitant,' in the style of 'Eugène Sue,' and being only wearisome and turgid. We never remember such fierce strivings after 'effect,' with so little effect produced. It may be mentioned as a specimen of his grandiloquence, that having lost his sight, he now never speaks of himself but as 'le pauvre Bélisaire!' Certainly Belisarius was blind, but so is the beggar at the corner of our street; and we see no more resemblance between Belisarius and

* In our last number, we gave a slight account of this periodical. To what we then said, we have now to add, that a change has taken place in the mode of publication. The 'Revue Nouvelle' now appears twice a month. A change decidedly for the better.

the beggar, than between Belisarius and the obscure feuilletonist.

Neither M. Arago nor Sir Francis is inimical to England. The impression resulting from a perusal of their works would certainly be extravagantly false; but the writers are evidently great admirers of the country they traduce. The disagreeable effect is caused by the topics they select. An odour of beer and gin rises from their pages. The atmosphere reeks with the fumes of disgraceful orgies. The horrors of Bedlam, the brutalities of 'hells' and public-houses, the filth of St. Giles's, and the hideous vices of the pariahs of society, thieves, pimps, and prostitutes, are crowded together in these books; and as if such scenes were not 'palpitant' enough in their own naked horror, they must be dressed up with all the tawdry eloquence, and unscrupulous exaggeration of third-rate feuilletonists. It will be readily admitted that a 'fight' is terrible enough in its reality; but the descriptions given in 'Les Mystères,' and in 'Zambala,' are sickening. Prurient imaginations, dabbled in filth, may find such descriptions to their taste. As representations of anything English, they are laughable.

Wearisome as these books are, they have their oases. Wading knee deep in filth and folly, we sometimes alight upon a strip of ground which almost repays us for the toil. Such insights into our social condition! such revelations of our virtues and vices! M. Arago has 'revealed' to us the policeman. The reader, perhaps, fancies that he knows very well what a policeman is; the reader flatters himself. M. Arago, who has made a voyage round the world—who is an observer *par excellence*—who knows London 'as few know it'—contrasts the policeman with the sergent-de-ville. The result of this contrast is highly favourable to England; how true it may be the reader shall judge. Be it known, therefore, that while in France the primary requisite of the guardian of the peace is strength of wrist; in the policeman it is suavity of speech—*la politesse du langage*. The sergent-de-ville is a man with a fierce aspect, large whiskers, harsh voice, and broad shoulders. The policeman is a man delicately shaped, *une nature svelte*, with blue eyes, with *un regard limpide*, with aristocratic hands, white and small. The sergent-de-ville must be expert in his use of the cane, and must understand *la savate*. To the policeman such advantages are useless; he has scarcely ever to sustain any struggle with offenders, his whole eloquence consists in persuading 'par la parole qui prêche toujours et avec douceur le respect de la loi.' How little do we compre-

hend that which is daily passing before us! A Londoner imagines a policeman to be a very useful, but supremely inelegant member of society. But it appears that the policeman is as elegant as he is useful, and as humane as he is elegant. He is a '*nature svelte*;' his eyes are blue, his hands are white, his eloquence soft and persuasive. The Londoner imagines him to be somewhat rough and peremptory in manner, breaking Priscian's head with as little remorse as if it were the head of a pickpocket. M. Arago declares that the menace of a policeman is a fraternal exhortation. He watches over the city with the tender solicitude of a pastor who guards a flock. 'Vous lisez toujours,' exclaims the enthusiastic observer, 'la bienveillance sur le visage épanoui du policeman.' Is not this a revelation? But travellers do not always see alike. M. Paul Féval, in 'Les Mystères de Londres,' has a very different opinion of the elegance, urbanity, and utility of the policeman, who, he says, is sleeping or waking almost always, a very '*maussade inutilité*;' he is indolent, phlegmatic, and indifferent, for the public, but becomes a little more active for the nobility. He is also eminently corruptible. A pickpocket taken *flagrante delicto* slips a sovereign into the policeman's hand, and is allowed to escape. M. Arago, however, is very sincere in his opinion of the police. He has made one of them the hero of his book. Here is his portrait:—

"One amongst them was especially distinguished by the affability of his manners, the elegance of his language, the regularity of his features, on which were stamped an ineffable sweetness. He was a young man of about two-and-twenty, belonging to a family of honest tradesmen, of small fortune, but honourably acquired. Georges Oxley knew that he was handsome; for the *jeunes miss* who passed near him, at first looked down, and quickly glanced up again, only to ascertain whether the eyes of the policeman were as soft and dreamy as they were reputed in the world. Further on they once more looked back to convince themselves that Georges possessed the grace and elegance which generally distinguish young men of good family; and then the *jeunes ladies*, still only from curiosity, for I will not dive further into their consciences, passed again, and let their handkerchiefs or parasols fall by chance, in order to be able to contradict public opinion, which endowed Georges with the purest pronunciation and the most harmonious voice."

These slight incidents occurred so frequently, that they would have rendered the most modest man in the three kingdoms conceited; and Georges, without intending it, without knowing it, perhaps, was forced to think that he had been noticed among the crowd of policemen, his brethren.

"His was a privileged nature, gentle and calm externally, warm and powerful internally, but so doubtful of his future, that a deep sentiment of sadness and bitterness was always to be read in his smile. Georges would never have had the power to run after happiness; he would have feared a deception, and therefore it was, perhaps, that when all was joy in his house, he alone, always at the post of honour confided to him, bore so much melancholy and timidity in his appearance and his words, that it was impossible to look at him without a strong feeling of interest and a touching affection. Activity of mind and apathy of body sometimes go together. Georges Oxley thought, and thought a great deal; but when inquisitive looks, when maternal solicitude sought to guess the cause of his painful pre-occupations, his broad and open brow became pure and serene, his manners, his language recovered his natural manliness, and the more energy you found in him at that moment, the more you pitied him for the violence he submitted to from a sense of dignity."

This 'lion' of a policeman, whom all *les jeunes miss* are talking about, is, we presume, the Childe Harold of the force. He joins in no ignoble orgies. He flirts with no cook or kitchen maid. Cold meat in the kitchen is unknown to him. He stands aloof:

"Not that he loves *maids* less but *ladies* more."

And ladies love him. Lord B.'s daughter, the charming Lady Emmeline, not only loves him but marries him. One exquisite touch about her we must preserve. Georges' family keep a lace warehouse. Emmeline goes there frequently. One day she goes there, but is dissatisfied with everything shown her. Georges' sister guesses the cause. Emmeline expected to find *him* there; and expected to be served by *him*; but Childe Harold is at that hour 'on his beat'; the daughters of England are admiring his dreamy eyes, while he is exhibiting the '*politesse du langage*' and '*les mains de bonne maison*,' which are the characteristics of the force. Emmeline says she will call another day, and leaves the shop; but in leaving it she drops a sovereign into the hands of a beggar girl, whispering, '*Prie pour moi, et pour lui!*'

We know not under what aspect to admire this most. The accuracy of the picture is rivalled by the perfection of the sentiment. The sovereign to a beggar indicates the wealth of our aristocracy; the request to the beggar: 'Pray for me and for *him*' (the policeman), charmingly typifies our national sentiment, and *abandon*.

Sir Trollope, though he does not share M. Arago's penchant for politeness, assures us that the hangman is a gentleman; a fact of which we were in ignorance. He also represents the Earl of White Manor taking his wife out into the market with a rope

round her neck, and offering her for sale; according to the law and custom of our land. But even this is insignificant beside his Sir Brian de Lancaster, Lord White Manor's younger brother, who, because the law of primogeniture has deprived him of an equal share in the family property, refuses to accept a liberal allowance from his brother, and because he cannot have half, will have none. Having made this resolution, he sells matches in the streets, and pesters Lord White Manor by always accosting him in public with the request that he will buy matches of his younger brother. This is called a '*duel sourd*' between the two brothers; all London applauds the younger brother; the earl is driven almost mad.

The manner in which public places are made the scenes of all sorts of extraordinary transactions may be gathered from one example in each author. In '*Les Mystères*' a murder and robbery are attempted in the Temple Church during service; in '*Zambala*' a murder is effected at the opera, and the assassin escapes.

M. Arago, although adoring our police, has somewhat singular opinions of our morals. Our trials, he says, are decided by the *number* of witnesses. He puts it in this dramatic manner:

'How many witnesses have you? *Two*. And you? *Four*. The first loses the cause: numbers have so much influence on this mercantile nation!'

That is rather a good piece of logic. Sir Trollope equals it, when he attributes the hatred of the English towards the French, to the simple fact that England *borrowed* fashions, cooks, and opera-dancers from France; and as every debtor hates, more or less, his creditor, *indè ira*. This is the reason why the Frenchman in English farces always appears as '*un faquin, un fan faron couard, un fat loquace*.' Modest!

M. Arago also informs us that if a young lady comes home with her bosom adorned with a magnificent necklace, her fingers glittering with brilliants, her brow ornamented with a rich diadem, *it is a rare thing for father or brother to ask her whence such precious jewels come*; and if by chance, as an exception, they do remark them, the most trivial answers satisfy them, and they demand pardon for their indiscreet curiosity. Secrets worth knowing! It would appear that young ladies are in the habit of returning from a promenade so bedizened. It would also appear that brothers and fathers do not greet the bedizened damsels with a stare; nothing is noticed, or if noticed, an apology is made for the indiscretion. We were wholly ignorant of this.

Equally ignorant were we of another fact observed by the same sensible and acute traveller, viz., that as soon as some atrocious criminal is brought to justice, every one is ambitious of having belonged to his select circle of acquaintance, of having pressed his hand in friendship, of having dined with him, &c., That people are anxious to see and speak to any criminal we know; that they are proud of having dined with him is, to say the least, novel to us. We should have imagined that our old proverb, about 'birds of a feather,' would have put some restraint on such an ambition.

Travellers, however, 'see strange things;' and draw stranger conclusion. Thus Sir Trollope paints a scene of pickpocketing at the entrance to a theatre; the victim, whose property is being 'conveyed' from him, cries out to the surrounding persons, entreating them to arrest the thief:

'Nobody,' says Sir Francis, 'responded to that appeal, as was proper. In London, the maxim, *every one for himself*, is put into practice with inflexible rigour.'

So egoistic a nation we are, that we let thieves escape rather than disturb ourselves! This is a reproach which must make England blush—if it be true; if not, then 'let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.'

In both these books we are favoured with sketches of living persons. All the notorious men about town are introduced; and the Duke of Brunswick is painted in the most glowing colours by M. Arago. The duke and the policeman seem to be his ideals of mankind. Sir Trollope's anachronisms are to be pardoned in a foreigner, though striking ludicrously on the English ear; and perhaps a similar excuse may be made for his reviving worn out anecdotes, and passing them off as inventions. In one case, however, he has improved on his original. It is this. All the world knows the celebrated *jeu d'esprit* of 'the marquis,' who vowed he would shave off the redundant whiskers of an honourable M. P. This has been transferred to one of Sir Francis's heroes, and in the following shape.

"The Honourable Pegasus Anticorn, M.P., wore terrific moustaches; these moustaches were unfortunate enough to displease Brian de Lancaster. One morning he went to the club and formally announced his intention of annihilating them.

"The Honourable Pegasus Anticorn was informed thereof in the course of the evening; whereupon he armed himself with a pair of double-barrelled pistols, determined to die rather than lose his moustaches.

"The next day the 'Times' announced that the honourable Brian de Lancaster would that day cut off the moustaches of the Honourable Pegasus Anticorn, M.P.

"A sabre was added to the pistols.

"The day after, London was covered with gigantic placards, promising a reward of a hundred pounds to whoever would bring the moustaches of the Honourable Pegasus Anticorn, M.P., to the house of Brian de Lancaster.

"Pegasus put on a coat of mail.

"The day following, the 'Herald,' 'Chronicle,' and 'Post,' gave an account of several gentlemen, possessors of large moustaches, who had been assassinated in the bosoms of their families, by banditti eager for the promised reward of a hundred pounds.

"Pegasus reflected: he sent for a barber; and then sent his moustaches, with a challenge, to Brian. Brian cut off his right ear at the first shot."

In spite of numerous absurdities, which excite a smile in the English reader, '*Les Mystères de Londres*' is very soporific. Instead of being '*palpitant et vrai*,' as the author intended, it is wearisome and false. We have spoken already of the lowness of its topics; one chapter is entitled *Sang et Boue*: the title might fitly be applied to the whole work; it is written with a pen dipped in the gutter. As a picture of English life—even of the 'mysteries' of English life—it is absurd; as a romance it is stale and tiresome. The leading personages are the members of a band of rascals, who as smugglers, thieves, coiners, swindlers, and cut-throats, form a very 'terrible' association. The idea of this 'family' is poorly copied from Balzac's extravagant notion of '*Les Treize*.' In Balzac, thirteen men, all of prodigious energy and talent, combine together to rule society. They pretend to be almost strangers to each other. They assist each other with unhesitating, unreflecting devotion. And by means of their association, they become all powerful. In '*Les Mystères*' the 'family' has its members in every grade of society; but its object is simply that of plunder. It has its noblemen, its physicians, its merchants, its bill discounters, its smugglers, its bullies, and its cut-throats. The existence of this society is 'perfectly known to the police;' but the police are impotent. That persuasive eloquence which M. Arago admires in the police, seems to be ineffectual with the *gentlemen of the night*.

"Before proceeding any further," says Sir Francis, "we think it proper here to tell the reader, that the immense association which bears in London the name of *The Family*, is constituted, with little difference, like the society it plunders. Only it is better constituted.

"It possesses a public, gentry and nobility, people, knights, and the senate.

"It likewise possesses a chief, who is king in all the magnificence of the term—king as were Henry the Eighth, or Elizabeth, of pious memory—king in earnest.

"We do not know whether it is allowable to give the ignoble name of *flash* to the language agreed upon by the various members of the association. These members, it is true, are robbers, but the bandits of London are noblemen.

"At any rate, the language of *The Family* resembles very little the language of Shakspeare. Our witty brother and countryman, Mr. Charles Dickens, has given numerous specimens of it in several of his charming tales. *Our fashionable Reviewers have of late been so full of it, that they might be supposed to be exclusively edited by swell-mobs or swindlers.* Thus these writers of fashion no longer say: Who will pay the expense? *They chirp: Who is to stump up?* A penny is to them a *meg*, sixpence a *tanner*, a shilling a *bob*, a crown a *bull*, a sovereign a *couter*, as if they had been sworn *smashers* from their earliest childhood.

"In order to express that their hero has passed the Insolvent Debtors' Court, they have a number of positively delightful periphrases. This one has undergone a *whitewashing*; another has passed the *Portugal soap-manufactory*; a third has put a *clean shirt* on the old man.

"All these are because the Insolvent Debtors' Court stands in a street called Portugal-street. Perhaps, also, because all those who frequent this court, barristers and judges included, really require a universal washing."

It will, doubtless, be somewhat startling to the English public to hear that our Reviews are so full of *flash* as to seem like the literature of swindlers. The grace and concinnity of Sydney Smith, the vigour and idiomatic charm of Macaulay, the scholarly 'Quarterly,' and the fastidious 'Edinburgh,' certainly are not specimens of the 'language of Shakspeare;' but that they are specimens of the literature of the swell-moh never before occurred to us.

Sir Francis continues:

"*The Family*, besides the especial degrees of a hierarchy unequalled in the world, and complicated to infinity, is composed of three constituted bodies: the *men*, the *gentlemen*, the *lords*. It is probable the title of gentleman is acquired by the force of things; that of lord is submitted to a sort of election.

"Above all these is the *father*, whom the *men* call *His Honour*, or designate by a proper name, which is subject to change, but not by the death of its bearer. This name is from time to time changed, like an old coat. Towards 1811, *His Honour's* name was Jack, so that many then thought, with some reason, that it was Jack Ketch; later, the dynasty of *Eduard* commenced. Trustworthy communications permit us to affirm, that in 1844 the *father of the Family* is in *orders*, and possesses *livings to the amount of a million of francs*. His subjects call him *the Mandarin*.

"Nevertheless, he is married according to the flesh with a respectable lady; his domestic arrangements are excellent, and he is the edification of the British clergy.

"In 183,—Edward reigned probably more by

right of conquest than by that of birth. *The Family* made fearful progress under his reign. Diamonds of the crown were stolen, heroic robberies were committed."

Some of these heroic acts are given in the volumes before us; we have too much respect for our readers to extract them. Rio Santo, *his Honour*, is an Irish adventurer who, assuming a Spanish name, and the title of marquis, becomes the 'Lion' He is no ordinary animal. He is the ideal of all the men; the 'adored one' of all the women. A '*Whiggesse de Lettres* (!) fut jusqu'à lui proposer de l'illustrer à l'aide d'un roman en quatorze parties de six volumes 8vo. chacune.' Not only the 'whiggesse,' but the whole aristocracy of England quarrel for him. There is a constant struggle to get him; no party is complete without him. A Countess of Derby is his public mistress. He is Lovelace, Lord Byron, Rodolphe, and Nautrin, all in one. No one asks at the Spanish embassy about this enormously wealthy and all-powerful marquis. No one is curious about his family. He calls himself marquis, and all the aristocracy of England accept him upon his own statement. There is no Spaniard in London to confound him. There is no Englishman who has been in Spain to confound him. His wealth is derived from smuggling, robbery, and coining. No one refuses to take his false notes; no one inquires into his affairs.

The extreme probability of this is heightened by Rio Santo having some companions moving in the same society, and all equally unsuspected. A Jew, cut down from the gallows and restored to life by the 'Family,' is again in society, under the name of Sir Edmund Mackenzie; no one suspects him. A German physician, of true English breed, meets with no German to converse with and detect him. All these swindlers pass unsuspected through the highest society—society in which every one's family and connexions are intimately known to every one.

But Sir Trollope, so severe on Eugène Sue, for substituting imagination in the place of reality, is, of course, here merely describing what he has observed; he disdains the idea of invention; what he describes is a matter of history. This is a valuable quality in a painter of society. 'Les drames terribles' of our social life are quite piquant enough, without having recourse to fiction. We quite agree with him. Eugène Sue has erred on the side of fiction. Has Sir Francis escaped the error? That he has not shown a brilliant imagina-

tion, we cordially admit. Has he then painted the reality? He says so; he has endeavoured to describe what he has seen. All we can say is, that he has seen very strange things.

ART. XII.—1. *The Bengal Hurkaru*, September and October, 1845.

2. *The Delhi Gazette*, October, 1845.

3. *The Friend of India*, October, 1845.

4. *The Madras Spectator*, September and October, 1845.

Most persons who bestow any attention on Indian affairs, now regard with deep interest the prospect presented us by the East. It is felt that very great changes are about to take place there. Until recently the English appear to have been too much the slaves of a traditional policy, founded on a pettifogging interpretation of treaties, rather than on just views of the interests of the country. One set of notions restrained us from taking the proper steps towards bringing the Chinese to reason; by another we were withheld from attempting any settlement on the vast Island of Borneo; a third interfered with our occupation of Afghanistan; while in India itself similar prejudices have regulated our proceedings, and betrayed us into the persuasion that our duty requires us to sit still, and behold the native governments successively fall to pieces, after having passed through a protracted state of convulsions, rather than by timely interference, to preserve the inhabitants from incalculable calamities and sacrifices.

Most statesmen of the Tory school have encouraged theories like these, because they favour the besetting sin of men without energy of mind, who would rather discover an excuse for doing nothing, than apply themselves vigorously to the performance of their public duties. Whether at home or abroad, they love to taste the sweets of office, mingled with as few as possible of the bitters. To stand still is easy, to advance is laborious. They have, therefore, exercised their ingenuity rather in discovering excuses for inaction, than in examining the actual condition of the East, with a view to enlarge the field of our commerce or the circle of our political influence. From the high places of office, these pernicious ideas have descended to the lowest level of society, and obtained universal diffusion through the press. In India more espe-

cially, we observe a large and not uninfluential school of writers, delivering perpetual homilies on the sin of ambition, and pointing out what appears to them to be the folly of putting a period to the petty despotisms which have in all ages been the curse of India.

At present we witness with pleasure the spread of better principles; and events, which, after all, are the most successful teachers of mankind, will probably soon impart additional strength to the convictions of reason. It seems difficult to give currency to a sound theory of political ethics. A majority of persons, who fancy themselves capable of distinguishing between right and wrong, affect to entertain the belief that Providence keeps special watch over established governments, be their character what it may, for which reason it must, they suppose, be criminal to overthrow them.

But the most obstinate fallacies must yield, in the long run, to logic and experience. No maxim is more commonplace than this, that all governments were established originally for the benefit of the governed. If we would be consistent with ourselves, we must consent to draw the legitimate consequences from the doctrine thus laid down, and maintain, that when governments cease to effect the purpose for which they were established, the sanction of right and law wherewith they were at first invested, is withdrawn from them, and they are left defenceless, and purposely so, by Providence, to encounter the shock of accident. When things have arrived at this pass, no criminality can attach to the act of dissolving such institutions, provided they who compass their removal are prepared to set up something better in their stead. And we suppose it will be generally allowed that the government of the English in India is preferable, in most cases, to that of the native princes, whose rule in all ages, as well before as after our arrival in the country, has been lamentably incapable of securing the happiness of the people.

These remarks we have made to soften the regret of those who view with sorrow the disappearance of the native governments one after another, and in the course of a few years will probably have to witness the overthrow of the last of them. If they were mere theatrical exhibitions, exercising no injurious effects on the happiness of the people, we might ourselves in some instances bestow on them a certain degree of admiration. They might serve extremely well for models of descriptions in romances. The wealth of a whole country, concentrated in one city and principally in one palace, may

enable the monarch, even of a kingdom of moderate dimensions, to surround himself with circumstances of grandeur exceedingly striking to the eye. Beheld in the midst of regal halls, lofty, spacious, and glittering with barbaric ornaments, surrounded by gorgeously dressed courtiers, and receiving from his subjects obedience almost amounting to adoration, he necessarily appears to the vulgar eye a personage of great authority, possessed of what are called royal virtues, inherited with his sceptre from a long line of ancestors. He is known, moreover, to be the lord of many hundred imprisoned queens; and the extent of his opulence being altogether indefinite, it is supposed that calculation can set no bounds to it.

Circumstances like these impose on the imaginations of many honest persons, who seem very sincerely to believe that an individual thus situated must be deserving of respect, and that a long indulgence in a similar course of life has created for him rights to enjoy it for ever. Their minds seem incapable of understanding that the repetition of acts of wickedness or folly cannot create a right, and that the more frequently a man offends against the principles of justice, the less deserving is he of commiseration when calamity or punishment at length overtakes him.

We trust, that some such reflections as these will by degrees reconcile the partisans of the Amirs of Sind to the downfall of those usurpers, upon whom an immense amount of superfluous pity seems to have been expended. But pity, like other articles, may sometimes be obtained for a consideration in the market. Thus, sundry expert sophists at Bombay have disposed of a large amount of pity and sympathy to the Amirs for an equivalent amount of hard cash, and the commodity will no doubt be forthcoming as long as there exists a demand for it. The people of Sind inspired the gentlemen in question with no pity, because they had nothing to give in return for it. They were oppressed and impoverished, pillaged and maltreated, by their rulers, whose tyranny not only deprived them of their property, but closed against them the compassion of the Bombay press. For who could feel anything for wretches, so poor as not to be able to fee an advocate? When we have sometimes attempted to make them the objects of a little consideration, we have been posed by some such inquiries as these: if they did not like the government of the Amirs why did they continue to live under it? Why did they not collect together all their goods and chattels, if their gentle rulers had left them any, and emigrate into the

Company's territories? And these judicious questions have been deemed conclusive. Persons of the same sage class might have indulged in the same inquiries on the subject of Ireland, and of the poor and destitute in this country. Why don't all those who find that they can't live here emigrate to America, or Australia, or New Zealand, or any other spot of easy access? To find an answer is beyond our ingenuity, though one reason why they don't take the step in question may be, that they can't. This at any rate was the case of the people of Sind. They would have been very glad to effect their escape even from their native land, had the means been within their reach; but the Amirs had taken care of that, by impoverishing them so completely, that they could not travel three hours without begging.

It may perhaps excite surprise in some that we allude at all to this question, which we hoped we had disposed of two years ago. But the Sind controversy is still raging in India, where scarcely a week passes without giving birth to numerous articles for or against the Talpoor family. Very recently an officer, serving under Sir Charles Napier, drew up in form an accusation against the Amirs, enumerating their crimes, public and private, and contending that they are wholly unworthy of the slightest sympathy. This communication, signed Omega, and printed in the '*Gentleman's Gazette*,' has imparted fresh vigour to the contest, which will probably be carried on at intervals for years to come. Our motive, however, for recurring to the subject is merely to show that the very worst rulers of the East are sure to find apologists among the conductors of the Indian press. When we march into the Punjâb, therefore, and restore public tranquillity to that country, it will immediately be discovered by the same enlightened and patriotic individuals, that the Sikh chiefs were patterns of moderation and equity, and that our Indian government has been guilty of an act of injustice that must cause us to be detested throughout Asia.

But will Sir Henry Hardinge, it may be asked, take the step to which we have alluded? In our opinion the present Governor-general would be happy to be spared the necessity of having recourse to any vigorous measures, and to devote the whole period of his administration to the ordinary details of business, to the dispensing of patronage, and to correspondence with the Duke of Wellington. He has not been fitted by nature voluntarily to undertake or accomplish anything great, though like many other persons he may have greatness thrust upon him. Up to this moment he has given

no signs of administrative power, or of any statesman-like qualities. The press of Bengal is filled with angry invectives against the spirit of his appointments, and the whole character of his policy, if policy he can be said to have. As we have already observed, however, his sole desire appears to be to kill time, receive his salary, and return to Europe with the reputation, if possible, of having done no harm, and if possible also of having done no good. What he may be meditating we will not take upon us to decide, neither can we pretend to foresee in what direction the irresistible current of events may force him to proceed. But data enough have been supplied by his conduct since his landing in India, for arriving at a tolerably correct conclusion respecting the career he desires to pursue.

If our estimate of Sir Henry Hardinge's character be a just one, he is not the man who should be Governor-general at a period like the present, which is evidently big with the most momentous events. Within India and without there are numerous circumstances which require to be regulated by a master hand. For many years to come we cannot reasonably expect the occurrence of a long interval of repose, seeing how many states are manifestly approaching their dissolution, and how many enemies, stationed on our immediate frontiers, are watching anxiously for a favourable moment for pouring their undisciplined hordes into our territories, less with views of conquest than of plunder and carnage. On all sides our Asiatic empire is at this moment closely invested by uneasy elements; the Belooches, Affghans, and Sikhs on the north and north-west, the Nepalese on the north, the Burmese on the east, and the Chinese still further in the same direction. Scarcely can the most delicate and skilful policy preserve us from coming into hostile collision, in the course of a very few years, with each of these classes of enemies. However prudently we may conduct ourselves we shall not be able to avoid our destiny, which evidently is to carry on wars and to make conquests till our national forces are spent, till the impulse from our central home ceases to act, till all the vast and scattered elements of our power strike against some impassable barrier and are rolled back like waves towards the spot from whence they came.

One of the reasons of this state of things must be sought for in the character of our neighbours, the greater number of whom understand neither themselves nor us. Existing in a state of barbarism, they are led to place too much reliance on their own resources, which they see, and to make far

too little account of ours, which are invisible to them. They, therefore, court rather than avoid a struggle with us; and it is only when beaten and laid prostrate, and deprived perhaps of half their territories, that they discover the madness of the enterprise in which they were so eager to engage. But it must be reckoned among the misfortunes of barbarous people, that they are self-confident and ignorant. Could they be made to comprehend their own feebleness, they would rest content with the independence which we never envy them, and seek to live in amity with us, and enrich themselves by our trade, instead of courting and provoking a contest, in which nothing but hard knocks can be their portion.

But experience has shown, that uncivilized nations are incapable of contemplating their own interests dispassionately. The animal propensities prevail in them over the intellect, in which consists their claim to be regarded as barbarians. And, therefore, as we cannot alter the nature of things, we must calculate on the perpetual recurrence of hostilities on our Indian frontiers. The policy of the Governor-general must constantly vary, according to the exigencies of the case. In some instances, conquests may already have carried us to the natural limits of our dominions; to transgress which, would be to sin against the fundamental principles of statesmanship. Here, therefore, when driven by the force of circumstances into war, our object should be chastisement inflicted solely with a view of constraining our neighbours to keep the peace. Elsewhere our course must be widely different. For, whoever considers the natural structure of India with its immemorial political relations, cannot fail to be convinced that the present limits of our empire are not those which nature has assigned to the possessions of the supreme rulers of that land. We ought clearly to be masters of the barriers which surround it on all sides, and constitute its defences against invasion.

Possibly, however, neither Sir Henry Hardinge nor they who sent him out, ever bestowed a serious thought on the bounds which appear to be set by Providence to the expansion of our empire in the East, which consist much less in the geographical features of the country, than in moral considerations. On many points, it is obvious, we must advance. In the north-west, for instance, there exists a state subordinate to us, inasmuch as it is a part of India, but nevertheless intensely hostile; partly on account of the character and religion of the people, and partly from other causes. That state is the Punjâb, which has already at-

tained a pitch of political disorganization that renders it a terror to its neighbours. Even during the Affghan war, many signs of what has since taken place made their appearance. Our Sipahis could nowhere be brought in contact with Sikh troops, without being demoralized. The favourite topic in their camps invariably was the folly of the Hindús, in submitting to British rule; according to them, the time had already arrived, when it would be quite practicable to expel us from the country; when the Affghans were setting the example of resistance; when the Belooches, throughout the whole extent of their mountains, were in arms, and when they, themselves, only waited for some signal which they expected, to fall upon us, and commence the dismemberment of our unwieldy empire.

From that day to this, the hatred of the British has been gaining strength in the kingdom of Lahore. According to certain journals in India, and some itinerant orators here at home, our conduct has fully justified the prevalence of this feeling among the Sikhs. We are less clear-sighted than these sages. Though we have bestowed some consideration on the subject, we have failed to discover any such justification. On the contrary, the Sikhs, in our humble opinion, are greatly indebted to us, both for the conquests they have made and the continuance of their power. It was our culpable forbearance and moderation, that threw Cashmere and Ladak into their hands; that suffered them to seize on the province of Peshawur, and extend their authority down the right bank of the Indus, to Mitten Kote; and though we warned them off when they were about to seize on Upper Sindé, and would not suffer them to wrest from us the protected Sikh states on the left bank of the Sutlej; the effect, whatever may have been our motive, has been to protract the duration of their state. For had we allowed them to pursue their own desires unchecked, they would long ago have forced us into hostilities with them, and thus have brought about their own destruction.

But the point to be examined now is, whether the Governor-General would be justified in reducing the Punjab into a British province, and if so, whether the act would be politic. It may assist our inquiries, to establish at the very outset the fact that interference in some shape or another has become absolutely necessary, and that he has therefore only to choose between its different forms. No one probably will contend that we ought permanently to submit to the necessity at present imposed on us by the Lahore government of keeping 36,000

men concentrated on the extremity of the north-west provinces, in order to secure the inviolability of our frontier. Such a line of argument would be too monstrous even for the habitual advocates of the native princes; it is consequently as clear as the sun at noonday, that we must take upon ourselves the regulation of affairs at Lahore; and as we observed at the outset, we have only to decide between interference, by which word the introduction of the subsidiary system is meant, and permanent annexation.

It is generally admitted to be imprudent when a thing is to be done, to do it by halves, and to take more trouble to effect a preliminary settlement, than would be necessary to bring the whole affair to a conclusion. Now, to give stability and consistency to the Sikh government, it would be requisite entirely to re-organize it, and when that difficult task should have been accomplished, it would be equally incumbent on us to dissolve the military force of the country, and supply its place by troops of our own. Probably, indeed, we ought to have reckoned this as the first step, because there will be little chance of our being able to meddle with the government until we shall have beaten the army, or rather that profligate and disorderly rabble which has assumed the name in the Punjab. But supposing the native government restored, and upheld by a British contingent, what then? Will our difficulties be over? Shall we have established tranquillity in the Punjab? Very far from it. The history of the subsidiary system is before us, and we have unhappily had but too many examples of the crimes and miseries of which alone it is prolific.

If any one be sceptical on this point, he has but to turn to Oude and the Deccan, in order fully to satisfy his mind. In both of those countries the subsidiary system has borne its most bitter fruits, and the result, after all, will not be national independence to the people who have felt the scourge, but ultimate absorption in our dominions, after having endured whole ages of misrule, and perpetually increasing destitution. Humanity, therefore, as well as policy, would lead us to advocate the annexation of the Punjab, which is manifestly incapable of self-government, which would only have its evils aggravated by the subsidiary system, and which cannot with safety be left in its present state.

If circumstances, therefore, compel us to march an army into the country, and to put down the military Sikh rabble by force, we can discover no reasons why we should not make the act of interference a final one. When Lord Ellenborough felt himself called

upon to settle the affairs of Gwalior, he should have been guided by this maxim. Either his interference was necessary, or it was not. If no necessity existed, he should have remained quietly at Calcutta, and allowed the Marattas to manage their own concerns; but, on the other hand, if the state of the country was such that he could not, without fighting two sanguinary battles, reduce it to anything like order, he should have seized on that opportunity to accomplish the whole business, and have placed it beyond the power of the Gwalior chiefs again to put the peace of India in jeopardy.

But whatever force there may be in this reasoning, as applied to Gwalior, it is far greater in the case of the Punjab, for in the former state, though there were quarrels and disturbances, it would always have been an easy matter to put an end to them. The field of anarchy was comparatively small and insignificant. The seeds of confusion also were less widely scattered. Among the Sikhs scarcely can the most sanguine person discover any grounds of hope for the restoration of tranquillity. During the life of Ranjit Singh people imagined that his government would prove an exception to the general rule, and that he would be enabled to impart a consistency and permanence to despotism, which it has rarely ever possessed in India. The fallacy of this expectation became visible immediately after his death. It was then perceived that Ranjit Singh had not in reality founded a state, though he had established his personal influence over an extent of territory sufficiently large to have formed one in abler hands. The vices, moreover, of his own character contributed materially to mar his work. All the men on whom his partiality had conferred power, inherited his own recklessness and want of principle, and were easily tempted to aim at establishing their authority by every variety of wickedness.

The history of their atrocities we have already given in a former article, and it may very safely be affirmed that no improvement has taken place since we closed that fearful chronicle. Without expecting a miracle, therefore, it is impossible to look for the regeneration of the Punjab, by any efforts of its own. Whatever elements of order are introduced into it, must be derived from a foreign source; or, in other words, we must ourselves restore it to tranquillity. Having taken this step, we shall next have to determine whether we will abandon the harmony we have produced, to be immediately marred by discord, or will persevere in restoring the Punjab to the domains of

civilisation. No native government can be upheld there without making us a party to its iniquities. If we place at its disposal a subsidiary force, we ought to inquire to what uses it will be put. Now, some of those uses are these: in order to pay us the subsidy agreed on, and to meet its own expenses necessary or unnecessary, it must collect a large revenue from the people; in this transaction it will be requisite to employ the troops which we hand over to it. Our Sipahis, therefore, in the service of the Lahore Durbar, will have continually to burn villages and sometimes to cut to pieces their inhabitants, in order to amass the vast sums of money required by the vices and responsibilities of the court. Should this be regarded as an extravagant supposition, we request our readers to cast their eyes on the kingdom of Oude, where they may frequently behold forty villages in flames at once, not set on fire by the enemy, or by sculking incendiaries, but burnt by the collectors of the revenue, in order to compel the inhabitants to pay their taxes.

But the evils of this system do not cease at this point. For if the revenue collectors have an army at their command, the chiefs of districts and villages take care to be on even ground with them, and have always at their disposal as many troops as they can pay. There are constantly two armies in the country, one designed to support established authority, another to resist it, and these two armies are constantly engaged in deadly conflict, by which more lives are lost in the course of a few years than were sacrificed by Timoor or Nadir Shah, in their conquests of Hindustan.

Precisely the same state of things must be continued in the Punjab, if we introduce into it the subsidiary system, and we say continued, because at the present moment, though the acts of violence perpetually committed are less under our notice than in Oude, they are no less numerous and atrocious. For several years past a large portion of the Sikh army has received no pay, though it has all the while subsisted in affluence. Whence then have the means of subsistence been drawn? From the towns and villages, which it has sacked and plundered, as it would an enemy's place taken by storm. And on these occasions, outrages have been perpetrated more fearful than any on record in the revenue wars of Oude. From these it is not our design to lift the veil, but all readers of history, who know of what crimes they who sack cities are habitually guilty, may imagine them. To add to the dire character of these scenes, religious feuds and animosities have mixed

themselves up with military recklessness and violence; for of the peaceable inhabitants a large portion are Mohamedans, while the soldiery consists almost exclusively of the followers of Nanak Shah.

We have already made an allusion to the state of the Nizam's territories, which scarcely rank second to those of any other native prince in anarchy and demoralization. Not many weeks ago, several Madras journals astonished the civilized world, by attributing to the Governor-general a plan for bringing his highness to reason, which no high British functionary could ever have entertained. It was said he meant to bombard Hyderabad. But out of what circumstances could the supposed necessity for such an act of cruelty have arisen. In order to explain this we must recapitulate a few of the events, in the recent history of the Deccan.

Late in the summer, a Peon, in the service of the British Residency at Hyderabad, was murdered by one of the professional assassins of the city. Immediately upon commission of the deed, he took refuge among the Pat'hans, who refused to deliver him up to justice, though frequently summoned to do so by the public authorities. General Fraser, the British Resident, may probably have thrown more asperity into his demands than was absolutely necessary, on account of a singular feud existing between him and the Nizam, and the latter may have been so much nettled by it, as to be betrayed into an injudicious resistance to what he had always recognized as the paramount authority. The nature of this feud it may be necessary to explain, as it will serve to throw some light both on the actual state of affairs at Hyderabad, and on the anomalous relations that must always exist between us and the nominal sovereigns of the protected states.

His highness thought proper several years ago to confide the chief management of his affairs to Rajah Ram Buksh, a Hindu, who first appeared to possess great talents for business, but soon yielded to the seductions of power, and lapsed into habits of indolence and neglect. But the sovereign still continued to show favour to him. He could not perhaps make up his mind to punish in his ministers the most remarkable faults in his own character. As he bestowed no attention on the affairs of his kingdom, why should any one else? Negligence was the order of the day, and Rajah Ram Buksh was rather commended than otherwise for not proving an exception to the general rule.

There was a man, however, at Hyderabad and in his highness's service too, to whom these pococurante habits appeared criminal.

His eyes were sharpened by the inferiority of his station, he was not minister, but thought he should like to be, and therefore applying himself diligently to business, and acquiring a considerable knowledge of public affairs, he adroitly insinuated to his highness, that he was much better able to serve him than Rajah Ram Buksh. As, like his master, moreover, he was a good Mussulman, he may have thought that this circumstance ought to have some weight. It was, in fact, rather hard, that he, a true believer in the prophet, who, if he had not paraded round the Káaba, and kissed the black stone, would have very much liked to do so, should occupy a position of inferiority to a villainous idolator, who worshipped more gods than he could reckon, the cow and the Cholera among the number. But the Nizam continued obdurate. Possibly he had conceived something like friendship for his minister—for princes have sometimes been known to be guilty of this weakness—and possibly also he may have been offended by the officiousness of Suraj ul Moolk, the individual whose praiseworthy ambition we are here commemorating. Whatever theory we may adopt to account for it, the fact was as we have stated; and the worthy Suraj ul Moolk, having been grievously disappointed and disgusted at court, betook himself to the Residency, and laid his griefs before General Fraser.

All wise historians have descanted on the evils of divided power, especially if it be divided without judgment. We are under no absolute necessity therefore of travelling to Hyderabad for illustrations or proofs of what is so generally admitted. The Nizam and the resident only acted a state part, but the discordancy of their views, and their dissensions, especially as each had the means of doing mischief in his hands—imparted fresh vigour and vitality to the rank crop of abuses by which the whole kingdom had long been overrun. General Fraser took the part of Suraj ul Moolk, the Nizam that of Ram Buksh, and they pitted their favourites each against the other, and in this way contrived to throw the whole system of public affairs into confusion.

But what are the Pat'hans, who protected the murderer, and are at this very moment playing so important a part in the drama—we know not whether to call it tragedy or comedy—now enacting at Hyderabad? They are Affghans who have been settled for three centuries in the Decan, and constitute a small force of irregulars, not more perhaps than 1500 in number, in the service of the Nizam. Addicted to turbulence and bloodshed, they have generally

been a terror to the government in whose service they are enlisted, and the history of their mutinies, massacres, and other atrocities would, if properly written, form a highly interesting and instructive volume. It was but the other day that by way of showing their contempt of all law and authority, they seized upon a Gosaen in the service of the state, and taking him along with them to their stronghold in the hills, under pretence that he owed them money, refused to deliver him up, till they should receive several thousand rupees as his ransom. What could his highness do? It was unpleasant to be bearded by a small party of vagabonds—for the offenders only numbered twenty-five—and yet it was beyond his power to reduce them, without having recourse to the English. Here then was an occasion for displaying the gallantry of our Sipahis in the service of his highness; and a small party of them, headed by Captain Morrison, marched to the deliverance of the Gosaen. But the Pat'hans had not been rendered cowardly by three hundred years' residence in the relaxing climate of the Deccan; they opposed force to force, and it was not until every man of them had fallen, that Captain Morrison succeeded in entering their little fortress, where he found the Gosaen's body hewn to pieces in the midst of his ferocious captors.

Two or three and twenty years ago, these mercenary mountaineers gave the world a still more striking example of their indomitable valour. Encamped within a short distance of the capital, they set the government and its troops at defiance; and though a considerable army of Moguls was sent out with several pieces of artillery to reduce them to obedience, they speedily routed them, captured their guns, killed their general, himself a Pat'han, and caused the reigning prince to tremble on his throne. The battle was fought on the plain close to Hydrabad, and the inhabitants who thronged the battlements beheld the Moguls flying pell-mell before the victorious rebels who pursued them almost to the gates, and inspired them with so much terror, that they scarcely considered themselves safe when they had placed the thickness of the city walls between themselves and the Pat'hans.

Two or three other circumstances connected with the Pat'hans may deserve to be mentioned. Moralists are wont to maintain, that brave men are never cruel. But this is an amiable fallacy; the Pat'hans are as brave as lions and as cruel too. They practise assassination as a trade, and by their violence, insolence, and insatiable rapacity, keep the city of Hydrabad in perpetual excitement

and confusion. In character and habits they strongly resemble the Albanians. Without respect for human life, without any fixed notions of right and wrong, though grossly superstitious, they live in the midst of perpetual broils, and kill or are killed with a *sang froid* almost peculiar to themselves. It is their pride to set the government at defiance, and they profess to serve it only in order to have a pretext for robbing and massacring their fellow-subjects. But as they are so few in number, why, it may be asked, has not the Nizam long ago got rid of them? They have been longer-witted than his highness, and connected themselves by marriage or otherwise with so many of the principal families, both in the capital and in the country, that they are supposed, on a very moderate computation, to possess 10,000 supporters external to their camp.

The reader will probably think this sketch of the Pat'hans somewhat prolix, but it appeared to be requisite, to account for the present state of things at Hydrabad. When these professional ruffians refused to give up the murderer of the Peon, even at the instance of the prince himself, the matter was of course referred to the Governor-general, who, after mature deliberation, is said to have come to the most extraordinary decision. He did not order the British contingents to attack the Pat'hans and cut them to pieces, if they persisted in their disobedience to the law, which is what many Governor-generals would have done. No, but in order to stave off the application of the *ultima ratio*, he decreed, that if they did not deliver up the murderer within the space of one month, they were to be expelled the Nizam's dominions! But who was to expel them? And where were they to take refuge? In the Company's territories? We fancy not; and the way back to Afghanistan, whence their ancestors issued some three centuries ago, would prove rather tedious and difficult. But the allotted period has elapsed, and we hear nothing of the expulsion of the Pat'hans, or of the delivery of the criminal. Probably his excellency has forgotten the whole business, in the bustle of preparation for the Punjab campaign. But the Seubah of the Deccan is not in a condition to be forgotten long. Society there is fast resolving itself into its original element, and the whole territory must shortly be restored to the jungle, or given up to the Company. We can discern no middle course.

Looking further eastward to the Tenasserim provinces, we appear to discover a source of trouble, where nothing of the kind was anticipated. Tharawaddy, whom by complaisance we denominate Emperor

of Burmah, has been seized by the common disease of superannuated despots—a desire to prolong their tyranny beyond the term of their natural life. He has, it is said, numerous sons, some legitimate, others illegitimate, some distinguished for capacity, others for imbecility; but with characteristic partiality he pitched upon a fool for his successor. To this choice, however, the grandees about the court objected, and one of his sons, the Prince of Prome, who had for some time been at the head of an army, betrayed evident symptoms of a disposition to contest the point with his sire. We are no admirers of parricidal wars, but the old gentleman had clearly become dangerous. He had so long been accustomed to have his will, that he considered it a grave offence to oppose it, whether wittingly or unwittingly. As a general rule even in Burmah to pay respect to the son is interpreted into reverence for the father; and a courtier who was of this way of thinking, fancied he should be considerably recommending himself, by waiting obsequiously upon the Prince of Prome; he supposed in fact that he should thus be making two or three moves up the ladder of promotion. Not so Tharawaddy. He had secretly resolved to raise another of his sons to the throne, and to regard and treat as enemies all who should seem desirous of upholding the former favourite. As soon therefore as the prince's visitor appeared in the royal presence, the Lord of the Golden Feet adopted the most effectual means for convincing him of his error, for, seizing a spear which stood close at hand, he ran him through the body.

Such is the sharp logic of the East, especially in the hands of royal professors. Of course the Prince of Prome understood the full force of this *enthymeme*, and collecting round him all the troops at his disposal, moved off to a greater distance from his gentle parent. But Tharawaddy, with that promptitude which despots generally exhibit in the accomplishment of mischief, is said to have pursued the youthful rebel, and after dispersing his adherents, to have put him with all his family to death. At length the discovery was made, that the king was insane, and his dethronement was resolved upon, and effected. Of the steps taken subsequently, two accounts have reached us, according to one of which, one of the king's sons, of tender age, has been appointed regent under the guardianship of his uncle, Mekkarameng, who is said to be a man of abilities, and has long been a member of the Asiatic Society; the other account speaks of the raising of the 'old king' to the throne. But who is the old king? We know that

Tharawaddy succeeded his brother, who was deposed to make way for him, and the probability is, that the person now denominated 'the old king,' is that brother who may possibly have recovered the use of his reason.

In another and more remote part of the East, a new centre of political relations has just been set up: we allude to the settlement on the island of Ilaboan, one of the satellites of Borneo. Most persons will probably remember the obstacle which has hitherto prevented our establishing colonies in this part of the Indian Archipelago, the pedantic interpretation of a treaty formerly concluded with the Dutch. By the twelfth article we entered into certain stipulations respecting the smaller clusters of islands in those seas, which have commonly been supposed to exclude us from Borneo, and all the diminutive isles dependent on it. But this diplomatic prudery can be suffered to exist no longer. Treaties are not meant to be traps to catch the unwary, but solemn instruments for the advantage of both parties who enter into them, and it can be clearly proved that it will be very much for our advantage to colonize Borneo, while it cannot possibly be injurious to the Dutch, whose hands are already quite full. In fact, their possessions in Java and Sumatra are too much for them. And if by insisting on the document above referred to, they should be able to circumscribe our operations, they would be only acting over again the fable of the dog in the manger.

As we have observed, however, the first step has been made towards putting an end to this state of things. The shores of Borneo had long been studded with the haunts of Malay pirates, who, issuing forth in formidable numbers, considerably impeded the progress of our commerce in the China Seas. The result of the expedition sent out to put them down is, of course, generally known. But though they have been dispersed and disabled for the present, nothing but the permanent occupation of the coast will destroy the piratical system. Upon this conviction we must act, and no other, or it will be in a short time necessary for ships proceeding to any point beyond the Indian Archipelago, to mount guns and resume the warlike appearance which they wore in the early periods of our navigation to the East.

The little island of Loboan, on which we have already planted ourselves, contains a valuable and extensive coal field, discovered during the administration of Lord Auckland, who sent out persons to Borneo in search of this mineral. This circumstance will tend greatly to facilitate steam communication

with China, and our other possessions in that part of the world.

For the present little attention appears to be bestowed by the public here at home, on our relations with the celestial empire. A treaty has been concluded, and trade is going on, and with the knowledge of these facts, they appear to be satisfied. But though Sir Henry Pottinger obtained and deserved much credit for his Chinese negotiations, he did not quite fulfil the expectations of the government that sent him out, though he probably exceeded those of the Tories and of the country. In his instructions more stress, we believe, was laid on Chusan than on Hong-Kong, and it is generally thought that even as far back as the time of Captain Elliot, Lord Palmerston had fixed upon the former island in preference to the latter. But upon its first occupation by the British troops, there seemed reason to apprehend that its climate would prove unhealthy. Indeed, we lost great numbers of our men, and those who came away were debilitated by sickness. This, however, proved not that Chusan is unhealthy, but that there are unhealthy spots in it; and it would be quite possible in most parts of the East to discover such spots if we looked out for them very diligently.

Subsequent experience has shown that Chusan is one of the healthiest islands in the eastern seas, and it would be difficult to understand how it could be otherwise. It consists of a rapid succession of hills and dales, and rises so considerably towards the centre, that there is almost everywhere a sufficient slope to effect the most perfect drainage. Generally the waters flow off freely of themselves, and there is, perhaps, in the whole island scarcely an unwholesome swamp, with the exception of that which was selected for the encampment of our troops. Cultivation has done its utmost to improve every inch of land. On all sides you behold nothing but farms and farm-houses, villages, towns, and roads of the most curious construction. Not being meant for wheeled carriages, they are all paved with large flag stones, almost as neatly as one of the streets of London, and upon them you may observe from morning till night, long strings of rustics conveying the produce of the island from the interior to the coast.

The trade of Chusan is prodigious. Forty thousand junks of all sizes, are said to have put into the island in the course of one month of the present year. No spot in the Chinese empire enjoys so advantageous a position for commercial or warlike purposes; lying near the mouth of the Yang tse-Kiang, it may be said to be the key to that river,

and to be expressly formed to constitute the emporium of the most densely inhabited and actively trading portion of all Asia. In time of war, its possession would be of incalculable importance, as it would give us an absolute command of almost all the external relations of the empire.

From this account it seems quite clear that the possession of Chusan would be highly advantageous to Great Britain. But there stands in the estimation of many an insurmountable difficulty in the way, it being stipulated by the treaty of Nanking, that on the payment of the last instalment of the money due from China to Great Britain, the island shall be evacuated by our troops, all the other conditions of the treaty having also been fulfilled by the Chinese. Now, the payment in question was to have been made on or before the 31st of December, and, therefore, most probably has been made; so that, for aught we know, Chusan may again be in the hands of the Chinese, or even of those of the French; but if it be so, the greatest possible blame will rest with the Peel Cabinet, which, without in the least straining the prerogatives of power, might have retained possession of the island for the present, and entered with good chance of success into negotiations for its permanent cession to us.

To render this matter clear, we have but to consider the stipulations of the treaty of Nanking, and the manner in which they have been executed by the Chinese. In the second article of the treaty, it is stated, that at five of the principal ports of China, there enumerated, British merchants, with their families, shall reside for the purpose of carrying on their mercantile pursuits, 'without molestation or restraint.' It has been found by experience, however, that at four out of the five ports, this privilege is altogether nugatory, the English residents being molested and, as far as possible, restrained from carrying on their lawful calling, not only by the populace, but by the mandarins and other public authorities also.

Here, then, it is quite manifest the Chinese have been guilty of a flagrant infraction of the treaty, which they would appear to have signed, merely to get rid of the troublesome presence of a British armament. But it may be said they have paid the sum of money agreed upon; and if they have acted according to their agreement in one particular, we have no right to suspect their having failed in another. In reply to this we may observe, that the Chinese are too shrewd a people not to perceive that there exists a wide difference between paying money and fulfilling the articles of a treaty,

which may have reference to what may be called moral qualities. Money, they know, may be weighed or reckoned, so that even the English, outside barbarians as they are, may be able to ascertain, with tolerable exactness, whether they have been cheated or not. Not so when the matter under consideration is a thing so indefinite as molestation or restraint. Even when most insolent, offensive, and troublesome, they may think proper to deny that they have offered the strangers any molestation, and when by threats or cunning, by withholding provisions, or hindering the humble natives from entering into the service of the English, they have prevented them from carrying on their business, on the scale necessary to insure profit, they may think proper to deny that they have put any restraint whatsoever on their movements.

Nevertheless, no doubt can possibly be entertained that the Chinese have carried on, at four out of the five ports, a system of persecution, that neutralizes our trade with the interior, and sometimes keeps our merchants all but prisoners in their houses. No attempt has been made to deny these facts. Even those cosmopolitan individuals who seek to establish their claim to liberality by libelling and vilifying their own country, have not had the boldness to controvert them. It follows, therefore, that the Chinese have broken the treaty, and that we should be perfectly justified in re-opening negotiations, and insisting on the option that was formerly granted us, of taking Hong Kong or Chusan, or, if we please, both. The Chinese, in fact, know that Hong Kong is of no value, and therefore had we chosen Chusan for our emporium, they would willingly have thrown in the former island as a make-weight.

There is, moreover, another reason why we should now, as the thing is fairly in our power, give the preference to Chusan over Hong Kong; if we let it slip out of our hands, the French will have it. Monsieur Lagréné went to China in search of an island, for the purpose of making an establishment there, with the view of promoting French commerce. Certain obstacles no doubt were thrown in the way of Monsieur Lagréné's negotiations. In the first place, he seems to have found some difficulty in explaining who the French were—the Chinese, like all other Orientals, supposing them to be a petty tribe subject to Great Britain. Even among the inhabitants of the Persian Gulf, this notion prevailed until very recently. They considered Louis Philippe to be an inferior rajah, in the service of Queen

Victoria, and were astonished at his assurance of sending out agents and emissaries of his own. The next difficulty was to determine what articles France could offer China in return for her teas and Sycee silver. Silks her inhabitants did not need, and they were not yet quite prepared for Parisian millinery. In cottons they could not pretend to compete with the English—at least, in articles of moderate price. Finally, it turned out that they had scarcely anything but wine to bring into the Chinese market.

A bright thought has since struck our ingenious neighbours, which might possibly have told well, had it presented itself to their minds in China; it is that for the present they should abandon the traffic in all vulgar articles of merchandize to the English and Americans, and undertake to supply the Chinese empire with moral and intellectual ideas. Our classical readers will remember a story, current among the ancients, of an Indian king, who becoming suddenly enamoured of Greece and her productions, wrote to Antiochus, requesting him immediately to ship for India a cargo of superior figs, and a batch of sophists. The plan of trading in ideas, whether moral or immoral, was too new and startling for those ages. Antiochus became alarmed at the bare suggestion of it, and replied, that the Greeks did not trade in sophists. A few ages later his countrymen grew to be of a different opinion, and exported the article by ship loads to Rome. It is quite possible that his majesty Louis Philippe may be desirous of imitating their example, and sending the pestilent sophists who infest every corner of his dominions, together with their debasing and vicious theories, to China.

But, however this may be, our relations with the Chinese empire must be alternately those of commerce and war. No one who has bestowed the slightest attention on the character of the Mantchou government, can fail to foresee that it will, from time to time, require to be brought to reason by force. It is one of the least perfect despotisms in Asia, and reposes entirely on two principles, which are those of ignorance and fear. If any one desired to become the benefactor of the Chinese, it is not moral but military ideas that he would first impart to them; in other words, he would teach them how to drive out the Mantchous, and establish a government of their own. It has not hitherto formed any part of our business to do this, though if the late struggle had been greatly protracted, we might possibly have attempted something of the sort. It is well known that the secret societies, more than once, made overtures to us with this view.

They desired nothing so much as an opportunity to revive the old national contest between the partizans of the native princes, who still possess numerous representatives in various parts of the empire, and the upholders of the present dynasty; and they were quite willing, for the time, at least, to permit us to share in the spoils of the Tartars, if we would only lend our strong hand to put them down.

Still it ought not to be lost sight of, that our sole object in China is trade. We covet no portion of the Chinese empire, and in desiring to obtain possession of Chusan, are merely solicitous to place ourselves in a position to avoid the necessity of conflict and conquest. It can never be too frequently repeated, that we are not a military people, and that we have no desire to subjugate the rest of mankind. Wherever we present ourselves, it is for the purpose of exchanging our commodities for those of the natives, and while we are suffered to do this peaceably, we can be contemplated in no other light than that of the ministers of civilisation, and benefactors of mankind. It is quite true, we do not make profession of travelling about the world with our goods, from purely philanthropic motives. We go as merchants, and our object is gain. But, on the other hand, it is our wish that they who trade with us should gain also, in order that they may be better enabled to continue the process. Our maxim is to live and let

live. But no man who considers the footing upon which our trade in China was placed before the late war, can experience the least surprise that we should have had recourse to vigorous means to ratify it. The Chinese authorities, with that pride which is the usual concomitant of extreme ignorance, insisted on treating us as inferiors, which in that part of the world signifies insulting, robbing, and occasionally putting to death. A temporary check has been given to this spirit, but symptoms are already beginning to appear of a strong disposition to revive it, in which case hostilities will again become necessary. To postpone this calamity, we ought to be in possession of an island like Chusan, having which, we might, if necessary, dispense with all establishments on the mainland, and thus escape multiplied chances of collision with the Mantchou authorities, who appear wholly incapable of restraining their inveterate disposition to be insolent.

Should the negotiations to which we have alluded be entered into by the British government, it will, we apprehend, be necessary to send out a new plenipotentiary; the present governor of Hong-Kong being no way fitted to conduct such an affair. He may possibly be an able man, but he is not suited to the situation in which he has been placed. He understands neither the art of governing his own countrymen nor the natives, but is constantly at issue with both.

SHORT REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A Booke of Christmas Carols: illuminated from MSS. in the British Museum, &c. J. Cundell. London. 1845.

THE fashion of illustrating books in the style of the middle ages, which Germany began, is naturally to be brought to perfection in England; what they originate, we perfect. The book before us is a striking example of this position. As a specimen of mechanical reproduction of Art—the machine imitating what the brain conceived and the hand executed three centuries and a half ago—nothing has yet been produced in Germany or France to equal it. It is a blaze of splendour, quaint in its magnificence. The past lives there,

in those fantastic devices, and in the pious splendour of the gold and colours. Turning over these brilliant pages, even those who are familiar with the enchanting delicacies of *Girolamo di Libri*, and other great “illuminators” of the fifteenth century, will admit that these mechanical reproductions most agreeably remind them of the originals.

It is by many degrees the best specimen of Chromo-lithography yet produced, uniting the two processes of chalk and ink work. In other publications of this class the work has been printed separately, and ‘mounted’ afterwards on the page; but in this ‘Booke of Carols,’ each entire leaf has fairly received the squeezes of the lithographic press

as many times as there were colours to be impressed (in most cases six). Messrs. Hanhart, the lithographic printers, deserve great praise for the skill with which their part of the work has been executed. Nor should the printing of Messrs. Whittingham pass unnoticed; but their fame is established.

A superficial objection has been made to the use of Roman type in the printing of the Carols; and as this is the sort of objection likely to recur, and one having a plausible look, we may as well refute it. There is no anachronism in using Roman type with Missal ornaments: on the contrary, it is a bit of archæological exactitude, for which the publisher deserves commendation. All who know anything of illuminated MSS. are aware that each Missal had its own character of MS.—a great deal more distinct, indeed, than the German, Italian, or English MS. of our own day. It would have been an anachronism to have used the Old English or Gothic type in the present instance. The ornaments used are such as were common to the Italian and French illuminators of the period; gold grounds, with arabesques of flowers and animals; and the MS. which they encircled was either the French hand-writing of the time, or else exactly what is here used—viz., the 'Roman lower case' letter; a genuine example of which is the Treaty of the Cloth of Gold (with its gold seal—a marvellous work, it is thought by Benvenuto Cellini), of which a counterpart remains in the Public Record Office.

The least successful parts of this work are the four Miniatures. We doubt, indeed, whether such things can ever be successful. But these have another fault: they are not of a contemporaneous character with the ornaments. We conclude our notice of this seasonable gift book by remarking on its cheapness. It is not only a book for the drawing-room table—it is cheap enough to be on every drawing-room table. There it will be a general favourite. The antiquarian will be charmed by its fidelity. The stupid visitor (whom one is forced to amuse) will 'bestow some of his tediousness' upon it. Children will admire its quaint animals; and children of the 'larger growth' will admire it on all accounts.

Chefs-d'œuvre des Auteurs Comiques. 2 vols. Firmin Didot. 1845.

THIS elegant and compact edition of the French Comic Dramatists should be on the shelves of all persons interested in the Drama. The plays here assembled have a peculiar interest, as types of the various phases of the dramatic spirit from 1645 to 1721, from Scarron to Dufresny. They have also, many of them, an intrinsic value; the true, light, playful spirit of comedy, reckless of exaggeration, careless of probability, careful only of amusement, runs through some of these veritable *chefs-d'œuvre*.

The present two volumes contain sixteen plays

by Scarron, Montfleury, La Fontaine, Boursault, Baron, Dancourt, and Dufresny. We trust a volume or two more are in preparation; there is certainly no lack of plays worthy to be included in the series. We missed an old friend, 'Le Jouer,' by Regnard, which ought to have found a place here; but we presume, that as all Regnard's works are published by Messrs. Didot in the same form, it was thought unnecessary to repeat 'Jouer.' This, however, seems to us a mistake. The very object of making a collection of *chefs-d'œuvre* is to dispense with the whole works of the authors selected from. If a man has a copy of Regnard, he certainly will not care to have Regnard's *chefs-d'œuvre* in another collection. But this applies to Scarron, to La Fontaine, &c., equally well as to Regnard.

In the succeeding volumes we shall hope to meet with Marivaux, Picard, Beaumarchais, &c. Messrs. Didot have, it is true, published a complete Beaumarchais, in one volume; but many readers will be anxious to have his 'Figaro,' and 'Le Barbier,' without his *larmoyante* comedy of 'La Mère Coupable,' and to have these *chefs-d'œuvre*, together with those of other authors, will be a strong inducement to purchase.

Alte hoch- und niederdeutsche Volkslieder, mit Abhandlung und Anmerkungen, herausgegeben von LUDWIG UHLAND. (Old High and Low-German Ballads, with an Essay and Notes, by LUDWIG UHLAND). Vol. I. Stuttgart and Tübingen. 1844-5.

THE first volume of this publication contains only poems, the essay and notes being reserved for the succeeding volume, which has not yet appeared. The principal interest of the work is antiquarian and philological rather than poetical. As the plan includes German in its widest extent, not omitting even Flemish or the Low Dutch of the Netherlands, it furnishes many opportunities of comparing the different forms of the language. The editor even seems to have hesitated whether he should have included Swedish, Danish, English, and Lowland Scotch in his scheme. We are not surprised at his having determined on confining himself to Germany, and yet we in some degree regret that we have not the opportunity of tracing the connection of the remoter as well as of the more central Teutonic dialects; and even more the still more curious similarity of thoughts and traditions, which is often shown by the recurrence of the same story in regions the most widely separated from one another. Uhlund has in many cases given three or four versions of the same ballad, differing from one another sometimes only in the form of the words, sometimes in the details of the story. The following extract will remind the reader of many similar parallelisms between English and Scotch ballads. The first version is like modern written German, the second approaches Low Dutch.

"Gespille, liebste gespile mein,
Warumb trauest du so sere ?
Ei trauest du umb deins vaders gut
Oder trauest du umb dein ere ?

"Ich traur nit umb meins vaders gut,
Ich traur nit umb mein ere,
Wir zwei haben einen knaben lieb
Darauss können wir uns nit teilen."

Romancero Castellano, ò Collección de Antiguos Romances Populares de los Espanoles. Publicada por G. B. Depping. Nueva Edición, con las Notas de DON ANTONIO ALCALA-GALIANO.

DEPPING'S 'Collection of Spanish Ballads' is, we believe, the most complete which has been published. The present edition is convenient, neat, and well printed. The editor complains of the inaccuracy of Lockhart's translations with some justice; for the spirit of the English version belongs exclusively to the translator. The old Spanish historical ballads are for the most part prosaic and straightforward narratives, with no poetical attribute but that of a very lax metre. A more severe charge is directed against Mr. Lockhart's alleged ignorance of Spanish; and certainly it is strange, that in the well-known ballad, 'My Earrings, My Ear-rings,' he should have translated *morena Moorish*, instead of *black or dark*. The following extract is from a contemporary ballad on the capture of Rome by the army of Charles V. The poet seems singularly balanced between loyalty to his king, and piety to his pope.

"Mournful stood the Holy Father,
All with grief and sorrow drooping,
In St. Angelo his castle
O'er the lofty bulwarks stooping.

"And his head with no tiara,
Full of dust and perspiration—
Seeing Rome, the world's great Empress,
Harried by a stranger nation.

"And the yoke of conquest pressing
On the Romans once so stately—
All the cardinals in fetters—
All the bishops bound so straitly.

"And the saintly bones and relics
Scattered through the wide arena,
Yea, the holy coat of Jesus,
And the foot of Magdalena."

And so on, with a quiet and perhaps unintended humour. The same rhyme *ena* is used exclusively in the whole poem.

Die Verfassung der Kirche der Zukunft. (The Constitution of the Church of the Future.) By C. C. J. BUNSEN.

THE reputation of the writer, and the influence which he is supposed to possess with the King of Prussia in ecclesiastical matters, may probably induce us on a future occasion to give a fuller account of this work. It originates in a correspon-

"Ghespeeke, wel lieve ghespeelken goet.
Waer om weent ghi so Seere ?
Mer weent ghi om uns vaders goet
Oft weent ghi om u eere ?

"Ic en ween niet om mijn's vaders goet,
Ic en ween niet om mijn eere,
Wi twee wi hebben eenen lantsknecht lief,
Rijc god, wie sal hem werden ?"

dence with Mr. Gladstone on certain questions arising from the foundation of the Anglican bishopric at Jerusalem, and suggested by Abeken's semi-official account of the negotiations on the subject between the Prussian Court and the English Church. In this correspondence, which is printed both in the original English and in German, Mr. Gladstone, as might be expected, protests against the recognition of a communion between English churchmen and the German Protestants; and incidentally he expresses his conviction that episcopal succession is an essential and indispensable part of the Christian Church. The Chevalier Bunsen, on the other hand, while he professes to admit the fitness of an episcopal form of Church government to certain countries, maintains that the adoption or rejection of the system is a matter of mere discretion and convenience; and passing, in his book, into wider considerations, he endeavours to show that all reformed churches are bound to maintain the universal priestly character of Christians, and the consequent equality in all spiritual rights of clergy and laity. When Mr. Gladstone argues, that the essential forms of the English Church are universally binding, few foreigners would, perhaps, agree with him. When Mr. Bunsen, however, declares, that they are simply national, he forgets, that his opinion, even if true, can never be adopted by his opponents; for no church can be national without claiming to be universal in all its vital principles.

Compendium of Modern Civil Law, by FERDINAND MACKELDEY. Edited by Philip Ignatus Kaufmann. London: Wiley and Putnam, 1845.

MACKELDEY, who was professor of law at the University of Marburg, published this manual under the title of 'Lehrbuch der Institutionen des heutigen Römischen Rechts,' in 1814. As it has since gone through eleven or twelve editions, and has been translated into French, Spanish, Russian, and Greek, it seems that there can be no doubt of its fitness for the objects for which it is intended, either as a book of reference for practitioners, or a syllabus for the use of students attending lectures on the civil law. It is, like 'Adam's Roman Antiquities,' or like almost all modern treatises on English law, not a book to read, but an enlarged and systematised index. Mackeldey was, it appears, considered to belong to the dogmatical, as opposed to the historical school of jurists—that is, he laid more stress on the existing fabric of the law, than on the process

by which it attained its present form. The compendium, however, contains a useful introduction on the sources of the Roman law, and on the process by which the code of Justinian became the basis of modern continental jurisprudence. The remainder of the work is arranged according to the usual divisions, according to persons, things, and the method of enforcing rights.

The editor and translator, Dr. Kaufmann, appears to be a resident of New York. Perhaps he will find his labours more appreciated in America than in England. Jurisprudence is the only branch of the severer studies which seems to flourish in the United States; and its range there is wider than that to which English lawyers are in general confined. Many of the functions which are regulated according to our ecclesiastical courts, belong in America to the same judges who administer the common law. The conflict of the laws of different States of the Union with each other, and of any of them with the law of the United States, gives rise to a class of questions only to be solved by principles common to all jurisprudence, and, therefore, intimately connected with the rules of Roman law. One province, Louisiana, is still subject to a law founded on the civil law, which must frequently come into collision or comparison with the common law of the Anglo-American States, and of the Union. Above all, there is some systematic instruction in jurisprudence, an advantage which in England is almost unknown. The compendium, however, may be useful to many persons who have no time or inclination for a general study of the civil law. Dr. Kaufmann seems to be one of those commentators who, in illustration of a severe and difficult subject, delight to disport themselves in disquisitions on things in general, a habit rather wearisome to the student. For instance, 'The barbarian's delight in war, has given place to the Christian's desire for peace. The lurid glories of martial heroism, are waning before the purer light of science and philanthropy, &c., &c., &c.' And this is written in the same continent which contains Texas and Oregon.

The Citizen of Prague.—Translated by MARY HOWITT. 3 vols. Colburn. London. 1846.

'TRANSLATED' by Mary Howitt, says the title page; 'edited' by her, say the advertisements. It matters little which reading we adopt. In either case, Mrs. Howitt has shown a lamentable disregard for her literary reputation, in giving the sanction of her name to so clumsy a piece of journey-work. Whether or not the original novel be worth translating, is a question we will not now discuss. It is enough for us at present to declare that the version before us is naught. No printer's devil, suddenly advanced to authorship, could easily produce specimens of more uncouth English than may be found in page after page of these volumes. Such crampo diction might be barely tolerable in an essay on German Transcendentalism, or on Queen Dido's Shoebuckles, but it must be fatal to a work which pretends to amuse the reader.

The Anglo-Indian Passages Homeward and Outward; or, a Card for the Overland Traveller from Southampton to Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, &c., &c. By DAVID LEICESTER RICHARDSON. London: Madden and Malcolm. 1845.

THIS is an interesting and instructive volume, while it has the advantage of being extremely small. It describes the whole passage from England to India, very briefly of course, but nevertheless with sufficient fullness to excite the curiosity of the reader. Mr. Richardson does not aim at satisfying us. He tells those who perform the overland journey what they ought to see, and almost everywhere indicates the sources whence they may obtain complete information. This is more particularly the case in the part which relates to Egypt, where at every step the traveller may behold something worthy of examination. Alexandria, with its environs, is rather minutely described; but Mr. Richardson apparently found that to proceed all through the country on the same scale, would have betrayed him into too great length. He afterwards, therefore, becomes more rapid, and by the hurry of the narrative, suggests the same sort of feeling that must be experienced by the overland tourist. On arriving at Cairo, instead of attempting a new delineation of all the great objects of curiosity by which it is surrounded, Mr. Richardson has with equal modesty and judgment adopted the elaborate descriptions of former travellers, who had enjoyed ample leisure to observe and record their impressions on the spot. The pieces of poetry introduced into the volume from Mr. Richardson's own pen, are original, polished, and elegant. The ocean sketches must vividly recall to every one, who has journeyed over the great deep, the grand natural phenomena which presented themselves to his view. The directions and miscellaneous information given in the appendix will be found particularly useful to those proceeding to India for the first time.

A Comparative Grammar of the Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Lithuanian, Gothic, German, and Slavonic Languages. By Professor BORFF. Translated from the German, principally by Lieutenant EASTWICK. Conducted through the press by Professor WILSON: London, Madden and Malcolm. 1845.

It is scarcely requisite that we should do more than announce this work, congratulate our philological readers on its appearance in a most careful and trustworthy English version, and on their behalf and our own return thanks to the editors and publishers, who have performed their several parts in so creditable a manner, and to Lord Francis Egerton, who, we are told, suggested the publication, and has taken a liberal interest in its promotion. The character of Bopp's great work is too well established to call for comment here. The translation will, of course, be speedily in the hands of every philological inquirer in the British empire. With this conviction on our minds, we shall

look with some curiosity to its sale, for we shall regard this as a test and measure of the value practically ascribed to the physiology of language by British scholars.

Hebrew Reading Lessons: consisting of the First Four Chapters of the Book of Genesis, and the Eighth Chapter of the Book of Proverbs, with a Grammatical Praxis and an Interlinear Translation. 70 pp. London: Bagster.

WE doubt that there exists, for any language, a first-reading book so complete in all respects as this admirable little volume. By a very ingenious, and, as we believe, novel typographical contrivance, it really affords the student an *intuitive* perception of the structure and mechanism of the Hebrew words and phrases. The notes are just what they ought to be, and no more; copious in information and succinct in form. We do not exaggerate in alleging our belief, that with the help of this manual, the young Hebrew scholar may compress the labour of days into hours—we might almost say minutes.

Adventures in the Pacific; with Observations on the Natural Productions, Manners, and Customs of the Natives of the various Islands, &c., &c. By JOHN COULTER, M. D. Dublin: Curry. 1845.

A RAPID, lively narrative, full of amusing incidents, and seasoned with a fine salt-water savour. A capital book for a winter's evening.

Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas. By the Author of 'Revelations of Russia,' &c. Vols. 1, 2. London. Newby, 1846.

THIS is truly a hopeful book—a burst of sunshine lighting up one of the darkest and saddest fields that ever shocked the sight of pitying freemen. It is nothing less than an announcement, substantiated by manifold evidence, of the proximate regeneration and enfranchisement of the whole Slavonic race, the downfall of the Czar's accursed tyranny, the dissolution of those highly artificial compounds of heterogeneous elements, the kingdom of Prussia and the Austrian empire, and the augmentation of the better moiety of the European federation by the accession of eighty emancipated millions. Such a revolution would eclipse even that of France, in point of magnitude and importance. That it is coming we firmly hope and believe; that the present generation will see it partially effected, if not wholly consummated, we think highly

probable; nor would we venture to assign any term of years, whether reckoned by tens or by units, within which the beginning of these momentous changes may not possibly occur. The causes tending to produce them, are in a state of active development; and they are of a nature to augment daily in extensiveness and intensity.

All this, it may be said, is but naked assertion. It is so; and, moreover, it is assertion too startlingly bold to be admitted on the mere *ipse dixit* of any authority. For the proof, then, we refer to the volumes before us. It would be gross injustice to a work of such importance, to attempt an analysis of it within the scanty space that remains to us. We shall certainly return to it again; meanwhile we earnestly bespeak the attention of all our readers to its deeply interesting disclosures.

We should deem ourselves almost criminal if we neglected to give increased circulation to the following extract. Be it premised that the atrocities about to be related were the result in no respect of religious fanaticism, but altogether of reckless political ambition, excited to ferocity by resistance. They emanated directly from the will of the savage Czar, and were as much his act and deed, as though he had committed them with his own hand:

TREATMENT OF THE POLISH NUNS.

"In the city of Minak, in 1837, there still existed a convent of humble nuns of the order of St. Basilus. Their time, like that of the 'sisters of charity,' was divided between their religious duties, attendance on the sick, and the education of poor children. Their order had been founded in 1826, by one of the princes Tapiieha, a family to which the Czartoriskis are allied.

"Far and wide through the surrounding country the suffering and needy had learned to bless their unassuming benevolence, and people of all ranks regarded with veneration a community, distinguished not by ascetic practices, but through its active and unwearying philanthropy.

"The very popularity of this order, and the estimation in which it was held, marked it out for a persecution so atrocious, that I know of nothing more harrowing in times ancient or modern.

"The cruelties of Nero, Domitian, and Caligula, the most virulent religious persecution of past centuries, and the horrors of the French Revolution, rarely equalled in degree the barbarities practised on these harmless women, and sink into insignificance beside them, when the long protraction of seven years of suffering is considered.

"All the details of this inhuman persecution might have remained either utterly unknown beyond the Russian frontier, or merged in vague rumours of cruel treatment, but for the providential escape of four of the sufferers.

"To sum the facts briefly up, between the years 1837 and 1845, forty-four nuns perished at the hands of the Russian authorities, out of fifty-eight devoted to duties whose fulfilment appeals so directly to all human sympathies, that a religious sisterhood analogous to their own had been spared even during the French reign of terror, which so pitilessly swept away all other social landmarks. Of the fourteen that remained, eight had either had their eyes torn out or their limbs broken, and of the other six only four had strength to attempt, or fortune to effect, their escape. A few more months and the whole surviving fourteen, at last doomed to Siberia, might have been expiring on that weary

road, which the ten unhappy creatures left behind by the fugitives, are at this moment being dragged or driven over, all lamed, blind, or ailing.

"Nothing in that case would ever have reached our ear of the incredible sufferings of these poor victims, whose fate would silently have contributed to swell those statistics of proselytism which the Russian government gives periodically to Europe, and which Nicholas has commemorated by the famous medal, inscribed with the motto, 'Separated by violence, and reunited by love.'

"Of the four fugitives, two, the sister Wawrzecka and Irena Macrina Mieceslas (Mieczslaska), succeeded in reaching Posen, in Prussian Poland, where the Roman Catholic archbishop, having taken down their circumstantial deposition of the facts about to be narrated, sealed them with the arms of the archbishopric, and forwarded the document to Rome.

"An order consequently arrived for the superior to repair to Rome, by way of Paris; in which city she took up her abode till the 10th of October last, under the same roof with one near and dear to the author.

"Here she was led to give all the sad details of her harrowing story, whilst the scars which mark her body added their dumb eloquence to her recital.

"Irena Mieceslas had been thirty years renowned for her charity and benevolence throughout the government of Minak, as head of the Basilian convent, consisting of thirty-four nuns, in the city of that name. It will be hence at once perceived that she is advancing into the vale of years. The aspect of her countenance, according to the portrait which the writer has before him, is at once noble and indicative of determination. It derives the first expression from the position of the eyes, which is such as we rarely meet with out of the Scandinavian or Anglo-Norman race; viz., obliqued upwards from the outward corners; that is to say, in a direction precisely contrary to the eyes of the feline species, of all Mongolian races, and of many of the inhabitants of southern countries. The finely chiselled corners of her mouth seem to mark a decision of temper, of which she has given the most heroic proofs in her conduct.

"The substance of her narrative, which the other three sisters corroborate in the minutest particulars, is to the following effect:

"The Emperor Nicholas having profited by his influence and privileges in nominating corrupt and ambitious tools to the bishopric of the Basilian communion (that is to say, the Roman Catholic with Greek forms), amongst these Semiasko, the bishop of the diocese in which the convent of these poor nuns was situated, had apostatised to the Greek, from the Latin church. Finding that the great mass of the clergy, and the whole of their congregation, refused to follow the examples of their chiefs, Nicholas ordered forcible means to be resorted to, and set on foot a persecution, which caused the females of this religious association great alarm, and induced them to use the private influence of their friends in the Russian capital, to be allowed to retire from their convent to the bosoms of their families.

"This boon the emperor refused, referring them to their apostate bishop.

"Semiasko, after vainly using all his persuasive powers with this community, to induce them to pass over to the Russian church, showed them alike the threats and promises he was empowered to make in the name of Nicholas, and the awful signature appended to a document which commanded him to adopt such measures as the interests of religion might require, to oblige all recusants to reform. Finding their determination

unshakable, he left them three months to consider the matter, and then detaching from his breast one of the numerous orders with which the emperor had rewarded his apostasy, he attempted to pin it on the bosom of the superior, to whom he held out a dazzling prospect of honours and rewards.

"These women, it must be remembered, in their devout belief, now saw in their former pastor only an impious seceder from the faith of their fathers. Irena Mieceslas, therefore, spurning this temptation, said tauntingly to the bishop; 'Keep it, keep it; it would ill accord with the humble cross which marks my order; and with you it serves to hide a breast, beneath which there beats the heart of an apostate!'

"These nuns had been fortified in their resolution by the exhortation of their confessor, a weak, but probably well-meaning man, named Michalewitch.

"As persecution became the more rigorous around him, between the threats and the promises of his bishop, he was influenced to desert to the Russian communion, and he was afterwards frequently obliged to take his seat as a member of the tribunal which attempted to subdue the obstinacy of these women. It is, however, probable that he yielded more to terror than seduction, for he strove apparently to bury his remorse in incessant intoxication; and in this condition he afterwards fell into a pool of water, where he was drowned.

"Three days after the insulting refusal of the superior to apostatise, Semiasko came with a detachment of soldiers to turn the sisters out of the convent. Such was the violence employed—such the terror inspired by the account of the universal persecution, that a sick nun of their number fell and expired upon the pavement of the chapel.

"The remainder were heavily ironed, hand and foot, and marched to Vitepsk, where they were placed in a Russian convent of 'black sisters.'

"These black sisterhoods, which may in some measure be compared to our penitentiaries, are places of refuge for the widows of private soldiers, and receptacles for the most disorderly prostitutes.

"Here the thirty-three nuns of St. Basilus, from Minsk, met with fourteen more of their order, transferred from another convent to this abode, where for two years they were kept at hard labour, chained in couples, and exposed to all the malignity of the depraved associates with whom these women of gentle birth were thus forcibly mingled.

"In 1839, all other efforts having failed to shake their resolution, they were transferred to another Russian convent of black sisters, in the city of Polock. Here they met with ten more nonconformist nuns of the same order. The whole number of these women—fifty-seven—were now brought up twice a week, on Wednesdays and Fridays, before a commission of the Russian authorities and clergy, and flogged before them, receiving fifty strokes a-piece.

"This was continued for months together, till the wounds upon their backs were an open sore, and pieces of the scabs and then of the raw flesh adhered to the instruments of torture. Three of their number died beneath this infliction.

"They were then fed on salt herrings, and refused drink (a favourite Russian mode of torture), except on the condition of apostasy. This punishment, which it appears they found the most difficult to bear, was superseded by a system of starvation. They were only fed once every other day, and driven to eat nettles and the fodder of the convent cattle.

"They were employed to dig out clay, and not understanding how to conduct an excavation, the earth fell in and buried five of their number. With

incredible barbarity the Russian authorities not only refused to dig them out, but prevented the nuns from attempting to extricate their companions. They perished in this self dug grave.

"The next labour in which the survivors were employed, was to aid the masons in constructing a palace for the renegade bishop.

"Some of the Polish gentry, whose spirit no terrors will quell, coming to look on,—one of their number addressed some words of consolation to these poor women. Within four-and-twenty hours not only this imprudent individual, but all those around him, had disappeared.

"The falling of a wall in the midst of the nuns injured many and killed eight of them outright. A ninth and tenth soon after perished.

"These ten bodies were carried off by the people and hidden where all the efforts of the Russian authorities failed to discover them.

"About this period several monks of Saint Basilus were brought to the same convent. Their treatment is described as having been more barbarous than even that of the nuns. Four of these men, Zawacki, Koma, Zilewicz, and Buckzynski by name, all upwards of seventy years of age, were at last, in the full severity of winter, stripped and placed under a pump, where, as the water was poured over them, it gradually congealed into a mass of ice, and froze them to death; another, named the Abbé Laudanski, aged and infirm, whilst staggering beneath a load of fire-wood, was struck upon the head with such violence, by a drunken deacon, that his skull was fractured, and he died upon the spot.

"It must here be explained that all the lower, or *whites* Clergy in the Russian church are very ignorant and depraved, and that the deacons are the lowest amongst them.

"In the present instance, however, the refusal of the great bulk of the Basilian clergy to pass over to the Russian church, had obliged it, in these forcibly converted provinces, to fill up those gaps in the lower ranks of its hierarchy with boors of the most illiterate and dissolute character.

"It happened that one of these surviving monks of St. Basilus succeeded in making his escape, and Semiasko, irritated by this incident, resolved to conquer the obstinacy of the nuns; and publishing that they were about to read their recantation, caused them to be forcibly led by the soldiery to the portals of the Russian church. The curiosity which this announcement caused, led the whole population of the city of Polock to assemble; notwithstanding the examples which had been made of those who had expressed their sympathy with the sufferers.

"The apostate bishop, in his episcopal garments, advanced towards the nuns, and bidding the soldiers leave his dear sisters at liberty, spoke to them with paternal kindness, then offering his hand to their superior, prepared to lead her into the church. Irena Miecielas then seizing one of the hatchets used by the carpenters who had been working at the reparation of the church, called out to all her nuns to kneel, and addressing Semiasko, told him: 'After having been their shepherd, to become the executioner of those whom he had not already done to death, and to strike off their heads before the threshold of that temple, which their footsteps would never voluntarily cross.'

"So galling was the provocation of this rebuke to the Russian bishop, that unable to contain himself, he struck the superior on the face, and then flung the axe indignantly from him. It chanced in falling to wound one of the nuns in the foot; and a moment after the superior having put her hand to her mouth, which was filled with blood, drew out

one of her shattered teeth, and holding it up to him said: 'Take it, it will earn you some fresh order from the emperor.'

"Such was the effect of this scene that nothing could restrain the enthusiasm of the people; and as the nuns were led back by the soldiery, the crowd followed them singing with one accord Hallelujahs and Te Deums.

"Such, notwithstanding all the repressive terrors of the Russian authorities, became the feeling of the population of the city of Polock, that it was found unsafe to continue the persecution of the nuns within its walls, and they were ordered to be removed to the borough of Medzioly, in the province of Minak.

"This public defeat of the Russian bishop and authorities was, however, revenged on these poor women by an act of such diabolical malignity as only the most undeniable evidence can render credible.

"When the Russian soldiers and the newly made deacons had been rendered drunk with brandy, all these helpless nuns were turned out amongst them as incurably obstinate, to treat as they thought fit. Then commenced a scene worthy of Pandemonium,—the shrieks and prayers of the victims mingling with the oaths, blasphemies, and ribaldry of the crowd to whose brutal lust they were abandoned.

"When the fury of these demons in human form had been exhausted, it was discovered that two of these unfortunate females were quite dead. The skull of one had been crushed by the stamping on the temples of an iron-plated heel. The other was trampled into such a mass of mud and gore, that even its human character was scarce recognizable. Eight others had one or several bones or limbs broken, or their eyes torn or trodden out. Of the whole number, the superior, a woman of iron frame as well as indomitable resolution, fared the best; but she was not allowed to attend or console her mutilated sisters except on the condition of apostasy.

"They were afterwards marched out of Polock by night on foot, and chained two by two,—even those whose eyes had been torn out, and whose hideous wounds were festering. Those whose legs were broken, or who were lamed, were sent forward in carts under the care of Cossacks.

"A gentleman of Polock, M. Walenkiowitch, having ordered a funeral service to be read for these victims, was seized in the middle of the night and sent to Siberia, his property being confiscated. A monastery of Dominican monks, in another part of the country, having ventured to pray for them, was immediately dispersed.

"On reaching Medzioly, the nuns were again immured in a convent of the black-sisterhood, and divided into four parties. Here they were put into sacks, and towed after boats in the water, which was allowed to rise to their mouth and nose. Three more of their number perished in this manner, either of cold, or fear, or drowned by incessant immersion. The inhabitants of Medzioly carried off their bodies in the night, as the earthly coil of holy martyrs which men would some day venerate and hold precious.

"After two more years' captivity of the fifty-eight nuns (thirty-four from Minsk, fourteen from Vitepsk, and ten from Polock) only fourteen survived, and of these eight were either lame or blinded.

"The superior, Irena Miecielas, who had fared the best, had an open wound, from which she was obliged to extract with her fingers the carious bones, and which afterwards becoming filled with worms from want of dressing, caused her intense agony.

"At length some relaxation of vigilance having opened a prospect of escape, this courageous wo-

man persuaded three of her companions to attempt it with her. In this enterprise these four women all succeeded, enfeebled by disease as they were, and without money or passports, at a distance of between two or three hundred miles from the Austrian and Prussian frontiers.

"At the commencement of the present year, profiting by the scene of riot and drunkenness to which the saint's-day of the *protopope* of the convent had given occasion, they effected their escape. Leaping down a high wall into the snow, they alighted in safety, and immediately fell on their knees in thanksgiving. They then separated, to facilitate their flight. The superior, in the midst of all the severity of the season, was driven to hide for days together in the woods, without other food than berries, or anything to quench her thirst but the snow. Once, driven to extremity, she knocked at the door of a wealthy-looking house, and being received with veneration by its owner, was provided with money, provisions, and a correct map of her route. She crossed the frontier disguised as a shepherd; but even then was not in security, as the cowardly government of Prussia gives up even its own subjects to the Czar.

"It was not until she had reached Posen, in the midst of a Polish population, that she felt in security; and here she had unobtrusively withdrawn to a convent of the sisters of charity, but she was con-

sidered too precious, as a living testimony of the horrors daily perpetrated in that Golgotha which the frontier of Russia encircles, to be left in her retirement. With her scars, wounds, and personal evidence, she has been wisely forwarded to Paris, where a deputation recently waited on her, to express their sympathy with her cruel treatment. From thence she proceeded on the 10th of October to Rome, where she was received in the most distinguished manner by the pope and cardinals. In Posen she had been joined by the sister Wawrzeka, and shortly afterwards learned that the other two had in like manner escaped the pursuit of the Russian authorities, and been safely forwarded by the zeal of the inhabitants to the Austrian frontier."

Rambles in the United States and Canada, &c.,
By RUBIO. London. Clarke. 1846.

WITH one word of protest against its vulgarity and vicious temper, we leave this weak and worthless production to sure oblivion. Excessive tenderness towards the faults of the Americans is not among our besetting sins; but we cannot say of the United States as of Rubio's pages, that there is nothing good in them from one end to the other.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORENCE, Nov. 3d, 1845.

THE anniversary of our flood! This time twelvemonth, dear Mr. Editor, or somewhat later, I was writing to you of drowned streets, ruined merchants, and dismal looks on all sides. This autumn, thank Heaven, our beautiful Florence presents a very different appearance, though a few croakers will persist in asking after every heavy shower that may occur, how many inches the river has been observed to rise; but we enjoy our sunshine and bright skies and laugh at them. Truly this Italian autumn has reminded one of Fanny Kemble's beautiful lines to the American autumn. We may say with her,

"Thou comest not in sober guise
In mellow cloak of russet clad;
Thine are no melancholy skies,
Nor hueless flowers, pale and sad.
But like an emperor triumphing
With gorgeous robes of Tynan dyes,
Full flush of fragrant blossoming
And glowing purple canopies."

And as fate has kindly willed it, the peculiar beauty and brilliancy of the season is witnessed and enjoyed by an unusually large concourse of our migratory countrymen. The police returns a few days since showed that there were then in Florence no fewer than between twelve and thirteen thousand

English! We always expect rather large coveys about this time of year, but the throng this season is unprecedented. They swarm in the streets, in the theatres, in the churches, in the salons, in the galleries. Had they not the unmistakable 'cachet' which stamps them 'British' ineffaceably imprinted on every lineament and gesture, they might still be known by the unfailing accompaniment of Murray's red guide book,—but a blind leader of the blind, be it said, *en passant*, for both the volumes on Northern and Central Italy are as imperfect and unsatisfactory as those on Germany are excellent.

However, Murray's red books are *de rigueur*, and it is difficult to traverse a street in Florence without encountering half a score of them. Their owners all are forming the most favourable notions of our climate, and will be ready on their return to swear that winter in Italy is a joke, and wintry blasts unknown. No Florentine, native or adopted, will undeceive them in the pleasing delusion, for it is here, as it should seem, an universal law to assure every Englishman who may chance to encounter wintry weather here, that such an occurrence is unprecedented within the memory of man—that there never was such a season before, and never will be again. I trust for the credit of our *bella Firenze* that the weather may not change before a good portion of our twelve thousand visit-

ors have left us. But I have passed too many winters here not to know how very likely it is that any morrow may change our baskings to shiverings, and send our astonished countrymen scudding across the Piazza di Duomo before a wind which seems capable of cutting an oak in half. A 'tramontana,' with a fall of snow on the Apennine—and *hey presto!*—*il bel cielo d' Italia* is a poet's dream; and brick floors, fireless rooms, and wind-admitting doors and windows become most unpoetic and rheumatic realities. Meanwhile, all are buzzing about as gay as summer flies, and as busy. Cerito is here too, dancing at the Pergola, where, to complete the delectation of our visitors, La Barbieri is singing in a style which would have long since caused her to be taken from us by London and Paris, had she wherewithal to charm the eye as potently as she does the ear. *Here* we judge singers by the latter organ.

Literature is, as usual, showing that it is alive by painful and laborious heavings under the superincumbent weight of censorships and obstacles of all sorts, like the imprisoned giant under Etna; fighting the good fight bravely and perseveringly against all the odds that can be brought against it. But the amount of perseverance, of courage, of faith and hope, which can hope even against hope, needed for the maintaining of the struggle, can scarcely be adequately estimated by any save those who have the opportunity of watching these matters *de près*. And to one who does so watch the agonies of fettered intellect in Italy, the almost desperate game is truly heart-sickening.

Paolo Emiliani Giudici has nearly completed his 'History of Literature in Italy.' As it is published in *fascicoli*, after the manner so prevalent now in Italy (more so even than elsewhere), the portion finished is already before the public. Two chapters of the work, amounting to 164 octavo pages, touching Dante and his era, have been printed separately by the publishers as a preface to an edition of the poet which they are bringing out. But alas! the censorship of the Papal government has discovered 'thirty-two propositions in it of erroneous tendency.' Naples, &c., of course, follow the decision, and the work is excluded from more than half its market, and the people from the benefit of something like sound criticism, and a just appreciation of the great men of their brighter day. 'In literary criticism,' says the writer of an able article on Italian literature in the 'Westminster Review' of October, 1837, 'in literary criticism all here is truly void * * *. Criticism is dumb.' Since this was written she has more than once given indication that she was neither dead nor sleeping,—and has endeavoured to raise her voice. And here we see the result. For nearly a century the Dantescan criticism of Italy, as seen in the sterile labours of *dilettante* academies, has been the scoff and by-word of Europe. The endless and objectless multiplication of such empty dissertations, disputes on readings, and word-catching verbiage, as formed the staple of Italian Dantescan labours until quite recently, was deemed by the rulers of Italy a safe and harmless employment for the leisure and intellect of her *litterati*. As long as none of the great and suggestive lessons with which life, the writings, character, and opinions of the mighty exile are pregnant, were drawn from the study of them, all was well, and benevo-

lent princes was well content to patronise courtly academies whose elegant scholarship busied itself only with words, and whose well-bred learning dreamed not of seeking beneath them for ideas which might disturb the placid dulness of their gentle literature. But another class of scholars has arisen. '*Major rerum nascitur ordo.*' And lo! Dante and Dantescan studies are found to be no longer the safe ground of intellectual tilting matches they were once deemed to be. The less that is said about him the better! The best consolation one can suggest to the author of a work thus excluded is the consideration that its admission into the Papal States would have been an irrefragable proof of its worthlessness. Yet it is a heart-sickening and up-hill course—that of a literary man who has any pretensions to be called such, in Italy.

I have seen the first volume of Signor Giudici's work on the History of Italian Literature, from which this unfortunate preface to the 'Divina Comedia' was extracted, and I can promise you, Mr. Editor, that when completed it will be well worth your notice. It may seem, perhaps, to English readers familiar with the names (*and nothing more*) of Crescimbeni, Gimma, Quadrio, and Tiraboschi, that a new history of Italian literature was hardly needed. But I have sufficient faith, if not in the critical acumen, yet at least in the idleness of the readers of this our railroad-going epoch, to feel quite assured that a very cursory inspection of the works of these worthies of the eighteenth century would suffice to convince all who have any wish to inform themselves on the matter of Italian literature, of the necessity of a guide on the subject rather more adapted in matter and manner to the wants of a somewhat thinking though ever hurrying generation.

Crescimbeni was an 'Arcadian,' and may be, indeed, deemed the father of all the Arcadians, as he was the first 'Custode' of the institution. This will be sufficient to enable those who have any knowledge of the Italian literature of the eighteenth century to form a sufficiently accurate estimate of his history. It is an enormous magazine of laboriously collected puerilities. Of the true essence and nature of poetry Crescimbeni was as profoundly ignorant as it is well possible for a lettered man to be. '*Poeta fit non nascitur*' must have been his motto, or at least his creed. And the making of a poet and of poetry he deemed might be accomplished by the observance of a set of minute word-regulating receipts. And truly this method was so successful, that such a brood of 'poets' was formed from the worthless materials lying fallen in the *dolce far niente* of Italian life, as utterly overwhelmed the unfortunate Arcadian chronicler, who deemed all equally worthy of a place in his temple of fame, yet found himself utterly unable to accommodate so numberless a band even in the capacious limits of his weighty volumes. The expedient that he adopted in this distress is worth mentioning, as it is probably not generally known, and as it serves pretty well to indicate the value of his often quoted work and the calibre of the writer's mind. He had recourse to a lottery!!! He placed some thousands of names in an urn, and in the presence of Carlo Doni and Vincenzo Leonio, to guarantee fair play, he drew out a certain number, and of these composed the contemporary part

of his history. A legally attested document, recording the fact, was deposited in the Arcadian archives!!! We were aware that Fame sometimes was subject to optical delusions, but we never before heard of her wilfully shutting her eyes, and calling on blind Fortune to award her crowns for her. 'Such,' says Giudici, 'is the history of Crescimbeni. When I recollected the reputation it enjoyed, I concluded that few had looked into it, and none perhaps examined it. But very many, from that sheep-like tendency to follow each other, that seems inherent in human nature, have cited it, and even still continue to do so—even still, when the sad experience of facts, and the example of the rapid progress of other nations ought to have freed us from our pernicious literary vanities.'

Gimma, the second of the above-named writers, was an encyclopedic philosopher, according to the meaning of the term in his day—the beginning of the eighteenth century. He had an immense reputation among his contemporaries. But having found out, as Signor Giudici says, 'how much easier a thing it is to write of everything than of one thing only,' he conceived the idea of a vast work on the history of the entire cycle of human knowledge in Italy, from Adam to the end of the seventeenth century. And when he had amassed in sundry huge volumes all he could collect on this enormous topic, he issued them as a specimen of the mighty work that might be expected from him when completed in its entirety. Humanity was, however, mercifully spared this infliction, and poor Gimma died in travail.

Quadrio in his history of every poetry of every nation, and of every age, gives a list of antediluvian poets, and sets down Adam as the writer of the first *canzone*, which, according to the learned historian, may be found at the present day among the psalms attributed to David. The reader will hardly then expect from the exceedingly erudite Quadrio, a history adapted to the reading wants of 1845.

Tiraboschi's great work, useful and even indispensable as it is, as a book of reference, is the production of a pedant, of a profoundly learned, and indefatigably industrious one; but still a mere pedant, adapted admirably by his nature and qualifications for the compilation of a chronicle, but utterly incompetent to the composition of a history. Moreover, the utility of his work is diminished, and all its proportions distorted by certain prejudices, which were also, in a great measure, those of his day. He worshipped Petrarch. The mightier mind of Dante he could neither appreciate nor comprehend; still less had he any idea of setting forth or hinting at the influence which that truly creative intellect exercised on the eras which succeeded his own, not only in the world of literature, but in every department of human life. 'And when a literary history reveals naught of all this,' cries Signor Giudici, 'what consolation are a dozen pages filled with an indifferent attempt at investigating biographical minutiae?'

I believe a translation of Signor Giudici's volumes is in progress; and I cannot doubt that they will be thankfully received in England.

The first volume of a work 'On the History, Theory, and Practice of Animal Magnetism' has just made its appearance here, and is making rather a sensation in our little literary world. It

bears on its title page the name of 'Professore Lisimaco Verati;' but this is understood to be a *nom de guerre*, and the name of the real author is a profound secret. But the principal point of interest in the matter is the fact of the volume having passed the ordeal of the censorship. That it should have done so is attributed to two circumstances; firstly, to the insertion of the following notice on the fly-leaf. 'The author declares that he has treated the subject of this work purely as a philosopher; nor does he draw from it, nor ought his readers to draw from it, any the least argument contrary to the holy doctrines of our Catholic religion, of which he professes himself a venerator and follower.' And whenever anything too startling to the faithful occurs in the text of the work, he puts a foot-note to say, 'Please remember the declaration on the fly-leaf.' This mode of maintaining one set of opinions, 'as a pure philosopher,' and holding another as a good Catholic, is amusing enough, and it must be owned extremely convenient in a country blessed with a censorship. It is to be hoped that the example may be followed. But the clergy are already screaming open-mouthed, and it is feared that the too lenient censor may find himself obliged to recall his license. If so, adieu to the author's forthcoming other four volumes. The second circumstance, supposed to have assisted this somewhat flimsy and transparent device of sweetening a whole volume of heterodoxy with one big lump of orthodoxy thus put in after it was composed, in passing Professor Verati's book, is the fact that the censor is known, despite his ecclesiastical faith, to be an enthusiastic receiver of the doctrines of mesmerism. *Valcat quantum*. It is to be supposed that he also has his official opinions and his own private conscience for home use quite separate.

It is very manifest, however, that several of the Italian governments, especially ours here, and even Austria in Lombardy, are inclined to relax in the matter of censorship, and others similar, far more than Rome is inclined to permit. Nosymp-tom of amelioration, no glimmer of penetrating light is there visible—with the exception of the occasional lurid flashes of reiterated revolt. The wonderful pertinacity with which she utterly refuses all amendment, hugs each abuse which it is sought to rend from her, and flies in the face of the enlightened sense and opinion of progressive humanity, with an audacity, now in the day of her weakness and decrepitude, more blindly, desperately daring than she ever ventured on, even in the days of her prime, is truly astonishing, and can be explained only on the principle of 'quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.' The soberest and gravest of those who have the misfortune to live under her sway, are convinced that no purification, save that of fire, fire which shall utterly consume the entire frame-work of her present fabric, can avail to amend or render her endurable by mankind. Europe may depend on it, the last day of the temporal dominion of Rome's bishop is near at hand. The late revolt was but a false start—a premature outbreak of some of the hotter spirits, whom the more formidable leaders of the contemplated insurrection were unable to restrain, till what appeared to them a fitting moment. It was a mere flash in the pan. The real discharge of the piece will come presently, probably in somewhat

less than twelve months. And in printing this, Mr. Editor, you will be betraying no confidence, revealing no secrets. None are better aware of the facts I have asserted than the members of the Papal government. Many of them may perhaps hope that the crazy fabric may last their time, speculating on their own senility, and still more rapidly advancing decay. The wisest among them are known to be hopeless, and perfectly aware that their game is a desperate—nay, a lost one. One of those prophetic announcements which so often have preceded great events in the world's march, and have contributed to bring them about, is now current in Rome, and much dwelt on by her ignorant and superstitious citizens—assisted, doubtless, by her wiser and designing ones. It is there very generally believed, that it has been prophetically declared that the present wearer of the tiara will never have a successor. The pontiff is known to be in a very precarious state of health, and the above idea has very much quashed speculation in Rome as to the probable election of the conclave on the expected event of his demise.

Notwithstanding the great arrears of improvement which all the Italian governments have to make up before they can approach the present point of European progress in its more favoured portions, we have recently had a pleasing indication that they are not all equally barbarous, and that our Tuscan Prince is, indeed, 'facile princeps' among them. Several of those who were obliged to save themselves from the consequences of the late outbreak in the Romagna, took refuge in Tuscany, and were by the authorities lodged in prison, till it should be decided what was to be done with them. The Papal government made a formal demand that they should be given up. The grand-ducal ministers met to deliberate on the matter, and, it is said, came to the determination of complying with the Papal demand. Whereupon, says report, the Grand Duke stepped aside, and penned an order to the keeper of the 'fortezza di basso,' in which the refugees were confined, directing them to be immediately sent to Leghorn, and thence by sea to Marseilles; thus summarily cutting short the debates of his ministers on the question. Thus much is at all events certain, that they were all sent to Marseilles in contempt of the demands of the Papal government, and every man presented by the Grand Duke with a suit of clothes and a Napoleon.

Before closing this long and desultory letter, I must drop a word of caution to your art-loving readers ament the 'discovery' of a fresco by Raphael here, respecting which much nonsense has been written designedly or ignorantly in the French and English papers. The fresco in question, painted on a wall of the refectory of a ci-devant convent, now occupied by a carriage-builder, has been open to, and well-known by the Florentine artistic public for some years. It is, undoubtedly, a work of much merit; and used to be considered the production of some pupil of Perugino. It was then suggested that that master himself was the author of it. Suddenly, quite lately, it was proclaimed to be by Raphael, and his name was said to be discoverable, in a cipher on the collar worn by one of the figures. Now any such cipher, did it exist, would of course prove nothing; and its existence seems at least problematical. A friend,

a very competent judge in such matters, assured me that it 'required much faith' to see the alleged letters in the marks in question; and that the persons engaged in cleaning it refused to allow him, an artist well known here, to examine the wall closely on the pretence that the scaffolding was not strong enough to support two persons. In the next place, it would be extremely difficult to persuade those who are really well read in the history of art and artists, that Raphael produced a work at Florence which must have occupied him for a year, and concerning which history is utterly silent. To the best informed here this consideration is decisive on the point. I am told, however, that certain Englishmen are in treaty for the purchase of the painting. What will a money-burdened Englishman not buy! In my own humble opinion, the new-discovered authorship of the picture was in all probability opportunely suggested contemporaneously with the idea that it might be successfully removed from its wall.

It seems certain that one of the figures is a not uninteresting portrait of Raphael.

Your readers, Mr. Editor, will not have forgotten, probably, a more interesting and more genuine discovery of this nature, which was made here two or three years ago, of a portrait of Dante on a wall of the Bargello. It will be easily imagined what a sensation the first uncovering of this genuine presentment of the great Florentine occasioned here, among both natives and foreigners. Well,—a highly-gifted young countrywoman of ours (whose name is not quite unknown to fame at present, but whom, if I am not much mistaken, a wider celebrity awaits, as the meed of a translation by her of Niccolini's 'Arnaldo da Brescia,' shortly to be published), Miss Theodosia Garrow, produced a charming little poem on the discovered portrait. The Florentines were enchanted; and Niccolini, who had been exceedingly pleased by her translation of his magnificent tragedy, thought he could do no better than return the compliment by translating her stanzas on the new portrait of Dante. The veteran bard's translation is about to be published here, and the young poetess's original will doubtless see the light some day. But, in the mean time, I cannot resist giving you a stanza or two as a specimen of Niccolini's hand at translating English poetry into 'la dolce lingua.' It is doing violence to the little poem thus to mar its integrity—but I dare not intrude the whole on your numbered pages—especially at the close of so long a letter.

* * * *

"There was a poet mighty to dispel
Those mists of slavish ignorance which fold
The infancy of ages;—stern and bold
He sang an awful strain of Heaven and Hell,
Bared to Earth's rulers their iniquity,
And grasp'd the burning truths for which men
die.

"He wrote his thoughts in rapid throbs and tears
On the awakening souls of harsh mankind:
The precious ore of speech yet unrefined,
Rough with the gather'd clay of barbarous years,
His fiery spirit cleansed and sent it forth
To be the music of the troubled earth.

"Still, Florentines! among your olive shades
And marble halls the Poet's accents dwell,—

Point the bright flash of genius,—smooth and
 swell
 The trembling tone of love;—'mid fragrant braids
 Of blossom'd vine from childhood's lips they
 throng,
 Broken like running streams to sweeter song.

"He stands among you now; the self-same form
 Which dwelt upon the memory of the land
 Through convulsed centuries. In either hand*
 He holds a sign of power;—one fresh and warm
 From Nature's sunny breast; the other fraught
 With the long garner'd wealth of human
 thought."

Now for Niccolini's version.

"Sì, vi era un vate che a sgombrar valea
 Quelle nebbie che creava
 Un'ignorar servile, e poi ne fascia
 Dei secoli l'infanzia: Inno tremendo
 Dal labbro risuonò di quell'austero
 Sull'Inferno e sul Cielo,
 I Re del mondo se' tremanti e nudi
 Alle lor'colpe lacerando il velo,
 E alle parole seguitò l'ardore
 Che quei veri cantò, per cui si muore.

"In palpiti veloci
 Ed in lacrime scrisse i suoi pensieri
 A svegliar l'alme scabre ancora e rudi;
 E coll'accolla argilla
 Di quei barbari tempi il prezioso
 Oro della favella ancor non fina
 Si ben foggì, che dal suo spirito ardente
 Purificata si faceva divina:
 Allor volò dalle percosse corde
 Un'armonia nella città discorde.

"Qui degli ulivi all'ombra
 Nelle marmoree sale
 La voce del Poeta abita ancora:
 E dell'Amor tremante
 Suonan gli accenti, e l'aura che sospira
 Nella breccia fragrante
 Delle vigne fiorite, e la parola
 Che il fanciullin consola
 E la madre trastulla
 A studio della culla;
 E come un rio da lievi sassi infranto
 Mormora la soave onda del canto.

"Or sta tra voi con quel sembiante istesso
 Che in etadi agitati
 Da sì lunghi contese
 Tenea l'esule vate
 Nella memoria del natio paese.
 In una man tu vedi
 Segno del suo poter, frutto onde viene
 Refrigerio alla sete, e l'hai concetto
 O sol, che scaldi al tuo Poeta il petto.
 E l'altra man gravata
 Da volume severo;
 Vi sta come in tesoro accumulata
 Lunga ricchezza dell'uman pensiero."

I cannot but say, that I think the translation but
 a flat and disappointing rendering of the original—
 even though the translator be the author of 'Gio-

vanni da Procida,' and 'Arnaldo da Brescia.' I
 am sure, however, your readers must agree with
 me in admiring the English stanzas I have sent
 them; and so, Mr. Editor, abuse me as little as
 may be for the length of my epistle, and farewell.

PARIS, Dec. 16th, 1845.

Here, as in England, literature has for some
 time past been in a state of decadence. It is re-
 duced chiefly to cheap reprints, in post 8vo., illus-
 trated books, and *feuilletons*. The taste for vol-
 umes illustrated with wood-cuts continues, and
 from illustrated editions of old and popular authors,
 the Parisian booksellers have proceeded to the
 publication of original works, compiled generally
 with an eye to the pictorial embellishments, more
 than to the elegance or excellence of the text. We
 may point out 'La Chine Ouverte,' by 'Old Nick'
 (M. Forgues), as an honourable exception. Ro-
 mantic literature has been, during several years,
 in a course of successive degeneracy. After the
 romances of Pigault Lebrun and Paul de Kock, a
 style of literature only fitted for grisettes and herb-
 women, came Balzac and Georges Sand, who wrote
 for fashionable society, and gained popularity
 by their equivocal morality. Still there was ge-
 nius of no ordinary character; and, at the same
 time, Hugo produced his splendid romance of 'No-
 tre Dame,' with the no less remarkable creations of
 fancy, 'Bug-jargal,' and 'Hans d'Ielande;' and Al-
 fred de Vigny gave a good specimen of the histo-
 rical romance in his 'Cinq Mars.' Things are
 now, however, no longer the same. Cheap litera-
 ture and the romance of the *feuilleton*, have struck
 a death-blow at the dignity of literary composi-
 tion; and the only object of a novel writer of the
 present day, is to make a romance which will
 stretch through the greatest possible number of dai-
 ly journals. There are now more than sixty ro-
 mance writers of this class, most of whom scarcely
 deserve the honour of being named. Alexander
 Dumas, who is writing *five or six romances at this*
same time, a portion of each of which appears eve-
 ry morning in one of as many newspapers, is still
 the best of these prolific gentlemen. His writings
 have always a certain charm, which distinguishes
 them from those of his rivals in the same line.

The taste for historical literature and archæolo-
 gy, which flourished so much a few years ago, has
 been considerably broken up by political and re-
 ligious controversy. Two great questions are now
 agitating the minds of the learned—that of the Je-
 suits, in which figure pre-eminently the names of
 Michelet and Quinet, and that of the university,
 caused by the abolition of the *conseil royal*, by the
 minister of public instruction, M. de Salvandy. In
 England you can hardly form an idea of the agita-
 tion created here by the controversy relating to the
 Jesuits. It is this question which has interrupted
 the historical labours of Michelet, while the com-
 plicated affairs of the state have entirely robbed the
 world of letters of the historical labours of Guizot;
 although this enlightened minister loses no oppor-
 tunity of encouraging and rewarding, in his offi-
 cial capacity, the historical labours of others. The
 'Revue Nouvelle,' which exhibits a decided par-

* The newly-discovered portrait has, in one hand
 a book, and in the other a postregamato flower.

tiality for historical articles, is understood to have been started, and to be carried on under his patronage. The government historical committee is proceeding rapidly, *tant bien que mal*, with its large series of historical documents. Augustin Thierry is actively preparing his great work on the history of the 'Tiers État,' or middle classes; while Mignet is preparing, on an equally extensive scale, for his no less important 'History of the Reformation.'

Archæology is also undergoing its vicissitudes. For several years the Parisian press teemed with valuable publications, illustrative of the literature and history of France in the middle ages. For the last two or three years the study of a less important, though in some respects a more pleasing, class of historical monuments—architecture and mediæval art—has obtained an undue preponderance, and swamped the taste for pure historical research. A reaction is now taking place. Even among archæologists, the exaggerated taste (or rather fashion) for mediæval architecture is rapidly losing its ground; while some of the best of the philological and historical scholars are preparing to renew the publication of literary documents, almost entirely interrupted during the last three or four years. M. Jubinal, one of the cleverest and most active of the French antiquaries, is founding a society for the publication of early French poetry, &c., somewhat on the plan of the English Percy Society. M. Jubinal is also busily occupied in preparing a new series of his fine work on Spanish amour. The Comte Auguste de Bastard continues with spirit, his superb work on the illuminations of the middle ages, towards which the French government has subscribed during the last eight or ten years 2000*l.* annually, in addition to which M. de Bastard is said to have expended not much less than 10,000*l.* of his own property. It is said that two copies only of this work have yet reached England, and I am informed that the poor spirit which characterizes the management of the British Museum has proscribed this work from that establishment, on the ground that it is too expensive. M. Didron, who may be considered as the head of the modern archæological school in this country, is doing much towards spreading a just and correct taste for antiquities, by the monthly publication of his '*Annales Archéologiques*,' the cheapest and best work of this class that has yet appeared.

To turn from the serious to the gay, I will add a word or two on the theatres of this capital. I am obliged to say of this as of the rest, *rien de capital et de bon depuis longtemps*. In consequence of the entrance of M. Buloz, *directeur* of the '*Re-*

vue des Deux Mondes' to the Théâtre Français, first as commissaire royal, and then as directeur and commissaire royal at the same time, the great composers Dumas, Scribe, and Hugo, have deserted it. Buloz is a man of great honour and probity, but very illiterate, and rude and stiff in his manners. When a new piece does not please him, instead of refusing it politely, he tells the author naively, but honestly: '*Monsieur, votre pièce est détestable; nous n'en voulons pas.*' He has, however, given so many proofs of his incapacity for the management of the first theatre in Paris, that were it not for the talent and attractions of Made-moiselle Rachel, the Théâtre Français would inevitably be deserted. The chief promoters of the modern French drama, Hugo and Dumas, have been obliged to take shelter, one in the Chamber of Peers, and the other in the Ambigu Comique. In fact, Dumas, whose talent is of the highest class, has become the comic writer of the populace, in a theatre frequented chiefly by men in blouses, where the good folks of the galleries, in order to make sure of places, go two or three hours before the regular time of opening, carrying their dinners along with them, which they eat during the *entre-actes*, and throw the fragments on the heads of the good folks of the *parterre*. The great attraction at this theatre, at the present time, is the '*Mousquetaires*,' a piece remarkable for its absurdity, but taken from a famous romance by Alexander Dumas, published in the *feuilletons* of the '*Siècle*,' and of such an extraordinary length that, continued daily, the publication of the whole lasted during three years. But as it is, it is said that Dumas will clear by this drama alone, not less than 50,000 francs. The drama, in one respect, is an imitation of the romance, inasmuch as the performance begins at six o'clock, and ends at midnight, it being the only piece acted, and it is expressly announced on the bills, that the *entre-actes* shall not last more than ten minutes!

We learn that Mr. Leach, the translator of Müller's '*Introduction to the Greek Mythology*,' intends shortly to publish a translation of the same author's '*Archæology of Art*.' We trust that the success of these works will be such as to induce Mr. Leach to translate all those works of Müller that have not yet appeared in English.

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THE
FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

VOLUME XXXVII.

APRIL AND JULY, 1846.

AMERICAN EDITION.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

112 FULTON-STREET.

1846.

THE
FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. LXXIII.

FOR APRIL, 1846.

ART. I.—*Queen Isabella II.'s Speech to the Cortes of 1846.*

THERE is, we believe, a sect in this country which still puts faith in human perfectibility, and teaches that we have all of us long been on the high road to angelic completeness. It is just within the limits of possibility that it may be right: Godwin, if we remember well, had a notion of that sort, and there are sundry gentlemen beyond the Atlantic, encouraged by the high state of morals in Pennsylvania and other repudiating states, who re-echo the sentiments of the perfectionists on this side of the water.

If diligently sought for, more than one philosopher of this school might, no doubt, be found also in Spain, where things have been wearing so promising an aspect for the last century or so. The rare merit of the theory of perfectibility is, that it is founded on experience.

All history shows that men were exceedingly demoniacal at their first starting on this globe, and that they have gone on improving their tempers and their practices from that day to this, so that at present there is scarcely an ounce of the old man left in them. There are no tyrants or cannibals in the world now. None who persecute for conscience sake, no thirst of conquests, no appetite for war or bloodshed. We all of us sit down under our vines and under our fig-trees, and there is no such thing as faction or an union workhouse in the land. Gentlemen in white waistcoats legislate for us, gentlemen in hair-cloth shirts preach to us at the universities, and take charge of our ethical habits, and determine the relations in which we are hence-

forward to stand to the Bishop of Rome. Clearly we have very few steps to take to reach that supercelestial state towards which the advocates of perfectibility assure us we are hastening; a state in which there will be no circulating libraries, in which gentlemen will buy books for themselves and read them; the millennium of printers and paper-makers, the holiday of soldiers, the long vacation of lawyers.

Meanwhile, there is a slight jarring of the system in Spain, where General Narvaez, the Pythagoras of the Peninsula, has for some time been endeavouring to inculcate into the press the necessity of preserving a five years' silence. He considers free discussion a very pernicious thing, and objects to juries, because they are apt to take views of political errors and delinquencies somewhat different from those of the government. There was a time when similar fancies possessed gentlemen in office here, in our own island, though they had exceedingly few converts among the people. There is therefore progress, it may be said, or, in other words, a tendency towards perfection.

We fancy the human race very much resembles a traveller, who progressing perpetually has sometimes to traverse long level plains, steppes or downs, and sometimes to climb steep acclivities, or to ascend the pinnacles of mountains; but sometimes also, when he has got up as high as he can go or as there is a rock or a glacier to stand upon, it becomes his duty, painful or pleasant as the case may be, to descend, to plunge into sombre valleys or toil drearily along over morasses and swamps. Civilisation, at its best, cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. It is the greatest possible mistake to

suppose that man is as yet an unhatched perfectibility, and that he will by and by break his shell, put forth a powerful pair of wings, and soar away after some transcendental fashion into what Mr. Shelley calls the 'intense inane.' At all events the upholders of this notion act so as to excite in us but little hopes; they philosophise as the witch repeats her prayers—backwards, and imagine that the best means of fitting us for mounting upwards is to strip our nature of everything ethereal and spiritual.

Our own opinion is, that modern society does not intend to climb much higher. It seems to be rapidly becoming practical, to be surrounding itself with conveniences, in one word, to be making itself comfortable,—a temper of mind highly adverse to ambitious speculation. Nations which look up the plane of possibility, which contemplate a high and distant level, and are resolved to reach it, gird up their loins and prepare for a struggle. They think little of ordinary enjoyments, present or prospective. Their delight is in intellectual and moral activity, in building up systems of philosophy or government, in subduing the actual by the speculative, in mounting over the steps of their own theories to the loftiest regions of thought. But throughout Christendom humanity is evidently in the attitude of Lot's wife. It regrets the circle of traditions, emotions, creeds, and philosophies out of which it has blundered, and longs passionately to re-enter it. We live in an age of re-actions. But as time never retraces its steps, so neither can mankind. In endeavouring to reproduce what formerly existed, they are impelled by irresistible principles into something new, inferior, or superior to what has been, but not at any rate the same.

With respect to Spain, the great point of interest is to ascertain, if possible, whether its progress towards constitutional freedom is to be pacific or bloody, or, in other words, whether moral objects are to be affected by moral and intellectual means, or by exhibitions of physical force, and a perpetual cycle of revolutions. Some appear to think, that because the action of society has there for many years past been greatly disturbed, we are to look for a constant recurrence of the same phenomena. It may be, however, that it has now passed through the period of turbulence and anarchy, and entered upon that of repose. Many features in the aspect of the country would appear favourable to this conclusion. The masses seem weary of violence, of *pronunciamentos*, of bootless insurrections, of street fights and fierce personal struggles in coffee-houses. They have made the discovery that little is to be gained

by such doings. No thanks to Narvaez, or Senor Pidal, or Senor Mon, or the Bank of San Fernando. The tranquillity of the present period is the offspring of events, as was the confusion of that which preceded it. General Espartero and his colleagues were the martyrs of circumstances. They aimed at bestowing institutions on Spain, but failed; because the passions of the people kindled by civil war could not be suddenly allayed or reduced to order.

Should matters in the Peninsula take a fortunate turn, infinitely more credit will be given to the Narvaez administration than it has any claim to. Since its accession to power, which took place under very peculiar circumstances, no formidable attempt has been made to renew the state of anarchy, not so much owing to the unsparing policy of the government, which, however, has evinced its determination to purchase quiet at any sacrifice, as owing to a new turn taken by the public mind. The fierier and more destructive passions had burnt themselves out, and whoever had remained in power, or succeeded to it, the effect had been nearly the same. After the exhaustion of the public and private resources of the country, the necessity of renewing them was universally felt, so that the minds of all classes were turned towards commerce and industry. They perceived that while they were knocking each other in the head the rest of Christendom was enriching itself, submitting new lands to the plough, calling forth fresh harvests, building new factories, constructing new ships, founding new colonies, or establishing new institutions calculated to promote public prosperity. The knowledge of these facts slowly surmounted the Pyrenees, or stole in with contraband cotton goods over the sea-board of Andalusia. Among other revolutions there was then effected a revolution of opinion, which, at the outset, enabled the moderados to triumph over their rivals, but in the end will prove fatal to their power.

Up to this moment the Spaniards have entertained but crude notions of civil government. When they had an absolute king they thought it their duty to practise the most complete abnegation of self, to deposit their estates, and even their reputations, at the foot of the throne, and, with a sort of practical idolatry, to worship the prince. All Spanish history may be regarded as a realization of this feeling. The proudest nation in Europe was of nothing so proud as of its complete subjection to the throne, which by degrees undermined its energy, corrupted its morals, extinguished all love of industry, and gave universal currency to

a barbarous taste for display and gross physical excitement. When the state had, through these means, been reduced to the lowest pitch of weakness and degradation, a reaction took place, monarchy became the object of general aversion, and the secret of national prosperity was sought for in the opposite extreme of that which had once been regarded as the supreme good.

Hence the rise of the republican party, which supposed that society could be turned inside out, like a coat, and that names were a sort of talisman, which could effect miracles by mystical processes, unknown to political science. The leaders of this party in Spain, as everywhere else, were generally honest and able men, who, deeply versed in theory, sometimes disdained to study the occasions and modes of its application. They refused to believe that political constitutions are slower of growth than the oak, that they are but the complete expression of the national character, that they are planted in a country with the first germ of its population, and that though they may at different times assume different phases, they are essentially, among any given people, one and the same, till the utter extinction of nationality.

Still, whatever degree of freedom Spain may hereafter enjoy, she will be indebted for it to the republican party, who, though they aimed at too much, actually created something. They infused into the public mind the belief that the Spanish monarchy, like an old house, required to be pulled down and put up again; and if they had been chosen to superintend the operation, and could have freely acted according to their own plan, would have taken care it should have had more than one chimney.

But the elements of political change are seldom homogeneous in any country. If there was in one quarter a powerful tendency towards democracy, in another there was a counteracting impulse, and the result was a compromise, a recognition of the popular principle, a limitation of the royal prerogative, in one word, a sort of constitution, which, however imperfect, was rather in advance of the age.

It is now a matter of the utmost difficulty to discover the condition of the public mind in Spain. We cannot trust safely to the interpretation which may appear to be given by events. These are rather the result of material forces, more or less nicely balanced, than of that curious and delicate mechanism of thought which the leading statesmen and politicians of the country have been endeavouring to introduce, and on which we bestow the name of public opinion. Neither, unfortunately, can we trust to those who

have travelled there and undertaken to report on the existing state of things, their wishes being much too obviously the parents of their theories. Few minds are sufficiently capacious to take in all the multiplied relations of a great people. Still fewer are capable of basing a sort of divination on their experience, and foretelling what is to be from what is. We approach the subject with diffidence. Own own leanings and partialities are all on the side of freedom, and therefore, when we desire to satisfy ourselves respecting the future destiny of any people, our hopes are apt to preponderate over our fears. It must not, however, be dissembled that there exists in the case of Spain many causes of apprehension, and that the most patient, laborious, and conscientious inquiry may possibly lead to a too favourable conclusion, when the tendencies of the mind are such as we confess ours to be.

In the process of regenerating a people, there is work for all classes of statesmen, and all kinds of administrations. Without, therefore, believing in the doctrine of political necessity, or imagining that certain men are born to effect certain purposes and no others, we may affirm, upon the whole, that as Espartero was well fitted to manage the public affairs of Spain during a certain critical period, so Narvaez is aptly qualified to remain in the ascendant during another phase of public opinion, in its nature, perhaps, transitory. The Progresista party, though essentially popular in its principles, had highly unpopular work to perform; for while a great majority of the Spanish people were vehement Papists, swayed by all the prejudices of Romanism, and habitually directed by their clergy, it was found necessary for the promotion of national prosperity to take measures highly unpalatable to the pope, as well as to the great body of the clergy. The partizans of the movement in Spain would appear to be situated nearly as the commonwealth's men were in England, during the contest for liberty under Charles I. Possessing superior knowledge, superior principles, and superior personal character, they are yet inferior in the essential requisite of numbers, and are disliked by the many, because the cure of the state is not to be effected without occasioning considerable pain and discomfort. They took the lead for a time, because, as a party, they displayed more intelligence and greater energy than their opponents, but were overthrown, because, by undertaking church reform, they enlisted against them the prejudices of the majority, and even appeared to be inimical to religion itself. It is not at

all improbable, moreover, that being accidentally placed in opposition to the Church, they may in some instances have misunderstood the necessities of their position, and have really become irreligious from imagining that it was requisite for the antagonists of the clergy to be so. At any rate, we discover in this antagonism the weak point of the Progresistas, who have now discovered their error, and, yielding to their natural impulses as Spaniards, have reconciled themselves to the Church, and are seeking to work in conjunction with it.

Nor is there any reason to doubt the sincerity of their reconciliation. From the very nature of things, the advocates of political progress are impassioned and imaginative, prone to subtle theorising, addicted to speculation, and more inclined to seek their happiness in the worship of abstractions, in gratifying the sense of duty in the lofty domains of ideal truth, than in the bleak and chilly mazes of scepticism. To all such men religion is a necessity and an enjoyment, not, however, the religion of shows and ceremonies, not a literal faith in arbitrary creeds, but that high, poetical, spiritual belief, which burns like a pure flame upon the loftiest summits of the intellectual world, and lights up the interspace between earth and heaven. No men have so much need of religion as the votaries of popular institutions. All the force of worldly principles is with their enemies. Power has an affinity with power. Church establishments may support despotism, but religion never does or can. It is the last resource of the oppressed, the comfort of the afflicted, and persecuted. It takes refuge at the hearth of the poor, travels from cottage to cottage, sits on the highway with the beggar, accompanies the victim to his dungeon, stands beside him on the scaffold, supporting and strengthening his soul under all trials, the greatest as well as the least.

We say then that the Progresistas in Spain must be a religious party; though it may be long before the Roman Catholic clergy become friendly to them. Still some steps have already been taken towards so desirable a consummation. The secret of the Moderados has transpired. It has been discovered that they are a cold, calculating faction, inimical at heart to the Church, not because it is the depository of doctrines which when properly understood are hostile to their principles, but because it stands up as the rival of the state, for the affections and resources of the country.

Narvaez and his colleagues are far more unfriendly to the pope than the Progresista leaders ever could be. It is only because

the queen's Camarilla is a sort of petty vestibule of the Vatican, that they consent to hold communication with His Holiness. They are possessed, no less than their predecessors, by the conviction that the clergy must submit to reformation before there can be any internal peace for Spain; that they must be subjected to a double discipline, that, in the first place, of involuntary poverty, which by degrees may possibly bring them to their senses; and secondly, that of education, the expense of which must be defrayed by the State. To be really useful in his calling, the priest must pamper less his appetite, and cultivate infinitely more his intellectual faculties and the affections of his heart. He must cease to be a gross worshipper of the table and the bottle, and familiarise himself with that practice which 'with gods doth diet.' He must be poor in spirit as in purse, the friend and companion of the indigent, the lowly inhabitant of a lonely dwelling. He must rescue his divinity from the worms, and once again pore diligently over those pages, into which neither he nor his predecessors can truly be said to have looked for centuries. No body of men ever stands in so invidious a light as that of a priesthood squabbling for temporalities. It is impossible to ward off from it, under such circumstances, the blighting suspicion of hypocrisy, the fear that the golden key of the Scriptures is only used to unlock the treasury of mammon, and that little appetite is felt for those riches which are laid up 'where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through or steal.'

We have said that the Moderados look with no kindness either towards Rome or the clergy, and it is equally certain that His Holiness is of this opinion, for which reason the mission of Senor Castillo y Ayense has hitherto been productive of little fruit.

It is true that Maria Christina, like many other personages of corrupt manners, is ready to do penance for sensual indulgences by the grovelling practices of superstition. Having nearly exhausted the irregular pleasures of this world, and, in the intemperate pursuit of them, weakened her understanding, never too strong, she now fancies that the road to Paradise lies between files of priests and monks, and that the odour of incense and the sonorous chantings of the mass will be accepted in lieu of the perfume of a good life and the harmonies of virtuous deeds. The court, therefore, is a mixture of frivolity and fanaticism, of trivial shows and mechanical austerities, regarded with supreme contempt by every member of the cabinet. Narvaez is a careless and dissipated

man, who has no serious thought, save how he may rise in the world; Martinez de la Rosa is a French philosopher, who looks upon the Church as a necessary part of the state machinery, and the clergy as convenient instruments; and M. Mon is a pragmatic economist, whose highest speculations never rise above questions of revenue, whose whole creed is comprehended in his new scheme of finance, and who, probably, watches with more anxiety the operations of the Bank of San Fernando, than the growth of piety or upright principles among his countrymen.

One little trait in the history of this precious cabinet deserves to be mentioned, not as being calculated to illustrate its serious opinions or tendencies, but as betraying the innate frivolity of its leading members. All the world is familiar with the sad condition of Spain for many years past; with the frequency of its sanguinary revolutions; with the unsettling, through the whole extent, of the very foundations of society. If it possessed any statesmen, therefore, alive to the duties of their place, solicitous to heal the wounds which a protracted anarchy had inflicted, they would assuredly apply themselves in the first instance to the grave necessities of the times; and afterwards, when they had composed the troubles of the kingdom, restored the finances, re-established public credit, and reconciled class with class, would probably bestow some attention on those arts which constitute the most graceful ornaments of a tranquil and flourishing state. But Narvaez and his colleagues, taking an original view of these matters, fancied it would argue superior serenity of mind, to be able, in the midst of political convulsions, to meditate on the correct orthography of the Spanish language. They accordingly published a sage decree on this subject, directing the instructors of youth to watch over the spelling of their pupils, and to see that they conformed in so grave an affair to the rules of the academy. If they neglected this duty, they were to be deprived of their diplomas. With authors, whether philosophers or political economists, or poets, or novelists, or journalists, they did not interfere. These refractory, but unimportant classes, were abandoned to the error of their ways. If they spelled wrong, it was their own fault, and they must abide the consequences. But in the case of students it was wholly different; they were to be examined with peculiar severity, not only by the commission of public instruction, but by the political chief of Madrid. This brilliant idea must, we think, have originated with Senor Mar-

tinez de la Rosa, who has brought all the pedantry of a dramatic coxcomb into the gravest affairs of state. He fancied, no doubt, that ruin was impending over his valuable works, and that it could only be averted by interesting the government of the country in the great question of orthography. Possibly he may have dreaded the revolutionary spirit in the serious business of style. Swift, we know, during the excitement and uncertainty of Queen Anne's reign, addressed a letter to Lord Oxford, expressing his deep anxiety, lest the English language should fall to pieces for want of an academy. But Spain is not in this predicament; it has enjoyed the rare advantage of which Swift regretted our being deprived; and yet has, we find, been visited by so great a confusion in the matter of orthography, that serious apprehensions have come at length to be entertained, lest the most important public documents should cease to be intelligible.

But enough of this: the Narvaez ministry has a dim perception of the truth, that ignorance lies at the root of all the recent troubles in Spain, but in attempting to remedy the evil, has thought proper to begin at the wrong end. What the Spaniards require to be taught is, that nations cannot possibly be regenerated by the mere exercise of physical force, and that it is altogether useless to overthrow even a bad government, unless you know how to set up something better in its place. We by no means maintain that nations are never to take up arms against their oppressors, and engage in civil wars. It is, on the contrary, our firm conviction, that of all wars, civil wars are generally the most just, though infinitely the most terrible. All we would insist on is this, that the leaders of parties ought never to plunge their countrymen in civil strife, before they have calmly and deliberately convinced themselves, that there exists no other means of establishing or restoring public liberty. Spain is the slave of instinct and impulse. She finds herself uneasy, and is persuaded that bad government is the cause of her discomfort. She, therefore, puts forth her energies, gathers together her populations, arms them with mortal instruments, precipitates them against each other, overthrows the men in power, and obliterates all traces of their errors or their crimes with blood.

A free stage is thus produced. A brilliant opportunity for starting *de novo*, but where are the statesmen? Where are their enlightened supporters? Where are the legislators? Where are the firm, honest, and patriotic electors? Alas! nowhere!

Spain has them not. The dreadful cycle, therefore, of misrule, discontent, agitation, insurrectionary movements, civil wars, revolutions, is always in progress, and the fruit we see before us, in the utter demoralization of the country. Still misfortune is a school, as well to nations as to individuals, and afflictions and disasters shed by degrees a bitter enlightenment upon the mind. Under these stern instructors, the Spanish people would appear to have profited something, even though they should only have made the discovery, that acts of violence do not necessarily lead to freedom, but may, under certain circumstances, prove rather the harbinger of despotism.

Endeavouring to conjecture the character of the future from the past, we are led to think it probable that there will not soon again be a general breaking up of the established order of things in Spain. Attempts may be made, and partial troubles may arise, but it would very greatly surprise us to behold the Peninsula traversed again by hostile Spanish armies, each representing a particular theory of government. The attachment to families and dynasties, which is almost indestructible, because it springs rather from instinct than from reason, may yet occasion civil wars, though there would seem to exist among all ranks a considerable abatement of dynastic fanaticism. Nevertheless, it cannot be quite safe to reason upon the movements of a people among whom loyalty develops itself in so extravagant a manner as it does in Spain. No feeling is so dangerous and objectionable as this, because none is so liable to abuse. Men glory in committing acts of folly, in proof of their attachment to princes, which, instead of entitling them to the respect of the rational part of their species, ought to render them the subjects of unmitigated scorn. It is quite right to treat with respect the first magistrates of a free state, if they conduct themselves in an honest and upright manner; but it is beyond measure silly and absurd to suffer that respect to assume an impassioned character. In politics there should be no passion whatsoever, save the love of liberty; everywhere the parent of whatever is excellent or noble in human institutions.

Loyalty too frequently resembles the attachment of the canine race for man, not being eradicated by ill usage, or contempt, or the incessant assumption of superiority. It is, consequently, the most degrading of all feelings. It places one class of persons below the proper level of humanity, in order to place others above it. It can properly, therefore, have no existence in constitu-

tional states, where, in order to be an object of affection, the sovereign must habitually display good and popular qualities; or, in other words, deserve the attachment which he inspires. In Spain it is not so. They who are interested in reviving the puerile devotion of the people to the old monarchy, seek by all manner of trivial arts to invest the person of Isabella II. with a net-work of political superstition. When she appears on the Prado of Madrid, all the ladies rise in their carriages, all the gentlemen stand uncovered. This may, by some writers, be traced to the old fantastic gallantry of the Spanish people, and on that ground justified. But we cannot admit such a defence. If this kind of civil idolatry were paid only to a queen, we might be induced to tolerate it as significative of the homage paid by strength to feminine gentleness. It is not so, however. Had Spain a king, the same ceremonies would be practised, the same devotion felt or affected. It is not to the woman, therefore, but to the wearer of the crown; not to the sex, but to the situation, that the compliment is paid.

Again, when the young Queen of Spain goes to the theatre, through what an ordeal is she compelled to pass! We have not the vanity to suppose that our own queen ought to be set up as a model for the imitation of all other princes upon earth; but in these questions of state, and parade, and show, we think they might most of them profit considerably by observing what she does. For example, when she goes to the theatre, we believe she would gladly be permitted to enjoy the spectacle like any other lady, without being every now and then saluted with the national air, and compelled to rise and bow, and return the salutes of the audience, till what was meant for pleasure is converted into a mere toil. Princes should be suffered to taste the same quiet, harmless enjoyments as other people; to pass unnoticed through the street, to appear unnoticed at the theatre, or on the race-course, or wherever else they go in search of amusement. If they act so as to deserve the affection of the people, they will be sure to discover they are beloved by a thousand silent tokens, by the air of satisfaction, and looks of delight exhibited by the people wherever they appear. Noisy demonstrations, hurrahs, *vivas*, are as deceptive as they are ridiculous, since they would be as profusely lavished on a Caligula or a Nadir Shah, as on an Alfred or a Victoria.

One nation, it is true, is seldom competent to pass judgment on the practices of another. We are cold, moreover, here in the north; in us reason predominates. We cal-

culate, we institute laborious comparisons. We weigh our opinions in a balance, we enter philosophically into the *rationale* even of our dissipations. Not so in the south; there, habitually, impulse is the incentive to action, for which reason they have more need than we of well-organized institutions. We could govern ourselves almost without a central government, being political animals, as it were, by nature. To us, public business stands in the place of all other amusement. We are sufficiently entertained by the art of governing ourselves, and take more interest in a parliamentary debate, than in the finest drama, or in any other work of art; we have, in fact, made the great discovery that the government of a state is the noblest of all arts, the most intensely interesting of all occupations, and as we become absorbed by it, grow indifferent to amusements of every kind. This is the reason of the neglect into which the stage has fallen in England, together with almost every other variety of public entertainment. Thousands upon thousands rush to Covent Garden to hear speeches on political economy, whom the ability of the greatest actor could not tempt to spend a shilling or walk a hundred yards. Nay, to share in the gratification of political excitement, even for a few hours, men travel to London from the remotest corners of the empire in the midst of frost and snow, and all the inclemencies of the winter. Just so has it always been in free states.

Hitherto, however, Spain has exhibited but little of this taste, though, from many indications, there appears to be good ground for hoping that she is now in the act of acquiring it. She throws less intensity than formerly into her passion for bull-fights, and even into the milder madness of the stage, which will probably long survive the grosser and more animal enjoyment of the arena. Yet the good people of Madrid seem quite intoxicated with joy when their little queen condescends to share with them the recreations of the theatre, and express their rapture by throwing forth garlands of flowers from their boxes, and letting loose doves and other birds, adorned with bunches of ribands, to flutter through the open spaces of the building, and be caught perhaps by some enthusiast in pit or gallery. Among the worshippers of pleasure of former ages, a similar practice prevailed, only among them the birds thus let loose were sprinkled with fragrant essences, which, by fluttering to and fro, they diffused agreeably through the air.

Another practice which the Moderados seem anxious to establish is that of con-

secrating in their families the portrait of the queen, among those of the saints of the Roman Catholic calendar. Possibly Isabella II. may be quite as worthy of admiration as many of those saints, though if her canonization were proposed, and we were required to perform at Rome the part of the devil's advocate in lieu of the reverend cardinal who on such occasions plays that part, we might possibly be able to point out some flaws in her character which would prevent the completion of the ceremony. She is indeed as yet too young to be either a saint or a sinner. But if she be the daughter of Maria Christina, whom she herself, by way of paying her a particular compliment, has made a colonel of dragoons, we can reasonably anticipate nothing very exemplary from her, being brought up as she is under the tutelage of that mother, and in the society of those profligates by whom during her whole life she has been surrounded.

Among the better meaning persons who had charge of Isabella during her childhood, there were some who deemed it advisable to inspire her with pity for the poor, and in the execution of this praiseworthy design gave proof of an ingenuity which deserves to be commemorated. It probably occurred to them that it might offend the senses of the royal child to be brought in contact with actual humanity, deformed, and rendered loathsome by the accidents of wretchedness. They therefore erected a cottage in the palace gardens of the *Buen Retiro*, and placed in it an inhabitant to co-operate in bringing to maturity the charitable feelings of Isabella. As she entered this lowly dwelling, she beheld by the dim light which pervaded it, a solitary wretch stretched on his pallet of straw. As she advanced reluctantly towards him, he made several ineffectual efforts to get up, either to implore her aid, or to thank her for the interest she seemed to take in him. But then, as through debility or sickness, he sank back upon his miserable bed and remained speechless. The exhibition must have been truly edifying. It was an automaton thrown into all the aforesaid attitudes by springs upon which her little majesty's feet pressed as she moved along the floor.

It is not stated to what party the authors of this valuable invention belonged, but they were probably Moderados of the same school with that celebrated preacher who refused to mention hell to ears polite. No doubt the effect on the child's mind was striking enough at first, especially if she had not previously been made aware of the nature of the dumb mechanism. But was real indigence so rare in the vicinity of the pa-

lace and throughout Madrid, as to compel the courtly teachers of the young queen to have recourse to so costly a representation? Would not the genuine hovel of some half-famished Castilian peasant have afforded her majesty as true and impressive a lesson? And might not the money laid out on this useless toy have been better spent even in indiscriminate charity? Surely there is a blight upon the dwellers in palaces which prevents their minds from ripening, and keeps them for ever in a state of crude infancy.

But there is no necessity to enlarge on the extravagances of the palace, to illustrate the nature of the state of things towards which the Moderados would lead back the Spanish nation. They have inscribed the characteristics of their system on the whole face of the country, in ruined towns and villages, in stormed cities, in battle fields, whitened by the bones of the dead. They have employed as their instruments the worst men to be found in the Peninsula, men to whom assassination is a pastime, who rejoice at beholding the streets and churches crowded with widows and orphans, and old men rendered childless by the sword. Yet, as generally happens, the great masters of cruelty have found imitators ambitious of practising on their masters the lessons learned from them. Thus assassins have frequently been found to post themselves at night along the streets of Madrid, under the porches of doors, and behind the pillars of churches—whence they have fired at Narvaez as he passed to the opera, riddled his carriage, and picked off some of his outriders and attendants, though hitherto without once touching his person. This is how parties advance their views in Spain. They have no time for arguments, for registering, canvassing, voting, for constitutional agitation, and years of parliamentary debate. They see the opponent of their schemes before them, and shoot him; or, missing their aim, are perhaps shot. The crime gives birth to revenge, and the victors of to-day are perhaps to-morrow victims; the courage of all parties being kept up by the number of deaths it is able to occasion, or of vengeance which it has on its hands.

A highly characteristic anecdote is related of one of the revolutionary chiefs, who still figure in the Cortés. Having been despatched by his province at the head of a small army to assist in besieging the central government in the capital, he found himself compelled, while yet at some distance, to halt and enter into negotiations. His force was weak, and likely to become weaker by

delay, unless he could hit upon some device for at once raising the courage of his followers, and justifying the confidence of those who intrusted him with command. He felt the necessity of a military execution, but knew not whom to execute, as there was not among his friends a single delinquent, and it was just then no easy task to get hold of one of the enemy. In this dilemma he bethought himself of a splendid stratagem. He invited the central government to send him an agent with whom to treat, and secretly resolved to seize him as soon as he should arrive, form his troops into a hollow square, and shoot him immediately, to keep up their spirits. Not being at all aware of his humane purpose, the ministers despatched a gentleman to his camp, and along with him a person who happened to be the friend of the energetic chief, a circumstance which entirely deranged the plans of the latter. For, notwithstanding his most pathetic entreaties, the general's friend would not consent to have the person for whose safety he was pledged, shot like a dog, in order to establish an influence wholly unintelligible out of Spain.

The tactics of this chief were by no means peculiar. Most of those who have found themselves in the possession of power, during the last thirteen years of confusion and anarchy, have sought to excite in themselves the consciousness of being somebody by putting other people to death. It is said that certain idiosyncrasies are gratified by sitting round a cheerful fire, and hearing the footsteps of less fortunate mortals trudging by in the splashing rain, or through the drifting snow. And so it appears to be with Spanish political adventurers, who never fancy themselves quite safe but when they are engaged in cutting off their enemies, or persons who might possibly ripen into enemies if left quietly in possession of their heads. The multiplication of enmities under the influence of such a system could not fail to be great. Every person in office must of necessity be the foe of many, not merely of those whom his party had ousted, but of those still more resolute and determined individuals whose friends and relations they had remorselessly sacrificed.

Whilst things are moving in this vicious circle, exhausting the moral energies and paralysing the material resources of the country, it cannot be matter of surprise that the middle classes should be nearly all of them Progresistas, ever ready and eager to engage in the work of revolution. The opinion of those, however, is quite erroneous, who imagine that the middle classes love revolution for its own sake. If they desire

to pull down, it is that they may build up more firmly. They may be weary of change, but they are still more weary of stagnation. By a sort of instinct implanted by Providence in man they perceive that the establishment of freedom is necessary to the success of industry, and hence they have been the enemies of every administration, with one single exception, that has been formed in Spain for many years past, and will be the enemies of every one that is formed till the rights of industry shall be properly recognized.

Scarcely an event has happened since the overthrow of Espartero which may not be adduced to prove the strong enmity of the middle classes of Spain to the Moderado party. The evidence of this truth is supplied by the population of all the great towns; for in Spain, as in England, the agricultural classes are centuries behind the rest of the community in enlightenment, and therefore attached to oligarchy. It is generally felt,—in the towns of course we mean—that for the proper development of its resources industry has need of freedom and tranquillity. The convention is unbroken, and is the same now as it was twelve years ago; but experience has taught it to make use of different tactics and different weapons. With the exception of Catalonia, where industrial activity and skill in manufacturing processes run hand in hand with political ignorance, all Spain appears now to be persuaded that oligarchy is to be combated and overcome by intellectual and not by physical weapons. In the production of this feeling the revolutions of Spain seem to have resulted, and they cannot therefore be said to have happened in vain. Even those members of the Narvaez administration whose studies have led them to bestow some attention on the interests of the national industry, have thereby been in some measure liberalised and set at variance with the military dictator and his thick and thin upholders. Mon and Pidal, possessing some administrative skill and knowledge of the relation in which all governments ought to stand towards the people, form a sort of opposition, as it were, in the cabinet, from which therefore they seem likely to be ejected.

Yet, like all other finance ministers, Mon is unpopular. He is necessarily the ring-leader in the war against the purse, and his manner of conducting operations is often to the last degree vexatious and arbitrary. An instance occurred in the beginning of the present year. In casting his eye over the whole frame-work of society to discover every chink through which reals might be made

to ooze, he observed the water-carriers of Madrid, and fancied that they had not been made to contribute enough towards the maintenance of Queen Isabella II. and her government. This laborious class of men is composed entirely of Gallicians who from time to time leave their rugged mountains and proceed to the capital, in the hope of realizing a little fortune by their brawny strength. They are in some sort the Bæotians of Spain, being as remarkable for the bluntness of their wit as for the herculean proportions of their frames. Nevertheless, if they are dull, they can boast of moral qualities for which the inhabitants of many other provinces would be glad to be equally celebrated. They are industrious and honest, and, therefore, whether as porters or water-carriers, generally contrive to earn a comfortable livelihood, save money, and return to their native mountains, where they spend the remainder of their days in comparative ease and independence.

Such are the Gallegos upon whom Senor Mon, in January last, fastened his financial fangs. The condition of this fraternity may serve to throw some light on the habits and manners of the people of Madrid. Into every house, great and small, they are allowed to enter unquestioned with their water-pails, to pass from court to court, and descend or mount according to the locality of the cisterns which it is their duty to fill. This privilege they obtain through the purchase of a license from government, which costs somewhere about twenty pounds. Until Senor Mon took their affairs into his hands, they were permitted to dispose of this license to their successors in the craft and mystery of water-carrying, and thus escape a loss which to such persons must be a heavy one. Mandeville long ago made the discovery that private vices are public benefits, and Senor Mon, with equal perspicacity, has descried the great truth, that the prosperity of a whole community is augmented by the oppression and ruin of its various parts, or something approaching very nearly to that consummation. He applied this to the water-carriers, and at once increased the price of their licenses, while he took away the right to dispose of them. His excuse was this: bad characters, he said, under pretence of desiring to supply their neighbours with water, purchased the licenses from the retiring Gallegos, and obtaining thus an entrance into the greatest houses, perpetrated there all manner of crimes. This single hint of the great finance minister throws open a world of mystery to the imagination. Fancy a man in possession of a Gallego's license, and determined

to make the most of it in such a city as Madrid. The ring of Gyges itself could hardly lay open to daring villany a wider field of operations. We trust some of our novelists, who have long been woefully in want of new materials for their fictions, will act upon the suggestion here thrown out, and be very careful not to make the slightest allusion to us.

With respect to the water-carriers, being impatient of impression, yet thoroughly ignorant of all political manœuvres, they determined to have recourse to a very extraordinary form of *Pronunciamento*. They piled up their pails, and sitting still with folded arms, resolved to kill the Madrilenas with thirst. For whole days the fountains were unvisited, the cisterns unfilled. No coffee could be made, no lemonade manufactured. The lips of the prettiest Madrilenas began to look parched and dry, and crowding round their husbands and fathers, with many soft imprecations against Senor Mon, they besought them to appeal to the humanity of the Gallegos, and entreat them not to extinguish all the beauty of Spain at once. The gentlemen adopted a different method. Instead of appealing to the feelings of the injured party, they went to the Corregidor, who, on their representation, published a *banda*, commanding the water-carriers immediately to return to their work on pain of fine and imprisonment. This produced the desired effect, the unfortunate mountaineers observing four of their companions seized and put in confinement by way of example, became terrified, and succumbed to authority, only muttering, as they resumed their labours, the ineffectual threat that they would enhance their charges.

While we were engaged in celebrating this great achievement of the Asturian financier, intelligence arrived that the cabinet of which he formed a part had been broken up, and for a reason which, if it be the true one, reflects much credit on Senor Mon. It has long been known that the Narvaez ministry was divided into two parties on the subject of the Trappani marriage, and that while Narvaez adopted the views of the court, and was favourable to the union of the uncle with the niece, Senors Mon and Pidal took a wholly different view of the matter, and agreed with a great body of the Spanish people in deprecating such an alliance. The court party has triumphed, and there has been a new distribution of offices, though without those accompaniments of riot and disturbance, which formerly were sure to occur on every change of administration. This circumstance bespeaks some improvement in the condition of Spain. At the

same time we must not omit to take into account one fact, which may go far towards explaining it, without presupposing any material advance in civilisation. Hitherto the principal agents of insurrection have been those multitudes of *empleados* who, thrown out of employment by each successive cabinet, have immediately swelled the ranks of the disaffected; and while their wounds were yet fresh and smarting, have incited them to acts of violence. As the ministers now going out and coming in, belong equally to the Moderado faction, and have, therefore, for the most part, the same dependants and adherents, there no longer exists any particular necessity for a complete change of underlings. The disturbance, therefore, of the upper strata in the political world does not always unsettle its foundations, and ministries are formed or dissolved without occasioning a revolution.

It may be necessary to touch briefly on the circumstance which has nominally thrown General Narvaez out of office, though his influence at court remaining undiminished, and his appointment to be generalissimo of all the forces of Spain giving him more power than ever, he may again become minister whenever he pleases; and will irresistibly sway the decisions of whomsoever may happen to fill that post. All Europe is of course aware that the little Queen of Spain, though still almost a child, requires to be married; which, according to the views taken of such matters by the wisdom of our age, is a thing that ought to interest the whole civilized world. Its consequences, in fact, may produce much good or harm. Maria Christina has a brother in the kingdom of Naples, who, under the name of the Count di Trappani, has of late been frequently mentioned in the journals. Of his character we have been able, after the most diligent inquiry, to learn nothing. It is not exactly known whether he be tall or short, fair or brown, young or old. All that seems well ascertained is, that he is Christina's brother, and that she is desirous of marrying him to her daughter. People of strict morals may be startled by this design. But they should remember who and what Christina is; should recall to mind the incidents of her life, her history since the death of Ferdinand, her marriage with Munoz, and what preceded and followed it. After which their surprise will be considerably abated.

Christina has now one grand purpose to accomplish, which is despotically to sway the mind of her daughter, and through her to govern Spain. In childhood, she is said systematically to have subdued and weakened her mind, in order to ensure her own as-

cendency, and now she hopes to reap the fruits of that maternal policy. The Count di Trappani is, probably, an instrument whose stops she understands, and therefore she strenuously advocates his interests, in opposition to those of her nephew, Don Enrique, son of the Infante Don Francisco de Paula. The Moderados for the most part side of course with her, while the Progresistas, being more national in their feelings, are favourable to the pretensions of Don Enrique, who in politics, moreover, is said to have adopted their principles. Now without being Progresistas, Mon and Pidal were on this point agreed with them. Not, however, being able, from their position as ministers, openly to offer opposition to the court in their places in the Cortes, they are said to have incited others to do so. No doubt they look with apprehension on the unnatural alliance, and fear lest it should prove a source of many woes to Spain. Hence those altercations and contests in the cabinet, which led to its dissolution, and will probably exercise a powerful influence on the relations of parties in the legislature.

At present the opinions in the Cortes by no means represent those prevailing out of doors; the people, but more especially the middle classes, belong in nine cases perhaps, out of ten, to the liberal party; while in the Congress there is but one Progresista member, and in the Senate extremely few. So anomalous a state of things can scarcely be expected to last. Senor Orense, the Progresista, who stands alone in the Congress, feels himself supported by much more than his own individual strength, and when he speaks, evidently expresses the convictions of a great party. He knows that his words will produce an echo throughout Spain, for which reason he does not hesitate at times to set the whole government and Cortes at defiance, and give rise to scenes of tumultuous agitation, which would speedily prove fatal to him, but for the critical situation of the public mind throughout the country. The war of words which recently took place between Senor Orense and General Narvaez shows that the former is regarded as the representative of a party which may soon be dangerous. The triumph of the Moderados in the late election proves nothing, for when ministers have a point to carry, and can reckon confidently on the army, they coerce the various constituencies of the kingdom in the most audacious manner. Thus, on one occasion, at Badajoz, a whole battalion of soldiers was distributed among the voters, and compelled to bear down the public by its mercenary suffrages. Similar events are of perpetual recurrence;

there is no freedom of election in Spain. What is denominated the constitution, is as yet a mere contrivance for passing power from hand to hand, by a sort of decent juggle, which appears not to implicate the court, while it *seems* to consult the wishes of the people.

Senor Galeano, an apostate from the liberal cause, once disclosed in the Cortes the secret of Spanish parties. He acknowledged that the Moderados were attached to France, and acted under French influence, and this because, as he said, they were detested in England. He was mistaken. Our leanings are in favour of the Progresistas, because their opinions and policy appear to us better calculated than those of their political opponents, to bestow prosperity upon Spain. We do not detest the Moderados, we only differ from them in opinion. Of many of their practices it is impossible to approve. We cannot commend the zeal and activity with which they have fabricated conspiracies at Madrid in order to have a pretext for putting to death their political rivals. Nor can we praise the servility with which they have long been doing the work of France, to the detriment of their own country. To be pleased with such proceedings, would argue little conscience or judgment on our part. Both feeling and common sense imperatively require us to condemn them, not because they are hostile to Great Britain, since under certain circumstances that may be their duty, but because they are bad Spaniards. At the same time, we do not advocate their overthrow by violence. The Progresistas we trust will bide their time, and, wisely taking advantage of circumstances, gradually remove the ground from beneath the feet of their adversaries. Until this shall be effected, Spain must continue to be a very inferior power, despised by the rest of the world, as a pitiful appendage to the French monarchy. Its middle classes, however, seem to be bent on delivering it from this humiliating state of dependence. Even by Moderado members questions have lately been put in the Cortes which indicate how uneasily the French yoke sits upon the shoulders of Spain. The middle classes at length desire to have an industry of their own, a commerce, and a commercial navy of their own, and ships and steamers of war the property of Spain. In obedience to this national impulse, even the Moderado cabinet has consented to make an effort, and is having several steamers built in England. These, should Spain ever escape from her present state of tutelage, may form the nucleus of a future navy to be employed for or against us, according to cir-

cumstances. Meanwhile, we desire it to be most distinctly understood, that the people of this country would view with extreme satisfaction the revival of industry and the establishment of freedom in the Peninsula. We regard it without a particle of jealousy, standing as we do too high for rivalry, too far advanced in the race to be overtaken by any other people, unless we voluntarily relinquish our own advantages, and sit still while others make progress. Taken altogether, we cannot be the rivals of any people; our destinies are peculiar—we stand alone. Our very situation on the globe renders us the masters of its commerce. Our centre is everywhere, and our circumference nowhere. We are at home in our colonies, and our colonies as yet have no boundaries. They are spreading, they are acquiring strength, they are approximating towards each other, they may touch some day, and coalesce into one prodigious whole, the like of which it has not fallen to the lot of history to describe. From such a position it is quite impossible that we should look upon Spain with any other than a friendly eye. We desire to behold her flourishing and free, our friend, if possible, but at any rate her own friend, and not the slavish handmaid of another state.

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- ART. II.—1. *Jeanne. Suivi de Procope et Grand.* 2 vols. Bruxelles. 1844.
 2. *Isidora.* 1 vol. 1845.
 3. *Le Meunier d'Angibault.* 3 vols. 1845.
 4. *Teverino. Fantasie.* 1 vol. 1845.
 5. *Le Pêché de M. Antoine.* 2 vols. 1846.

We have been somewhat remiss with Madame Sand; and yet certainly from no disrespect to her. Having, about two years ago,* devoted a paper to an examination of her works, we thought that, in our efforts to keep pace with the rapid publications of the day, we might safely leave her new novels to trust to the magic influence of her name, and give our space to works less likely to force attention. But several inquiries having been made respecting what George Sand has written since '*Consuelo*,' we gladly undertake to answer them.

'*Jeanne*' is a story which has excited considerable differences of opinion. Some speak rapturously of its purity and ideality; others regard it as feeble. The cause of this, we take it, lies in the fact of its being the most Göthe-like story she has written.

By this epithet we do not mean to imply that the work resembles '*Wilhelm Meister*' or the '*Wahlverwandschaften*;' not in the least; We mean that it is Göthe-like in having so much *light* without *heat*. It is bright, but cold; clear, plastic, but unexciting. To certain critics, therefore, it will appear a *chef-d'œuvre*. To the generality of readers it must be a work easily read and as soon forgotten. For ourselves, greatly as we admire some portions, we must confess the second category is that in which we should place it; the more so as we too well know with what a witching pen George Sand can write—with what marvellous power she can join heat with light.

The character of Jeanne herself we conceive to be a failure. Madame Sand is peculiarly fond of painting chaste women; but the chastity of Jeanne is so completely identified with ignorance, that it ceases to be ideal, and sinks, in our estimation, into mere brute insensibility. We should as soon think of adoring a statue for its chastity as Jeanne. Where there is no passion to combat there is no honour in remaining pure. In fact, the ideal ignorance of Jeanne is a philosophical fiction, in which we see more fiction than philosophy. Ignorance in its *naïveté* may be touching; and when handled by such a consummate artist as our author, may be full of interest; but it is a serious mistake to idealise ignorance into grandeur. It cannot be dignified, it cannot be impressive, it cannot be enchanting. *Naïve*, it may be; and may awaken pity because of its helplessness; but in this very helplessness there is something which destroys all ideality.

'Jeanne' betrays not only a want of that profound truth which generally characterizes George Sand's creations, but also a want of that animation and passion which irradiate them. There is somewhat of languor in the style, very unusual with her; which may probably arise from the false conception she is struggling to make real; a suspicion which seems confirmed by the vigour of some of the scenes, in which secondary persons and real passions come into play. On the whole, '*Jeanne*' may be recommended as a work which even girls may read: it contains nothing to ruffle the most delicate fastidiousness, nothing to scandalize the most inquisitive '*propriety*.'

'*Isidora*' is rightly called a fragment. It is a careless affair; written probably for some *feuilleton*, and written in such haste, or with such carelessness, that no regard whatever has been paid to the most ordinary rules of construction. It begins by pretending to be extracts from two journals

* F. Q., No. LXVI.

kept by a poor, ambitious youth, who lives in a garret communing with his thoughts. This stale device is quickly forgotten, and the narrative pursues its course, as if nothing of the kind had preceded. By the time we get to the second part, the narrative changes again, and is no longer told by the hero, but by the author. All this without a word of explanation.

The careless novel reader little heeds such inadvertences; but the critic cannot shut his eyes to them; he is forced by other considerations to signalise them. This negligence, trivial in itself, is important as an indication of the state of literature. Of all the abuses of the press none need more vigilant repression than the growing irreverence of Art manifested by the 'Free Pencils,' all over Europe. To write much is daily becoming a greater ambition than to write well. The demand is for quantity. Instead of exquisite stories in one or two volumes, carefully meditated, slowly written, we are now confronted on all sides with stories sprawling over ten volumes, written recklessly—or rather not written at all, but *dictated*; in which plan, probability, characterisation have to shift for themselves: if they can be improvised, so much the better; if not, we must put up with the loss.

It is a bad state of things. Literature has for some time past been rapidly sinking into journalism; it is fast becoming periodically printed talk. Rapidity is consequently as valuable as genius. If this be true of serious literature—of politics, criticism, history, and philosophy, how much more strongly will the evil be felt in fiction? If the solid is to be frittered away, what fate awaits the light and frivolous? When thinkers waste themselves upon the journal or review, the novelists of course will fall a prey to the feuilleton. In France this is but too much the case. All the names, however great, are gradually appearing in the feuilleton. In England the same tendency manifests itself. It is enough to allude to the favourite practice of monthly publication, whether in magazines or in separate fragments. This is but another form of the feuilleton mania; and even this imitation would seem insufficient, since Dickens, Knowles, and James have recently taken to publish in newspapers.

The manifold evils of this hasty and piecemeal publication have been often pointed out; we shall not touch upon them here. Suffice it to say that some compensation is afforded by the steady perseverance of all men conscious of the dignity of literature and willing to uphold it; so that while on the one hand it is true that all the evils fre-

quently deplored do certainly exist in our current literature; it is, on the other hand, no less true, that at no period have more numerous or more important works appeared than those which are produced—if we except the great epochs in literature, which were great, because of the happy conjunction of several remarkable men. In this age of rapid writing there are men growing old over the composition of a single work. That truly monumental work, 'Mill's System of Logic,' occupied no less than fifteen years; to be sure as many years seem from all appearances likely to elapse, before any one will arise and grapple with it. Mr. Grote's 'History of Greece' has, we believe, been still longer in gestation. Twenty years were given to the elaboration of Mr. St. John's 'Hellenes.' Mr. Macaulay's 'History of England' has stolen many years of his active life. Carlyle's 'Cromwell' was certainly no hasty work. Lord Mahon's 'Life of Condé,' originally written in French, and his 'History of England,' do not belong to *la littérature facile*. Not to degenerate into the catalogue style, we may sum up with the assertion, that in spite of the countless 'gentlemen writing with ease,' there is also a goodly band of grave and earnest writers, ready to uphold the cause of sound literature, and to transmit examples to succeeding times.

If this be true, we owe the more honour to the select few, for their disdain of vulgar arts; and we must regret the more deeply any derogation from their high position. Such a regret oppresses us in the case of George Sand. Above all existing novelists, she is the last who should succumb. There is not one in any country, who can compete with her as an artist, or as a painter of passion and character. Few have had her deep and varied experience of life; none have had her power of portraying it. And she—placed by general consent at the head of French prose writers—she is to enter the list of the feuilleton against the *improvisatori* Dumas, Soulié, and Sue; the matchless author of 'Indiana,' and 'Lélia,' to cope with 'Le Comte de Monte Cristo,' 'Les Drames Inconnus,' and 'Le Juif Errant!' Genius to contend against dictation, when rapidity is the goal. Did Madame Sand ever ask herself what effect she could produce in the feuilleton? Did she ever consider how her exquisite style was thrown away in a journal, read so rapidly, that the style of Eugène Sue could suffice for it? Did she ever reflect that in those novels of hers, in which she pours forth that impassioned philosophy which she is so anxious should get a hearing, are wasted on a feuilleton, where

readers have only time to scramble through and glance at the story? Evidently the *feuilleton* is the last place she should choose; and hers is the last sort of talent to succeed there.

We have been lead into these remarks by the small fragment entitled '*Isidora*,' which is quite unworthy of its author, being nothing more than a reproduction of old materials. *Isidora* herself is a fusion of '*Lélia*' and '*Pulcherie*'—but somewhat feeble; and the hero is one of those pale aspiring young men, without character, without force, whom the author has recently taken an affection to, but for whom we have no respect, in spite of their love of poetry, their reveries, and their purity. Madame Sand has seldom been happy in her heroes. Hitherto almost all her well-drawn young men were rascals; her pencil seemed to delight in drawing women and old men; her lovers were heartless or weak; now they are drivellers. Pierre in '*Le Compagnon*' was a noble *prolétaire*; he was a man. Why does she not oftener draw such characters—she who can touch them with so unrivalled a pencil! Instead of this, we have now a melancholy pale-faced youth, dreaming of social regeneration, aspiring to an *ideal* state because he cannot fitly accommodate himself to the *real*; vague, reckless, discontented,—useless, coxcombical, unmanly. We feel no sort of sympathy with such sickly creatures, and very readily hand them over to one of Balzac's *femmes de trent ans*: they would form a pretty pair!

Let us add, however, that Madame Sand does not seem much to sympathize with them. Her better instincts constantly turn her elsewhere and force her, as it were, to ridicule her own creation. Thus in '*Le Meunier d'Angibault*,' Grand Louis is the real hero; the man after her heart; and in '*Le Pêché de M. Antoine*,' the effervescence of Emile is contrasted with the practical head of Cardonnet, and the patient calmness of Boisguibault. We should be happy to see these better instincts gaining complete predominance; for we are heartily tired of the dreamy ineffectual young gentlemen. Sténio was admissible, as a type: besides, he was a poet. But Sténio turned Humanitarian is fatiguing; or worse.

We had begun to despair of George Sand. The feebleness of the '*Comtesse de Rudoldstadt*,' and '*Jeanne*,'—the carelessness and nothingness of '*Isidora*,'—though all contained occasional passages such as no one else could pen—led us to suspect that the cry of 'George Sand has written herself out,' might not be one of envy, but of regret. Many were the moralizing reflections

this suspicion aroused in us; and we were beginning to accustom ourselves to this idea; for, said we, why should she not write herself out? has she not already presented an immense variety of characters—has she not given us the rich experience of a life, the profound thoughts of an extraordinary mind? The source must be dry some day; why not suppose it dry at present? Having consoled ourselves as we best could, there came '*Le Meunier d'Angibault*' to overthrow all our conclusions and once more to awaken our enthusiasm. How much of the rapture which this work roused may be owing to the force of contrast with the three preceding novels, we cannot determine; certain it is that in the '*Meunier*,' we recognized with delight the hand that wrote '*Valentine*,' '*Simon*,' '*Le Compagnon du Tour de France*;' which is not saying little.

'*Le Meunier d'Angibault*' has its scene laid in Le Berry: a spot which always inspires George Sand. In Le Berry she was brought up; and with its wild romantic scenery her thoughts were early imbued. The affection she bears the country, exercises a happy influence over her writings; and nowhere, except, perhaps, in speaking of Venice, does the witchery of her style exert a more potent spell, than in bringing before you the enchanting scenery of *la Vallée Noire*. It is then we would say, with Theocritus, that her music is more lulling than the sound of water flowing from a rock.* It is then that all the vague, exquisite sensations which lovely scenes awaken, are excited in us by the mere force of words. It is then especially that, as we said formerly, her love is the love of a poet, and her pen is the pen of a lover.

'*Le Meunier d'Angibault*' is dedicated to her daughter Solange (the name of the patron saint of Le Berry, by the way), and had these words by way of epigraph, '*Mon enfant, cherchons ensemble.*' To all who, like ourselves, prefer George Sand as an artist to George Sand as a philosopher, this epigraph will be ominous. Nor does the opening chapter in any way re-assure us. Marcelle de Blanchemont, the heroine, belongs to the ancient aristocracy of France, but has fallen in love with one of the people. Again the old contrast! There is something very like exhaustion in this perpetual reproduction of the same subject. The more so as it becomes weaker and weaker, and loses more and more of its individuality, as it becomes more and more infected with social theories. We have had a *prolétaire* hero in love with

* ἔδωκεν, ἃ ποιῶν, τὸ τὸν μέλος, ἢ τὸ καταχρῆς
τῆς ἀπὸ τῆς πέτρας καταλαίβεσθαι ὕμνου ἔκθερ.

an aristocratic heroine, in 'Valentine,' in 'Simon,' in 'La Dernière Aldini,' in 'Le Compagnon,' and in 'Isidora.' The four last were full of life; the fifth was pale and languid; but the last is worse than all. This iteration opens curious trains of speculation. We are tempted to see in it a sort of compromise between her instincts and her philosophy. The royal blood that flows in her veins* is perhaps the cause of her aristocratic heroines; the romantic theory she has embraced, respecting all true grandeur residing in the people, is the cause of her *prolétaire* heroes.

To return: Marcelle de Blanchemont's husband has been recently killed in a duel for some other woman; he was a baron, consequently a blackguard. She being thus left a widow, offers her hand to him who has her heart: Henri Lémor. He is a *prolétaire*, consequently a pure, chaste, enthusiastic, generous, delicate nature, whose pale face bespeaks an ardent and dreamy soul. This Lémor inherited, from his father, a tolerable fortune, which, instead of spending on himself and family, as egotists would have done, he divides amongst his father's workmen. This is taking Christianity *au pied de la lettre*; but this is only half his sacrifice. He had received from nature a rare and puissant organization, which had been cultivated by a brilliant education. With a mind stored with the riches of philosophy and science, and capable of becoming one of what Shelley grandly calls 'the unacknowledged legislators of the world,' he sets all these advantages aside, and in more than Christian humility turns *workman*! He not only thinks that all men are brothers, but, apparently, that all men should be labourers; social equality is to be obtained, not by raising the people, but by descending to their level. Such being Henri Lémor's character and opinions, the reader will not be surprised to find that he energetically refuses the hand Marcelle offers him. He loves her, adores her, thinks her saint enough to be a *prolétaire*, virtuous enough to be poor. But she has one fault in his eyes; only one, yet that is indelible: she is rich! she is young, she is beautiful, she loves—but she is rich. In vain she entreats him to marry her; he will not accept the sacrifice. Apparently he wishes to keep the rôle to himself: sacrifices are for him alone to make. That this is anything but real generosity we need scarcely remark. Admitting the repugnance of a poor man to accept the hand of a patrician to be the natural repugnance of a delicate

mind, we still think that George Sand has exaggerated and somewhat misplaced it. The scene in which this refusal takes place is the worst in the book; and, unfortunately, it is the opening chapter.

Marcelle loves him if possible the more for his inflexibility, and writes thus to him:

"You are right, and I comprehend your motives. I am not worthy of you; but I will strive to become so. I am about to set off on a long voyage. Do not be anxious about me, and continue to love me. In one year from this you will hear from me. Dispose of yourself in such a manner that you shall be free to come to me in whatever spot I may call you to. If then you do not think me properly converted, you must give me another year. One year, two years, with hope, is almost happiness for two beings who have loved each other so long without hope."

She then quits Paris for Blanchemont to ascertain the state of her husband's affairs. From the moment of quitting Paris the interest ceases to centre in Marcelle and her lover, and passes to the more charming Meunier. The air of towns is oppressive to Sand's poetical genius; she only breathes freely when she is in the country, inhaling the fresh atmosphere of the mountain or the valley. Marcelle's journey is beautiful. Some parts of her way through the Vallée Noire remind one of that exquisite ride through the lanes in 'Valentine.' She loses her way, and as the night deepens her fears awaken. A pleasant help is at hand, in the shape of Grand Louis the Meunier, whom she had seen and conversed with at the inn, and for whom her child had conceived a sudden liking. Grand Louis offers her the hospitality of his Mill, which she gratefully accepts. She rises early in the morning and rambles about the pleasant grounds belonging to the Miller. There she is startled by the sight of 'Henri,' recently cut on the bark of a tree. This leads to inquiries. Grand Louis cannot quite satisfy her. He conjectures that the person who cut that name must be a young man who passed a few hours at the mill some days before. Marcelle suspects that it was Henri Lémor; and the reader is sure of it.

By this time Marcelle and the Meunier are great friends, and as in novels, confidences are soon exchanged; Grand Louis and Marcelle soon know each other's secrets. That of Grand Louis is soon told. He loves Rose Brincolin, the daughter of the rich farmer of Blanchemont; his love is returned by the damsel, but scouted by the parents, who deem him too poor. Marcelle resolves to assist her new friend in his love-affair. She departs for Blanchemont, to inspect the state of her property, and the Brincolin family. She finds the former in a

* Her grandfather was the celebrated Maréchal de Saxe, son of Augustus II., of Poland.

desperate state ; the latter a true picture of a rich, vulgar, and ambitious family, with the charming Rose as a flower springing up amidst the weeds, with the grandfather and grandmother forming a picturesque background. This is a Dutch painting for life-like effect ; with a deeper meaning than any Dutch painter ever cared for. Bricolin is a masterly portrait, somewhat in the manner of Balzac, without his excessive minuteness. The vulgarity, avarice, ignorance, ambition of this *rusé* peasant aspiring to become a landed proprietor, are finely portrayed. Marcelle is disgusted with him ; but she is forced to treat with him. Forced to sell Blanchemont, she is induced to consider his offer of 260,000 francs. She knows he is cheating her, but sees no escape. Her ruin does not afflict her, as may be seen by this commencement of a letter which she immediately writes to her lover :

" Henri, what happiness ! what joy ! I am ruined. You can no longer reproach me with my riches ; you will no longer hate my golden chains. I am become a woman whom you can love without remorse, who has no longer need to make any sacrifices for you," *et cetera et cetera* !

Is not this slightly ridiculous ? That a woman should be glad of any event which removed an obstacle to her union is natural enough ; but what are we to think of the pale-faced coxcomb who 'brought her to this pass ?'

Grand Louis undertakes to put her letter in the post, and to dispose of her travelling-carriage. He arrives at the town of *three stars*, with that intent. There he meets Henri Lémor. He recognizes him with the perspicacity of a diplomatist ; gives him the letter ; draws him into conversation ; quarrels with him ; becomes his friend, and concludes by taking him to the mill, where he may conceal himself under the disguise of an assistant, and so occasionally see Marcelle. All this is narrated with considerable interest, and the socialist discussions mingled with the rest are well enough conducted, whatever we may think of the ideas.

The lovers being brought thus together, the reader expects that the tale is soon to close. But Grand Louis and Rose Bricolin now occupy the scene ; and little else occurs that is not episodical, except the endeavours of Marcelle to soften Bricolin. Finding this hopeless, she determines to buy his consent. He wishes to purchase Blanchemont, but will not give full value for it. Marcelle consents to accept his price on condition that he allow Rose to marry Grand

Louis. He is somewhat incredulous at first, but seeing her bent upon it, he decides. We should have said that his eldest daughter has been driven mad, having had her affections blasted by parental avarice : she loved one poorer than herself ; her father refused his consent ; her lover enlisted, was shot, and the shock was so great that she lost her senses. Several of the episodes concern *la Bricoline* ; they are written with extraordinary power. The reader will now understand Bricolin's soliloquy upon Marcelle's offer :

" That will be a famous bit of economy. That devil of a dowry, which I must some day or other have given to Rose, would have prevented my purchasing Blanchemont. No dowry—and Blanchemont for 250,000 francs—that makes at least 100,000 francs' profit. Come, I must not hesitate. And with all this, if Rose were to become mad, like her sister, I must then give up all idea of finding a son-in-law . . . and besides, I should have to pay a doctor so much annually . . . and, moreover, it would be too sad to see her grow ugly and dirty, like her sister. It will be a disgrace to us to have two children insane. Rose will be curiously settled, it is true, but the domain of Blanchemont will cover all. People will criticise her position ; but they will envy mine. *Allons ! soyons bon père*. The affair is not a bad one."

There you have Bricolin entire. His avarice, his heartlessness, his ambition, his calculation, and his respect for " what the world says." The contract signed, the reader is now prepared for the happiness of the lovers, since every obstacle is removed. But patience ! we have not done yet. The money is paid and set aside. The family are all asleep, except Bricolin, who is alone, and getting quietly drunk, in satisfaction at the contract he has just made ; there is also one other awake, with fearful thoughts hurrying across her brain, with long meditated vengeance about to explode : it is *La Bricolme*. The poor maniac is about to take reprisals. A brand is in her grasp ; the farm burns, burns ; the family awake in terror ; the cattle and servants yell ; the drunken Bricolin is half sobered ; Marcelle exerts herself, and saves their lives ; and it is with difficulty that the fire is subdued, after having executed but a portion of its destined work. That portion is, however, enough to exasperate Bricolin, and to ruin Marcelle ; the money paid her for her domain is burned ; the last remnant of her wealth is gone ; she is a beggar. The power and truth with which all this is sketched are truly wonderful ; the reader's excitement is carried to its highest pitch, and the more so on account of the curious traits of character which the author manages to elicit in the hubbub. The exasperated Brico-

lin accuses Grand Louis of the deed, and orders his arrest. The truth is, however, soon discovered. The chapel is on fire. Bricolin rushes in, but soon falls back upon one of the servants, aghast at the sight of his maniac daughter, who appears with a lantern in one hand, and a wisp of straw in the other. She retires slowly, after having lit the last bundle. She walks solemnly, her eyes fixed on the ground, seeing no one, and entirely absorbed in the satisfaction of a vengeance long meditated, and calmly executed. A gen-d'arme marches up to her, and seizes her by the arm. Perceiving that she is surrounded, she dashes her brand in the face of the gen-d'arme, who, thrown off his guard, quits his hold, and lets her escape. She flies through the flames with strange rapidity—reaches the roof of the chapel, and there, standing amidst the flames that roar around her, sings snatches of an air to which she was accustomed to dance with her lover, and with a fearful sarcasm launched at her father, expires in the flames. This ghastly scene concludes the novel. There is, indeed, a final chapter, in which affairs are hurriedly wound up. A large sum of money, originally stolen from Bricolin's father, by Cadoche, a picturesque vagabond of whom we have hitherto made no mention, because he was episodic, and restored at the death of the robber, removes all difficulties. Grand Louis and Rose are married. As for Marcelle and Henri, being poor enough to be virtuous, they are married also, and, we presume, "lived happy ever afterwards."

On reading over our meagre analysis of this interesting work, we became sensible how little the charm depends upon the story, and how much upon the characters. Grand Louis is the genuine ideal of a *prolétaire*, because he has the characteristics of his class. He is a man: a strong, generous, hearty, intelligent man. Henri Lémor is at best but a theory, and a sickly one. Just what his pale face is to Grand Louis's hearty robustness, are the unhealthy Utopian reveries of the one, to the sterling good sense of the other. In a word, Grand Louis is a man of the people; Henri is a collegian of eighteen, smitten with melancholy, and dreaming of social regeneration. The one is a portrait from life, somewhat idealised; the other is an exaggeration from the circulating library. *La folle* is terrific; and Cadoche is one of those picturesque beggars in which the author delights as much as Scott did in picturesque hags. So interesting are all these personages, that we could bear with them without fatigue for several volumes; but it must be confessed,

that they throw Marcelle and Henri very much into the shade. There is a good deal of discussion in the course of the work, and those who are ready to revile the author for her 'social theories,' will do well to consider the calm and temperate wisdom which reigns in several of these discussions. Whatever may be her hopes for the future, it is plain enough that she regards as puerile and premature any attempt to introduce new institutions before the mind of the nation has grown fitted to receive them. She knows, no one better, that a doctrine requires time before it can be realized; that all sudden changes are fatal.

The only fault with which we would reproach '*Le Meunier d'Angibault*' is that false conception of Marcelle and Henri, of which we previously spoke. All the rest is excellent in conception and execution; the style generally worthy of her pen, though sometimes more diffuse and vague than befits the author of '*Lélia*' and '*Jacques*.' It may not be uninteresting to add, that the present novel is quite unexceptionable on the score of morality; and may be read by any female of any age, provided she have no objection to an occasional Utopian tirade. Any democratic young lady may open it without hesitation.

'Teverino' came next. It is entitled '*une fantasie*,' and appeared in the feuilleton of *La Presse*. Here again the lovers are thrown into the shade, and the whole affair of their love is somewhat feeble and uninteresting. Teverino himself is a remarkable sketch, and though exaggerated, yet consistent. The Bird-catcher is a genuine bit of poetry; and the old *Curé* is well hit off. We see the traces of the author's genius; but we see also the fatal effects of the *feuilleton*. When one is gifted with a mind like that of George Sand, it is *lese-littérature* to abuse such gifts by squandering them upon trivialities. One who can create, should not descend to trifle. A '*fantasie*' is very well; but if the poet's imagination take such vagabond flights, it should at least be artistic in its plan. 'Teverino' is '*une fantasie*;' or rather let us call it a caprice. The pen that traced it, wandered 'at its own sweet will,' careless of plan, indifferent of truth; now and then sketching a charming scene; now falling into the common-places of fiction; always wandering at hazard. There are passages in it which fix attention, and haunt the imagination long afterwards. Here is one that has curiously affected us:—

"Striking into a wild gorge, Leonce walked rapidly to relieve his over-excited and tumultuous feelings.

"His ill-humour soon melted away before the

charms of nature. Pursuing a winding path that skirted the bases of the cliffs, he came to the margin of a miniature lake, or rather to a crystalline disk of water, deep-set, and almost hidden in a hollow cone of granite. The deep pool, gleaming like the azure sky and golden clouds it reflected, seemed the very emblem of quiet happiness. Leonce sat down on the bank in a recess of the rock, which formed a flight of natural steps, as if to invite the traveller down to the verge of the still waters. He gazed a long while on the insects coated in turquoise and ruby mail, that hovered about the aquatic plants; and then he saw in the mirror of the lake a flock of wood-pigeons darting through the air, and disappearing like a vision with the speed of thought. 'So pass away,' said Leonce to himself, 'the joys of life, with a flight as swift and as inexorable; and like that reflection of the careering image, they, too, are but shadows.' Then he was struck with the absurdity of thus fabricating German metaphors, and he envied the tranquillity of soul of the curé, in whose eyes that beautiful lake would have been nothing more than a capital reservoir for trout.

"A slight sound above him struck his ear, and for a moment he thought it was Sabina coming to meet him; but the beating of his heart quickly subsided at the sight of a person who was descending the rocky staircase, on the last step of which he himself was seated.

"This was a tall, strapping fellow, worse than meanly clad, with a small bundle tied up in a red and blue pocket-handkerchief, and hung by a stick over his shoulder. His rags, his long hair falling over his pale and sharply-marked features, his thick inky beard, his easy, careless bearing, and a certain jeering expression that plays about the countenance of the vagabond when he meets the rich man alone and face to face,—all this marked the new comer for an arrant scamp.

"It flashed across the mind of Leonce that he was in a very lonely spot; and that the advantage of the ground was all on the side of the unknown; for the path was too narrow for two, and it would need but a very brief contest for it, to send into the silent depths of the lake whichever of the combatants should prove to have the weaker fists and the worse position.

"Contemplating this contingency, which, however, did not give him much concern, Leonce assumed an air of indifference, and awaited the stranger's approach in philosophic composure. Still he could not help counting with some little impatience the footsteps that sounded on the rock, until the vagabond had reached the lowest stair, and was just at his side.

"'Beg pardon, sir, if I incommode you,' said the stranger, in a sonorous voice, and with a very decided southern accent, 'but mayhap your worship would have the civility to make way for me a bit, that I may get a drink.' 'By all means,' said Leonce, allowing him to pass, and going back a step higher so as to be immediately behind him.

"The stranger took off his tattered straw hat, knelt down on the rock, and eagerly plunged his rough beard and half his face into the water. Then he began to suck in a long draught with a noise like that made by horses in drinking, which suggested to Leonce the facetious idea of whistling to him, as grooms do to amuse their impatient and

irritable animals on the like occasions. But he abstained from this piece of pleasantry, and envied the superb confidence with which the ragged rascal thus placed himself at his feet, with his head and body thrown heedlessly forward, in a *lête-à-lête*, which, in case of a dispute, might easily have proved fatal to one of them. 'This is the poor man's only blessing,' thought Leonce, again resuming his reflections; 'he feels at ease in encounters like this. Here are we, two men equally matched perhaps in strength; yet one of us could not venture to drink thus under the nose of the other without looking a little behind him, and the one who can thus quench his thirst gratis with such zest is not the rich man.'

"When the vagabond had drunk enough, he drew himself up and remained seated on his heels. 'It's very warm for drinking, is this water,' said he, 'and is likely to cool one's thirst a deal more in passing through the pores than down the throat. What's your worship's opinion?' 'Have you a fancy to take a bath?' said Leonce, who hardly knew whether the other's words did not convey a threat.

"'Yes, sir, I have a fancy that way,' replied the man, quietly beginning to undress; an operation which did not occupy much time, as he was not superabundantly clad, and had scarcely one button-hole in his apparel that was not burst.

"'You know how to swim, I hope,' said Leonce. 'This is a wide pool, there is no beach on this side, but the rock runs straight down, apparently to a great depth.'

"'Oh, never fear, sir; trust an ex-professor of the art of natation in the Gulf of Baja,' replied the stranger; and whipping off the rag that served him for a shirt he threw himself into the lake with the ease of a waterfowl.

"Leonce took pleasure in watching him dive down, disappear for some moments, and then come to the surface again at a more distant point, swim across the whole breadth of the little lake in the twinkling of an eye, float on his back, place himself erect as if he trod the bottom, and then gambol about, flinging up waves of foam around him, and going through all these performances with native grace and admirable vigour.

"He soon, however, returned to the foot of the rock, and as the bank was indeed very steep, he requested Leonce to lend him a hand and help him to climb it. The young man complied with a good grace, at the same time keeping a wary eye to avoid being pulled in by surprise; and when the swimmer sat down on a stone heated by the sun, Leonce could not help admiring the strength and beauty of his frame, the fairness of which contrasted with his somewhat tanned face and hands.

"'This water is colder than I thought,' said the swimmer, 'it is warm only on the surface, and it is not till I take a second dip that I shall rightly enjoy it. Now is the time, by the by, to see to my toilet a little.' And he took out of his scanty bundle a large shell that served him for a cup, but which he had disdained to make use of when he drank. He filled it again and again with water, which he poured over his head and beard, washing and scrubbing, with extreme care and exquisite zest, that ample black fleece which dripped at every point, and gave him the appearance of a wild river deity. Then beginning to feel himself incommode-

ed by the rays of the sun, that fell vertically on his head and neck, he gathered bunches of rushes and flaggers, twisted them together, and made himself a hat, or rather a crown, of verdure and flowers. Whether it was the effect of chance, or of a certain natural taste, it happened that this head-dress was arranged in so artistic a fashion, that it completed the idea of an antique Neptune, which his appearance otherwise suggested.

"He leaped again into the lake, swam to the opposite side, and running about the shore, which there shelved gently, and was covered with vegetation, he gathered some splendid white water-lilies and placed them in his diadem. Finally, as if aware of the real admiration with which Leonce beheld him, he made himself a sort of garb with a girdle of reeds and aquatic leaves; and then, free, stately, and beautiful as the first man, he stretched himself out on a patch of fine sand, and seemed to dream or sleep in the sunshine, in a majestic attitude.

"Struck by the perfection of such a model, Leonce opened his album, and attempted a sketch of that strange being who, as he lay, reflected in the limpid water, half naked and half clad in leaves and flowers, presented the most beautiful type that ever artist had the good fortune to behold in such a scene:—the accessories, dark rocks, glistening foliage, and silvery sands, all admirably harmonising with the subject. The broad masses of light, broken by the deep shadows of the rock, and the reflection cast by the water on the moist and Titian-toned form, all combined to give Leonce one of the most complete artistic enjoyments, and one of the most vivid poetic perceptions, he had ever experienced; for though a statuary, he was equally susceptible of the beauty of colour as of that of form.

"All at once he shut up his album and cast it from him, exclaiming: 'Shame upon me to think of portraying a scene, the contemplation of which Raphael or Paul Veronese, Giorgione, Rubens, or Poussin would have envied! Yes, the great masters of painting would alone have been worthy of reproducing what I have casually discovered, and almost filched from the favour of chance. It is quite enough for me, who cannot handle a pencil, to behold it, feel it, and engrave it on my memory.'"

It would be impertinent to dwell upon the picturesque fancy of this sketch. There are others not much inferior to it: such, for example, are the scenes of the impetuous drive of Teverino; and that between Teverino and Lady G . . . on the tower. And yet, in spite of these, on closing the book, we are dissatisfied. We have revelled in the fantastic caprices of a dream; we awake to find it a baseless fabric which 'leaves not a wrack behind.' The whole plot is weak and vacillating. The lovers are feeble and fatiguing. It is one of those books which will not stand the slightest criticism; and, in spite of the momentary spell exercised by occasional passages, we must all admit that it is a work deficient in purpose and interest.

'Le Pêché de M. Antoine' is the last on our list, and has the merit at least of being a serious work. It is enough for us to say that the scene is laid in Le Berry, to assure all readers of our author that they will find there fine descriptions, picturesque characters, genial feeling, and a certain freshness which belongs only to the country air. We have Jean Jappeloup, a picturesque peasant, somewhat errant and vagabondish in his ways, rude in manner, but delicate in feeling; with fine solid good sense and strong prejudices, warm affections and warm hatreds; M. Antoine himself the gentleman turned *campagnard*, careless, abstracted, free, and familiar, without altogether losing his dignity; Janille, an old clear-sighted domestic, somewhat tyrannical, as is the wont of favoured servants, somewhat shrewish as befits the old woman, but hearty and loveable enough; M. de Boisguillaud, a marvellous sketch not to be characterized in an epithet; Cardonnet, the cold, hard-headed, and obstinate manufacturer; together with some subordinate characters all well drawn. The lovers are as insignificant as young gentlemen and ladies in romance are allowed to be. Emile is ardent, poetical, and imbued with socialism. Gilbert is very handsome, and possesses all the virtues under the sun—except an individuality.

The story is full of interest and the mystery well kept up. But we remark here, as elsewhere, how very pale are the colours in which George Sand now paints the passions she once depicted with such unrivalled energy and truth. The impassioned author of 'Indiana,' 'Jacques,' 'Valentine' and 'Mauprat,' is scarcely to be recognized in 'La Comtesse de Rudoldstadt,' 'Jeanne,' 'Teverino,' 'Le Meunier' and 'M. Antoine.' The fire that glowed with such energy is exhausted. Timid readers are no longer startled by the vehement impetuosity, and daring truth with which the human heart was laid bare; it beats feebly now; and if the timid be not startled, neither are they led away by irresistible fascination. Many worthy people will applaud the change; it makes the works more *moral*, as they say. We cannot but deplore it, for it makes the works commonplace. We cannot forget that the author was once a great poet, uttering in harmonious language the deep experience of life. It is a sad fall this poet makes when dropping into the conventional agonies and unreal passions of the circulating library.

Whence arises this feebleness? Is her genius exhausted? We can hardly think it. The early parts of 'Consuelo' and the intense passion of 'Horace' are too recent for

us to suppose their author exhausted. But she had not descended into the *feuilleton* in those days. It is in the vain attempt to rival Dumas and Sue that we should place the cause of her late failures. Works that are written rapidly must be defective; but works written to supply the daily wants of a newspaper can only possess the merit of improvisation. Careless writing will do for careless readers; and for them only. But has George Sand the requisite talent for such a task? No; and she spoils her own talent in the attempt; throws aside her own pen, without being able to manage the pen she grasps at. In Dumas we have plenty of incident; breathless suspense; rapid dialogue; outlines for figures. These suffice for their purpose; reflection would be an impediment; passion can be dispensed with, or if needed, rant will do as well, as Eugène Sue has abundantly testified.

We may be wrong; but we venture on this friendly warning to Madame Sand: to quit the noisy *feuilleton* and to write once more slowly and exquisitely.

'Le temps n'épargne pas ce qu'on fait sans lui,' as she well knows, and she must also see from the preceding remarks that we are too much her admirers to bring forward idle or captious objections. We have two incontestable facts before us from which we argue. Her recent novels are far inferior to their predecessors, and this inferiority coincides with her entrance into the *feuilleton*. The conclusion is obvious: either she has written herself out, or the *feuilleton* is fatal to her genius.

ART. III.—*Le Peuple*. Par J. MICHELET.
Paris. 1846.

'L'EUROPE,' says M. Michelet, 'depuis longtemps peu inventive, receives with avidity the productions of our literature. The English scarcely put forth anything beyond articles in reviews.—As for German books,' he proceeds with the inimitable assurance of a Frenchman—'who reads them out of Germany?' Leaving the land of the Teut to take her own part in this new version of the old controversy, whether 'un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit,' we proceed, in the exercise of the function allotted to Englishmen, to give some account of this curious and amusing production of French literature, without any wish to check the eagerness with which a hungry European may receive it. It is not very easy to include this present work in any particular class of com-

position; but those who have read the author's historical publications, may easily imagine the devious course which he follows when expatiating on the external position of France, on the social conditions of town and country populations, on his own biography, on religion, on children, on animals, on friendship, and even on the feelings with which birds sing to the setting sun. The delightful variations which he has been accustomed to execute in following out a narrative theme, become the theme itself when he writes on the people; and as almost every part of the composition is separately agreeable, and as one part has nearly as much to do as another, with a disquisition on things in general, the want of unity and of regularity of plan is little felt by the reader.

The nearest parallel in our own recent literature to 'Le Peuple,' is perhaps offered by Mr. Carlyle's 'Chartism,' or his 'Past and Present.' Both writers complain of the existing state of their respective countries, both abstain from proposing specific remedies, both urge increased study of the national history. In the execution, also, both Carlyle and Michelet are desultory, brilliant, and highly picturesque; and the French writer gives some indication of understanding the great principle which our countryman is never weary of repeating and enforcing, that the true remedy for all political evil is the discovery of the true superior, and the establishment of just subordination; *το κατὸς τῷ κατεστῶτι*.* It is, however, still more easy to contrast than to compare them. The sombre, melancholy earnestness, which forms the basis of Carlyle's irony, his universal discontent, and almost universal contempt, above all his ridicule of popular prejudices and nostrums, place him as much in opposition to the French declaimer, as we think he is above him in genius. Not that Michelet is without genius, as far as it can exist in the apparent absence of humour—but his spirit is of the light bubbling kind, which is al-

* Michelet declares that the true principle of political subordination is to be found in the natural harmony of the faculties in a well ordered mind; and this, he says, is not, as in Plato, a mere similitude, but a different exemplification of the same law. He seems to have misunderstood the scheme of Plato in the Republic, which is founded on the exact converse of his own proposition. Michelet inquiring for political harmony, finds it in the internal harmony of the mind. Plato examining the quality of justice in the individual mind, transposes the problem, to use his own immortal comparison, into larger type, and inquires into the due subordination of an ideal polity, on the assumption that it will be identical with the internal harmony which constitutes justice.

ways ready for an emotion, or for a piece of stage effect; and his feeling, though natural and graceful, is not deep enough to preserve itself from the temptation to become sentimental. Above all, we find that, whenever he professes fearless originality, he is swimming with the full steam of popular opinion or folly, urging his countrymen to do what they are most inclined to do, and to sacrifice themselves by indulging in their favourite fancies. In a France full of national vanity, and of love of guns, drums, trumpets, and tri-coloured flags, he would arrest the downward progress which he laments, by more bluster, more boasting, more guns, drums, trumpets, and tri-coloured flags. The condition of France, he says, is grave; it is almost too late for her to claim the rank of a *second-rate* power. 'I cannot any longer be silent, the people must become more united and more powerful; and for that end, let them be educated to think of, and talk of, and believe in, nothing but the sacred name of France.'

It must not be supposed that M. Michelet seriously desponds of his country. On the contrary, he is singularly cheerful and buoyant in tone, wherever the necessity of his eloquence does not lead him to a melancholy strain. He assures his countrymen with truth, that France has a great army and vast resources, and with or without truth, that England and Russia are feeble and bloated giants, whose strength is merely an imposition. His immediate occasion, however, for writing is the duty of counter-acting the impression as to the French people, which he thinks has been produced in Europe by the overwhelming genius of French writers, who have given unfavourable pictures of their countrymen. They have sought their models, as he truly says, in wine-shops and gaols, and the world has supposed that the people were drunkards and reprobates. We suppose he alludes, amongst others, to the illustrious Eugène Sue; and certainly, if any part of the inhabitants of Europe, above the milliners' apprentices, have supposed that the 'Mysteries of Paris,' and the 'Wandering Jew,' gave true pictures of life in France, or of life anywhere else, except on the boards of suburban theatres, the sooner they are disabused of their error, for their own sakes, the better: but does M. Michelet really think that these cooks 'qui ont tant de popularité en Europe, tant d'autorité,' make France herself in the smallest degree weaker than she really is? We almost fear he thinks so. 'This mania,' he says, 'of slandering oneself, of exhibiting one's sores, and going as it were to look for shame,

would be mortal in the long run * * * Take care, take care. If we call ourselves contemptible, Europe will be quite capable of believing us. Italy had great vigour still remaining in the sixteenth century. The country of Michael Angelo, and of Christopher Columbus, was not devoid of energy. But when by the mouth of Machiavel she proclaimed herself wretched and infamous, the world took her at her word, and marched upon her.' And this is the use of history. This is the stubbornness of facts. Facts are stubborn things, for in ingenious hands they will prove anything, even the most opposite propositions, and still remain as facts. Was it Machiavel who prevented the Italians from resisting Charles VIII., after he had tempted him to come? Or would Eugène Sue discourage the French from defending the heights of Montmartre? For our part, we feel certain, that if France is ruined by her novels, it will not be by the effect of them on the minds of foreigners.

If Englishmen may be allowed a share of national vanity, we confess some satisfaction in thinking of the total indifference of our countrymen to the abuse of foreigners. When it tends to actual results, such as war, or commercial exclusion, we begin to listen attentively; but as far as general criticism is concerned, when we are told that we are stupid, vulgar, grasping, ambitious, perfidious, or that we are feeble and bloated giants, the national feeling is compounded of indifference, and of gratitude to our neighbours for paying us the compliment of talking about us. As to the abuse indeed, which imputes no moral defects, Mr. Carlyle well remarks, that 'John Bull has often been told that he is an ass, and an ox, and with a godlike indifference almost believes it.' M. Michelet may depend upon it, that the French nation and the French army will never be talked out of existence, even by Europe, guided by the novelists of France. If diplomatists are sometimes hostile to France, it is not from contempt but from jealousy, which will scarcely be diminished by increased ostentation of her strength and warlike disposition.

As M. Michelet's interest in Europe is concentrated on France, so at home it is confined to the people; a term in which he sometimes includes the middle classes (bourgeois), though he more particularly regards those who work with their hands—'I myself,' he repeatedly says, 'have been one of those workmen, and although I have risen into a different class I retain the sympathies of my early condition.'—'I have never told you,' he observes to his intimate friend M. Quinet, 'the history of my own family: we

have had more interesting matter to talk of—philosophy and politics—an irresistible impulse urges me to relate it to you now,' and accordingly not only his friend, but the world, is admitted to his confidence. The historian's father migrated from Laon to Paris, and obtained employment during the Revolution as a printer of *assignats*. 'I was born in 1798, in the choir of a church of a nunnery, then occupied by our printing establishment; occupied and not profaned; what is the press in modern times but the holy ark?' When a check came to the holy manufacture of *assignats* (documents, we respectfully suggest, which, though in the nature of prophecies, were not remarkable for the completeness of their fulfilment) the press still continued to flourish for a time, till it fell under the displeasure of the child and champion of the Revolution. In 1800, all the journals on which the Citizen Michelet was engaged were suppressed with the exception of one. In 1810, the emperor suppressed the printing presses also, with the exception of the larger establishments—'Les petits sont supprimés.' It seems, however, that the printers were allowed still to execute certain classes of works, and the Michelet family continued to support themselves by their trade, under the pressure of extreme poverty, the son at twelve years old setting the types, while his aged grandfather struck off the sheets. Nevertheless, with a heroism and self-denial which it seems was hereditary in the family, the father and mother determined that their son should have a liberal education, and contrived, when he was about fifteen, to send him to the College of Charlemagne. He describes his sufferings from poverty and from the ridicule which he met with, as having been severe; but his talents and exertions met with their reward. In a few years he was able to get a livelihood by tuition, and to enter on the literary career in which he has succeeded so well. We give a pleasing extract from this part of the book which will convey an accurate impression of Michelet's peculiar vein of sentiment. 'I remember how, in this utter misery, amid present privations and fear for the future, the enemy close at hand (1814), and my own enemies ridiculing me every day; one day, one Thursday morning, I fell back on myself (je me ramassai sur moi-même), without fire—everything covered with snow, scarcely knowing whether bread for the evening would come, all appeared to be at an end with me—I remember that I had, without any mixture of religious hope, a pure stoical sentiment; I struck my hand, all cracked with cold, on my oak table (which I have

always kept), and I felt a manly joy in youth and in the future. What, my friend, tell me, should I fear now—I who have died so often in myself and in history? And what should I desire? God has given me by history to share in everything. Life has but one hold on me, the hold of which I was reminded the last 12th of February, about thirty years later, I found myself on a similar day, equally covered with snow, before the same table. One thought came into my head—you are warm, others are cold—this is not just. Oh! who shall console me for the hardship of inequality? Then looking at one of my hands, which has retained the marks of cold since 1813, I said to myself, to comfort myself, 'If you worked with the people, you would not be working for it. Come, if you give your country its history, I will absolve you from being happy.'"

We have no doubt of the sincerity either of M. Michelet's love of equality, or of his constant reclamations on behalf of the people; but we should attach more value to his democratic enthusiasm, if it was not the easiest and pleasantest mode of obtaining public applause. Earnest and reflecting men are generally more zealous for every other object than for that which the whole world joins with them in extolling at the moment. There are many Englishmen who, in 1846, care for nothing but the repeal of the corn-laws, as in 1831 they would have cared for nothing but the reform bill, and in 1834 only for the appropriation clause. What their whole souls will be absorbed in, two years hence, depends on the will of a few leading statesmen, and on other circumstances over which they have no control. In the same way we cannot but think that, forty years ago, M. Michelet would have been possessed exclusively by the love of glory, and that, under Louis XIV., he would have come to the conclusion, that whatever might be said in favour of liberty and property by seditious islanders, or of local independence by the great feudatories of Germany, he, for his part, stood by the principle of monarchy, as exhibited in the greatest of kings, the patron of the arts, the protector of religion, the pride of France, and the terror of Europe.

The writer's judgment is probably more independent and original when he compares the different classes of the French population in a series of striking pictures and disquisitions. The general result of his researches or prepossessions is a marked preference for the occupation of cultivating the land, as the true basis of the strength of France. He does not, however, treat trade and manufactures with neglect, though he

laments the evils which attend them. The mechanic or operative (*ouvrier industriel*) is French and 'peuple,' and therefore entitled to respect; but M. Michelet seems to think his calling ill-suited to the national genius. He speaks of competition, which drives manufacturers to the verge of bankruptcy, of their harshness to their workpeople, of the moral injury resulting from crowded factories, of the weariness of attending, hour by hour, on the inevitable movement of machines. It seems that the first manufacturers after the war closed many markets against them by their want of commercial honesty, false weights, false measures, false dyes, and devil's dust. England too, of course, is to blame. France is blockaded, shut in by the hostility of Europe; and the manufacturing system (*l'industrialisme*), which has calculated strangely on the friendship of England, finds itself disappointed and ruined. What marks of friendship French industry expected, or what it has failed in receiving, we are wholly at a loss to understand. England is always relaxing restraints at home on the admission of French goods; and in other markets, only injures them by the superior goodness or cheapness of her own. China has been opened to France by us, and no part of the world has been closed. However, in some way or other, it seems our hostility has been carried on, and has succeeded. 'Assuredly the great agricultural and warlike France, of 25,000,000 of men, which has been willing to believe the manufacturing interest which has kept itself immovable at their word, and which, from kindness to them, has not re-taken the Rhine, has now a right to deplore their credulity. More sound in judgment than they, it has always believed that the English would remain English.'

It must not be supposed that even here France concedes the victory to England without reservations. There are some who have nobly continued the war against England. When the most brilliant faculties have come into play, when richness and originality of invention have been required, though defeated in utility, they have conquered by art. Alsace and Lyons, 'regardless of expense,' have collected all means of art and science to achieve the production of beauty. 'And what shall we say of this fairy of Paris (the dressmaker?) who from minute to minute meets the most unexpected flights of fancy: Chose inattendue, surprenante! la France vend! . . . cette France exclue, condamnée, interdite. Ils viennent malgré eux, malgré eux ils achètent; ils achètent—but what? at once to the glory and loss of France they buy—patterns—and

then basely go and copy them as well as they can at home.' 'An Englishman declared before a commission, that he had a house at Paris to *secure patterns*. A few pieces of goods bought at Paris, Lyons, or in Alsace, supply the English or German pirate with the means of inundating the world. It is, as in the publishing trade, France writes, Belgium sells.'

On the whole, therefore, the French genius is more fittingly employed in tilling the soil than in contending with the vagaries of 'un tissu ingrat, rebelle,' as the author imaginatively calls that harmless material, cotton wool. M. Michelet attaches great moral value to the influence which the possession of land, so infinitely subdivided in France, exercises on the individual and national character: 'Que la propriété soit grande ou soit petite, elle relève le cœur.' He states that the disposition to acquire land has always been characteristic of the French peasantry, and that their endeavours have in all times been to some extent successful. Disastrous times, he says, when land was sold cheap, have always been followed by bursts of extraordinary prosperity arising from the industry of the small proprietors who bought it. About 1500, the nobility sold, the peasantry bought, and a prosperous time followed, which is called, 'in the style of monarchical history,' *the good Louis XII.* So after the wars of the League came *the good Henry IV., and the great Richelieu.* Small farms and hard work supplied both the goodness and the grandeur.

We have no doubt that in this generalisation, the effect is attributed too exclusively to a single cause; but the fact of the ancient subdivision of property is curious and important. Whatever may be the value of the theory founded upon it, there can scarcely be a difference of opinion as to the merit of the picture which we proceed to quote of the love of a small freeholder for his patch of land.

"If we want to know the inmost feeling, the passion of the French countryman, it is very easy—let us take a walk in the country on Sunday. Down yonder he goes before us. It is two o'clock; his wife is at afternoon church, he in his Sunday's best; I warrant he is going to see his mistress. What mistress? His land. I don't say he goes straight there. No; to-day he is free; he is at liberty to go or not to go. Does he not go there enough every day in the week? So he turns out of the way, he goes elsewhere, he has business elsewhere. . . . And, nevertheless, he goes—It is true he happened to be passing very near it: it was an accident—he looks at it, but evidently he won't go in. What should he do there? And nevertheless in he goes.—At any rate it is probable he will not work; he is in his Sunday clothes, in a clean blouse, and a clean

shirt. Still there is nothing to hinder his picking up a weed, or throwing that stone out of the way. That troublesome stump is still there, but he has not got his pickaxe, he will do that to-morrow. Then he folds his arms and stops and looks, seriously and anxiously. Long, long does he look, and seems to be in a fit of absence. At last, if he thinks he is observed, or sees a passer-by, he goes slowly away. Then again thirty yards off he stops, and turns, and throws a last look on his field—a deep and mournful look. But to him who knows how to see, that look is all passion, all heart, all devotion. If there is no love there, by what sign will you recognize love anywhere in this world? It is love—do not laugh at it. The land, to be productive, requires it thus, otherwise it would bear nothing—this poor land of France, almost without stock as it is and without manure. It bears crops, because it is beloved."

Nevertheless there are drawbacks to the happiness even of the freehold cultivator of the land. The natural passion of land-owners extends to him—his little boundary requires rounding, and he is tempted to mortgage his own land to the village notary, to enable himself to acquire more. Once in debt, it is in vain that he toils from morning to night; interest accumulates while his strength diminishes—'the land brings two per cent., usury demands eight;' and as the system has spread, it seems that the light and cheerful spirit of the French peasant has given way to gloom and surliness, unknown in the happy days 'When every rood of ground maintained its man.' M. Michelet, justly appreciating the moral and social advantages enjoyed by an independent agricultural population, would relieve the cultivator from his burdens, apparently by sacrificing the capitalist; and more reasonably he would assist him by diminishing his taxation, and by the removal or modification of protective duties on manufactures. We fear, however, that all the remedies which he could suggest would be merely palliatives to a tendency of a population of small proprietors to decay, which in itself may be a matter of regret. Experience teaches us more and more that economical laws will prevail in the end over any arbitrary rules which can be dictated by considerations of moral or social advantage. The subdivision of land among poor cultivators occasions an enormous waste of labour and of wealth. As M. Michelet says, the land produces something because the owner loves it, and labours incessantly upon it; but, without stock or capital, he works at the short arm of the lever, and will always become poorer and poorer. One English labourer produces as much as three French freeholders, because his strength is employed in restoring to the land the substances

which it has parted with in the crops, in making use of machines and domestic animals for their proper purposes, and generally in availing himself of the laws of nature, and not in compensating for the neglect of them. It is true, that wealth is not the only object of mankind, and that political economy is only a part of politics—yet it is a part far too important to be neglected. To diminish the amount of mechanical and servile labour required, is the first condition for elevating and liberalising the great body of the population; and if European labourers would rise to the level of Grecian freemen they must let skill, and capital, and machinery, do the work of slaves. It is true that none of these causes has yet produced such a result, but M. Michelet's plans would preclude the possibility of it.

There is another reason, however, which induces the author to view the landed interest with peculiar favour. He sees in the peasant population of France the basis of her military power, not enfeebled by the life of towns,

"Sed rusticorum mascula militum
Proles, sabellis docta ligonibus
Versare glebas—"

and we regret to say that the war is always in his thoughts—above all things, of course, war with England, but incidentally war with Russia or any other power, and, as a training-school for the army, the war in Africa. We believe that his reasoning is erroneous; that a more moveable population, supported by greater masses of capital, would supply even greater resources for foreign war than the present cultivators of the soil. At home, either way, France is invincible, unless the madness of popular leaders should first exhaust her strength in conflicts with Europe, and, finally, disgust even the nation itself with unnecessary losses and sacrifices. We by no means blame the writer for an anxiety to maintain the military fame and power of his country; but, however useless remonstrances may be, we cannot but lament that he should encourage the perpetration of that fearful crime, the commencement from light or worthless motives of another European war. What the immediate excuse is to be we are at a loss to discover. The English it seems always remain English; and no doubt they will always extend their trade where opportunity offers, even though France may lose by it; but as we have said, they ask no foreign nation to exclude France from its ports; they would at this moment willingly offer France their own market, which is well worth that of the rest of Europe.

Mere successful competition is no more a ground of war between nations, than a cause of action between individuals.

But we are told that France is the defender of Europe against the barbarians, who we suppose are the Russians, as we never heard of a barbarian nation of shopkeepers. France must protect Germany (*pauvre Allemagne !*) against the barbarians. Be it so, though Germany is, we believe, far more in danger from the west than from the east ; but what becomes then of England, which is certainly not friendly to Russia ? Would the French war-party assist us in checking Russia on the Danube or in the Caucasus ? We believe they would rather ally themselves heart and soul with the barbarians, on the same principle which was acted upon at Tilsit. There is no greater danger impending over Europe than a coalition of Russia with France, of which England would be the object, and Germany (*pauvre Allemagne !*) the victim. Napoleon broke with Alexander rather than give him Constantinople ; but the war-party of the present day have to win what Napoleon possessed, before they can stipulate for equally favourable terms. The Rhine may be the price of the Dardanelles. It seems that it is neither treaties nor prescription, but deference for the interest of manufacturers and artisans, which has restrained France from re-taking the Rhine—re-taking it on the true barbarian principle of setting might and will over right. From the first dawn of history, through the whole course of events, down to the revolutionary war, both banks of the Lower Rhine have belonged to Germany, as they are still inhabited by Germans. A thousand years have elapsed since the boundaries of the eastern and western kingdoms of the Franks were fixed at Verdun, and yet, though the French frontier has frequently been advanced towards Germany, and in some points has reached the Rhine, no claim can be advanced to the portion of it which still remains German, but that of possession for less than twenty years, by conquest, and by treaties founded on conquest ; a title which, thirty years ago, was destroyed by re-conquest, and by new treaties. The argument, founded on the pretension to extend France to its natural limits, is as ill founded in history as it is monstrous in morality. Experience shows that rivers are not natural limits, but that the same race, in most cases, occupies both banks. The Cisalpine Gauls extended across the Po, as in modern times the Beloochees of Sind crossed the Indus, and the Sikhs the Sutlej. The American claim to Oregon assumes that both banks of a

river must be held by the same power, and the same law will be adopted by France as soon as she occupies the left bank of the Rhine.

Nor is M. Michelet consistent in his hostility to Barbarians. At other times he would go to war for them. What has become, he says, of our allies, the Scotch Highlanders ? An English bailiff (*huissier*—meaning Mr. Loch) has driven away the people of Fingal, and of Robert Bruce (!!!) Where we may remark the magnificent exaggeration of the attacks on the Duke of Sutherland in the English newspapers, and also the mention of alliance, founded, we presume, on the events of 1745, when the French Court promised the Highlanders assistance—and did not send it. In earlier times the people of Fingal were generally at war with those who certainly were the allies of France, the successors of Robert Bruce. We hope, however, that M. Michelet does not propose to extend the French dominions to the Tweed, or even to the Forth, any more than to go to war to avenge 'our other allies,' the Indians of North America, on the Anglo-Americans ; 'marchands, puritains,' who '*dans leur dure unintelligence ont refoulé, affamé, anéanti ces races héroïques,*' a melancholy fact which is entirely untrue of the Highlanders.

But France is not so entirely free from reproach. If ever heroic race produced a hero, Abd-el-Kader may claim that title ; and the writer admits that in the African war the genius of the enemy has been mistaken. But he proposes easily to put an end to the mutual misapprehension. 'They avowed the other day, that they fought against us only because they believed us to be enemies of their religion, which is the Unity of God ; they did not know that France, and almost all Europe, had shaken off the idolatrous creeds, which, during the middle ages, obscured the unity—Bonaparte told them so at Cairo ; who will repeat it now ?' Who indeed ! except the reckless and empty boasters, who are willing as Bonaparte to assert any convenient and impudent falsehood. Bonaparte told the Turks that he was a Mahometan, he told the Pope that he was a Catholic, and his sycophants admire both assertions. France, too, now may tell the Arabs that she has renounced Catholicism (*les croyances idolatriques*) at the same moment that she claims, as the representative of Catholicism, to oppose the Mahometans of the Lebanon ; but even if the two opposite claims were admitted, it is absurd to suppose that to fanatic tribes, any more than to educated Europeans, a mere disbelief of Christianity

would appear to be an approximation to the religion of the Prophet.

We cannot believe that when war comes, the great body of the French population will find it to their taste. Brave as the tillers of the soil undoubtedly are, they could not but feel the increased pressure of the conscription, and increased taxation would crush them. They are told that the war may support the war, in other words that they may reimburse themselves by the plunder of Europe; but it will be long before a new Napoleon arises to secure them continual victory. They must provide for the case of unfavourable or evenly-balanced campaigns, when robbery will no longer preclude the necessity of taxation; and the agitators will do well to remember, that in 1814 the peasantry of the south supplied Wellington with provisions while Soult was starving, and that Napoleon on his way to Elba narrowly escaped popular violence. But as Michelet says, in an opposite sense to that in which we use his words: 'c'est que cette grande France muette qui est dessous est depuis longtemps dominée par une petite France, bruyante et remuante.'

It shows how unfortunately general the warlike prejudices of France must have become, when they possess so cultivated a mind, and pervert so amiable and even tender a disposition as that of M. Michelet. The remedies which he offers for the internal maladies of his country are all founded on benevolence. He would recommend voluntary self-sacrifice, willing equality on the part of the rich and the strong. He would have children of all classes educated together for a time, before their special training for their respective callings commences, in the belief that mutual acquaintance would secure a mutual sympathy through life between the rich and the poor. How far his advice and his exhortations are likely to have a practical effect, we scarcely feel qualified to judge. In England they would be wholly inoperative on the cold reserve of the national character: but France possesses a love of equality which we altogether disclaim, and a susceptibility to vague and generous emotions which may give practical importance to the eloquent declamations of a popular writer. We are glad to say that the author of 'Le Peuple' is no mere philanthropist, but that he has, in many points, a sound practical judgment, as for instance, in the question of Communism, which he says will never be established in France, for the very sufficient reason, that if private property is a robbery, the country contains twenty-five millions of robbers.

The best proof, however, of the sound

feeling which is at the bottom of Michelet's love of the people, is to be found in his hearty sympathy with every homely and natural affection. When he refers to the experience of domestic and friendly intercourse for the social principles which he would extend to the great family of the nation, it is not with the cold speculation of a theorist, but with a genuine delight in expatiating on a pleasant and congenial subject. He rejoices in doing honour to, women not to the romantic victims of passion, the *femmes incomprises* of his friends, the novelists, but to those who in humbler classes form, as he says, the Providence of the family; who are always on the side of economy and morality, and who possess among the peasantry a refinement and practical wisdom unknown among their husbands. "Stay at home, pray do." It is Saturday evening—she throws her arms round his neck, and she keeps at home the bread of her children, which he was going to squander. Sunday comes, and the wife has prevailed. The man with his face shaved and a clean shirt has a good warm coat to put on. This is soon done. But the long serious business is the child—to dress it as it should be dressed on such a day as this. They start, and it walks before, under the mother's eye. Let it of all things take care not to spoil the masterpiece of art."

It is in children, above all, and in the feelings with which they are regarded, that Michelet looks for a type of the character and wants of the humbler classes of the population, and the illustration is all the more favoured by him, from the opportunity which it affords him of many a welcome digression on the attractions and excellences of childhood. In a fanciful though pleasant sketch of the superstitious dislike with which animals were regarded in the middle ages, he makes children the mediators who reconciled men to inferior creatures:

"Excluded by the Church from a share in the future life, they were regarded," he says, "with a horror which arose partly from the forms attributed, in the singular mythology of the time, to the ever present devil.

"No one will ever know the terrors in which for several centuries the middle ages lived, always in presence of the devil! The vision of invisible evil—painful dream—absurd torture, and in consequence a whimsical life which would make one laugh every instant, if one did not feel that it was sad enough to weep at. Who doubted about the devil, then? 'I have seen him,' said the Emperor Charles. 'I have seen him,' said Gregory VII. . . . The poor country serf who sees him sculptured on church porches in the form of a beast, is afraid when he comes home of finding him among his beasts. They take at night, in the flickering reflection from the hearth, a fantastic aspect—the

bull has a strange mask—the goat has an equivocal air, and what to think of the cat with its fur which throws out sparks when it is touched at night? It is the child who restores confidence to the man. He feeds the bull with leaves, he gets on the goat's back, he handles the black cat without fear. He does better, he imitates them, he mimics their voices, and the family smile. 'Why fear so? I was wrong.'

In another place he observes the grace and nobleness of young children till education and increasing age have hardened them and substituted individual characters for 'l'infini qui était en lui.' 'Watch a child,' he says, 'and his words will sometimes give you clearer views of antiquity than Wolf, or Vico, or Niebuhr.' The narrative form which he gives even to abstract ideas, will show how nations in the state of children naturally turned their doctrines into legends. 'Let us surround, let us attend to this young teacher of old times. To instruct us he has no occasion to enter into the meaning of what he says; but he is, as it were, a living witness 'he was there—he knows the story better.' Their criticism, too, and their logical subtlety fill him with admiration, 'nos enfants de France surtout.' From four to twelve is the reasoning epoch. Their bold logic always goes straight to the point—no consecrated absurdity could ever have held its ground unless men had silenced the objections of children. 'They lose infinitely in becoming individualised (*se dégrossir*) so soon, in passing rapidly from the instinctive life, to the life of reflection. Till then they lived on the broad basis of instinct, they floated in the milky way. When from this dark and pregnant sea the logical faculty begins to disentangle some luminous threads, there is progress, no doubt, a necessary progress which is a condition of life; but in one sense, this progress is not the less a fall. The child has become a man, and it was a little god.' We have never met with a more beautiful parallel to Wordsworth's celebrated poem, which must have been suggested by the same process of observation:

"Thou whose exterior resemblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That deaf and silent readeest the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind;
Mighty prophet, seer blest,
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find.

Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of Heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
Thy years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?"

ART. IV.—*Die Verfassung der Kirche der Zukunft.—Practische Erläuterungen zu dem Briefwechsel über die deutsche Kirche, das Episkopat, und Jerusalem; mit Vorwort und vollständigem Briefwechsel.* (The Constitution of the Church of the Future—Practical Elucidations of the Correspondence on the German Church, the Episcopate, and Jerusalem; with a Preface, and the Correspondence in full). Herausgegeben von CHRISTIAN CARL JOSEPH BUNSEN. Hamburg. 1845.

THE future condition and character of the Church, or Churches, of Christendom, involves so many considerations, that it is hardly possible that any single work should embrace them all, in such a manner as fully to justify the title which Mr. Bunsen has selected for his book. In the body of it he expressly disclaims any pretension to legislate for the Church at large, and confines his advice to the body of Prussian Protestants, to which he himself belongs. His general view, indeed, of the Church, and of the clerical office, would seem to be equally applicable to all times and places; but we do not see that his practical recommendations necessarily follow from his principles, or that his theory concerns the Church of the future more than that of the present or the past. The error of selecting an ambitious title is common among the herd of writers who are struggling for notoriety; but Mr. Bunsen certainly could not fear neglect. In addition to the learning and ability which have procured him his deserved reputation, there is sufficient novelty to excite very general attention, in the proposal, by a statesman in high employment, of a thorough re-organization of the Church to which his sovereign belongs, especially when it is known that, in other ecclesiastical questions, he has been the confidential adviser of that sovereign.

The King of Prussia is reported to have recently observed, in answer to a complimentary mention of the Jerusalem bishopric, that he might fairly claim the credit of it, as he believed, that with the exception of his minister in England, he was the only person in his dominions who approved of the scheme. It was, probably, in the hope of increasing the number of supporters of the infant establishment, that Abeken was employed to compose an official statement of the negotiations between the Prussian Court and the English Church on the Jerusalem question, for the purpose of satisfying the suspicious Germans, that it had not been intended to make Jerusalem a half-way house for Anglo-Catholicism, in its conquering

march from Canterbury to Berlin. We do not know how far the fears of the religious and irreligious Berliners were appeased by the official publication; but we hope that as far as English Episcopacy is concerned, their alarm will be set at rest by the present work, which has been occasioned by a very obvious result, arising from Abeken's statement. When two parties of apparently different opinions coalesce, it is natural for the world to inquire which of the two has modified its principles; and if one party assures its previous adherents that it is unchanged, its new ally will inevitably be next taxed with desertion. If the recognition by the Prussian Evangelical Church of ordination at the hands of an Anglican Bishop, really meant nothing in Prussia, it seemed a *prima facie* inference that it meant nothing in England, and that the prelates, whom churchmen, with true English timidity, already suspected of laxity, in tampering with schismatical foreigners, had not even secured the allegiance of the ministers, who were to be ordained to the Church which was to ordain them. Without ourselves sharing in the alarm, we cannot wonder that Mr. Gladstone, who is known to take a warm interest in ecclesiastical questions, should have inquired of Mr. Bunsen, as a personal friend, whether the King of Prussia considered that persons ordained for German congregations by the Bishop of Jerusalem, would be in communion with the establishment both of their own country and of ours, and might move to and fro between the one and the other; officiating in each. Mr. Bunsen's reply is contained in a long and able letter, written with a command of English remarkable in a foreigner; which contains his ecclesiastical confession of faith. As an answer to Mr. Gladstone's question, we should suppose it was not very satisfactory, the pith of the reply consisting, as it seems to us, in the following sentence, 'As to Abeken's views of the Church of England, he explains them not to the English, but to the Germans.' Whether they could have been explained so as to satisfy the English, is evidently a different question. The confession of faith, however, is a well-reasoned argument against the High Church notions of Episcopacy, and of the priesthood in general; and the correspondence has given occasion to the present exposition of the writer's general views, both of the theory of the Church, and of the practical constitution which he desires for the Prussian Protestants.

Although a member of a Church which does not at present enjoy the superintendence of bishops, Mr. Bunsen is a strong sup-

porter of Episcopacy as an expedient institution, believing that, from its antiquity, it has peculiar claims to the respect of Christian communities, and maintaining 'the inherent and incurable one-sidedness and defect of every form of ecclesiastical government (I think of any government civil as well as ecclesiastical), in which the conscience of the individual ruler—call him Bishop, King, President, Judge, Consul, Dictator—is violated. Such a violation of conscience, I find wherever there is no free and *bona fide* power of veto, in legislation and in the exercise of personal functions; for conscience is nothing but a veto.' Even the theory of an Apostolical succession in the ministry, in the sense in which it is recognized by the English Church, Mr. Bunsen tolerantly and philosophically considers as 'the insular idiosyncrasy in declaring and embodying a Catholic truth, and as the national expression of a Catholic principle;' but against the high Catholic notion of Episcopacy as the condition of the existence of a church, the rejection of which leaves men to incur those penalties which, in the theological dialect we believe, are called with a benevolent euphemism 'the uncovenanted mercies of God,' the writer protests with a vehemence which is evidently sincere, though it is in some degree weakened by the adoption of the same conventional dialect. 'If an angel from heaven should manifest to me that by introducing, or asserting, or favouring only, the introduction of such an Episcopacy into any part of Germany, I should not only make the German nation glorious and powerful over all the nations of the world, nay, combat successfully the unbelief, pantheism, atheism of the day—I should not do it,' he proceeds, 'so help me God—Amen.' Nor considering Mr. Bunsen's firm belief of the 'universal priesthood,' as he technically calls it, of Christians, can we wonder at his determination, if he understands the claim founded on Apostolical succession to be maintained by his opponents to its full extent. In England it seems to us to hold the rank of a fiction, a kind of proposition, which, as he justly observes in another place, lies between an exercise of the imagination (*Dichtung*) and a lie. Wherever an ancient system of institutions has moulded itself to suit a long succession of social changes, the history of the past will be marked out by a line of fictions, from which the substance which they enclosed has evaporated. An indiscriminate attack upon political fictions tends to destroy the continuity of the national history; but even an over-hasty zeal in making forms correspond to facts, is better than the con-

verse attempt to force back upon forms a meaning which has become extinct. Those of the ultra Anglo-Catholic party amongst ourselves, who have been to a certain extent serious, have been engaged in turning a metaphor into a falsehood; but in itself, the Apostolical succession seems a respectable phrase, expressing the spiritual independence of the clergy on the laity, in a sense somewhat stronger perhaps than Mr. Bunsen would concede, when he allows them a veto in the exercise of personal functions. It means that the clergy derive their credentials, not from the people, but from their own predecessors, who have transmitted to them standards of doctrine altogether independent of the opinion or wish of the congregations whom they instruct. That the clergy would also claim on occasion an absolute discretion to reject any functions which they considered inconsistent with their conscientious opinions is very probable; but we doubt whether Mr. Bunsen is right in considering such a veto necessary in the case of all civil and ecclesiastical rulers. In republican forms of government no legislative veto exists, and no individual conscience ought to be offended by the triumph of the opposite convictions of an adverse majority. An English minister may avoid the necessity of acting against his convictions by resigning. An English king, as he cannot resign, is free from all blame, when he assents to parliamentary decisions, of which he disapproves. An American president, when he signs a treaty by order of the Senate, is for the time only acting as a subordinate constituted authority. It is true that neither king nor president are strictly speaking 'ruling individuals,' and that the minister may cease to be a ruler, when the difficulty arises; we refer to them only to show that the analogy of civil government in the most free modern states, does not support Mr. Bunsen's claim of an absolute negative for the individuals who may be at the head of ecclesiastical constitutions.

It appears that some inaccurate reports of this correspondence with Mr. Gladstone had strengthened the suspicion entertained against Mr. Bunsen of being more friendly to English Episcopacy than befitted a German Protestant. In the 'Church of the Future' he at least attains the object of setting at rest all reasonable complaints on this subject. His proposed ecclesiastical constitution is as abhorrent to the notions of most English churchmen, as it can by possibility be agreeable to the writer's countrymen. In as far as it is a paper constitution, full of outward system and uniformity, a strong presumption arises that the author's scheme will neither

secure the adherence of the community at large, nor suit their varied wants; but perhaps it may be attractive to some of the political malcontents of Germany, from the large sphere of action which it allows to the congregations, and the limits imposed on the interference of the executive government. At any rate, Mr. Bunsen, by the detailed minuteness of his legislation, has exempted himself from the charge which he deservedly brings against many of his countrymen, of beginning in their arguments with a period long before the Creation, and finishing at the point where practical suggestions are required.

The general principles on which the author founds his proposed scheme may, we believe, be summed up thus: Christianity put an end to all mediating priesthoods, by establishing the universal priesthood of Christians, or, in plain language, their personal responsibility. There is, therefore, in the Christian community no body which possesses exclusive rights or privileges above the community at large. As a part of religious duty consists in propagating and teaching Christianity, the necessity of a body of teachers or a clergy arises. The office is perpetual because the function is perpetual, but only as a convenient instrument for performing the function. Europe having received Christianity from a priesthood, who claimed a Jewish or Heathenish pre-eminence over the laity, only at the Reformation asserted, for the first time, the immediate relation of every individual Christian to the object of his worship. Of the two great branches of the Reformation, the Calvinist church in Geneva, in Scotland, and according to the political classification in England, maintained the identity of the Church with the State, and the consequent duty of the civil government to act in all things for the good of the Church. Luther more wisely contented himself with vindicating in the doctrine of justification by faith, the universal responsibility, and therefore the spiritual freedom of individuals, leaving to posterity the task of adjusting the relations of civil and ecclesiastical government. A third theory, the system of the Independents, entirely excluding the State from all concern in the spiritual interests of its subjects, made each local community sovereign as far as regarded its own ecclesiastical affairs. Both Lutherans and Calvinists have, to some extent, relapsed into the error of considering the clergy a distinct and separate body, especially those churches which retained episcopacy, while those which rejected it have lost in bishops the symbols and exponents of the freedom of conscience. In Eng-

land and Sweden the clergy have become too much a political estate independent of the laity, and the Calvinists have become bigoted, and forgetful of the Catholic character of Christianity. The influence of the State in the present government of the German Protestant churches has been useful as a temporary dictatorship, but is opposed to the principle of the spiritual sovereignties of the community of the Christians. The Independents in retaining their freedom have forgotten both their Catholicity and their nationality, and a religion is imperfect which neglects the relation of a man to his country, and to the universal body of Christians. All the Protestant and reformed churches have nevertheless retained the essentials of religious truth and freedom. It is now time that the principles to which they all tend should be more fully realized, and among the churches most ripe for a perfect constitution is the united Evangelical Church of Prussia, and more particularly the provincial Presbyterian church of Westphalia and the Rhine.

Our abridgment may do injustice to Mr. Bunsen; but we believe we are nearly accurate in this account of his fundamental church principles, and of his historical application of them. The nearest actual approximation to his views he seems to find in the Anglican Church in America, but he thinks that it is founded on a union of inconsistent views; probably because it claims an Apostolic succession, while in practice it admits the laity to a share in the government. We do not propose to enter into any criticisms on these principles. As religious dogmas they have the great advantage of being translatable into doctrines which are universally true. Whatever change the new dispensation may or may not have introduced for Christians, all men are undoubtedly individually responsible; nor would any historical or doctrinal authority convince a right-judging man that the intervention of a priesthood was spiritually indispensable to him. Protestantism has approached nearer to a recognition of this truth than Catholicism, and it may be questioned whether there is a practical necessity for proclaiming it more fully. For the political independence of the clergy there are reasons which lie quite out of the region of theology. We are inclined to believe that it is better for the State that they should have civic rights and duties, than that they should concentrate their feelings and energies on their own corporate affairs; but the arguments which lead us to this conclusion would probably weigh in the opposite scale, with those who look merely to their spiritual efficiency.

As a basis for a reformation of church-government, the principle of individual responsibility seems too general to lead to any practical conclusion in particular. Many systems may embody the principle, and all that its supporters need require is that some one of those systems should be adopted. Our readers will probably be more interested in knowing Mr. Bunsen's practical proposals than in entering with us into a discussion of his general theory.

The United Evangelical Church of Prussia arose, as is well known, from the act by which the late king, in 1817, put an end, as far as the interference of the state could avail, to the long hostility which had existed between the Lutheran and Reformed, or Calvinistic Churches. The partial success of the measure seems to us much more remarkable than its partial failure. Of about 10,000 parishes in the different provinces of the Monarchy, we believe, considerably more than half have accepted the new constitution, and the modifications of the liturgy. Further changes were made in 1835, at which time the Presbyterian institutions of the Provinces of Westphalia, and the Rhine in particular, were more fully developed. Mr. Bunsen gives a general account of the system thus established, sometimes describing the arrangements for the whole monarchy, and sometimes confining himself to the two provinces.

It seems that the parochial clergy are about 6000 in number; though the parishes are more numerous. The right of patronage belongs either to the crown, to private individuals, or in some cases to the ecclesiastical authorities of the parish. In each parish, a body of not less than four elders, of whom two act respectively as churchwarden and overseer, is chosen for a period of six years, by the communicants, to assist the minister in various matters of business and church discipline. The office of this board corresponds rather to that of elders in the Presbyterian sense, than to an English vestry, and is authorized to interfere with advice, even when the doctrine of the preacher is in question. Besides the permanent board, every parish of more than 200 inhabitants has a larger council, varying from sixteen to sixty members; which, in addition to a general right of supervision, possesses the right of appointing the minister, where the patronage is vested in the parish, and in other cases of examining the nominee of the patron, and objecting to him if necessary, on sufficient cause. The minister, the board, and the council, complete the local organization of the parish.

The next ecclesiastical division in the as-

cending scale is the circle, containing on an average seventeen parishes, and corresponding therefore in extent with a poor-law union in England. The 333 circles form twenty-five administrative departments (*Regierungsbezirke*), which again are subordinate in ecclesiastical as well as in civic affairs to the president of the eight provinces, the final unity being concentrated in the directory of spiritual affairs at Berlin under the presidency of a minister. In the Rhenish-Westphalian Church every circle has its synod and its superintendent, who, with the assistance of an assessor and a secretary, forms the executive. All these functionaries are clergymen, and are appointed by the synod for a term of six years. The power of the synod of elders and ministers consists in a general authority to inspect the conduct of all subordinate functionaries, to examine the accounts of ecclesiastical funds, to make reports through the superintendent to the higher authorities, and to interfere, by advice, in matters of discipline. The superintendent holds visitations (apparently by going to the parishes, not as English bishops do, by making clergy and churchwardens come to them), presides at the election of ministers to vacant parishes, and at the ordination, which, on the Presbyterian principle, takes place only on appointment to a benefice. He is also the medium of all communications to the government. For all the purposes, however, which have been enumerated, the efficient power rests in the hands of the administration of the department, which decides judicial questions, liturgical and doctrinal differences, examines candidates for orders through the theological faculties of the universities, and proposes candidates for the office of superintendent to the minister for spiritual affairs. The board, which conducts these affairs, consists of a lay director, only subordinate to the president, assisted by two or three councillors, who are in general laymen, and by a suitable number of secretaries and clerks.

Next above the circle comes the province with a corresponding duality of government, consisting of a provincial synod of ministers and elders deputed by the synod of the circle, together with all the superintendents; side by side with the provincial consistory which possesses all the real power. The chief president of the province presides. Next in rank is the general superintendent, a clergyman, who for Rhineland and Westphalia has the title of bishop. If the Church with all this superfluity of government requires the exercise of still higher authority, it must have recourse to the minister at Berlin.

The Presbyterian and quasi-episcopal part

of the complicated system which we have described, is evidently a mere decorative fabric of arches and figures, which the architect does not choose to entrust with the support of his building. Everywhere beside the shafts and capitals introduced by ecclesiastical dilettantism, runs up the practical brickwork of official interference and civil government. The congregations may elect officers, and distribute themselves into boards, which again may combine to elect other boards and other officers. They may advise, and instruct, and discuss, and recommend; but the government never trusts them with the talismanic string of red tape, which moves all the springs of power in Prussia. We are by no means insensible to the advantages of the arrangement, as removing numerous opportunities of religious feuds and differences; but Mr. Bunsen, starting from the principle of the spiritual supremacy of the Christian community, naturally objects to the sovereignty of functionaries independent of the Church, and, perhaps, not belonging to it; and claims for the purely ecclesiastical constitution the exclusive management of ecclesiastical interests. To enable it, however, to exercise the power which he would confer upon it, he proposes a reform of the system, giving on the one side more power of interference to the laity, and on the other introducing and extending a modified form of episcopacy. Under the present system, he says, the functions of the bishop are practically vested in the civil government, which at the same time cripples the vigour of the Presbyterian system which preponderates in the constitution. Presbyterianism, without episcopacy, he considers, however, essentially feeble, nor does he blame the state for an interference, which under the present ecclesiastical constitution he considers to have been useful or necessary.

The details of the plan which the writer proposes to adopt, must be sought for in the book itself; but they may be summed up we believe nearly as follows: As the point of union for the local churches, he would abolish the divisions into circles, which, as we have said, are divisions corresponding in size to Poor Law Unions; and would substitute for them dioceses of a reasonable extent, each with a considerable town for its capital, and a bishop for its presiding functionary. The 6000 parishes of the monarchy will be divided into sixty dioceses, containing on the average each 100 parishes. The Bishop presides in the diocesan synod, visits the parishes, ordains the clergy and the deacons, with an absolute and irresponsible veto on their ordination; and, in conjunction with two lay-

men, one for administrative and one for judicial business, conducts generally the ecclesiastical affairs of the diocese. The appointment of bishops is vested in the provincial synod, subject to the veto of the crown. The diocese is divided into ten deaneries, each, as the name implies, containing ten parishes, the bishop retaining the local superintendence of the deanery in which he resides. The principal change in the parochial constitution consists in the recognition of the parish schoolmaster as an important officer of the Church. Mr. Bunsen speaks of this meritorious and ill-paid class, who are, no doubt, greatly superior to those who hold the same office in England, with great and deserved praise. He wishes that in all cases they should be ordained as deacons, and that a portion of them should afterwards be admitted into the office of parochial ministers. The same title of deacon he would also confer on the existing churchwardens and overseers, where they do not already possess it, as well as the candidates, or unplaced preachers.

The diocesan synod is to consist of 100 clergy, including one bishop, nine deans, and the ninety parochial clergy, in addition to the deans; and 122 laymen, consisting of the two councillors of the bishop, 100 deputy elders, ten deputies from the schoolmasters of the deaneries, and ten from the remaining deacons. The functions of the synod are merely deliberative; for, as Mr. Bunsen justly observes, deliberative bodies cannot manage the business of administration; all ends in scribbling and gossiping (*Es latist dabei alles auf Geschreibr oder Geschwätz hin*). The bishop, however, reports to the synod the result of his visitations, and consults them on any subject on which he may desire their opinion.

The whole monarchy is to be divided, for ecclesiastical purposes, into six provinces, each including, on an average, ten bishoprics, or 1000 parishes—Königsberg for Prussia, Leignitz for Silesia, Stettin for Pomerania, Brandenburg for Brandenburg, Magdeburg for Saxony, Minden for Rhineland and Westphalia, are to be the seats of so many metropolitan bishops, who are to preside in the synods of the *Landeskirche*, or Provincial Church. The universities of the respective provinces are, together with the *Gymnasien*, or public schools, to represent the educational office, as the parish schoolmasters have done in a lower sphere. The organization of the provincial synod is analogous to the diocesan scheme. The clerical minority is to consist of the ten bishops, ten deputed deans, two deputies of the theological faculty in the university, and ten of the

parochial clergy. The lay majority includes the twenty-two diocesan councillors, four of whom are allotted to the Metropolitan; of two deputies from the schools, and twenty from the diocesan synods. The synod has jurisdiction over questions of marriage, in their bearing on ecclesiastical law, receives appeals and representations from the inferior synods, and examines candidates for the ministerial office. The Metropolitan dispenses the Crown patronage in the larger benefices, the bishop of the diocese in the smaller; the congregations retaining the patronage which they now enjoy, and possessing, in every case, the right of objecting to the presentee of the patron. The metropolitan is appointed by the crown, from among the bishops of the province.

Lastly, all matters of faith and doctrine are determined by the synod of the whole kingdom, consisting of the sixty bishops, and of seventy-two deputies, twelve from each province. This body, however, is only to be summoned on extraordinary occasions, and the validity of its decisions is contingent on the assent of the crown. The minister for the affairs of the Church attended the meetings, but without a deliberate vote.

Such is the outward organization of Mr. Bunsen's 'Church of the Future'; plausible in appearance, exempt from extra-ecclesiastical government, and as arithmetically perfect as paper constitutions are and ought to be. There is a happy coincidence between geographical statistics and figures. By proper omissions and unions there are found exactly six great divisions of the monarchy suitable for church provinces, and by a singular good fortune there are exactly one hundred times as many parishes. The first term of a geometrical series gives sixty dioceses, and provisionally no less than sixty cities are found in the map to form the centres of them: the second term gives 600 deaneries, the third 6000 parishes. Thus the gradations of the Church correspond with the decimal scale, and the most convenient formula of proportion is the result. As the diocese is organized like a great parish, and the province like a great diocese, it follows, interposing the deaneries, that, whatever holds good of the larger division being represented by six, the same will be true in the diocese of .6, in the deanery of .06, and in the parish of .006.

To this regularity in the proposed constitution we by no means object. Irregular as nature is, convenience is the best recommendation of all mechanical contrivances. Because an oak is rough and twisted it does not follow that a gate-post should not be straight and smooth. We only imply a

suspicion that whether it is made even or crooked, the gate-post will not grow. Straight lines and commensurable numbers are the most favourable conditions for the application of given force; but in politics, when the force exists, it has generally anticipated the diagrams of statesmen by making channels for itself. If the Protestant community in Prussia is so full of religious energy as to be able to carry on the Church of the Future according to the conception of its proposer, we may ask what becomes of that religious energy now. Mr. Bunsen partially replies by referring to the ten years' experience of the Rhenish-Westphalian system of Presbyterian government, to the praiseworthy zeal of the enlightened and miserably-paid schoolmasters, and to the activity of the many societies which have been formed of late years with religious and charitable objects. We are not aware whether the schoolmasters are in fact so devoted to the Church as is presupposed by the place which they occupy in the new constitution. If they can be induced to recognize themselves as a part of the ministry, this seems the wisest and most practical part of the scheme. The religious societies, it must be remembered, include only the devout portion of the community; and offer no indication of the numbers or disposition of those who now may be indifferent or ill-disposed to the Church. The experience of Presbyterianism in the two provinces is useful, as far as it goes: but it must be remembered, that it has not yet walked without the leading-strings of the State. On these points, however, a minute knowledge of the state of German feeling, such as Mr. Bunsen may possess, but which scarcely any Englishman can lay claim to, would be requisite to form a decision. The writer very wisely addresses his own countrymen exclusively. If they are in general as zealous and devout as himself, they will easily bring his schemes into practice. To foreigners, it seems strange that he should pass so lightly over the probable opposition of the numerous and powerful party, which considers that orthodox Protestantism has already too much power in Germany. He well knows the ridicule, just or unjust, to which his sovereign has been exposed in consequence of his patronage of pietism. It may be true, as he says, that mere rationalism is extinct, and that the love of truth, to which Kant and his great followers appealed, exists in Germany, in an incomparably higher degree than in the rest of the civilized world. But Rationalism only perished when it had nothing more to conquer. It was negative scepticism, opposed to dogmatism which no longer exists.

The most orthodox German scholar of the present day, even Mr. Bunsen himself, would be thought little better than an infidel at an English visitation, if he expounded his critical views. If the party to which we refer is widely spread, as we believe it is, the Church of the future will be exposed to dangerous hostility, whether the wolf is admitted into the fold, or whether strictness in enforcing the conditions of church-membership keeps a body of Dissenters of the most dangerous kind outside the walls. The writer hopes, perhaps with reason, that the minor Protestant sects will easily amalgamate with the main body of his Church: but unfortunately, the death of fanaticism is almost always a sign of indifference. The Church will not include, among its active members, any due share of the intellect and learning which directs the public opinion of Northern Germany. The love of truth does not always lead to fixedness and uniformity of belief.

Another class of objections might be directed against the system of Church government by synods, boards, and councils of clergy and laity; but on this point we forbear to dwell at length. It is not in right of any apostolical descent that we are disposed to prefer the aristocratic system; but because bishops and individual functionaries, whether they govern well or ill, govern much less than assemblies. There is nothing less religious than religious business and discussion; and it always involves something repulsive, from the application of devotional language to transactions, for the most part depending on the most secular and ordinary motives. The religious societies, which Mr. Bunsen so greatly admires, furnish many instances of the worldly manner in which the affairs of Heaven may be carried on; and synods possess an authority, which fortunately is denied to Exeter Hall. It is true that Mr. Bunsen is consistently and wisely opposed to the clerical predominance which has hitherto characterized Presbyterianism—but in large bodies there will always be a tendency to interfere and to talk too much. We must admit that objections of this nature do not apply with any exclusive force to the Church of the Future.

Without undervaluing the able reasoning and the elevated feeling which characterize Mr. Bunsen's book, we return to the remark with which we commenced, that its principal interest is derived from the writer's position. Though he disclaims, no doubt with perfect truth, any official character in this present movement, and although, on questions solely religious, a statesman in active service may be at liberty to take part as an

individual, we still find it impossible to doubt that he must have the tacit sanction of his sovereign in dealing with the ecclesiastical prerogatives of the crown. The proposal of vesting the crown patronage in the bishops, of transferring the government and jurisdiction of the Church from the local and provincial administrations to purely ecclesiastical boards, and above all, the extensive and liberal recognition of popular election as the source of power, all interfere too directly with the existing policy of Prussia to render it probable that a prudent statesman would have recommended such concessions if he had reason to suppose that they would be refused. On the other hand, it seems strange that any government should allow so great power in ecclesiastical matters to a people who are refused any share in the control of the civil administration. The share of independence actually enjoyed by the Catholic Church, which the writer quotes in support of his recommendations, depends on very different considerations. It has not been spontaneously conceded by the Crown; and being enjoyed, not by the body of the people, but by the bishops and clergy, it offers no precedent for civil freedom of political action. We are bound to assume that the advocacy of freedom is sincere and open; but we cannot avoid noticing one important power which the state retains to itself. It is proposed that the whole additional expense of bishops, clergy, synods, and lay-assessors, should be borne by the public purse. It seems, therefore, to be in the power of the government, at any moment, to bring the whole machine to a stand, or to enforce any measure which it may wish to dictate, as the condition of granting the supplies. There may be sound economical reasons for this arrangement, nor do we in itself object to the principle, that the State should have a check on a too busy or a perverse Church; but it seems to be incompatible with the perfect freedom which Mr. Bunsen, as a churchman, claims, that all ecclesiastical functionaries should depend for their support on extra-ecclesiastical authorities.

Assuming, however, that it is intended that the people should have the real and efficient government of the Evangelical Church, and also that the proposal of the distinguished writer is not distasteful to the King of Prussia, we feel justified in considering the Church of the Future a significant intimation of the probable constitution of the State of the future. A free Presbyterian Church, under an absolute government, would be a focus of discontent and addition—a workshop of pamphlets which

would escape the censorship—a club beyond the jurisdiction of the police to suppress. The one free institution would attract all the enemies of bureaucratic despotism within its bosom. Agitators, anarchists, socialists, sophists, would adapt, as they have often done, the language of the pulpit to the doctrines of Jacobinism, and conniving at religion for the interests of liberty, would control, in the new character of orthodox communicants, the nomination of the clergy, the deliberations of the assemblies, and the universal relations of the Church to the state. A free government may possibly keep a free Church in order. Against a king and ministry such a Church would have popular feeling on its side. These dangers must be too obvious to have escaped the author of the 'Church of the Future,' and therefore we are entitled to form at least a guess that he expects the granting of the long-promised constitution. More than a guess it is not prudent to venture on any future event which for the present depends absolutely on the secret intentions of a single individual.

ART. V.—*The Expedition to Borneo of Her Majesty's ship Dido, for the Suppression of Piracy, with Extracts from the Journal of James Brooke, Esq., of Sarawak.*—By Captain the Honourable HENRY KEPPEL, R. N. London: Chapman and Hall. 1846.

WHEN the Portuguese first visited Borneo, in 1520, it contained three powerful Mohammedan kingdoms, with several rich and populous cities, carrying on a flourishing commerce with the neighbouring countries. The Chinese had settled on various parts of the coast in great numbers, and, by their enterprise and industry, chiefly, perhaps, contributed to keep alive its trade and develop its resources. Pigafetta's account of Bruni, the capital of Borneo proper, suggests a very high idea of the wealth and population of the island at that period. He accompanied Magellan and saw what he describes; and therefore, though there may be some unintentional exaggeration in his picture, it may yet be presumed upon the whole to bear a tolerably correct likeness to the original.

From the narrative of the Italian traveller, it would appear that Bruni, or Borneo City, contained upwards of 200,000 inhabitants, the number of the houses being stated at about 25,000, and many persons, according to the

custom of the country, residing in one house. The Sultan was opulent, kept a magnificent court, and seems to have possessed numerous elephants adorned with silken trappings, since he sent two of those animals thus richly caparisoned to bring the European messengers to his palace. From the number of his secretaries we may infer the spaciousness of his dominions, while the extent of his harem may suggest the way in which much of his revenues was consumed.

At a considerably later period, in 1687, the world appeared to be on the verge of obtaining some account of the interior parts of the island, and of the barbarous tribes and nations by which they are inhabited. For Father Antonio Ventimiglia, a Sicilian monk, setting out for Goa under the auspices of the Portuguese, arrived in the Benjermassing river, and after several unsuccessful attempts at length broke through the belt as it were of Moorish population, which extends apparently round the whole island, and contrived to reach the interior. Ventimiglia, in enthusiasm and benevolence, was not unworthy to be the predecessor of Mr. James Brook. He seems to have conceived the strongest possible desire to convert and civilize the pagan natives of Borneo, and risked, and at length sacrificed his life in the attempt. His story is full of romantic interest. Arriving in the river Benjermassing he there hired a small vessel, and by the fervour of his devotion, the striking ceremonies by which it was accompanied, but, above all, by the austerity of his life and the perfect disinterestedness of his character, produced a highly favourable impression on the simple minds of such natives of the interior, as frequented the mouth of the river in their prahus. There were the Biajus, who conceived so strong an affection for the worthy monk, that they carried him up along with them into their own country; and, at his persuasion, made profession of Christianity. The sort of life led by Ventimiglia in the interior is unknown; but, as he is reported to have baptized great numbers of the natives, it may be conjectured that he altogether devoted himself to the work of conversion. It is not exactly known how long he survived; but he is supposed to have died in the year 1691, in the midst of the little congregation he had converted; or, more properly perhaps, attached to himself, since the time allowed him was far too short to have operated any great change in the opinions and habits of thought of so uncultivated a people. He fell a victim in all likelihood to the climate, and his body is believed to have been long preserved in a cottage, to which, according to the notions

of the Biajus, it imparted miraculous powers.

There can scarcely be a doubt that this island was known to the Arabs for many centuries before it was visited by Europeans, and that it supplied the originals of several of the wildest pictures in the Arabian Nights. Smitten by the grandeur of its scenery, the Alpine loftiness of its mountains, the breadth and number of its rivers, the vast luxuriance of its vegetation, its riches in gold and diamonds, and spices, and odoriferous gums, the strange animals found in its forests, and above all, the wild tribes of pagans inhabiting its mountains, their uncouth rites and superstitions, the peculiar character of their dress and ornaments, their stature and colour, the construction of their barks, and the roving piratical life to which many of them seem always to have been addicted; the Mussulman writers of Arabia and Egypt suffered their imaginations to run riot in this half-fabulous island. Even now it continues to be unexplored by science, though something has been done towards lifting the veil from certain portions of its coasts and rivers. Probably, as it is one of the largest, so it will be found to be the most beautiful island in the world; traversed in nearly its whole extent by a remarkably elevated chain of mountains, which attract and intercept the clouds, and convey down their moisture, through innumerable glens and valleys, towards the plains; it possesses a number of noble rivers, some of which are of great depth, and navigable to a considerable distance inland. Several of these take their rise, it is said, in a spacious lake, situated among the elevated table-lands of the interior, among the peaks of Keni Balú. This idea may probably be based on conjecture. We know that the Indus and the Bhramapootra, issuing from the same lake, or the high table-lands of Tibet, diverge east and west, and form a liquid girdle as it were around the northern, eastern, and western limits of India. Looking at the structure of Borneo, and reasoning from analogy, it seems probable that something similar takes place there. But in reality, the interior is hitherto so completely a *terra incognita*, that we can predicate nothing of it with certainty. The existence of the central ridge has been ascertained by observations taken from near the coast. After running for several hundred miles, in a direction from north-east to south-west, it is supposed a little north of the equator to branch off into three chains, and to descend gradually till lost in the plains which are bathed by the sea of Java. Here and there the chain towers into peaks, among which, by far the loftiest is that of

Keni Balú, which forms, near the northern extremity of the island, a sort of gigantic Acropolis, overlooking the China Sea, the Sooloo group, and the sea of Mundoro.

It is not our intention, however, to attempt at present a sketch of the geography of Borneo, which would require, and justify, a very long article. We mean simply to give some account of the proceedings of Mr. Brooke, whose efforts have at length succeeded in attracting public attention to the island, and to what he himself has accomplished in a small part of it. We cannot at the same time avoid noticing what has been done towards the suppression of piracy, which may be regarded as the first important step towards facilitating the operations of commerce in those rich and little-explored regions of the world. The reader will easily comprehend that we shall be compelled, by the vastness of the subject, to be at once both brief and desultory, touching on many points, and thoroughly investigating none. Even the two volumes before us, the joint production of Mr. Brooke and Captain Keppel, only conduct us to the threshold, as it were, of Borneo, and excite our curiosity without satisfying it. Nor could anything more be expected of them. On the contrary, few will take up the work with any anticipation of the immense variety of adventures, thought, and knowledge about to be thrown open before them. Seldom have we seen a book of travels containing so great an amount of novel materials, so fresh, so full of important speculations; so thoroughly pervaded by moral dignity, and, at the same time, so attractive and exciting. It is customary to set up romance as a sort of standard of comparison, in speaking of events and circumstances such as we have here before us. But romance has nothing of the kind to show. Mr. Brooke is a hero, much greater than a writer of fiction would have dared to invent. It would, in fact, scarcely have been safe, because it would have outraged probability, to endow an imaginary character with half the great and good qualities which evidently belong to this man.

We scarcely know of any parallel to him in our own times; and yet no times, perhaps, since the beginning of the world, ever teemed with nobler minds, and with minds more thoroughly pervaded by strong love for mankind, by boundless charity, by the strictest and most inflexible principles of justice, by the passion for enterprise, by the thirst of knowledge, by the worship of truth.

Mr. Brooke left England in 1838, a mere private gentleman; he is now a prince, dependent, indeed, on the Sultan of Borneo,

but enjoying almost complete sovereignty over Sarawak, a province of considerable extent, inhabited by many different tribes, and rich in mineral and vegetable wealth. It will easily be imagined that the history of this transformation presents many extraordinary features. The most wonderful part of the whole, however, is what may be termed the central fact around which all the curious accessories of the piece are grouped: we mean the fact of a single Englishman's taking up his residence in a vast and distant island in the eastern seas, surrounded by Mohammedans and pagans, pirates for the most part, fierce and lawless, peculiarly inimical to Europeans, and whose dens it has at length been found necessary, for the protection of commerce, to destroy; and, by the exertion of mere personal qualities, subduing all the difficulties of his situation, and rising to the possession of all but supreme authority over men of different nations and creeds, whose language at the outset he could not speak, and to whom he must long have continued to be an object of suspicion.

Several circumstances, no doubt, contributed to assist the development of his plans. Our war with China, and the subsequent extension of our commerce with that empire, have rendered a settlement and some kind of influence in Borneo almost necessary to us. We were forced, moreover, by circumstances to make the discovery, that the destruction of the Illanun and Maluda pirates was a commercial necessity, and the accidental presence and co-operation of Mr. Brooke became important even to our national interests. Without him we might possibly, in the long run, have succeeded in that most difficult enterprise. But success would probably have cost us an infinitely greater amount of life and treasure. In a double sense, therefore, he may be regarded as the great apostle of civilisation in Borneo; under one aspect aiding the spread of knowledge and refinement by the exercise of persuasion, by the establishment of laws, by planting the germs of institutions, by softening the temper and smoothing the asperities of the savage character, by opening up a thousand small and almost imperceptible channels through which hereafter to pour in the flood of Christian truth upon the native minds; and, under another aspect, standing forward as the avenger of the weak and unprotected, against some of the most powerful and destructive scourges to which humanity has ever been exposed in that division of the globe.

For ourselves we feel proud to belong to the same race and nation with Mr. Brooke. Of all modern missionaries he is the greatest,

because his plans are the wisest and most extensive, and because the means he has taken to mature them are the offspring of a combination of distinguished qualities which very rarely fall to the lot of one man. Though he cannot but be full of the consciousness of intellectual power, it seems clear to us that even he himself is scarcely aware of all the grandeur of his position. Necessarily a good deal absorbed by details, and brought successively into contact with innumerable individuals of the races upon whose destiny he desires to operate, he sometimes, perhaps, omits to carry out his views towards those immense and ever widening circles of change which his influence cannot fail to produce in the opinions, habits, character, and civilisation of that part of Asia. Material circumstances often appear to chain down his speculations to the Malays and Dyaks of Sarawak. He seems to be solely occupied by solicitude for their welfare, by projects for their improvement. The plundering Sarebus and Sakkarans swell into colossal proportions in his fancy, and appear for a moment to wall him round and exclude from view all the rest of the world. It is, however, but for a moment. His mind soon passes out of that confined orbit, and moving forth into clear and ample space sheds around it far and wide that glorious light which in our opinion is predestined to warm, and purify, and ripen into humanity whole races of men both born and unborn.

It is to be hoped that all the thinking and inquiring part of the nation, nay, of all Europe, will take an interest in the movement commenced in the further East by Mr. Brooke. Commercial advantages and great wealth, both to the trading classes of Christendom and to himself, may spring out of it. But in entering on his undertaking he had a higher purpose and nobler aims. His leading desire was to diminish the sum of human misery, to multiply the sources of happiness, and to elevate millions of minds out of the thick night of darkness into the sphere of light and civilisation, and already, as we have suggested, has his success been very great. It would be difficult, if at all possible, by a concise outline of his operations, to convey to the reader's mind a correct idea of the obstacles he surmounted, the perseverance and energy which enabled him to do so, or the kind of aid he derived from the character of the natives or the relations into which they have been brought with Europeans by our settlements in the East. With the help, however, of Captain Keppel's narrative, and Mr. Brooke's own journal, we may be able to make some approximation to the object we desire to attain. The sketch of Mr.

Brooke's previous career is thus given by an old intimate friend:—

“Mr. Brooke was the second, and is now the only surviving son of the late Thomas Brooke, Esq., of the civil service of the East India Company; was born on the 29th of April, 1803; went out to India as a cadet, where he held advantageous situations, and distinguished himself by his gallantry in the Burmese war. He was shot through the body in an action with the Burmese, received the thanks of the government, and returned to England for the recovery of his prostrated strength. He resumed his station, but shortly afterwards relinquished the service, and in search of health and amusement, left Calcutta for China in 1830. In this voyage, while going up the China seas, he saw for the first time the islands of the Asiatic Archipelago—*islands of vast importance and unparalleled beauty—lying neglected and almost unknown.* He inquired and read, and became convinced that Borneo and the Eastern Isles afforded an open field for enterprise and research. To carry to the Malay races, so long the terror of the European merchant vessel, the blessing of civilisation, to suppress piracy and extirpate the slave-trade, became his humane and generous objects; and from that hour the energies of his powerful mind were devoted to this one pursuit. Often foiled—often disappointed, with a perseverance and enthusiasm which defied all obstacles, he was not until 1838 enabled to set sail from England on his darling project. The intervening years had been devoted to preparation and inquiry—a year spent in the Mediterranean had tested his vessel, the *Royalist*, and his crew—and so completely had he studied his object, and calculated on contingencies, that the least sanguine of his friends felt as he left the shore, hazardous and unusual as the enterprise appeared to be, that he had omitted nothing to insure a successful issue. ‘I go,’ said he, ‘to awake the spirit of slumbering philanthropy with regard to these islands; to carry Sir Stamford Raffles’ views in Java over the whole archipelago. Fortune and life I give freely; and if I fail in the attempt, I shall not have lived wholly in vain.’

“In the admiration I feel for him, I may further be permitted to add, that if ever any man possessed in himself the resources and means by which such noble designs were to be achieved, that man was James Brooke! Of the most enlarged views, truthful and generous, quick to acquire and appreciate; excelling in every manly sport and exercise; elegant and accomplished; ever accessible; and, above all, prompt and determined to redress injury and relieve misfortune, he was of all others the best qualified to impress the native mind with the highest opinion of English character.”

Though no discoverer in the ordinary sense of the term, he was actuated, when approaching the scene of his labours, by so much of the spirit of Columbus, that we accompany him with the same kind of interest with which we attend the great navigator while steering towards the unknown hemisphere, the existence of which his genius was about to reveal. Mr. Brooke, while

sailing towards Borneo, seems to have acquired an intellectual property in everything he saw by the powerful determination he experienced to change its condition, and effect improvement in it. There was evidently a kind of rapture in his mind, as he contemplated the beauties with which nature had invested both land and sea. For this reason we attach more value to his descriptions than to those of a mere student of the picturesque. The grandeur displayed by nature in the habitation she had there assigned to man, only led him the more fervently to desire that he might be enabled to render man worthy of so glorious an inheritance.

"From Java Head we glided slowly through Prince's Straits, and, coasting along the island, dropped our anchor in Anjer Roads. The scenery of this coast is extremely lovely, and comprises every feature which can heighten the picturesque; noble mountains, a lake-like sea, and deeply indented coast line, rocks, islets, and, above all, a vegetation so luxuriant that the eye never wearies with gazing on its matchless tints, Anjer combines all these beauties, and possesses the incalculable advantages of being within a moderate ride of the refreshing coolness of the hills. We here procured water and provisions in abundance, being daily visited by crowds of canoes filled with necessities or curiosities; fowls' eggs, yams, cocoa-nuts, and sweet-potatoes, were mixed with monkeys of various sorts, parquets, squirrels, shells, and similar temptations on the stranger's purse or wardrobe. Great was the bartering for old clothes, handkerchiefs, and hats; and great the number of useless and noisy animals we received in exchange. Great, too, was the merriment aboard, and the excitement when the canoes first came. The transition from the monotony of a sea life to the loquacious bustle of barter with a half-civilized people is so sudden, that the mind at once feels in a strange land, and the commonest productions proclaimed the luxuriant climes of the tropics. Until this impression is made, we hardly know why we have been sailing onward for four months past, so quiet and unvarying is the daily tenor of a life aboard ship."

There is here no elaborate painting but a few easy strokes, which enable us to realize to ourselves all the splendours of a tropical landscape. Perhaps, however, when Mr. Brooke describes, he always unconsciously compels us to think more of him than of the scene; at least, so to mix up the idea of his character and designs with the objects which his landscapes present to our imagination, that he becomes an integral portion of what we behold, and imparts a new and peculiar colour to it. This of itself would suffice to vindicate his claim to genius. Personally we are told he exercises the most unbounded influence on those who come in contact with him, fascinating, winning, and attaching them by the earnestness of his manner, by his enthusiasm, by the transparent simplicity of

his thoughts, by his undoubted single-heartedness, and by the obvious greatness of his purposes. The same inexplicable power operates through his journal upon the mind. We see him absorbed by his own projects, and occupied incessantly by his own ideas, yet are never tempted to suspect him of the least vanity. He appears to be a mere mental agency, put in motion and sustained by a power above the sphere of humanity, to accomplish some beneficent enterprise. The reader, we trust, by considering the following passage attentively, will be able to comprehend what we mean.

"Performed divine service myself! manfully overcoming that horror which I have to the sound of my own voice before an audience. In the evening landed again, more to the westward. Shore skirted by rocks; timber noble, and the forest clear of brushwood, enabling us to penetrate with ease as far as caution permitted. Traces of wild beasts numerous and recent, but none discovered. Fresh water streams, coloured as yesterday, and the trail of an alligator from one of them up to the sea. This dark forest, where the trees shoot up straight and tall, and are succeeded by generation after generation, varying in stature, but struggling upward, strikes the imagination with pictures trite yet true. Here the hoary sage of a hundred years lies mouldering beneath your foot, and there the young sapling shoots beneath the parent shade, and grows in form and fashion like the parent stem. The towering few, with heads raised above the general mass, can scarce be seen through the foliage of those beneath; but here and there the touch of time has cast his withering hand upon their leafy brow, and decay has begun his work upon the gigantic and unbending trunk. How trite and yet how true! It was thus I meditated in my walk. The foot of Europeans, I said, has never touched where my foot now presses, seldom the native wanders here. Here I indeed behold nature fresh from the bosom of creation, unchanged by man, and stamped with the same impress she originally bore! Here I behold God's design when he formed this tropical land, and left its culture and improvement to the agency of man. The Creator's gift, as yet neglected by the creature; and yet the time may be confidently looked for when the axe shall level the forest, and the plough turn the ground."

Though there be nothing very remarkable in the account of Mr. Brooke's first interview with Muda Hassim, the Malay Rajah of Sarawak; yet as it was this chief who, through his character, and the peculiar situation in which he found himself placed, laid the foundation of British influence in Borneo, we shall introduce the description of it which we find in the journal:

"Anchored abreast of Sarawak at seven, and saluted the rajah with twenty-one guns, which were returned. Having breakfasted, and previously intimated our intention, we pulled ashore to visit

the great man. He received us in state, seated in his hall of audience, which outside is nothing but a large shed, erected on piles, but within decorated with taste. Chairs were placed on each side of the ruler, who occupied the head seat. Our party were placed on one hand; on the other sat his brother Mohammed, and Macota, and some others of his principal chiefs; whilst immediately behind him his twelve younger brothers were seated.

"The dress of Muda Hassim was simple but of rich material, and most of the principal men were well and even superbly dressed. His countenance is plain but intelligent, and highly pleasing, and his manners perfectly easy and elegant. His reception was kind, and I am given to understand, highly flattering. We sat, however, trammelled with the formality of state, and our conversation did not extend beyond kind inquiries and professions of friendship. We were presented with tobacco rolled up in a leaf, each about a foot long, and tea was served by attendants on their knees. A band of music played wild and not unmusical airs during the interview, and the crowd of attendants who surrounded were seated in respectful silence."

Most persons who have studied the history of the intercourse carried on by Europeans with uncivilized tribes and nations, must have observed with extreme pain, that under whatever circumstances the relations have commenced, they have usually terminated in hostilities. The blame may be differently distributed, and assigned sometimes to the natives, sometimes to their civilized visitors. It is easy to find pretexts and explanations. Literature is ingenious, and never, perhaps, more so than when glossing over the failings and misdeeds of those who enjoy the advantages and benefits which it confers. Our conviction, however, is, that in nearly all cases the guilt of converting peaceful into sanguinary relations attaches chiefly to the civilized races. They are commonly too much alive to offence, too eager in the retaliation of injuries. They make little allowance for the imperfect moral and intellectual culture of their wilder brethren, but attempt sternly to exact from them a more unlimited obedience to the law of ethics than is displayed even by the most refined communities. A sort of poetical theory of what men in the state of nature should be misleads their judgment. Perfect freedom from cupidity should, they think, be found where civilisation has not yet set up its artificial distinctions. The idea seems never to occur to them, that civilisation is progressive and comparative, and in some of its lower stages must exist everywhere where man is found. The very rudest forms of society recognize distinctions of rank more or less artificial, and in a greater or less degree bring into play all the passions of human nature. The savage, therefore,

is impelled to covetousness by quite as many motives as other men, while he has not the same motives of cultivated honour and probity to restrain him.

Moved apparently by these considerations, and by many others to which it is unnecessary to advert, Mr. Brooke resolved to regulate his intercourse with the natives of Borneo by the most enlarged maxims of charity and forbearance. In this, however, he may have differed but little from other upright men who have been brought in contact with races still immersed in barbarism. The distinction is felt only when theory comes to be converted into practice. It is here that his exalted merit shines forth. It is here that we discern the extraordinary marks of difference between him and most other men who have been placed in like circumstances. His trials and his temptations to depart from the original rule he had set himself were manifold. Where he looked for generosity he encountered meanness; where he expected gratitude he was frequently disconcerted by having to tolerate its contrary. He met with men whom no kindness could conciliate, who cultivated treachery as an art; to whom truth and honesty were an offence; and whose habitual preferences were bestowed on whatever was most base and worthless. Others, on whom he placed some reliance, deceived his hopes by their weakness, by their mutability, by their equivocal principles and affections, now inclining them to good and now to evil. Nevertheless, it is scarcely too much to say, that he has never swerved from his great purpose, but uniformly, consistently, with the moderation of a philosopher and the courage of a martyr, has laboured to accomplish the noble task which, from the first, he had set himself. To those still unacquainted with the work before us we may appear to be hurried into exaggeration by some accidental partiality for Mr. Brooke's design. The case, however, is not so. All in whom the springs of admiration are not poisoned by envy will experience similar delight in perusing his journal, and watching the development of his beneficent plans.

It has been seen in what manner and under what circumstances his acquaintance with the Rajah of Sarawak began. It happened at the time of his arrival that a rebellion, which had some time previously broken out in the interior, was gaining head and becoming formidable. At first, when he made inquiries respecting this affair, the rajah, fearing lest he might have any sinister motive for prying into it, replied that it was nothing but some foolish child's play among a small portion of his subjects. Afterwards,

a more accurate conception of Mr. Brooke's character, and the hope that he might turn his presence to good account, induced the worthy Malay prince to disclose the true state of the case. Never do we remember a more striking illustration of the truth, that good sometimes springs out of evil, than is furnished by the history of Mr. Brooke's transactions in Borneo. It was the existence of rebellion that, by exciting hopes of advantage in Muda Hassim, led him to cultivate the friendship of Mr. Brooke, and it was gratitude for services performed by this gentleman, that in part at least led to his elevation to the government of Sarawak.

It is not our intention to abridge the narrative of the singular enterprise undertaken by Mr. Brooke, and the subordinate chiefs of Sarawak, against the rebels; but we may observe, that a more extraordinary caricature of military operations was never witnessed. No doubt similar exhibitions are constantly beheld in that part of the world, though no one takes part in them who is able to preserve a record of their peculiarities. It was by a rare accident that Mr. Brooke was initiated into these mysteries of Bornean warfare; not, however, during his first visit, but after having made a second or third voyage to Singapore, and paid a visit to Celebes, the striking and gorgeous features of which he describes with much felicity. His sketch of the great waterfall we extract, as it may help to familiarise the reader's fancy with the forms assumed by nature in the Indian Archipelago:—

"Got ashore by seven o'clock, to start for the waterfall; till nine we were detained by want of horses; but after much trouble, the animals were procured, and off we started. Our party consisted of three doctors (him of the fortification, a German gentlemen, Treacher, and Theylingens), and myself, with native guides. The road lay for a short way along the beach, then struck into the thicket, and we commenced a gradual ascent. The scenery was most striking and lovely, glades and glens, grassy knolls and slopes, with scattered trees, and the voice of a hidden river, which reached our ears from a deep valley on our left hand. Proceeding thus for some distance, we at length plunged into the wood, and descending a short space, found ourselves by the side of the stream below the waterfall. Here, breakfast being finished, we all stripped to our trousers, entered the water, and advanced along the bed of the river to the fall. The banks on either hand, steep and woody, prevented any other mode of approach, and the stream rushing down, and falling over huge rocks, rendered the only available one anything but easy. At times we were up to the arms, then crawling out, and stealing with care over wet and slippery stones, now taking advantage of a few yards of dry ground, and ever and anon swimming a pool to shorten an unpleasant climb. In this manner we advanced about half a mile, when the fall became

visible; thick trees and hanging creepers intervened; between and through the foliage we first saw the water glancing and shining in its descent. The effect was perfect. After some little further and more difficult progress, we stood beneath the fall of about 150 feet, sheer descent. The wind whistled in eddies, and carried the sleet over us, chilling our bodies, but unable to damp our admiration. The basin of the fall is part of a circle, with the outlet forming a funnel; perpendicular on all sides, bare cliffs form the upper portion of the vale, and above and below is all the luxuriant vegetation of the East; trees, arched and interlaced, and throwing down long fantastic roots, and creepers, shade the scene, and form one of the richest sylvan prospects I have ever beheld. The water, foaming and flashing, and then escaping amid huge grey stones, on its troubled course—clear and transparent, expanding into tranquil pools, with the flickering sunshine through the dense foliage—all combine to form a scene such as Tasso has described.

"Inferior in body of water to many falls in Switzerland, it is superior to any in sylvan beauty; its deep seclusion, its undisturbed solitude, and the difficulty of access, combine to heighten its charms to the imagination."

We now accompany the narrative back to Borneo, where Mr. Brooke, yielding to the entreaties of the rajah, agreed to lend his aid in the reduction of the rebels. It would not be fair to take the Malays of Sarawak or Borneo Proper as the type of their race, and infer from their bad qualities the contemptible character of the whole. We abstain, therefore, from generalising on this occasion, and merely remark, that Rajah Muda Hassim's people have unconsciously taken Falstaff as their model, and esteem discretion to be by far the better part of valour. Our readers will be wonderfully edified when they come to peruse the whole history of the civil war, and meanwhile may derive some amusement from the passages we shall lay before them. It will of course be remembered that Mr. Brooke is himself a military man, and therefore, by habit, discipline, and principle, led to set little value on life apart from considerations of duty. From the moral position, therefore, in which both his profession and philosophy have placed him, he is led to contemplate death in a light in which it cannot appear to such people as the Malays of Sarawak and Borneo. Possibly, therefore, he may condemn with too much severity the pusillanimity of those poor people, who have none of those artificial motives invented by civilisation to induce them to seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth. Still, as on the occasion in question they undertook to fight, they might not unreasonably have been expected to display a little more daring. We should remember, however, what Machia-

velli relates of the wars of Italy during the fifteenth century, when large disciplined armies often met, manoeuvred, and fought with prodigious noise and bustle during a whole day without experiencing on either side the loss of a single soldier. More chariness of their persons than this even the Malays of Sarawak could not display. However, with the reader's permission we will introduce him at once into a council of war, which will give him some idea of what extent of prowess he is to look for in the desperate encounters to come.

"Detachments of Dyaks are coming in. Ten of the tribe of Sutor were despatched as scouts, and in a few hours returned with the welcome intelligence that the detachment was safe on the top of the mountain, and that the three tribes of Paninjou, Bomback, and Sarambo, had finally decided on joining the rajah, and surrendering their fortified houses. Soon after this news the chiefs of the tribes arrived with about 100 men, and were, of course, well received; for, if chargeable with deserting their cause, it is done with the utmost simplicity, and perfect confidence in their new associates. For in their looks it was apparent that they had suffered greatly for want of food, and they frankly confessed that starvation was their principal motive for coming over. I did all in my power to fix their new faith by presents of provisions, &c., and I think they are trustworthy; for there is a straight-forwardness about the Dyak character far different from the double-faced dealings of the Malay. Their stipulations were, forgiveness for the past, and an assurance that none of the Dyaks from the sea (i. e. Sarebus and Sakoran) should be employed; for they were, they said, hateful to their eyes. These terms being readily conceded, the first from interest, the second from necessity, they became open and communicative on the best means of attacking the forts. A grand council of war was held, at which were present Macota, Subtu, Abouga Mia, and Datu Naraja, two Chinese leaders, and myself—certainly a most incongruous mixture, and one rarely to be met with. After much discussion, a move close to the enemy was determined on for to-morrow, and on the following day to take up a position near their defences. To judge by the sample of the council, I should form very unfavourable expectations of their conduct in action; Macota is lively and active, but whether from indisposition or want of authority, undecided. The Capitan China is lazy and silent, subtle, indolent, and self-indulgent, Abou Mia and Datu Naraja stupid. However, the event must settle the question; and in the meantime it was resolved that the small stockade at this place was to be picked up, and removed to our new position, and there erected for the protection of the fleet. I may here state my motives for being a spectator of, or participator in, this scene. In the first place, I must confess, that curiosity strongly prompted me; since to witness the Malays, Chinese and Dyaks in warfare was so new, that the novelty alone might plead an excuse for this desire. But it was not the only motive, for my presence is a stimulus to our own party, and will probably depress the other in proportion. I

look upon the cause of the rajah as most just and righteous; and the speedy close of the war would be rendering a service to humanity, especially if brought about by treaty. At any rate much might be done to ameliorate the condition of the rebels in case of their defeat; for though I cannot, perhaps ought not, to save the lives of the three leaders, yet all others, I believe, will be forgiven on a slight intercession. At our arrival, too, I had stated that if they wished me to remain, no barbarities must be committed; and especially that the women and children must not be fired upon. To counterbalance these motives was the danger, whatever it might amount to, and which did not weigh heavily on my mind. So much for reasons which, after all, are poor and weak, when we determine on doing anything, be it right or wrong. If evil befall I trust the penalty may be on me rather than on my followers."

We now proceed at once to the neighbourhood of the rebels, and observe with what spirit the rajah's forces take up a position close to them. If little inclined to fight, they cannot be charged with unwillingness to work. On the contrary, they display an alacrity and readiness to labour, which extorts some expressions of praise from their European critic:

"A thick fog concealed us, and in half-an-hour the people were on shore, busy re-erecting our fort, less than a mile from two forts of the enemy, but concealed from them by a point of the river. No opposition was offered to us, and in a few hours a neat defence was completed from the *débris* of the former. The ground was cleared of jungle; piles driven in a square, about fifteen yards to each space, and the earth from the centre, scooped out and intermixed with reeds, was heaped up about five feet high inside the piles. At the four corners were small watch-towers, and along the parapet of earth a narrow walk connecting them. In the centre space was a house crowded by the Chinese garrison, a few of whose harmless gingalls we stuck up at the angles to intimidate, rather than to wound. Whilst they laboured at the body of the defence, the Dyaks surrounded it by an outer work made of slight sticks run into the ground, with cross binding of split bamboo, and bristling with a *chevaux-de-frise* (if it may be so called) of sharpened bamboos, about breast high. The fastenings of the entire work were of rattan, which is found in plenty. It was commenced at 7 A. M., and finished about 3 P. M., showing how the fellows can get through business when they choose."

We next obtain the following view of the rebels themselves, their position, number and defences:

"A company of military might finish the war in a few hours, as these defences are most paltry, the strongest being the fort of Balidah, against which our formidable assault was to be levelled. It was situated at the water's edge, on a slight eminence on the right bank of the river, and a large house with a thatched roof, and a look-out house on the summit; a few swivels and a gun or

two were in it, and around it a breastwork of wood, judging from a distance, about seven feet high. The other defences were still more insignificant even than this; and the enemy's artillery amounted by account to three six-pounders and numerous swivels; from 350 to 500 men, about half of whom were armed with muskets, whilst the rest carried spears. They were scattered in many forts, and had a town to defend, all of which increased their weakness. Their principal aim, however, consisted in the ranjows, which were stated to be stuck in every direction. These ranjows are formed of bamboo, pointed fine, and stuck in the ground; and there are, besides, holes about three feet deep, filled with these spikes, and afterwards lightly covered, which are called *pato-burg*. Another obstacle consists of a spring formed by bending back a stiff cane, with a sharp bamboo attached to it, which fastened by a slight twine, flies forcibly against any object brushing against it. They resemble the mole-traps of England."

In describing the rajah's forces, Mr. Brooke adopts almost the tone of satire, making use of the expressions, 'Grand Army,' 'ordnance, &c.,' to heighten the ludicrousness of the set out. Our readers will no doubt acknowledge that the whole affair was sufficiently premature. We can scarcely imagine anything more so, than the two Chinamen with their piece of ordnance, the one serving for carriage, the other for gunner. We dare say, had Mr. Brooke been inclined to indulge in a piece of humour, not inconsistent, perhaps, with fact, he would have informed us that these stray Celestials wipe the muzzle and touch-hole of their formidable apparatus with their giant pig-tails, depending from their occiputs, and adorning their broad shoulders. We are left, however, to imagine this part of their military economy for ourselves. Mr. Brooke says—

"Our grand army consisted of 200 Chinese, excellent workmen, but of whose qualities as soldiers I can say nothing. They were, however, a stout, muscular set of men, though wretchedly armed, having no guns, and scarcely any muskets; but swords, spears, and shields, together with forty long thin iron tubes with the bore of a musket, and carrying a slug. These primitive weapons were each managed by two men, one being the carrier of the ordnance, the other the gunner; for whilst one holds the tube over his shoulder, the other takes aim, turns away his head, applies his match, and is pleased with the sound. Their mode of loading is as curious as the piece, and the mode of its discharge; powder is poured in the end, knocked on the ground, and the slug with another knock sent in the powder, without either ramming or cartridge. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine any weapon more rude, awkward, or inefficient.

"Of Malays, we had 250, of whom 150 were on the Sarambo mountain, occupied in defending the houses; of the hundred remaining with the grand army, about half were armed with muskets.

A few brass guns composed our artillery; and in the boats were a good many swivels. The Dyaks amounted to about 200, of various tribes; viz., Sibnowans, Paninjows, Bombak, Sarambo, Kom-pit, Tabah, Sanpro, Suntah; but these were merely pioneers; and would not face the report of fire-arms. The pioneers in fighting wear a quilted jacket or Spencer, which reaches over the hips, and from its size has a most unserviceable appearance; the bare legs and arms sticking out from under this puffed-out coat, like the sticks which support the garments of a scarecrow."

Such being the nature of the force sent by Muda Hassim against the rebels, it may easily be conceived that no very great execution was effected by them. Their leading maxim seems to have been, that it was each man's chief business to take care of himself, after which he might annoy and distress the enemy as much as he could. Mr. Brooke's notion, therefore, that they ought to move out and attack the rebels at once, very naturally appeared insane to them. He had an object in concluding the war, and returning as speedily as possible to the coast: while to them it was a matter of considerable indifference. Nay, they were, perhaps, upon the whole interested in prolonging the war, as they ran few or no risks, were maintained at the public expense, and enjoyed the distinction conceded in all countries to soldiers by their more pacific neighbours.

Mankind have in all ages and countries displayed a profound veneration for noise, which may almost be regarded as a subdued species of idolatry. Even the highest civilisation attained by any modern people has not cured us of this propensity. If we gain a victory, we express our joy by explosions of gunpowder. If we would signify our respect for any great personage, we do so by shouting and bellowing, and splitting the ears of sober people. Even into our devotions, we introduce as much noise as possible, arising from the ringing of bells and the thunder of organs. Natural philosophers, we dare say, will explain this, by dwelling on the overflow of animal spirits, which, by their tenuity, have some affinity with the air which forms as it were the receptacle and dwelling-places of all noises. The Malays and Dyaks are great performers in this way.

"During the day we were not left quiet. The beating of gongs, shouts, and an occasional shot, gave life to the scene. With the glass I could espy our forces at the top of the hill, pleased no doubt to see us coming to their support. At night loud shouts and firing from the rebels caused us to prepare for an attack; but it proved to be nothing but lights moving about the hill side, with what intent we were ignorant. The jungle on the left bank having been cleared, we did not much expect any skirmishers; but some cries were heard near our

boats. With this exception the night passed away unbroken on our part, though the rebels kept up an incessant beating of gongs, and from time to time fired a few stray shots, whether against an enemy or not was doubtful.

"Next morning the grand army was lazy, and did not take the field where they possessed two eminences and commenced forts on each. About 11 A. M. we got intelligence that the enemy was collecting on the right bank, as they had been heard by our scouts shouting one to another to gather together in order to attack the stockade in the course of building. Even with a knowledge of their usual want of caution, I could not believe this, but walked, nevertheless, to one of the forts, and had scarcely reached it when an universal rebel shout, and a simultaneous beating of the silver toned gongs, announced, as I thought, a general action. But though the shouts continued loud and furious from both sides, and a gun or two was discharged in the air to refresh their courage, the enemy did not attack, and a heavy shower damped the ardour of the approaching armies, and reduced all to inaction. Like the heroes of old, however, the adverse parties spoke to each other. 'We are coming, we are coming,' exclaimed the rebels, 'lay aside your muskets and fight us with swords.' 'Come on,' was the reply, 'we are building a stockade and want to fight you.' And so the heroes ceased to talk, but forgot to fight, except that the rebels opened a fire from Balidah from swivels, all of which went over the tops of trees."

The country which formed the scene of this hubbub was remarkable for its luxuriant beauty, consisting of a broad vale, traversed by a fine navigable river, swelling on either hand with hills of various shape and elevation, backed by mountains, to the highest peak of which is assigned the height of three thousand feet. But there is no part of the earth, however lovely, which has not been devastated by war; that which Mr. Brooke describes may be regarded as one of the most harmless that ever took place. The ordinary contests of the natives ought not to be dignified by the name of war at all, consisting merely of a series of cunning stratagems, contrived for the purpose of getting at each other's heads. Most natives betray a peculiar taste in their war trophies. We pride ourselves on the flags and brass guns of the enemy taken in battle. Among the ancients, the token of victory was a certain amount of armour, arranged artificially upon a pole; and among the Borneons, it is a number of smoked heads. When, therefore, you see a Dyak taking a pleasant stroll towards evening, along the banks of the river, or in the dim and poetical twilight of the woods, you may be sure that it is not the love of meditation that has brought him thither, but a desire for his neighbour's head. The kris is ready in his hand, and the fire has already been kindled at home, over which it is to be smoked, and thus rendered fit to form the

ornament of his cottage. It is by no means the custom, however, to use the heads ill in other respects. They are allowed to share the rice of the family, and are occasionally talked to, and conjured to use their influence in the world of spirits, to bring around them the heads of their friends, by way of getting up a pleasant society in the midst of their enemies.

The Dyaks, who constituted Mr. Brooke's allies on this occasion, had an eye we dare say to this sort of acquisition, which was probably the case also with the gentlemen in the stockades, whose mode of exhibiting their valour is thus described in the journal.

"The night passed quietly as usual. About 6 A. M. I started for the hills, and inspected each post in turn. They are about commencing another fort. I visited the spot to reconnoitre it; and the enemy opened a fire directly they perceived me, which we returned. They shot wretchedly ill; and the position is good but exposed. About 10 A. M. they began again to fire from their fort, while thirty or forty men crept out to interrupt our work. The Malays, however, received them steadily, whilst the Chinese placed them between two fires; and, by a discharge from a tube, knocked down *one* man. The rebels showed anxiety to possess themselves of their fallen comrade, whilst the opposite party shouted, 'Cut off his head;' but he was carried off; and the enemy, when they had saved his body, fled in all directions, dropping a number of their bamboo powder-flasks on the way."

In order to expedite the matter, Mr. Brooke brought up two six-pounders from his boat. While placing these in position, a steady fire was kept up, with a swivel; which, in the course of a short time, effected a breach. This suggested the idea of taking the place by storm, but Muda Hassim's warriors felt no partiality for this mode of carrying on the war, as will appear from the scene which ensued upon the advice being given.

"Seeing the effect, I proposed to Macota to storm the place, with 150 Chinese and Malays. The way from one fort to the other was protected. The enemy dared not show themselves, for the fire of the grape and canister, and nothing could have been easier; but my proposition caused a commotion, which it is difficult to forget, and more difficult to describe. The Chinese consented, and Macota, the commander-in-chief, was willing; but his inferiors were backward, and there arose a scene which showed me the full violence of the Malay passions, and their infuriated madness when once roused. Pangeran Houseman urged with energy the advantage of the proposal, and in the course of a speech lashed himself to a state of fury, he jumped to his feet, and with demoniac gestures, stamped round and round, dancing a war-dance, after the most approved fashion; his countenance grew livid, his eyes glared, his features inflamed;

and, for my part, not being able to interpret the torrent of his oratory, I thought the man possessed of a devil, or about to run a muck; but, after a minute or two of this dance, he resumed his seat, furious and panting, but silent. In reply, Subtu urged some objections to my plan, which was warmly supported by Illudeen, who apparently hurt Subtu's feelings; for the indolent, the placid Subtu leaped from his seat, seized his spear, and rushed to the entrance of the stockade, with his passions and pride desperately roused. I never saw finer action than when, with spear in hand, pointing to the enemy's fort, he challenged any one to rush on with him. Houseman and Surra-deen (the bravest of the brave) like madmen seized their swords to inflame the courage of the rest—it was a scene of fiends—but in vain, for though they appeared ready enough to quarrel and fight among themselves, there was no move to attack the enemy. All was confusion; the demon of discord and madness was among them; and I was glad to see them cool down, when the dissentients to the assault proposed making a round to-night and attacking to-morrow."

Never, we believe, was there a more curious picture than that given by Mr. Brooke, of the putting down of this rebellion in Sarawak. On neither side was there any great courage displayed, but the insurgents had clearly the advantage in point of resolution, which is partly, at least, accounted for by the remark, that they expected no pardon from Muda Hassim, and therefore fought under the influence of desperation. Still their despair did not prompt them to anything very horrible. To be sure they possessed little skill in the science of defence; exceedingly frail fortifications, and but a scanty supply of the munitions of war; still, considering the circumstances in which they found themselves placed, they might not unreasonably have been expected to give proof of greater energy and determination. Among the beleaguers, the backwardness displayed may be supposed to have been in exact proportion to the absence of all reasonable motives to courage in men not naturally brave. They experienced much pleasure in calling councils of war, and retracing pictures of the scenes of carnage and confusion, which, according to their treacherous memories, occurred in former days. By the recollection of these, however, instead of being excited to perform fresh deeds of valour, they felt themselves very powerfully deterred from incurring more risk than they could help. The stabbing, and slashing, and shooting of other days, had left behind them no pleasant reminiscences. Though, by the arrangements of fate, their lot had been cast in warlike times, they belonged to the peace society, and had they possessed the convenience of a parliament, would have presented innu-

merable petitions against the manufacture at all of great guns, muskets, and swords.

It will easily be imagined, that with such an army, Mr. Brooke could not be in the best possible temper. He was for carrying things on after the European fashion, blazing away with artillery, making a breach, mounting it, and bringing things to an issue at once. The good people of Sarawak loved their own lives too well, to become converts to such a heresy; and it seems worthy of remark, that exactly in proportion as men are ill-governed and miserable, they are unwilling to die. This seems at first one of the paradoxes of human nature, but it is susceptible of a very rational explanation. People who have been placed in favourable circumstances, and have made the most of existence, know that they have nothing better to expect, though they may possess a great deal worth defending. They are, therefore, in a certain sense, prepared for life or death, and in either case, strongly covet the esteem and approbation of those who know them. Still more anxious are they to preserve their own esteem, or, in other words, the consciousness that they are not unworthy of the high destiny to which they have been called. With oppressed and unhappy races, the case is altogether different. All their inheritance of happiness lies in hope. The past has done nothing for them. They feel that they have lived in vain, that they have never got at the true kernel of life; and they look, therefore, with a powerful instinct towards the future, in the hope that it may make amends to them for all their sufferings and privations. They are, consequently, not at all eager to throw away the sole chance of existence, especially when they reflect that in going to war, they are not fighting for themselves, but for a master in whom there are a thousand chances to one, they will find nothing but ingratitude.

By some such considerations as these may we account for the reluctance of both Malays and Chinese to storm the intrenchments of the rebels.

"The order for the attack was fixed as follows: Our party of ten (leaving six to serve the guns) were to be headed by myself. Budrudeen, Macota, Subtu, and all the lesser chiefs, were to lead their followers, from sixty to eighty in number, by the same route, whilst fifty or more Chinese, under their captain, were to assault by another path to the left; Macota was to make the paths as near as possible to Balidah, with his Dyaks, who were to extract the Sudas, and fill up the holes. The guns having been mounted, and their range well ascertained the previous evening, we ascended to the fort at about eight A. M., and at ten opened our

fire, and kept it up for an hour. The effect was severe; every shot told upon their thin defences of wood, which fell in many parts, so as to leave storming breaches. Part of the roof was cut away, and tumbled down, and the shower of grape and canister rattled so as to prevent their returning our fire, except from a stray rifle. At mid-day the forces reached the fort, and it was then discovered that Macota had neglected to make any road, because it rained the night before! It was evident that the rebels had gained information of our intention, and as they had erected a frieze of bamboo along their defences, on the very spot we had agreed to mount, Macota fancied the want of a road would delay the attack; but I well knew that delay was equivalent to failure, and so it was at once agreed that we should advance without any path. The poor man's cunning and resources were now nearly at an end. He could not refuse to accompany us, but his courage could not be brought to the point, and pale and embarrassed, he retired. Everything was ready—Budrudeen, the Capitan China, and myself, at the head of our men—when he once more appeared, and raised a subtle point of etiquette, which answered his purpose. He represented to Budrudeen, that the Malays were unanimously of opinion, that the rajah's brother could not expose himself in an assault; that their dread of the rajah's indignation far exceeded the dread of death; and in case any accident happened to him, his brother's fury would fall on them. They stated their readiness to assault the place; but in case Budrudeen insisted on leading in person, they must decline accompanying him. Budrudeen was angry, I was angry too, and the doctor most angry of all; but anger was unavailing; it was clear they did not intend to do anything in earnest; and after much discussion, in which Budrudeen insisted, that if I went, he should go too, and the Malays insisted, that if he went they would not go, it was resolved we should serve the guns, whilst Abong Mia and the Chinese (not under their captain) should proceed to the assault. But its fate was sealed, and Macota had gained his object; for neither he nor Subtu thought of exposing themselves to a single shot. Our artillery opened, and was beautifully served. The adverse troops advanced, but our fire completely subdued them, as only three rifles answered us, by one of which, a seamen (Williams) was wounded in the hand, but not seriously. Two-thirds of the way the storming party proceeded without the enemy being aware of their advance; and they might have reached the very foot of the hill without being discovered, had not Abong Mia, from excess of piety and rashness, begun most loudly to say his prayers. The three rifles then began to play on them: one Chinaman was killed, the whole halted, the prayers were more vehement than ever, and after squatting under cover of the jungle for some time, they all returned."

It is unnecessary to pursue any further the history of this contest, which was at length happily concluded by the surrender of the rebels, the lives of whose chiefs, at Mr. Brooke's intercession, were spared. We cannot, however, dismiss the subject without noticing the fate of one of the principal native actors in it. The narrative is calcu-

lated to convey a very unfavourable idea of the Borneon character, and to suggest the suspicion that even Mr. Brooke himself will never be safe in his government, till he shall have been supplied with better means of defence than he at present possesses. He may, otherwise, at any hour be cut off by that cool and subtle treachery for which too many among the Malays appear to be distinguished. We scarcely remember to have met with a more atrocious example of fraud, cunning, and cowardly villainy, than is supplied by the story of Si Tundo. On his part, though he had been a pirate, and, consequently, had no doubt perpetrated many a fierce and lawless deed, he still possessed many of the qualities of a noble nature;—powerful affection, friendship, courage, and unbounded confidence. By his bravery in the field, and by his frank and generous disposition, he had greatly endeared himself to Mr. Brooke, who, by degrees, had learned to look upon him in the light of a friend, and expected to derive much advantage from his energetic support.

It happened, however, unfortunately, during the absence of our countryman at Singapore, that Si Tundo, giving way to the strength of his passion, became entangled in an adventure which proved fatal to him. We give the narrative in Mr. Brooke's own words.

"On my arrival at Sarawak, we were received with the usual honours; and the first thing I heard was the decease of my poor companion, Si Tundo, of Magindano, who had been put to death by the rajah's orders. The course of justice, or rather injustice, or perhaps, more justly, a mixture of both, is so characteristic of the people, that I am tempted to give the particulars. Si Tundo fell in love with a woman belonging to an adopted son of Macota, and the passion being mutual, the lady eloped from her master and went to her lover's house. This being discovered in a short time, he was ordered to surrender her to Macota, which he reluctantly did, on an understanding that he was to be allowed to marry her on giving a proper dowry. Either not being able to procure the money, or the terms not being kept, Si Tundo and a relation (who had left the pirate fleet and resided with him) mounted to Macota's hill, and threatened to take the woman and to burn the house. The village, however, being roused, they were unable to effect their purpose, and retired to their own residence. Here they remained for some days in a state of incessant watchfulness, and when they moved, they each carried their kempilan, and wore the knives ready to the hand. The Rajah Muda Hassim, being well aware of the state of things, sent at this crisis to order Si Tundo and his friend to his presence; which order they obeyed forthwith, and entered the balie, or audience hall, which was full of their enemies. According to Muda Hassim's account, he was anxious to

saye Si Tundo's life; and offered him another wife, but his affections being fixed on the girl of his own choice, he rejected the offer; only praying he might have the woman he loved. On entering the presence of the Rajah surrounded by foes, and dreading treachery (which most probably was intended), these unfortunate men added to their previous fault, by one which, however slight in European estimation, is here of an aggravated nature,—they entered the presence with their kempilans in their hands, and their sarongs clear of the kris-handle; and instead of seating themselves cross-legged, they only squatted on their hams ready for self-defence. From that hour their doom was resolved on; their crime of disrespect was deemed worthy of death, though their previous crime of abduction and violence might have obtained pardon. It was no easy matter, however, among an abject and timid population, to find executioners of the sentence against two brave and warlike men, well armed and watchful, and who all knew would sell their lives dearly; and the subsequent proceeding is, as already observed, curiously characteristic of the people, and the deep disguise they can assume to attain their purposes. It was intimated to Si Tundo, that if he could raise a certain sum of money, the woman should be made over to him; and to render this the more probable, the affair was taken out of Macota's hands, and placed at the decision of the Orang Kaya de Gadong, *who was friendly* to the offenders, but who received his private orders how to act. Four men were appointed to watch their opportunity, in order to seize the culprits. It is not to be imagined, however, that a native would trust or believe the friendly assurances held out to him; nor was it so in the case of Si Tundo and his companion. They attended at the Orang Kaya de Gadong's house frequently for weeks, with the same precautions, and it was found impossible to overpower them; but the deceit of their enemies was equal to the occasion, but delay brought no change of purpose. They were to die, and opportunity alone was wanting to carry the sentence into effect. Time passed on, suspicion was lulled; and as suspicion was lulled, the professions to serve them became more frequent. Poor Si Tundo brought all his little property to make good the price required for the woman, and his friend added his share; but it was still far short of the required amount. Hopes, however, were still held out; the Orang Kaya advanced a small sum to assist, and other *pretended* friends slowly and reluctantly, at his request, lent a little money. The negotiation was nearly completed; forty or fifty reals only were wanting, and the opposite party were ready to deliver the lady whenever the sum was made good. A final conference was appointed for the conclusion of the bargain at the Orang Kaya's, at which numbers were present; and the devoted victims, lulled into fatal security, had ceased to bring their formidable kempilans. At the last interview the forty reals being still deficient, the Orang Kaya proposed receiving their gold-mounted krisses in pledge for the amount. The krisses were given up, and the bargain was complete, when the four executioners threw themselves upon the unarmed men, and assisted by others, overpowered and secured them. Si Tundo, wounded in the scuffle and bound, surrounded by

enemies flourishing their krisses, remarked, 'You have taken me by treachery, openly you could not have seized me.' He spoke no more. They triumphed over and insulted him, as though some great feat had been achieved; and every kris was plunged into his body, which was afterwards cast, without burial, into the river. Si Tundo's relation was spared on pleading for mercy; and after his whole property, even his clothes, was confiscated, he was allowed to retire to Sadung. Thus perished poor Si Tundo, a Magindul pirate, with many, if not all, the vices of the native character; but with boldness, courage, and constancy which retrieved his faults, and raised him in the estimation of brave men. In person he was tall, elegantly made, with small and handsome features, and quiet and graceful manners; but towards the Malays, even of rank, there was a suppressed contempt, which they often felt, but could not well resent. Alas! my gallant comrade! I mourn your death, and could have better spared a better man; for as long as you lived, I had one faithful follower of tried courage, amongst the natives. Peace be with you in the world to come, and may the great God pardon your sins and judge you mercifully!

"The case of poor Si Tundo proves that the feeling of love is not quite dead amongst Asiatics, though its power is obscured by their education and habits of polygamy, and that friendship and relationship may induce a man here, as elsewhere, to risk his life and sacrifice his property; without any prospect of personal advantage. An old Magindona man, a sort of foster-father of Si Tundo's, when he saw me for the first time, clasped my arm, and repeatedly exclaimed, 'Si Tundo is dead, they have killed him,' adding, 'had you been here he would not have been killed.' I was touched by the old man's sorrow and his expression of feeling."

From the events and circumstances which the course of the narrative has led us to describe, the reader might perhaps be betrayed into a false estimate of the character of the Borneons. They are not all, however, made of the same materials. If some be timid and effeminate, there are others who by their fierceness, hardihood, and cruelty, strikingly contrast with them, and render themselves the terror of all that part of the Indian Archipelago. These desperate marauders are not all indeed aborigines of Borneo; many of the most daring among them being Arabs, or of Arab descent. Still even the native tribes, when they addict themselves to piracy, acquire by degrees all the vices and virtues of pirates; which may suffice to show, that under a good government they might be converted into excellent soldiers and sailors, and exhibit as much self-devotion and heroism as any other race whatever.

Of this most persons will be persuaded, who peruse Mr. Brooke's Journal, and Captain Keppel's narrative. From the former they may learn out of what circum-

stances the pirate communities arise, by what means they are knit together, what constitutes their strength, how they are supported and in what relation they stand to the native governments and tribes; the latter will supply an example of the way in which they must be dealt with, if we desire to give free scope and development to the commerce of the eastern ocean. Other opportunities will probably occur for pointing out the importance of that commerce, respecting which the civilized world obviously entertains at present but very imperfect notions. We shall, therefore, say little on the subject now. It may be sufficient to observe, that although the trade with China be large and lucrative, that with the almost unexplored portions of the Indian Archipelago would, if properly worked out, prove much more so. Some idea of what is practicable may be formed even from Mr. Brooke's brief sketch of the productions of Borneo.

"The principal production at present is rice, of which considerable quantities are grown on the banks of the river, which accounts for the clearing of so many miles of the jungle. The mode of cultivation is similar to what is pursued in Sumatra, and so well described by Marsden. A small spot is cleared of jungle, and when the soil is exhausted of its primeval richness, is deserted for another, which again in turn is neglected, and returns to its wild state. The rice produced is of excellent quality, and of a smaller grain than the Java rice we have with us. It is very white, and of excellent flavour; and I am inclined to think is the 'Padi ladang,' or rice grown on dry ground.

"Besides rice, rattans are found in great quantities, and likewise Malacca canes, but whether of good quality I am not able to say. Beeswax is another article to be procured here, at present, to the amount of thirty or forty peculs per year from Sibnow, Malacca canes a small ship-load, rattans in abundance, and any quantity of the garu-wood (aloes-wood). When we consider the antimony of Sarawak, besides the other things previously mentioned (to say nothing of gold and diamonds), we cannot doubt of the richness of the country; but allowance must be made for the exaggeration of native statements."

Upon inquiring of intelligent persons engaged in the mines Mr. Brooke learned that the Sarawak mountains really abound with gold and antimony ore, and that even tin and copper are confidently believed to exist. This was the opinion of an intelligent Chinese from the province of Quantung, who had resided many years in the island, and had been employed as a miner. Hitherto, however, no just conception can be formed of the number or riches of the exports of Borneo. It has not been ascertained what the vast districts of the interior produce, though from the opulence of the coasts it may very reasonably be inferred, that the inland provin-

ces are no way inferior. In many parts there appear to be forests of ebony, together with various species of sweet-smelling woods, costly gums and spices. The nutmeg is found growing wild with great luxuriance. In the high caves near the coast the natives collect great numbers of those edible swallows' nests which, exported to China, are sometimes sold there for their weight in gold. This trade has been carried on from time immemorial, as we find it alluded to in the oldest Portuguese accounts of Borneo. Mr. Brooke says nothing, we believe, of ivory; nor is it probable that the elephant should still be found wild in the island, though the old relations speak of the fact as undoubted, and teeth are still found near Cape Unsing, where report says the animal itself is sometimes seen. The rhinoceros has here survived his unwieldy rival, and easily vindicates to himself the sovereignty of the forest where there are neither lions, tigers, leopards, nor any other formidable wild beasts. Rhinoceros horns therefore may be reckoned among the exports of Borneo, together with vegetable tallow, pipeclay, black and white pepper, sago, cloves, coffee, cotton, dragon's-blood, timber for ship-building, sweet potatoes, and every variety of tropical fruits. Of the imports it may likewise be advisable to give a list, which, though far from being so extensive as it might be rendered, will yet serve, in part at least, to show the importance of the trade. Iron, salt, Siamese, Nankeen, Madras, European, and Chinese cotton-cloth, coarse and fine; Bugis and Pulicat sarongs; gold and other threads of different sorts and colours, brass wire of various sizes, iron-pans from Siam; chintzes, of bright colours and various sorts; coarse red broadcloth, and other kinds of different colours; China crockery, gunpowder, muskets, flints, handkerchiefs, gambir, dates, Java tobacco, soft sugar, sugar-candy, biscuit, baharri, common decanters, glasses, &c.; Chinese coloured silks, gingham, white cottons, nails, besides other little things, such as venetian beads, ginger, curry powder, onions, ghee, &c.

From the above sketch of the trade of Borneo with the neighbouring continent and island may be easily understood the temptations held out to piracy. We have not as yet, however, alluded to the chief temptation, that is to say, slaves; to obtain whom the pirates undertake many of their most distant expeditions. These men, as the reader will of course be aware, are by no means circumstanced like those common sea-robbers, known by the same name in the rest of the world, whose home is their ship, and

who at most amount to some few hundred in number. The piratical communities of Borneo resemble the Barbary States, during the most flourishing period of their strength, and in reality constitute so many bodies politic with a regularly organized government, more or less extensive territories, fortified towns and villages, and a powerful fleet of prahus forming the basis of their maritime power. Something similar on a very small scale existed until very recently in the Grecian Archipelago, on the southern shores of Roumelia, and indeed throughout the whole *Ægean*. The same allurements and facilities led in both cases to the same results. Innumerable small and scattered groups of islets, a coast cut up by infinite indentations, harbours, roadsteads, channels, through which in escape or attack the rovers of the deep could easily pass in and out.

But in Borneo and the neighbouring islands the temptations to piracy, and the facilities for carrying it on, are much greater than in any part of the Mediterranean. No portion of the globe is less accurately known to Europeans, so that Captain Keppel sailed for eighty miles over cultivated plains and the tops of mountains, according to the best admiralty charts. There has been no careful survey, it not having entered into the plans of the Indian government when Sir Charles Malcolm was superintendent of the navy at Bombay, to extend its labours in behalf of science and navigation so far to the east. The pirates, on the other hand, are acquainted with every break, every neck of land, every inlet, every shoal, every rock, and creek, and bay, and channel, and passage, though which a prahu, when chased, can effect its escape. At the same time they seldom go to work in a small, sneaking manner which renders it necessary to run away, but go forth in fleets, consisting of many hundred prahus, carrying generally between 2000 and 3000 men. Confident in their overwhelming strength, they scour the neighbouring seas, land wherever they think proper, plunder villages, collect booty, make prizes of ships and canoes, reduce their crews to slavery, and return to their strongholds laden with wealth and weary with slaughter. By the native governments they are rather encouraged than otherwise. Even in Borneo, the sultans on one side of the island purchase slaves kidnapped from the territories of those who live on the other; their short-sighted policy not enabling them to discover that by thus mutually weakening each other, they daily become less and less able to cope with the pirates, and if not preserved by fleets from Europe, must end by becoming their prey.

"I have in a former part of my journal mentioned the Illanun pirates, and my meeting with them here. On our return we heard of their being still on the coast, and from that time to this they have been ravaging and plundering between Tanjong Datu, Sirhassan, and Pontiana. Malays and Chinese have been carried off in great numbers. Borneo and Sambas prahus captured without end; and so much havoc committed, that the whole coast, as far as the natives are concerned, may be pronounced in a state of blockade.

"Besides the Illanun, there are two other descriptions of pirates infesting these seas: one, the Dyaks of Sakarran and Sarebus, two predatory tribes already mentioned; the other called Balag-nini, a wild people represented to come from the northward of Sooloo. I have not seen them, but their boats are said to be very long and swift, with sometimes outriggers, and one particular in their mode of attack is too curious to omit. In closing on their victims, they use long poles, having a hook made fast at the extremity, with which, being expert, they hook their opponents at a distance, and drag them overboard, whilst others are fighting with *salagis* and spears.

"I have before mentioned the arrival of 100 Dyak boats at Sarawak to request permission from the rajah to ascend the river, and attack a tribe towards Sambas. What a tale of misgovernment, tyranny, and weakness, does this request tell! These Dyaks were chiefly from Sakarran, mixed with the Pontiana and Sarebus. These Sakarrans are the most powerful, the most predatory, and the most independent tribe on the north-west coast, their dependence on Borneo being merely nominal. The latter are likewise predatory and numerous, but they are on good terms with all the coast tribes, and with the Malays, whilst the Sarebus are against all, and all are against them."

For many years no European government appeared to take any notice of the exploits of these maritime Ishmaelites, whose hands are against every man, though they have not hitherto found every man's hand against them. But at length our increasing trade with China, our rapidly multiplying relations with the Asiatic Archipelago, and the growing importance of our Australian possessions, have induced us to bestow some attention on Bornean piracy. The honour of striking the first blow was bestowed on Captain Keppel, the author of the work before us, and his clear and simple narrative of the operations which were carried on, is replete with varied interest, throwing, as it does, much light on the manners, character, and resources of the pirates, as well as on the difficulties attending the act of unrooting them from the country. At the risk of appearing somewhat too martial in the present article, we shall select a few passages from his record of the piratical war. In the first brush that took place, he was not personally engaged, but entrusted the service to his first lieutenant, who was accompanied by Mr. Brooke.

"On leaving the *Dido* in the morning," he says, "the boats proceeded to the island of Murrundum, a favourite rendezvous for pirates, where they came on a fleet of the Illanun tribe, who, however, did not give them an opportunity of closing; but, cutting their sampans adrift, made a precipitate flight, opening fire as they ran out on the opposite side of a small bay, in which they had been watering and refitting. This of course led to a very exciting chase, with a running fire kept up on both sides; but the distance was too great for the range of the guns on either side, and the pirates, who in addition to sailing well, were propelled by from forty to sixty oars each, made their escape. It was not until nearly hull down that they (probably out of bravado) ceased to fire their stern-guns. As they went in the direction of the Natunas, our boats steered for those islands, and anchored under the south end of one of them. At daylight next morning, although in three fathoms water, the pinnace, owing to the great rise and fall of tide, grounded on a coral reef, and Lieutenant Horton and Mr. Brooke proceeded in one of the cutters to reconnoitre. As they neared the south-west point, they were met by six prahus, beating their tom-toms as they advanced, and making every demonstration of fighting. Lieutenant Horton judiciously turned to rejoin the other boats; and the pinnace having fortunately just then floated, he formed his little squadron into line abreast, cleared for action, and prepared to meet his formidable-looking antagonist. Mr. Brooke, however, whose eye had been accustomed to the cut and rig of all the boats in these seas, discovered that those advancing were not Illanuns, and fancied there must be some mistake.

"The Natunas people had been trading with Sarawak, and he was intimately acquainted with a rich and powerful chief, who resided on the island; he, therefore, raised a white-flag of truce on his spy-glass, and from the bow of the pinnace hailed, waved, and made all the signs he could to warn them of the danger into which they were running; but a discharge of small-arms was the only reply he got. They then detached their three smallest vessels in shore, so as to command a cross-fire and cut off the retreat of our boat; and the rest advanced, yelling, beating their tom-toms, and blazing away with all the confidence of victory, their shot cutting through the rigging and splashing in the water all round. It was an anxious moment for the *Dido*'s little party. Not a word was spoken. The only gun of the pinnace was loaded with grape and canister, and kept pointed on the largest prahu. The men waited with their muskets in hand, for permission to fire; but it was not until pistol range that Lieutenant Horton poured into the enemy his well-prepared dose. It instantly brought them to a halt; yet they had the temerity to exchange shots for a few minutes longer, when the largest cried for quarter, and the other five made for the shore, chased by the two cutters, and keeping up a fire to the last.

"The prize taken possession of by the pinnace proved to be a prahu mounting three brass-guns, with a crew of thirty-six men, belonging to the Rajah of Rhio, and which had been dispatched by that chief to collect tribute at and about the Natunas islands. They had on board ten men killed and eleven wounded, four of them mortally. They

affected the greatest astonishment on discovering that our boats belonged to a British man-of-war, and protested that it was all a mistake; that that island had been lately plundered by the Illanun pirates, for whom they had taken us; that the rising sun was in their eyes, and that they could not make out the colours, &c. Lieutenant Horton, thinking that their story might possibly have some foundation in truth, and taking into consideration the severe lesson they had received, directed Dr. Simpson, the assistant surgeon, to dress their wounds, and, after admonishing them to be more circumspect in future, restored them their boat, as well as the others which belonged to the island, two of them being a trifle smaller, but of the same armament as the one from Rhio, and the remaining three still smaller, carrying twelve men each, armed with spears and muskets. These had been taken possession of by the cutters after they had reached the shore and landed their killed and wounded, who were borne away from the beach so smartly by the natives, that our people had not time to ascertain the number hurt. The surgeon went ashore, and dressed the wounds of several of them; an act of kindness and civilisation far beyond their comprehensions. The natives, however, appeared to bear us no malice for the injury we had inflicted on their countrymen; but loaded our boats with fruit, goats, and everything we required. It afforded some amusement to find that amongst the slightly wounded was Mr. Brooke's old, wealthy, and respectable friend already alluded to, who was not a little ashamed at being recognized; but piracy is so inherent in a Malay that few can resist the temptation when a good opportunity for plunder presents itself."

This was, however, a mere episode in the pirate epic. The grand action was to take place in the rivers of Borneo, on the banks of which, high up inland, the robbers of the deep had erected themselves fortresses containing the accumulated plunder of their lives, and defended in some instances by so many as sixty and seventy guns. Being in complete command of the country the whole way up, they could apply all their arts to obstruct the navigation of the stream, felling trees, constructing dams, and posting parties of musketeers in the jungle, from which unseen they might pick off the enemy as they advanced. The force of the English and their allies was considerable. This we say, because in the East we reckon, like the Spartans, by units, and make great account of every single man. The force from the *Dido* consisted of about eighty officers and seamen, accompanied by Mr. Brooke, Dr. Treacher, and Mr. Keppel, and several of the Rajah of Sarawak's officers. There was likewise a body of Sundo, Sow and Singé Dyaks, amounting to about 400; forty or fifty Borneons, and about 500 Sarawak Malays. All this motley multitude was embarked in boats. The *Dido*'s pinnace, two cutters, and the gig, the Jolly

Bachelor, a large native-built boat belonging to Mr. Brooke, several large boats sent by Muda Hassim, with an extraordinary sort of vessel called a *tope*, which carried the commissariat and ammunition.

Such was the force destined for the extirpation of piracy in this part of Borneo. Captain Keppel describes with much vigour the operations which took place during the ascent of the stream, which by their rapidity, daring, and impetuosity, must have convinced the Sarebus that they had a new enemy to deal with.

"The scenery," he says, "improved in beauty every yard that we advanced, but our attention was drawn from it by the increase of yelling as we approached the scene of action. Although as yet we had only heard our enemies, our rapid advance, with a strong tide, must have been seen by them from the jungle on the various hills which now rose to our view.

"Being in my gig, somewhat a-head of the boats, I had the advantage of observing all that occurred. The scene was the most exciting I ever experienced. We had no time for delay or consideration; the tide was sweeping us rapidly up; and had we been inclined to retreat then, we should have found it difficult. A sudden turn in the river brought us (Mr. Brooke was by my side) in front of a steep hill, which rose from the bank. It had been cleared of jungle, and long grass grew in its place. As we hove in sight, several hundred savages rose up and gave one of their war yells; it was the first I had heard. No report from musketry or ordnance could ever make a man's heart feel so small as mine did at that horrid yell; but I had no leisure to think; I had only time for a shot at them with my double-barrel, as they rushed down the steep, whilst I was carried past. I soon after heard the report of our large boat's heavy gun, which must have convinced them that we likewise were prepared.

"On the roof of a long building, on the summit of the hill, were several warriors performing a war dance, which it would be difficult to imitate on such a stage. As these were not the forts we were in search of, we did not delay longer than to exchange a few shots in sweeping along.

"Our next obstacle was more troublesome, being a strong barrier right across the river, formed of two rows of trees placed firmly in the mud, with their tops crossed and secured together by rattans; and along the forts, formed by the crossing of the tops of these stakes, were other trees firmly secured. Rapidly approaching this barrier, I observed a small opening that might probably admit a canoe, and gathering good way and putting my gig's head straight at it, I squeezed through. On reaching it the scene again changed, and I opened on three formidable-looking forts, which lost not a moment in opening a discharge of cannon on my unfortunate gig. Luckily their guns were properly elevated for the range of the barrier, and with the exception of a few straggling grape-shot, that splashed the water round us, the whole went over our heads. For a moment I found myself cut off from my companions, and drifting fast up-

on the enemy. The banks of the river were covered with warriors, yelling and rushing down to secure—what I suppose they considered me—their prize. I had some difficulty in getting my long gig round, and paddling up against the stream; but while my friend Brooke steered the boat, my coxswain and myself kept up a fire, with tolerable aim, on the embrasures, to prevent, if possible, their reloading before the pinnace, our leading boat, could bring her twelve pound carronade to bear. I was too late to prevent the pinnace falling athwart the barrier, in which position she had three men wounded. With the assistance of some of our native followers, the rattan lashings which secured the heads of the stakes were soon cut through, and I was not sorry when I found the Dido's first cutter on the same side with myself. The other boats soon followed, and while the pinnace kept up a destructive fire on the fort, Mr. D'Aeth, who was the first to land, jumped ashore with his crew, at the foot of the hill, on the top of which the nearest fort stood, and at once rushed for the summit. This mode of warfare—this dashing at once in the very face of the fort—was so novel and incomprehensible to our enemies, that they fled panic-struck into the jungle; and it was with the greatest difficulty that our leading men could get even a snap shot at the rascals as they went."

We must now borrow pretty largely from Captain Keppel, as the narrative is deeply interesting, and would lose all its spirit by abridgment. One fact, for which the reader will scarcely have been prepared, comes out into striking relief in this part of the work; we mean the aptitude of the natives to be inspired with courage by example and discipline. In the war with the rebels, they appear in the light of irremediable cowards, because they were destitute of native leaders, and had not yet learned to put faith in Mr. Brooke and his friends. During this campaign against the pirates, though the enemy was infinitely more to be dreaded and the danger greater a hundred-fold, they gave many proofs of intrepidity, one of which we shall presently extract. For the present, however, we have chiefly to do with the exploits of the English.

"At ten A. M. our boats returned, having gone up the right hand branch as far as it was practicable. That to the left having been obstructed by trees felled across the stream, was considered, from the trouble taken to prevent our progress, to be the branch up which the enemy had retreated; and not being provisioned for more than the day, they came back, and started again in the afternoon, with the first of the flood tide. Of this party Lieutenant Horton took charge, accompanied by Mr. Brooke. It was a small but an effective, and determined, and well-appointed little body, not likely to be deterred by difficulties. A small native force of about forty men accompanied them, making, with our own, between eighty and ninety people. The forts having been destroyed, no further obstacles were expected to our advance, beyond the felling of trees, and the vast odds as to numbers in

case of attack, the pirates being reckoned at about 6000 Dyaks and 500 Malays.

"The evening set in with rain and hazy weather. Our native skirmishing parties were returning to their boats and evening meals; our advancing party had been absent about an hour and a half; and I had just commenced a supper in the Jolly Bachelor, on ham and poached eggs, when the sound of the pinnacle's twelve-pounder carronade broke through the stillness of the night. This was responded to by one of those simultaneous war yells, apparently from every part of the country. My immediate idea was that our friends had been surrounded. It was impossible to move so large a boat as the Jolly Bachelor up to their assistance; nor would it be right to leave our wounded without a sufficient force for their protection. I immediately jumped into my gig, taking with me a bugler, whom I placed in the bow, and seeing our arms in as perfect readiness as the rain would allow us, I proceeded to join the combatants.

"Daylight had disappeared, as it does in tropical climates, immediately after the setting of the sun. The tide had just turned against me; and as I advanced up the river, the trees hung over many parts, nearly meeting across; at the same time the occasional firing that was kept up, assured me that the enemy were on the alert, and with all the advantages of local knowledge and darkness on their side. From the winding of the stream, too, the yells appeared to come from every direction, sometimes ahead and sometimes astern. I had pulled, feeling my way, for nearly two hours, when a sudden and quick discharge of musketry, on my left hand, intimated to me that I was approaching the scene of action; and at the same time passing several large canoes hauled up on the bank, I felt convinced that my anticipation was right, that our party were surrounded, and we should have to fight our way to each other. My plan was to make it appear as if I was bringing up a strong reinforcement; and the moment the firing ceased, I made the bugler strike up 'Rory O'More,' which was immediately responded to by three British cheers; and then followed a death-like stillness—if anything, more unpleasant than the war yell; and I could not help feeling certain that the enemy lay between us.

"The stream now ran rapidly over loose stones. Against the sky, where the jungle had been cleared, I could distinctly see the outlines of human beings. I laid my double barrel across my knee, and we pulled on. When within shot-range, I hailed to make certain; and receiving no answer, after a second time I fired, keeping the muskets of the gig's crew ready to repel the first attack in case the enemy did not decamp. My fire was answered by Lieutenant Horton, 'We are here, sir.' At first I was much distressed, from the fear that I might have hurt any one. They had not heard me hail, owing, I suppose, to the noise of the water rushing over the stones; and they had not hailed me, thinking that I must of course know that it was them; and the enemy being in the jungle all round, they did not like to attract attention to where they were. I found they had taken up a very clever position. The running stream had washed the ground away on the right bank, leaving a sort of little deep bay, just big

enough to hold the boats, from which the bank rose quite perpendicularly. On the top of this bank the jungle had been cleared for about thirty yards; and on this Lieutenant Gunnell, with seven royal marines, was posted as a rear guard. This was an important position, and one of danger, as the jungle itself was alive with the enemy; and although the spears were hurled from it continually during the night, no shot was thrown away unless the figure of the pirate could be distinctly seen.

"It continued to rain: the men wore their great coats for the purpose of keeping their pieces dry; and several times during that long night, I observed the muskets of these steady and good men brought to the shoulder, and again lowered without firing, as that part of the jungle whence a spear had been hurled to within a few feet of where they stood did not show a distinct form of anything living. The hours were little less interesting for those who, in the boat below, stood facing the opposite bank of the river, with their arms in their hands. It appears that the enemy had come down in great force to attack the boats from that side; and as the river was there very shallow, and the bottom hard, they could, by wading not more than knee deep, have approached to within five or six yards of them; but in the first attack they had lost a great many men; and it is supposed that their repeated advances throughout the night were more to recover their dead and wounded than to make any fresh attack on our compact little force, whose deadly aim and rapid firing must have astonished them, and who certainly were, one and all, prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

"To the left of our position, at about 200 yards up the river, large trees were being felled during the night: and by the torch lights showing the spot, the officer of the boat, Mr. Partridge, kept up a very fair ball-practice with the pinnacle's gun. Towards morning a shot fell apparently just where they were at work, and that being accompanied by what we afterwards ascertained caused more horror and consternation among the enemy than anything else, a common signal sky-rocket, made them resign the ground entirely to us. The last shot, too, that was fired from the pinnacle had killed three men.

"As daylight broke I found the greater part of our party had squatted down with their guns between their knees; and, completely exhausted, had, in spite of the rain, fallen asleep. Few will ever forget that night. There were two natives and one marine only of our party badly wounded; the latter was struck with a rifle-shot, which entered his chest and lodged in the shoulder; and this poor fellow, a gallant young officer, named Jenkins, already distinguished in the Chinese war, volunteered to convey in the second gig, with four boys only, down to the Jolly Bachelor. He performed this duty, and was again up with the party before daylight.

"At daylight we found the pirates collecting in some force above us, and several shots were fired, as if to try the range of their rifles; but they took good care not to come within reach of our muskets. Shortly after, the tide beginning to rise, we made preparations for ascending further up the river. This was more than was bargained for, as we were close to where they had removed their

families, with such little valuables as they could collect, when we so unexpectedly carried their forts, and took possession of their town; and we were not sorry on observing at that moment a flag of truce advancing from their party down the stream, and halt half way to our position. We immediately sent an unarmed Malay to meet them; and after a little talk they came to our boats. The message was that they were ready to abide any terms we might dictate. I promised that hostilities should cease for two hours; but that we could treat only with the chief, whose person should be protected, and invited them to a conference at one P. M.

"In the meanwhile, having first sent notice by the messengers, I took advantage of the time, and ascended in my gig, without any great difficulty, above the obstruction they had been so long in throwing across the river during the night. The news that hostilities were to cease was not long in being communicated; and by the time I had got up, the greatest confidence appeared to be established. Having pulled up into shoal water, and where the river widened, the banks were soon covered with natives; and some seventy or eighty immediately laid aside their spears, and walked off to my boat, the whole of which, together with its crew, they examined with the greatest curiosity."

We now come to the instance of native courage already alluded to. The reader, however, should be informed, that in the interim Captain Keppel had sailed to Singapore and Calcutta, and that on his return, the boats of the Dido were joined by several others sent by Sir Edward Belcher, then on the Sarawak station. Patingi Ali, the hero of the following enterprise, having on several occasions been cheered by the British sailors for his valour and intrepidity, seems to have been hurried into extreme rashness, in the hope of further meriting their applause. The incident of Mr. Steward's concealing himself in the Patingi's boat, is curious, and requires some explanation. Had a friendship grown up between him and the Malay chief? Or was it merely the love of adventure, the desire to participate in daring enterprise, that betrayed him into the fatal step? We should have been glad to see some light thrown upon this point. As it is, poor Steward's self-devotion appears to have been without sufficient motive, though it is not improbable that, like the Patingi himself, he may have reckoned either on eluding the vigilance of the enemy, or retreating before it should be too late.

"Not expecting," says Captain Keppel, "to meet with any opposition for some miles, I gave permission to Patingi Ali to advance cautiously with his light division, and with positive orders to fall back upon the first appearance of any natives. As the stream was running down very strong, we held on to the bank, waiting for the arrival of the second cutter. Our pinnace and second gig having

passed up, we had remained about a quarter of an hour, when the report of a few musket-shots told us that the pirates had been fallen in with. We immediately pushed on; and as we advanced, the increased firing from our boats, and the war-yell of some thousand Dyaks, let us know that an engagement had really commenced. It would be difficult to describe the scene as I found it. About twenty boats were jammed together, forming one confused mass, some bottom up: the bows or sterns of others only visible; mixed up, pellmell, with huge rafts; and amongst which were nearly all our advanced little division. Headless trunks, as well as heads without bodies, were lying about in all directions; parties were engaged hand to hand, spearing and knissing each other; others were trying to swim for their lives; entangled in the common *mellee* were our advanced boats; while on both banks thousands of Dyaks were rushing down to join in the slaughter, hurling their spears and stones at the boats below. For a moment I was at a loss what steps to take for rescuing our people from the embarrassed position in which they were; as the whole mass were floating down the stream, and the addition of fresh boats arriving only increased the confusion. Fortunately, at this critical moment, one of the rafts, catching the stump of a tree, broke this floating bridge, making a passage through which, my gig being propelled by paddles instead of oars, I was enabled to pass.

"It occurred to Mr. Brooke and myself simultaneously that, by advancing in the gig, we should draw the attention of the pirates towards us, so as to give time for the other boats to clear themselves. This had the desired effect. The whole force on shore turned, as if to secure what they rashly conceived to be their prize.

"We now advanced midchannel; spears and stones assailed us from both banks. My friend Brooke's gun would not go off; so, giving him the yoke-lines, he steered the boat, while I, with my never-failing rifles—having my coxswain to load—had time to select the leaders from amongst this savage mass, on which I kept up a rapid fire. Mr. Allen, in the second gig, quickly coming up, opened upon them, from a Congreve rocket tube, such a destructive fire, as caused them to retire, panic struck, behind the temporary barriers, where they had concealed themselves previous to the attack on Patingi Ali, and from whence they continued, for some twenty minutes, to hurl their spears and short missiles; among which may be mentioned short lengths of bamboo, one end of which was heavily loaded with stone, and thrown with great force and precision; the few fire-arms of which they were possessed being of but little use to them after the first discharge, the operation of loading, in their inexperienced hands, requiring a longer time than the hurling of some twenty spears. The supposition was, likewise, freely employed by these pirates; and although several of our men belonging to the pinnace were struck, no fatal results ensued, from the dexterous manner in which the wounded parts were excised by Mr. Beith, the assistant-surgeon; and afterwards, any poison that might remain being sucked out by one of the comrades of the wounded men. From this position, however, they retreated as our force increased, and could not muster courage to rally. Their loss must have been considerable; ours might have

been light had poor old Patingi Ali attended to orders.

"It appears that the Patingi (over confident, and probably urged by Mr. Steward, who, unknown to me, was concealed in Ali's boat, when application was made to me by that chief for permission to proceed in advance, for the purpose of reconnoitring), instead of falling back as particularly directed by me, on the first appearance of the enemy, made a dash, followed by his little division of boats, through the narrow pass above described; having entered which, large rafts of bamboo were launched across the river, so as to cut off his retreat. Six large war-prahus, probably carrying 100 men each, then bore down—three on either side—on his devoted followers; and only one of a crew of seventeen that manned his boat, escaped to tell the tale. When last seen by our advanced boats, Mr. Steward and Patingi Ali were in the act (their own boats sinking) of boarding the enemy. They were, doubtless, overpowered and killed, with twenty-nine others, who lost their lives on this occasion. Our wounded, in all, amounted to fifty-six."

The flexible and irregular plan of the present article will, without inconvenience, enable us to introduce another illustration of the character of the Borneo pirates. It is not, however, on their character alone that the incident will throw light, since it serves to show with what kindness and humanity the British sailor views and treats his worst enemies, when the chances of war have placed them in his power; we scarcely remember a more touching picture than that of the young Illanun chief expiring on the deck, in the midst of the gallant foes who had subdued him. One expression employed by Captain Keppel, we should like to see slightly modified; it is where he speaks of the pirate's 'manly strength and daring spirit dissolving into the dark night of annihilation.' The captain says that he felt this to be the case, which implies that he both believed and knew it. Now the very contrary is the fact. The Malays do not believe in annihilation; and it would be difficult, therefore, to explain by what process they could be made to feel that which they neither believe nor know. Our readers, we are sure, will not think us hypercritical in making these observations, since it is abundantly strange to meet with a phrase so startling in any book, much more in one written by a British officer. We believe it to be a mere slip of the pen, and call attention to it only that it may be altered.

"While at Singapore, Mr. Whitehead had kindly offered to allow his yacht, the *Emily*, a schooner of about fifty tons, with a native crew, to bring our letters to Borneo, on the arrival at Singapore of the mail from England. About the time she was expected, I thought it advisable to send a boat to cruise in the vicinity of Cape Datu,

in case of her falling in with any of those piratical gentry. The *Dido's* largest boat, the pinnace, being under repair, Mr. Brooke lent a large boat which he had had built by the natives at Sarawak, and called the *Jolly Bachelor*. Having fitted her with a brass six-pounder long gun, with a volunteer crew, of a mate, two midshipmen, six marines and twelve seamen, and a fortnight's provision, I despatched her under the command of the second lieutenant, Mr. Hunt; Mr. Douglas, speaking the Malayan language, likewise volunteered his services. One evening, after they had been about six days absent, while we were at dinner, young Douglas made his appearance, bearing in his arms the captured colours of an Illanun pirate. It appears that the day after they had got outside, they observed three boats a long way in the offing, to which they gave chase, but soon lost sight of them, owing to their superior sailing. They, however, appeared a second and third time after dark, but without the *Jolly Bachelor* being able to get near them; and it now being late, and the crew both fatigued and hungry, they pulled in shore, lighted a fire, cooked their provision, and then hauled the boat out to her grapple near some rocks for the night; lying down to rest with their arms by their sides, and muskets round the mast, ready loaded. Having also placed sentries and look-out men, and appointed an officer of the watch, they one and all (sentries included, I suppose), owing to the fatigues of the day, fell asleep! At about three o'clock the following morning the moon being just about to rise, Lieutenant Hunt happening to awake, observed a savage brandishing a kris and performing his war-dance on the bit of deck, in an ecstasy of delight, thinking in all probability of the ease with which he had got possession of a fine trading boat, and calculating the cargo of slaves he had to sell, but little dreaming of the hornet's nest into which he had fallen. Lieutenant Hunt's round face meeting the light of the rising moon, without a turban surmounting it, was the first notice the pirate had of his mistake. He immediately plunged overboard, and before Lieutenant Hunt sufficiently recovered his astonishment to know whether he was dreaming or not, or to rouse his crew up, a discharge from three or four cannon, within a few yards, and the cutting through the rigging by the various missiles with which the guns were loaded, soon convinced him there was no mistake. It was as well the men were still lying down when this discharge took place, as not one of them was hurt; but on jumping to their legs, they found themselves closely pressed by two large war prahus, one on each bow. To return the fire, cut the cable, man the oars, and back astern to gain room, was the work of a minute, but now came the tug of war, it was a case of life and death. Our men fought as British sailors ought to do; quarter was not expected on either side; and the quick and deadly aim of the marines prevented the pirates from reloading their guns. The Illanun prahus are built with strong bulwarks or barricades, grapeshot-proof, across the fore part of the boat, through which ports are formed for working the guns; these bulwarks had to be cut away by round shot from the *Jolly Bachelor*, before the musketry could bear effectually. This done, their grape and canister told with fearful execution. In the meantime the prahus had

been pressing forward to board, while the Jolly Bachelor backed astern; but as soon as this service was achieved, our men seized their muskets and dashed on; the work was sharp but short, and the slaughter great. While one pirate boat was sinking, and an effort made to secure her, the other effected her escape by rounding the point of rocks, where a third and larger prahu, hitherto unseen, came to her assistance, and putting fresh hands on board, and taking her in tow, succeeded in getting off, though chased by the Jolly Bachelor, after setting fire to the crippled prize, which blew up and sunk before the conquerors got back to the scene of action. While there, a man swam off to them from the shore, who proved to be one of the captured slaves, and had made his escape by leaping overboard during the fight. The three prahus were the same Illanun pirates we had so suddenly come upon off Cape Datu in the Dido, and they belonged to the same fleet that Lieutenant Horton had chased off the island of Murrundum. The slave prisoner had been seized with a companion in a small fishing canoe off Borneo Proper; his companion suffered in the general slaughter. The sight that presented itself on our people boarding the captured boat must indeed have been a frightful one; none of the pirates waited on board for even the chance of receiving either quarter or mercy, but all those capable of moving had thrown themselves into the water. In addition to the killed, some lying across the thwarts with their oars in their hands, at the bottom of the prahu, in which were about three feet of blood and water, were seen protruding the mangled remains of eighteen or twenty bodies. During my last expedition, I fell in with a slave belonging to a Malay chief, one of our allies, who informed us that he likewise had been a prisoner, and pulled an oar in one of the two prahus that attacked the Jolly Bachelor; that none of the crew of the captured prahu reached the shore alive, with the exception of the lad that swam off to our people; and that there were so few who survived in the second prahu, that having separated from their consort during the night, the slaves, fifteen in number, rose and put to death the remaining pirates, and then ran the vessel into the first river they reached, which proved to be the Kaleka, where they were seized, and became the property of the governing datu; and my informant was again sold to my companion while on a visit to his friend the datu. Each of the attacking prahus had between fifty and sixty men including slaves, and the larger one between ninety and a hundred. The result might have been different to our gallant but dozy Jolly Bachelors.

"I have already mentioned the slaughter committed by the fire of the pinnace under Lieutenant Horton into the largest Malay prahu, and the account given of the scene which presented itself on the deck of the defeated pirate when taken possession of, affords a striking proof of the character of these fierce rovers, greatly resembling what we read of the Norsemen and Scandinavians of early ages. Among the mortally wounded lay the young commander of the prahu, one of the most noble forms of the human race; his countenance handsome as the hero of Oriental romance, and his whole bearing wonderfully impressive and touching. He was shot in front and through the lungs,

and his last moments were rapidly approaching. He endeavoured to speak, but the blood gushed from his mouth with the voice he vainly essayed to utter in words. Again and again he tried, but again and again the vital fluid drowned the dying effort. He looked as if he had something of importance which he desired to communicate, and a shade of disappointment and regret passed over his brow when he felt that every essay was unavailing, and that his manly strength and daring spirit were dissolving into the dark night of annihilation. The pitying conquerors raised him gently up, and he was seated in comparative ease, for the welling out of the blood was less distressing; but the end speedily came, he folded his arms heroically across his wounded breast, fixed his eyes upon the British seamen around, and casting one last glance at the ocean, the theatre of his daring exploits, on which he had so often fought and triumphed—expired without a sigh.

"The spectators, though not unused to tragical and sanguinary sights, were unanimous in speaking of the death of the pirate chief as the most affecting spectacle they had ever witnessed. A sculptor might have carved him as an Antinous in the mortal agonies of a Dying Gladiator."

By these wild and stirring adventures, we have been perhaps betrayed into too great a luxury of details connected with the partial destruction of the pirate-haunts of Borneo. For this reason we stop short here, otherwise there would have been a very strong temptation to include in our broken narrative, the brief description which Captain Keppel gives of the concluding operations against the pirates of Maluda. On this occasion, however, though there was more hard fighting, there were fewer of those romantic accessories dwelt upon in the passages we have extracted. Our reluctance, consequently, to pass over their relation, is so much the less. The Mohammedan chiefs defended themselves with the gallantry inherent in all men who have any claim to be descended, however remotely, from the Arabs. But bravery perhaps was almost their only virtue, though in justice to human nature we ought to observe that one of the most sanguinary of the pirates, whose strongholds were razed to the ground by our countrymen, gave a proof of the powerful affection of his nature, which would have done honour to a much better man. When his fortress had been taken by storm, when his hoards had been plundered, his followers dispersed, his wives driven into the jungle, and separated from him by interposing parties of the enemy; when he was without shelter, or clothing, or food; when he had nothing left but the carbine which he bore night and day in his hand, he still tenderly and lovingly carried about with him a favourite child, from which the utmost extremity of misfortune or suffering could not induce

him to separate, and it was only when escape became absolutely impossible that he laid him down, as it were, in the face of his pursuers, in order to effect his retreat across a narrow arm of the sea. This fact supplies a new illustration of the truth, that there is no man wholly wicked. When Nero died—

“Some hand unseen strewed flowers upon his tomb;”

and when Robespierre was brought to the scaffold, the poor old man with whom he had lodged shed bitter tears at his fate. So the Mussulman pirate of Borneo found something to love, and to love him; and, if he still survive in exile, no doubt the remembrance of the hour when he was parted from his child, constitutes an almost sufficient punishment for the crime of his past life. With this reflection we take our leave of the Buccaneers of the Eastern Archipelago.

To establish our influence and protect our commerce in that part of the world, it was by no means judged sufficient to have broken the forces of the enemies of the trade. Something more was required. It was at the same time a very great triumph and a great advantage to behold an Englishman raised to be Rajah of Sarawak, one of the most fertile and valuable provinces of Borneo. But other steps must be taken before we could be said to have made any sure advances towards extirpating the germs of barbarism from the track of commerce. No casual visitations, returning at uncertain intervals, would ever suffice to overawe piracy, and put a stop to the nefarious traffic in slaves carried on by the Buccaneers. Properly to respect our power they must be constant witnesses of it, must be made sensible that we possess reservoirs, as it were, of chastisement close in their vicinity, to which recourse may be had at any moment. This consideration at length determined the British Government to accept the island of Labuan, which the Sultan of Borneo expressed his readiness to cede to us.

The first step towards this important measure was taken by Lord Auckland, who, during the last year of his Governor-Generalship, sent out persons to examine the coal field which had been discovered on the island. His lordship foresaw of what value this coal might be in our subsequent trade with China; and it scarcely can be doubted that had he remained longer in India, he would, by his counsels and representations, have led to the earlier establishment of British sovereignty over Labuan. It was, of course, perfectly right to institute a

careful examination of the island, before determining to fix upon it as a coal station, as a commercial depot, and as a harbour of refuge for ships escaping from tiphoons in the China Seas. Some persons, not unacquainted with the localities, who remembered that during the eighteenth century we had possessed a settlement on Balambangan, were of opinion that a station on that island, situated at the northern extremity of Borneo, would be preferable to one at Labuan. On the other hand, it was argued, that in establishing a commercial settlement, it would be imprudent to fix upon a site, lying in the very heart of the pirate haunts, which would necessarily expose to much danger all ships frequenting it, and, therefore, deter many, not under the pressure of absolute necessity, from doing so. Another argument against Balambangan was drawn from its insalubrity, whereas Labuan is on all hands admitted to be particularly healthy. Many circumstances have been mentioned to account for this. In the first place, it is constantly swept over by both monsoons, which, by ventilating its forests and jungles, prevent the formation or settling of malaria. Secondly, the soil is light and porous, favouring the rapid percolation of water. Thirdly, it lies at a sufficient distance from the larger island to prevent its being constantly immersed in its heavier atmosphere, charged, as it must be, with innumerable deleterious particles, arising from the decomposition of animal and vegetable substances. However, it is even said, that the banks of the Borneo river, though covered with mud, from which pestilential miasmata might be expected to ascend, are nevertheless exceedingly salubrious.

Another reason for selecting Labuan in preference to Balambangan, was stated to be the central position of the former, lying as it does 1009 miles from Hong Kong, and 707 from Singapore. But to this circumstance we attach no great weight. The distance between Labuan and Balambangan is not great, and the latter is if anything nearer to Hong Kong.

There are, nevertheless, strong reasons for giving the preference to Labuan, upon some of which we shall not at present insist; the existence of coal on the island, in the neighbouring isles, and on the continent immediately opposite, being of itself sufficient to justify the preference which has been given it. Mr. Crawford, formerly Governor of Singapore, very properly considers the discovery and possession of this coal among the most fortunate events that have recently occurred in the East. It is, we believe, equal in quality to the best found in Eng-

land, and the mines which produce it, are, with the exception of those in New Holland and India, the only ones in that part of the world. Our position at Labuan will consequently confer on us immense advantages in case of war with any maritime power. Possessing a capacious harbour, it will form a safe station for our commercial shipping, as well as for war-steamers designed to protect it; but into this part of the subject we do not propose entering just now. It will be sufficient, if, by the aid of Mr. Brooke and Mr. Keppel, we shall have succeeded in creating an interest in the affairs of Borneo. In spite of what has been done towards lifting the veil, the island is still a *terra incognita* to Europeans; though in all likelihood it will not long continue so. On a future occasion we may touch on some other phases of the subject, there being much in the background to which the present volumes scarcely allude, but pregnant, nevertheless, with the most important considerations.

There is one anxious inquiry, which has been constantly present to our mind, during the perusal of these volumes, but to which they afford no satisfactory answer. What means have been taken to protect Mr. Brooke's invaluable life from the extraordinary dangers to which it is exposed, at the hands of the vindictive and blood-thirsty pirate hordes? We have exasperated these men to the utmost: have we left Mr. Brooke alone to abide their fury? This question must not be evaded or stifled. It calls imperatively for a reply. It should be asked and answered in Parliament.

English public, and of the legislature, than during the present session of Parliament. The pending and approaching discussions on the condition and on the wants of Ireland will have been called forth partly by the lamentable calamity of an apprehended famine; partly by the apparently unchangeable indolence and propensity to outrage of portions of its people, who from all time have periodically shocked humanity by the commission of savage atrocities; and partly by the recent attention and inquiries which have been directed towards that country through the medium of the press.

At this juncture, therefore, a philosophical inquiry into the roots of the never-ending miseries and disturbances of Ireland, and a calm review of the theories which have been broached and advocated by different travellers and writers on the state of that country, cannot but be acceptable; and if this review should aid in pointing out appropriate remedies for the hitherto incurable diseases of Ireland, it will not be without practical utility.

There has been no lack of writers upon Ireland. The country, the climate, the people, its wants, its miseries, its abuses, its neglected capabilities, its industrial resources; the institutions which adorn or disfigure it, the laws which oppress, and those which secure to it equality with the rest of the empire, the 'nationality' for which it has so long kept up an ineffectual struggle—all these subjects have engaged the attention of many writers, and almost as many different theories have been promulgated respecting them. Yet in the discussion of many of these questions, on some, or on all of which the undeniable and continuous misery of the people of Ireland must depend, though writers of repute have differed in theory, they have preserved a remarkable unanimity as to certain prominent facts which forced themselves on their observation.

It is proposed briefly to examine some of the more prominent of these theories in the present review, and the facts on which they rest. The examination may aid us in arriving at a sound conclusion in this inquiry.

The most favourite and popular theory—the one which has the oldest pedigree, and the most numerous writers in its behalf, is, that 'absenteeism,' because of the evils which it entails in an economic view, is the true economic view, is the true root of the poverty and wretchedness of Ireland. The advocates of Irish nationality and a repeal of the Union eagerly seize on surface views, and on easily-obtained statistics, to prove this theory, as an argument in their favour;

ART. VI.—1. *Past and Present Policy of England towards Ireland.* London. Moxon. 1845.

2. *Letters on the Condition of Ireland.* By THOMAS CAMPBELL FOSTER, Esq., "The Times Commissioner." London. Chapman and Hall. 1846.

3. *Ireland; Social, Political, and Religious.* By GUSTAVE DE BEAUMONT. Edited by W. C. Taylor, LL.D. Bentley. 1839.

4. *Ireland.* By J. G. KOHL. Chapman and Hall. London. 1844.

IRELAND, for centuries of our history, the subject of anxiety, of contradictory opinions, of debate and of legislation, at no time attracted more attention, or was more likely to have its miseries, its anomalies, its wants, and its neglects forced upon the gaze of the

and absenteeism is loudly proclaimed as the ruin of Ireland.

Another class of writers trace every social misery of the sister kingdom—every moral debasement, every instance of mendacious and cringing servility—of contented wretchedness, of unequal progress in the path of civilisation with the rest of the empire—to the influence of centuries of oppression on the part of England, and to unequal civil and religious privileges. The great majority of the radical or Repeal party in Ireland support these views. With this class of theorists, the political institutions of the country are to blame for all the evils which oppress Ireland, and an extension of the political franchise, and a national parliament, can alone, in their estimation, effect their cure.

Writers of another class, who find in this country many sincere, though prejudiced supporters, and in the north of Ireland many violent adherents amongst (what is termed) the church and king, and high Tory party, maintain that the wounds by which Ireland bleeds, and which disfigure the page of her history, are to be traced solely to religious causes. On the one side, it is asserted, that the Roman Catholic religion degrades the people, and habituates their minds to a state of contented serfage from which they cannot rise; that it beats down independence of thought, and with it independence of action and voluntary exertion. On the other side, it is replied, that an overpaid state church without a people is the cause of Ireland's misery. Thus the people have been perpetually impoverished by payments to a church, in the doctrines of which they do not believe, and have been lashed into the commission of outrage by the exactions of that church, and by finding themselves, as Catholics, despised. Both parties in this respect attribute to the ministers of religion all the evils which afflict Ireland.

Another class of writers, again, look at the millions of wretched Irish, at their migratory struggles for existence, and at their infinite and minute sub-divisions of the land, as pointing out an unerring index to the 'leprous distilment' which poisons her existence. The land, say they, is not of sufficient extent for the people; over-population is the cause of Ireland's misery. Remove the cause, and the evils which afflict her will cease. Emigration is the remedy. This view amongst modern politicians has a large class of advocates.

A modern writer, M. Beaumont, adopting a popular view prevalent in Ireland, and moulding it into shape, maintains that a 'bad aristocracy' is at the root of all the

evils of Ireland; and to its blighting influence he attempts to trace the moral and physical disfigurements of Ireland. This view is agreeable to the class of politicians termed 'levellers'—to those who pore over Paine's 'Rights of Man,' which they interpret to mean the right to a perfect equality of condition amongst men; and this equality they would accomplish by pulling down to their own level every one superior to them in rank and fortune, rather than by an endeavour to elevate themselves. This doctrine is, however, one more agreeable to the French school of modern politicians, than popular in this country.

Another and a numerous class of writers, who appear to have a multitude of facts to support their theory, contend, that the evils of Ireland are to be attributed to the character of the race which peoples that country—that to the violent passions, to their want of continuous energy, their apathy, their neglect of natural advantages, and the downright laziness of the people, are owing the poverty and wretchedness which have ever prevailed in that country. M. Beaumont has termed these theorists 'the phrenological school of philosophers, who would apply to nations that system which they employ to judge of individuals.' These writers found their views chiefly on comparison. They compare Ireland with England and with Scotland, and they compare the people. They compare the people of one district in Ireland with the people of another district, and when, to say the least of it, by a strange coincidence they invariably find order, advancement, prosperity, and content, in different districts of Ireland inhabited by one race; whilst, in the same country, in districts peopled by another race, they invariably find savage outrages prevail, an obstinate adherence to old habits, a resistance of all innovation, and a tendency to subdivide and descend into littleness, rather than to rise and accomplish greatness—they exclaim, 'Look at the proofs of our theory—the misery of Ireland is owing to its race of people, for its people are insubordinate and lazy, and every political economist has proved that peaceful and diligent labour only is the source of prosperity and wealth.'

It is proposed to examine, in detail, each of these views as the most likely means of developing the causes of Ireland's continued misery; and we will take them in their order.

And first, as to the theory that 'Absenteeism' is the root of the poverty and wretchedness of the Irish people.

It is much to be regretted, that few men take a comprehensive and statesmanlike

view of great questions. Having discovered one evil, or one good, too many fasten upon that evil or that good, confine their view to it, expatiate solely upon it, can see nothing ulterior to it, and persuade themselves at last that the evil is unmitigated and monstrous, and that its removal alone will remedy every mischief; or that the good (if it be a good) is worth the sacrifice of every other consideration to attain. Did politicians of this stamp take into account other circumstances and their bearings upon the good, or the evil, they would often find that the evil was not so great, nor the good worth every sacrifice. This truth, however, is too often left for practical rather than theoretical illustration. This country is now suffering from a very recent practical proof, that a vastly overrated good was not worth the sacrifice it paid for it. Who does not remember the eloquent philippics of Brougham, a Sturge, and a Thompson, against the horrors and evils of slavery. 'Emancipate the slave,' it was exclaimed, 'and as a freeman he will repay you for the sacrifice, not only with his gratitude for your justice; but, with the energy of a freeman, he will redouble the value of your colonies.' We do not for a moment deprecate that noble sacrifice; but did we not over-rate the good? The enthusiasts against negro slavery judged of the negro's nature as they did of their own—they omitted one most important consideration, which must tell on the result of their measure,—*to consider the character of the people with whom they were dealing*; and that measure now stands forth a monument of the noble generosity of England and a lasting mark of misjudging folly. The negroes have been emancipated, they will no longer work, and our West Indian colonies are wellnigh in ruin. Thus it is with regard to the cry raised respecting absenteeism. It is looked upon by many as the monster evil of Ireland, which if removed, Ireland must prosper. It is unquestionably a great evil; but is it not overrated? To estimate the evil correctly we must define in what it consists. The majority who hold this opinion look at it solely as an economic evil; they have ascertained, or assume, that the amount of rents sent to Irish absentee proprietors is the enormous sum of 4,500,000*l.* 'Look at this drain on the country,' they exclaim, 'how can Ireland prosper under it! To obtain this sum the food of Ireland is sent to your country, and the money for which the food is sold is then sent to these absentees. This is what renders the people poor and wretched.' Others, more discriminating, do not take for granted the assertion that *all* the

money sent to absentees is therefore lost to Ireland *because of their absenteeism*, and begin to examine into the probable expenditure of that sum, supposing the absentees to be resident landlords in Ireland. When they then find that about a third of the resident landlords' incomes is spent in Irish produce which is *consumed* by them and their establishments, and therefore does not further benefit the Irish nation, and that same produce would have been sold at the same price to English buyers, if not purchased by these resident Irish landlords, and therefore that the peasantry who sold the produce are in the same position, the demand being equal—when they find this, they arrive at the necessary inference that *one-third* of the absentee drain cannot be set down as an injury to Ireland. Because, whether the landlord eats his bread and beef in Ireland and pays for the produce there, or eats it in England, and English buyers buy it for him from Ireland, it can make little difference to Ireland; for in either case Ireland is paid for her produce, and in either case the produce is consumed. There is no pretence for saying that the absence of the landlords creates a want of demand for produce in Ireland, for there is a market in this country for all the produce she knows how to raise. This view of the subject is, however, rendered so clear by Mr. Foster, 'The Times Commissioner,' that we cannot forbear quoting his remarks on the subject. He says at page 612:—

"But we are told that Ireland exhibits the strange anomaly of a country exporting food, whilst her people starve. It is only because the manufacture *happens to be food*, that we think it strange the people should starve who manufacture it. It does not strike us as so strange that people should starve who manufacture cottons, or silks, or stockings. Yet where is the difference in the two cases? Both are manufactured by labour, and it is for his labour only that the labourer seeks to be paid. If he be paid for his labour, no matter what the manufacture is,—whether corn, or cattle, or cottons, he can live; and it can make no earthly difference to the labourer whether his 6*s.* or 10*s.* a week are earned in manufacturing corn or cotton. It is the 6*s.* he wants, and on the 6*s.* that he lives. Does Ireland give away that food which she exports? No, she sells it; and she sells it for its value. Well, with the value she can re-purchase the food—or would she have both value and food? Ireland exports so many quarters of grain, and so much stock. These are her manufactures. Manchester exports so many bales of cottons and silks, which are her manufactures. Both want food, and both want clothing; and both resort to a common medium of exchange—namely, money; and the manufactures of both represent so much labour. The Kerry peasant says,—'My labour has manufactured ten quarters of wheat, worth 50*s.* a quarter, and ten firkins of butter, worth 80*s.* the

firkin; give me 25*l.* for my wheat, and 40*l.* for my butter, and you pay me for my labour, and I intend to spend the money you give me in paying my rent and purchasing my subsistence.' The Manchester manufacturer says,—'My labour and skill have manufactured ten pieces of cotton, worth 50*s.* a piece, and ten pieces of silk, worth 80*s.* a piece; give me 25*l.* for my cottons, and 40*l.* for my silks, and you pay me for my labour and skill, and I intend to spend the money you give me in paying my rent, paying for materials, and purchasing my subsistence.' Where is the difference between the two? Either of them with the money in his pocket for his manufacture, whatever it may be, has so many quarters of wheat and so many firkins of butter in his pocket, or so many pieces of silks and cottons, as the money stands the representative value for. And as for 'anomaly,' surely the anomaly is fully as great to see, as is unhappily too often the case, in such a town as Manchester, for instance, poor creatures half-clothed and perishing of cold in the middle of a town which clothes the whole world."

After showing that the value of the grain alone exported from Ireland to England amounts to about 5,000,000*l.* a year, leaving out of question the value of provisions exported, which is estimated at 1,200,000*l.* and the exports of flax and linen, which are estimated at the value of 3,000,000*l.*; Mr. Foster continues;—

"So that poor, miserable, ever-complaining Ireland receives from England from 4,000,000*l.* to 5,000,000*l.* sterling yearly, in exchange for these articles of produce alone, to say nothing about pigs, cows, sheep, butter, and flax—vast quantities of all which articles England purchases from her. The simple fact is, that obtain the money—the common medium of exchange—and you obtain whatever money will purchase. Money represents everything; and it is worse than folly to talk about England consuming the food of Ireland, so long as Ireland takes care to be well paid for it.

"With regard, too, to the money sent to absentees residing in England or elsewhere, there is a very prevalent fallacy, which passes for wisdom, and which is put forth as one of the chief arguments to show the 'injustice of England to Ireland.' It is said the Irish peasant sends his produce to England, and the money he gets for it he sends also to his landlord in England; therefore he is deprived of both produce and money. One really feels almost ashamed to find it necessary to expose such a fallacy. The Irish peasant cannot have both his goods and the value of his goods in money; he therefore cannot lose both. Suppose a resident landlord of an income of (say) 1000*l.* a year, will require for the consumption of his stables (say) 100*l.* worth of oats, straw, and hay, and for the consumption of his house (say) 150*l.* worth of corn and butter, and that this 250*l.* worth of agricultural produce he consumes in Ireland on his estate, and buys it direct from his tenants, what is the fact with regard to this produce which the tenants sell to him? They part with their 250*l.* worth of produce to their landlord, who consumes it, and take in exchange for it 250*l.*, and they then

pay the 250*l.* to the landlord for their rent. Thus, in the same way, the landlord, to use this silly argument, gets both their produce and money; the fact being simply, that he gets so much money for rent, and for that money he gives them the use of so much land, which is worth the rent paid for it. Now, what earthly difference can it make to these tenants, so far as this 250*l.* worth of produce is concerned, whether the landlord's steward pays them 250*l.* for it at 'the castle,' or a Liverpool or London agent or buyer pays them the 250*l.* for it at the next market-town? In both cases the tenants part with their produce for 250*l.*; in both cases the produce is taken from them for consumption; and whether it is eaten at 'the castle,' or in England, or goes to the bottom of the sea, it is all the same to the tenants—they have the value of it in their pockets. And inasmuch as the landlord, whether a resident or an absentee, expects the rent of his land which he lets to his tenants, and for which they have this 250*l.* to pay, surely, if they pay it for rent, it is all the same to them, so far as regards this 250*l.*, whether their landlord is resident or not, for, in either case, having paid it, they are the 250*l.* poorer."

Supposing each absentee thus to spend about a third of his income in the purchase of produce which he consumes, we thus at once diminish by one-third the amount of the evil of the absentee drain, whatever that drain may be. Another third of this alleged drain is thus disposed of by Mr. Foster. He says at page 617:—

"We come, then, to examine the remaining portion of a resident landlord's expenditure in Ireland, and we shall see how much of that goes to benefit the Irish nation by promoting Irish manufactures. How much of his clothing is made in Ireland? His hat comes from London; his coat from the west of England; part of his boots from France; so of his gloves; his stockings from Nottingham; his watch from England or Geneva. How much of his lady's clothing has been manufactured in Ireland? Her bonnets, shoes, gloves, and silk and satin dresses, most of them are of the French manufacture; her morning dresses the produce of Manchester or Glasgow; her jewellery from every part of the world. How many of the luxuries of life which have become necessities to him are of Irish manufacture? His wines—his champagne, hock, claret, port, sherry, Madeira—all are the produce of foreign countries. So are his tea, coffee, sugar, spices, and tobacco. How much of his household furniture is the produce of Ireland? His mahogany and rosewood chairs and tables, their morocco leather seats, their cotton coverings, the chandeliers of his rooms, the oil and wax he burns, the marble of his chimney-piece, his fire-range, the expensive pictures on his walls, his books—all are the produce of English or foreign industry, which, resident, just the same as absent, he must and will have, and to pay for which Irish food, that is her manufactures, must equally be abstracted. The money annually required for the purchase of these luxuries and necessities may be fairly set down at one-third more of his income; and this third, though resi-

dent, does not benefit the manufactures of the Irish nation, but encourages the industry of foreigners. It would only do the same if he were an absentee. This *third*, therefore, of absentee income must also be deducted from the absentee payments which, it is alleged, drain and impoverish Ireland."

The remaining residue of one-third of this alleged absentee drain is still again further reduced by the expenses of educating children as fashion and custom dictate, in England or abroad, and in laying by a provision for younger children and the fortunes of daughters. Inasmuch as these sums would be equally abstracted from the possibility, or at least the probability of benefiting the Irish nation, if the landlord were resident, they must be deducted from the economic mischief he entails on Ireland, as an absentee. By these means, the assumed sum of 4,500,000*l.* of Irish absentee drain has been reduced, in the apparently fair estimation of this author, to something less than 1,000,000*l.* These, however, are rough calculations: but whether closely estimated or not, they are sufficient to show that to assume the whole amount of rents paid by Ireland to absentees, to be *lost to Ireland because of their absenteeism*, is a fallacy; but a part of that sum—a serious amount it is true, is so lost. As counter-balancing this evil, Mr. Foster shows the amount of employment given in England to Irish resident labourers, to be fairly estimated at upwards of 5,000,000*l.* and seems to argue pretty conclusively, that if 5,000,000*l.* worth of labour be given in England to the million of Irish who reside there, it is, to say the least of it, a full equivalent for the million's worth of labour which the million abstracted from Ireland, and lost to that country, in absentee rents, would purchase.

But this argument about absenteeism is really worth little, unless we assume that Ireland has no other possible means of employing to profit her starving people, who want, therefore, by so much, the employment which the abstracted million would give, in increased demand for articles for which there is now no market. But can we assume this? Impossible. It is but the other day, that a paper was laid on the table of the House of Commons, by command, showing that for the linen manufactures and agricultural wants of this country, about 6,000,000*l.* worth of flax and flax-seed is annually imported from abroad, to meet our demands. It is shown, that if Irish flax to this amount were obtainable, it would have a preference in the market, as being of a better and finer texture; and, therefore, as producing a better and finer, and more durable fabric. Every *l.* worth of this imported

flax and seed might be grown in Ireland. Why is it not grown? What have absentees to do with the prevention of it? Flax grows abundantly in Ireland, and it is the most profitable crop the farmer can cultivate. There are 3,000,000 of waste acres in Ireland capable of growing it, which grow nothing; there are people enough in all conscience there doing nothing, and ready to employ in its cultivation; and there is a demand and market for every 1*lb.* of flax they can grow. England wants it. Why is it not grown? Here is a positive drain on the country of 6,000,000*l.* for flax, *absolutely lost*, for every *l.* of the 6,000,000*l.* might be *created* and saved to the country, by the industrious cultivation of this amount of flax. Talk of *absentee drain* after this! The drain of laziness and apathy, and want of enterprise in this one respect, is of more mischief to Ireland in an economic sense, than the highest estimate of the absentee drain can amount to twice over every year.

But absenteeism is an evil, a great evil, and its chief mischief is well pointed out by Mr. Foster. He says:—

"No doubt absenteeism does entail some considerable amount of want of employment which would be otherwise given by indirect as well as by direct means—as in servants, &c. But the chief evils arising from absenteeism are the absence of the landlord's moral influence and example from his neighbourhood—the absence of a superior mind capable of leading, directing, and instructing. These are great evils, and the evils of absenteeism."

Let us, then, estimate this mischief at its true worth—as a considerable economic evil; but as most injurious in a moral and social point of view. Still, it is but an ingredient of mischief, and as such we ought only to estimate it.

A far greater drain than arises from absenteeism is the drain of unprofitable consumption which is perpetually going on in all parts of Ireland. The wealth of a nation depends on the same causes as conduce to the wealth of individuals, namely, the production of more articles of exchangeable value than are consumed, and the accumulation of the overplus. No individual can get rich who consumes all he creates; nor can a nation which pursues the same course. Now all men *consume* produce of exchangeable value; but all do not *create* produce of an exchangeable value. In proportion as you increase the number of those who do not create, but consume produce, in like proportion do you tend to the impoverishment of a nation. But if you multiply the non-creating and consuming class to such an extent that they swallow up the surplus

produce beyond the consumption of the class that *creates* produce, you necessarily keep that class poor, and you have the spectacle of the non-creating class swallowing up the wealth of the nation and consuming it, and the nation necessarily remains steeped in poverty. And such is the spectacle which Ireland now presents. The landlords, as a class, are a non-producing class. They help to consume the surplus produce created by the working class. This is an evil: but in a properly constituted society it is more than compensated by the good which ought to flow from their superior direction, guidance, and information. They are as the head to the limbs of the body. The limbs have the labour of carrying the head, and of doing all the creative work which shall support both themselves and the head: but without the direction of the head, the greatest exertion of those limbs are fruitless. But in Ireland, you have the spectacle of those heads being indefinitely multiplied, whilst at the same time they do not perform the duty of heads: they do not guide and direct the limbs, but simply oppress with their useless load. If you have one landlord, who exacts a fourth of the produce for the rent of his land; but who aids, and guides, and instructs his tenants in return for consuming that fourth of their produce, even the tenants profit by this social union of interests, more than the value of that portion of their surplus which they pay for their land. They live well on the residue of the produce, improve, increase their produce by the instruction they receive, and accumulating the surplus become wealthy. This is simply the history of a nation's prosperity. If, however, a tenant, instead of so cultivating his land, sublets it in smaller patches to under tenants, and exacts another fourth of the produce of the land as his rent; and by an injudicious lease against the superior landlord, sets that landlord at defiance; you then have the spectacle of the direction of the superior mind—of the head, removed from the working limbs, which are left to work undirected, whilst they are compelled to bear two burdens, the superior head, which is now but lumber to them, and an inferior head, which has usurped its place. But if, as is the extraordinary spectacle in Ireland, you find these inferior tenants again not cultivating the soil, but imitating their inferior landlord—the *middleman* over them, and themselves becoming so many 'middlemen,' and renting out their land in small patches to mere labourers, extracting another fourth of the produce for their rent, and incapable of giving any useful direction in return, what is the necessary consequence? That the producers—those who create wealth, are deprived of three-fourths of their produce, instead of one-fourth, to pay three rents instead of one rent; and those three rents divided among many landlords are *consumed* and do not increase the wealth of the nation, by accumulating as surplus produce; the nation therefore continues poor: and the wealth producers—the labourers of the soil, without intelligent direction, do not improve in the science of cultivation, and the one-fourth of the produce which remains to them after the payment of the three rents for land is barely sufficient to support life. They, therefore, are wretchedly poor. Such is the 'middleman' system in Ireland. The bulk of the people—the labourers of the soil—are reduced to the greatest poverty by the various rents extracted from them; being undirected, they do not improve either the system of cultivation or their own condition, and the numerous 'middlemen' as well as landlords, subsisting on rent,—*consuming the surplus produce of the nation and creating nothing*,—consume the wealth of the nation, and the whole nation is, therefore, steeped in poverty. On this subject, the volumes of evidence relating to Ireland are full. It is a monstrous evil, which has never been sufficiently pointed out. Mr. Foster's book indeed makes frequent allusion to the subject, but does not fully examine into it; and it is to be regretted that one of his letters was not devoted to this subject. He has, however, compiled a very valuable appendix of evidence on the mischiefs arising from the system of 'middlemen;' and in one of his last letters he thus briefly alludes to this subject, with a recommendation which deserves and calls for consideration; 'Of what use,' says he, 'is the middleman? If he usurps the place of landlord, whilst, in reality, he is not landlord; give reality to his position; compel him to become the landlord, or to give up his position. If he take the place of an extortioner, and as an idle drone consumes the surplus produce—the wealth and capital of the community—extinguish him; put an end by law to his ability to continue to do so. In fact, create a valuable middle class by prohibiting absolutely all sub-letting, and thus compel the middleman either to purchase the fee, or become, as in England, a working farmer of the lands which he holds, finding capital, and intelligence, and skill, to employ and direct labour on his lands. What would be thought in Suffolk, for instance, of any man who should go there and take a dozen farms, as Mr. O'Connell does in Kerry, and sub-let them to small tenants, at *three times* the rent which he himself

'paid, he doing nothing but receive the rents? It would not be borne; but, if borne, it would soon make Suffolk what the farms of Mr. O'Connell are now—an abode of wretchedness and neglect.' (p. 592.)

Secondly, let us consider how far 'the oppression of England,' the want of an extended franchise, and a national Parliament, have to do with the present misery of Ireland.

In Ireland it is a prevailing fashion to attribute everything to bygone misrule. Point out the want of industry of the people, their exertionless contentment, their want of care, and forethought, and order, and you are met with some such ejaculation as this, 'Ah, it is the sad consequence of oppression. Look at the old Irish penal code, when an Irish Catholic could not possess a horse above the value of 5*l.* without the fear of having its purchase demanded for that sum! Look at the cruelties of Cromwell; and above all, look back to the time of Elizabeth!' Any Englishman who, as an excuse for instances of English backwardness and barbarism, where such instances can be found, should use exculpatory language like this, would only be thought fitted for a strait-waistcoat and the asylums of Hanwell or of Bedlam. The influence of tradition, of history of the past, and of the stories of our fathers, may have, and no doubt have, some effect upon the passions and feelings of the existing generation. But what is the effect? The history of past high achievements makes a man proud of the name of his country, and determined that, so far as in him lies, that name shall not be sullied. The relation of a past defeat makes a man determined, should the opportunity again arise for his country to retrieve the dishonour, to do his best to aid it. The memory of a past oppression makes a man feel happy in its present non-existence, and determined to uphold his freedom. This is the spirit with which Englishmen look on past history. But what would be thought of the Englishman who excused an act of political venality, or any act of cringing servility, or of outrage, with the exclamation, 'Ah, sir, it is the unhappy result of past political corruption'—the old rotten boroughs are to blame for this venality; and, as for the cringing servility and any slavish vices, it is only necessary to go back to the time of the Charleses to trace the reason of that, for it was only in the twelfth year of the reign of Charles II. that serfdom by law was put an end to in England. Before that period the bulk of the people of England were 'vil-

leins' *appurtenant* or in *gross*. The 'villein appurtenant' was sold with the land to which he belonged as a slave. The 'villein in gross' was a *personal slave* attached to, and belonging to, the person of the lord of the soil. These unhappy people could own no property, whatever they accumulated their lord might seize—they were almost out of the pale of the law, and at one time their lord could murder them with impunity. Such being then the unhappy condition of the bulk of the English population, how can you wonder that such a tree, though uprooted now, should not have shed some fruit, and that fruit you now see in these remnants of slavish vices? And as to the outrages, look at the wars of the Roses. They inculcated outrage.* What would be thought of the Englishman who should speak thus? Yet this is the kind of argument which you now see in favour in Ireland.

No: man is not formed by tradition. The youngest of us remember the rotten boroughs, and what influence have the rotten boroughs on us now? We are 'creatures of habit.' Our natural inclinations may be moulded and swayed by perpetual and persevering habit, but we are not to be turned to either industry or laziness, to honesty and boldness, or to fraud and cunning and cringing servility, by the stories of seven centuries ago. To be whining perpetually about the past, is a certain proof of imbecility. This view of the cause of Ireland's wretchedness has been adopted by M. Beaumont, and is one of the errors into which we think that author has fallen. He says: 'The Irishman exhibits the man whom tyranny has endeavoured to corrupt during seven centuries.*' *Seven centuries!* Why, what was the Irishman seven centuries ago? The translator of M. Beaumont has appended the following note to that author's account of Ireland's early history: 'In the list of 178 monarchs of the Milesian line, enumerated by Irish historians, only forty-seven died natural deaths; seventy-one were slain in battle, and sixty murdered.†' The outrages and violence which disgrace Ireland, it would appear, were no less a feature in Ireland before the 'seven centuries' of oppression began, than they are at this day.

If we go back to a more recent period, and lessen the 'seven centuries' by two, we find in an old and authentic history of the habits of the Irish people, 'Fynes Moryson's Itinerary,' published in 1617, the author describing the mineral wealth, and the fertility of the land, and the great plenty of fish on

* Vol. ii., p. 35.

† Vol. i., p. 10.

the coasts, the profiting by which, he says, is 'hindered by the inhabitants' barbarousness, making them apt to seditions, and so unwilling to enrich their prince and their country; and by their slothfulness, which is so singular as they hold it baseness to labour; and by their poverty not being able to bear the charge of such works.' He says further on: 'So the Irish might in all parts have abundance of excellent sea and fresh-water fish, as salmonds, oysters, shell-fish, if the fishermen were not so possessed with the natural fault of slothfulness, as no hope of gain, scarcely the fear of authority, can in many places make them come out of their houses and put to sea. Hence it is that in many places they use Scots for fishermen, and they, together with the English, make profit of the inhabitants' sluggishness.* A century later Boate and Molyneux, who published a work now esteemed of high authority, on 'The Natural History of Ireland,' in speaking of the capabilities of the country, give accounts of the first application of marl and lime as manures by the English (for the Irish were too ignorant); they also speak of the English reclaiming bogs in Ireland. 'But this,' say they, 'hath never been known to the Irish, or if it was, they never went about it, but to the contrary, let daily more and more of their good land grow boggy through their carelessness, whereby also most of the bogs at first were caused.' For introducing draining and other improvements, the English say these authors have been rewarded by the Irish nation 'from time to time with unthankfulness, hatred, and envy.†

The same authors also speak of the discovery and working of mines by the English in Ireland, 'whose industry herein,' say they, 'the Irish have been so far from imitating, as since the beginning of the rebellion they have broke down and quite demolished almost all the iron-works.‡ The late Rev. Dr. Madden, the president and founder of this Dublin society, in his book, 'Reflections and Resolutions proper for the Gentlemen of Ireland,' throughout the whole volume deprecates the *laziness and indolence* of the people as the true source of their poverty. He says at page 24, when pointing out the evil habits which prevail amongst his countrymen; 'The laziness and indolence of our people is another universal habit and custom that should be discouraged as much as all the rest. As industry and labour is the great source of riches

to all nations, *how ruinous must this terrible humour be*, which infects so many thousand people, even of those who profess labour and depend on it for support. Many even of these follow their work but from hand to mouth, and as if they thought as the Scriptures speak of the Jews, 'their strength was to sit still,' they will work no longer than the scourge of necessity is held over them.* In a similar strain does Arthur Young (who wrote some seventy years ago), speak of the 'beggary appearance' of the most fertile parts of Ireland—of land which he terms 'the richest soil I ever saw.' Wakefield, who wrote in 1812, speaks of the fertility of the soil as being so conspicuous, that it would appear 'as if nature had determined to counteract the bad effects produced by the clumsy system of its cultivators.'

Even M. Beaumont, who propounds the notion of the '*seven centuries*' of oppression being at the bottom of every mischief, afterwards exclaims—'In the midst of every change you will find Ireland the same at all epochs, *always miserable in the same degree*, always overstocked with paupers, displaying the same deep and hideous wounds.† For an unvarying result you must look for an unvarying cause. Try the opinion of Dr. Madden by the severest tests of the political economists, and is it not the truth—that industry and labour are the source of riches to all nations, and that the '*terrible humour of indolence and laziness*' must be *ruinous*? Its '*ruinous*' effects are depicted by M. Beaumont with terrible force—'I have seen,' says he, 'the Indian in his forests, and the negro in his chains, and thought, as I contemplated their pitiable condition, that I saw the very extreme of human wretchedness; but I did not then know the condition of unfortunate Ireland.‡ But all writers are agreed in describing this condition as the lowest to which human beings are capable of descending. With addictedness to outrage, do we not trace this '*terrible humour*' as existing in the Irish people from the earliest records? and M. Beaumont bears the testimony of his research to its '*ruinous*' effects being always the same—'at all epochs,' for he says, the Irish have been '*always miserable in the same degree*.' Kohl, a German writer, remarks,—'It is a constant subject of discussion in Ireland between the Irish patriots and the adherents of the English—that is, between the Celts and the Anglo-Saxons,—whether the misery and poverty of Ireland

* Part iii., p. 161.

† Pp. 63, 64.—Ed. 1726.

‡ P. 72.

* 'Dr. Madden's Reflections and Resolutions proper for the Gentlemen of Ireland.' Page 24. Published in 1738.

† Vol. ii., p. 175.

‡ Vol. i., 268.

ought to be attributed to the tyranny and bad government of the English, or whether the indolence and want of energy of the Irish themselves be not in a great measure to blame.' The author then instances a German colony settled many years ago near Limerick, who came from the Palatinate, and who still bear the name of Palatinates. Living under the same laws as the rest of the Irish people, this author says, he was informed that 'these Palatinates are looked on as the best farmers in the country.' 'They are most respectable people,' said an Irish lady to me, 'and much wealthier and far better off than their Irish neighbours.*' The same author says further on—'The English and their injustice are not alone in fault, but the main root of Irish misery is to be sought in the indolence, levity, extravagance, and want of energy of the national character.†' Mr. Foster has throughout his book given instances of this failing in the Irish national character, and of its inevitable results—poverty, and misery, and distress. Have we not found, in discovering universal laziness and want of enterprise among a people, a sufficient cause for misery? Look at European nations at the present day, is it not a fact that those which bear the reputation of being the most industrious and enterprising are the most wealthy, the most powerful, and their citizens the most comfortable? Look at England and Germany on the one hand, and look at Spain and Portugal on the other. In his last letter Mr. Foster observes, with apparent truth, speaking of the means of wealth:—

"But how is produce which will obtain, because it is worth, money, to be got? Only by labour and enterprise, of both which qualities there is a most lamentable want in Ireland. The man who never labours, if without fortune, must necessarily starve. The man who labours only a little must necessarily be in want. The man who half labours must necessarily be poor; and the man who labours hard his whole time must, under ordinary circumstances, be well off. 'Labour,' says Adam Smith, 'is the first price, the original purchase-money, that is paid for all things.'

"It is because the people of Ireland generally do not labour, either physically or mentally, in anything like the proportion that the people of England do, that they are not generally near so wealthy. Nay, it is because they are generally absolutely lazy and apathetic—too lazy to weed their land, though they have nothing else to do—too lazy to clean their cottages, with nothing else to do; or to mend the holes in their cottage roofs, with nothing else to do,—that their land is so wretchedly cultivated, their cottages are so dirty, and their hovels so miserable.‡ I have repeatedly

seen whole untied 'logbins' or bundles of straw, in the south of Ireland, laid on the roofs of cottages to keep out the wet or to stop holes; the owners having the straw, and being too lazy to open it out and lay it on the roof properly."

So marked is this character of indolence among the people, that Kohl, in describing a part of Kerry near Tralee Bay, speaks of 'the mountains being naked from the base to the summit, and of a gloomy, monotonous colour, for they were covered with bog; and yet,' says he, 'I saw villages, the inhabitants of which were complaining of a scarcity of turf!'

But did the misery of Ireland depend upon its political institutions and upon English oppression, that misery ought to have ceased with the obtainment of an equality of civil privileges, and from the impossibility of 'English oppression' longer continuing. M. Beaumont, whom we again quote, says:† 'Those who imagine that they can explain all the evils of Ireland by the despotism of England, fall into a great error, for this absolute despotism has never existed.'

And with regard to increased political privileges having any beneficial effect in removing Irish distress and poverty, the same author with much truth remarks, that 'the poverty of Ireland did not vanish as its liberties were consolidated and increased. On the contrary, it would seem that, as the Irishman acquired political rights, his social misery was increased in the same proportion. It is certain that Irishmen have never been so free as at the present moment; and it is equally certain that they have never been so

their misery by neglect; and they continue in the filth that chokes their hovels, without the slightest wish to keep them clean."—M. Beaumont's 'Ireland, Social, Political, and Religious,' vol. ii., p. 25.

"The same statistical documents which show that in Ireland nearly 5,000,000 of individuals are employed on the land, show that in England and Scotland, out of a population of 16,205,000, not more than 5,000,000 are engaged in agriculture; that is to say, nearly the same number that is so employed in Ireland; nevertheless, England and Scotland have an extent of 54,000,000 of acres, whilst Ireland has only 19,000,900. So that in Ireland the land absorbs two-thirds of the population, whilst in the other two countries it does not engage quite one-third; and it appears that Ireland employs as many labourers to cultivate her soil as England and Scotland, which are double her size. Finally, it appears certain that by the Irish system of tillage the ground produces one-half less than it does under the management of an English or Scotch farmer; whence it follows that three Irish agricultural labourers do rather less work than an Englishman or Scotchman. Even supposing that the number of English and Scotch labourers is too small, that of the Irish agriculturists is clearly excessive. And the defective cultivation of the ground depends precisely on their quantity."—Ibid., p. 143.

* P. 41.

† P. 49.

‡ "'We are so poor!' is the reply of the Irish peasants, when they are reproached with increasing

* P. 71.

† Vol. i., p. 313.

miserable.* They are not miserable *because* of their increased privileges; their increasing misery is to be attributed to another prevailing and continuing cause, which we think we have sufficiently pointed out. And with regard to a national parliament being the remedy most likely to put an end to Irish misery, we have living on the pages of history the records of the deeds of the Irish *national* parliament. Unless the type and spirit of it were wholly changed, for which we have no possible guarantee (for its spirit depended on the character of the people), there could be no greater national curse inflicted on the country than to give it a *national* parliament. What says M. Beaumont of Ireland's last national parliament? 'The principal parliamentary undertakers, the chiefs of parties, sold their privileges to England for the sum of 1,260,000*l.* paid down in hard cash, and renounced their parliamentary prerogatives. * * * They renounced their rights for the stipulated price; an infamous bargain, in which the corruption of those who bought, was surpassed by the baseness of those who sold themselves; a worthy end of a parliament which, during the course of its existence, was rarely independent, almost always servile, never national; and which, when condemned to perish, disposed of its carcase like a criminal selling his body for dissection.'† We may, I think, dismiss this head of the inquiry, as one having nothing whatever to do with Ireland's distress. Shout to a drowning slave that you will give him freedom, and you will not save him from death. It is a plank to sustain him that he wants; and the plank that Ireland wants to save her, is the plank of *industry and enterprise*. This will sustain her in her hour of need; this will give her wealth, will employ her sons, and will banish misery.

We come now to the question of religious differences, and to the assertion that the misery of Ireland is owing to the Roman Catholic religion.

So far as the question of payments in support of the established Church is concerned since the settlement of the latter question, the complaints of one party against a (so called) dominant Church are pretty well at an end. There are no more tithe outrages. Still, as subjects of the same kingdom—as affected by the same laws, as liable to the same burdens, the Roman Catholic in reason and justice has a right to perfect equality; and until that perfect equality is established, many will naturally feel dissatisfied. With regard, however, to the other view of the case, that the priesthood are at the bottom

of much of the agitation which drives capital out of Ireland, and that they keep enslaved the minds of the people and prevent their equal advancement, there is perhaps some truth in it. But are the priesthood to blame for this? Is it not rather the fault of the policy pursued towards them—a policy which turns a half-educated man loose upon society to depend solely on the people whom as their priest he teaches. The author of 'The Past and Present Policy of England towards Ireland' has with much erudition and research attempted to show that Ireland will never be prosperous and her people contented so long as you leave the priesthood to subsist by agitation, and 'going with the popular stream.' 'The great majority of these priests,' says this author, 'are hot Repealers; it is they who work all the machinery of repeal.' Bishop Stock, in a narrative of what passed at Killala in the summer of 1798, says: 'The almost total dependence of the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland upon their people for the means of subsistence, is the cause, according to my best judgment, why upon every popular commotion, many priests of that communion have been (and until measures of better policy are adopted, always will be) found in the ranks of sedition and opposition to the established government. The peasant will love a revolution because he feels the weight of poverty, and has not often the sense to perceive that the change of masters may render it heavier. The priest must follow the impulse of the popular wave, or be left behind on the beach to perish.* The late Rev. Sydney Smith, in his 'Posthumous Fragment,' says: 'We consider the Irish clergy as factious, and as encouraging the bad anti-British spirit of the people. How can it be otherwise? They live by the people. They have nothing to live upon but the voluntary oblations of the people, and they must fall into the same spirit as the people, or they must starve to death.' On this question there are two able and comprehensive letters previously unpublished, in Mr. Foster's book. Setting out on the broad principle that every subject of the realm has a right to a perfect equality of civil and religious privileges, he examines the question of the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy, and the objections that have been raised against such a suggestion, both by the Protestant laity and the Catholic clergy—first, on the ground of principle; and secondly, on the ground of expediency. On the ground of principle, he advocates the payment, as he advocates the payment of the

* Vol. ii., p. 51.

† Vol. i., p. 321.

* Quoted in Plowden, vol. iii., p. 716.

Protestant clergy, by the state, 'because it is the duty of the government, as the head and *father* of the country, to take care that the majority of the people are not brought up as heathens but as Christians, and in order to insure that, they must pay for Christian teaching.*' He points out the evils which arise from the dependence of the priesthood on the people, in their promoting early marriages, because of the marriage fees by which in part they live, and the pilgrimages, 'stations,' and other degrading practices to which they are compelled to induce the people to resort, in order to obtain from them the means of livelihood. In the concluding letter of this author on this subject, the following paragraph is worthy of note.

"Look," he says, "at the example in England, and in Scotland, of the effects of an unpaid clergy. Though a great number among the very powerful body of dissenters in England are moderate men, is it not a fact that, as a body, they are what may be termed the *aggressive or movement party*? Are not the most violent democrats and chartists almost always dissenters, often led on, too, by the dissenting minister? In Scotland, what people were so quiet so long as there were none but paid, 'moderate' ministers among them? The minister's wife took tea with the factor's wife. The heritor's praise was on their lips;—the government stipend came regularly on every quarter-day, or was secure independently of the people;—and the ministers preached to poor paupers, living on 2d a week, 'patience, meekness, long-suffering, respect to constituted authorities, and future rewards,' and from Aberdeen to Inverness, from Inverness to John o'Groat's, not a soldier, or a policeman, or a constable (except by name), was ever seen or known of. The question of the right to present livings, created a division in the Scottish Kirk. Six hundred ministers left it, and enrolled themselves as a voluntary church, dependent upon the people, under the title of the 'Free Kirk of Scotland.' The factor disapproved of this, and went to the 'moderate' Church; the newly-created 'free' minister's wife no longer took tea at his house; bitter words passed; the heritors refused sites for new churches; the people were roused and excited, and fought with soldiers sent to quell them at Ross. The heritors were retaliated upon by being made to keep their paupers decently, on the applications got up by Free Ministers to the Court of Sessions; and rankings, and heart-burnings, and recriminations, now prevail where once was profound quiet and suppression of evil. Why is this?—Because when a worthy, but unfortunately placed minister, has to stir up the people for his dinner, or in order to pay his rent, it *stirs up strife*. With these examples before us, is it not patent what should be done to quieten strife in Ireland? Simply, *pay the priests.*"

We know that we shall here be met by many strong arguments on the part of those

who advocate the voluntary principle. What Ireland wants above all other things is quiet and peace, in order that capital may flow there. What agent so effective in preaching quiet and peace as a contented and securely paid clergyman? Agitation and insecurity are repugnant to his very nature. What means more certain to obtain such a clergy, than for the state to pay them? their interests would then be closely allied to those of the state, and in the words of Dr. Madden, 'they might be managed like cannons, whose mouths are still pointed just as they please who fill their bellies.'† Nor would the priesthood lose their *fair* influence over the people because of such state payments; they would lose only, as the late Rev. Sidney Smith expresses it, 'fellowship in faction, and fraternity in rebellion.' As one measure, then, of remedying the evils which beset Ireland, it would seem that the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy is not the least important; for it will take away the motive for promoting improvident early marriages, which lead to misery and a pauper population, and it will tend to allay agitation, and promote peaceful industry, and the consequent gradual introduction of capital into the country.

We have space only briefly to allude to the remaining positions. We come, fourthly, to the prevailing idea that a surplus population is the cause of the misery of Ireland, and that, therefore, emigration is the remedy. A surplus population, with 3,000,000 of acres of waste land capable of cultivation in the country! The very idea is an absurdity. But this surplus population has always existed, that is, if Irish misery and wretchedness are to be traced to a surplus population. 'If by some magic spell,' says M. Beaumont, 'millions of paupers could be at once transported from Ireland, their place would soon be filled by the overflowing of that well-spring of misery which is never dried up; it is in the nature of its social state to produce profound indigence and infinite distress.‡' What has emigration ever done to ameliorate that distress? The evidence taken before the Irish Poor Law commissioners on this subject, is unanimous in showing that it would require *one-third* or *one-fourth* of the able-bodied population to be withdrawn, to increase wages and afford employment to the remaining people; that emigration abstracts the flower of the nation, and leaves the refuse behind; and that those who emigrate are almost always enterprising men, with a little money. We have then

* 'Reflections and Resolutions proper for Irish Gentlemen,' p. 80.

† Vol. ii., p. 175.

* P. 505.

by this means abstracted from the country its labour, its enterprise, and its capital—those very qualities which alone are wanted to make it prosper. In an admirable letter on this subject (in which the question is fully reviewed), dated from Clifden in Connemara, Mr. Foster, after quoting evidence to prove the *profit* of cultivating an acre of bog with potatoes, to be 10*l.* over and above every cost, the outlay being about 10*l.*, and the value of the crop 20*l.*, with much force exclaims: ‘And yet the people amidst miles of this unreclaimed land, starve for want of potatoes. Government will give 10*l.* to get rid of an industrious man by emigration (for that is about the cost of his passage).’ That very industry, and 10*l.* thrown away, would bring in an acre of useless bog, the profit of which would keep him and benefit the country.* The futility of emigration as a remedy, is proved by the universal tenor of all evidence on the subject, which is unanimous in showing no benefit to have arisen in increased wages or employment to those who remain. And as to the question of our population, what do men live by? By one another; and the more of them, the better the living of all. For the more men there are, the more wants there are to supply.

‘Crowds of men make land valuable,’ writes Dr. Madden, with truth. The people of our crowded towns, who jostle each other as they walk the streets, can scarcely conceive the misery which exists in the wilds of Donnegal and Erris, and Connemara and Kerry, where there are scarcely half-a-dozen men to each square mile of land capable of cultivation. So long as the land is not used up—so long as the coasts are not drained of their fish—so long as the mines of the mountains are not worked out—their marble all quarried—so long as house-feeding and green crops and artificial manures have not begun to fail in producing sufficient fat cattle, and corn, and butter, for the food of multitudes—so long, in fact, as all these enterprises and industrious arts will supply food and riches, and *want men* to carry them into operation—so long is the country not suffering from *over population*, but from some other cause which we must endeavour to find out. We may dismiss this idea, therefore, as unworthy further attention.

Neither do we think is the next mooted opinion deserving of more regard. M. Beaumont has mooted the theory that to a ‘bad aristocracy’ is to be traced every evil that afflicts Ireland. What is it the aristocracy does in England, which has led to so different a state of society amongst us? They

form a graceful capital to the Corinthian pillar of the state. But do we find them superintending or setting a-going our cotton factories? Did they invent the steam-engine? Do they manage our ship-building yards? Did they project our railroads? Do they stand by the forges and direct our great iron-works? No: yet these are the enterprises which make England great and wealthy, which employ her people, and drive misery from her shores. The aristocracy stand forth as graceful heads among the people to stimulate their ambition, to inculcate dignity and honour by their example and character. These are the offices of the aristocracy. If they neglect the duty of their position in Ireland, they deserve censure for the neglect; but the misery of the people is not traceable to so inadequate a cause.

We come then to the last opinion, that the evils which afflict Ireland are traceable to the race which peoples it. It would serve little purpose to prove this as an incontrovertible fact, unless we establish an adequate remedy; and how can you remedy the ingrained evils of a race of people? It is, however, remarkable, that under the same laws as those under which the aboriginal Irish starve, the Scotch and English settlers of Ulster thrive. The English descendants settled on the east coast at Wexford are comfortable and peaceable, whilst the Irish people to the west are disturbed and wretched. The German settlers in Limerick grow wealthy, and are respectable and peaceable farmers, whilst their immediate neighbours, the Irish, live in hovels, and are starving. The Clodderg fishermen at Galway, who seem chiefly a mixed Welsh and Spanish race, live in comfortable and cleanly houses, well-built, and in rows;* the native Irish beside them in filthy hovels. ‘The difference,’ says Kohl, ‘in passing out of Leinster into Ulster, was as if everything had been struck by a magician’s wand. The dirty cabins by the road-side were succeeded by neat, pretty, cheerful-looking cottages. Regular plantations, well-cultivated fields, pleasant little cottage-gardens, and shady lines of trees, meet the eye on every side. At first I could scarcely believe my eyes, and thought that, at all events, the change must be merely local and temporary, caused by the better management of that particular estate. No counterchange, however, appeared; the improvement lasted the whole way to Newry, and from Newry to Belfast everything still continued to show me that I had entered the country of a totally different people—namely, the district of the

Scotch settlers, the active and industrious Presbyterians.* Inglis, in his Tour, remarks the striking change in passing out of Leirtrim, in Connaught, into Enniskillen, in Ulster. After passing the boundary line, near Swanlinbar, he says, 'Improvement was visible in the aspect of the country, and a decided improvement in the appearance of the houses and their inhabitants.' Foster, in his letter, dated from Enniskillen, says; 'Let any man of observation travel through the Celtic population of the county of Leirtrim, into the adjoining mixed population of the county of Fermanagh, and I think he must be convinced that race has more to do with the distinguishing characteristics of Ulster than either politics or religion. At any rate, until it is proved that Orangeism and Protestantism will add six inches to the average height, and proportionate bulk to the men, and tall figures and good looks to the women, as well as better dress, I shall continue of opinion that these great differences in the appearance of the people themselves, as well as the difference which may be observed in their dress, and in their houses, and mode of living, must chiefly be attributed to the characteristics of race.†' The most wretched, the most neglected, the least improved part of Ireland—the district where famine most regularly occurs periodically, is the province of Connaught; and Connaught, says M. Beaumont, 'is the type of ancient Ireland.' It was thither, in the time of Cromwell, that the unfortunate persons were driven who had to choose between death and that place of retreat. 'To hell or Connaught,' said the tyrant to the proscribed.‡ Here, then, we see what the Irish race has accomplished—misery, degradation, and wretchedness. In the county of Down, the Saxon race has reared the linen manufactories of Ireland, and around them centre prosperity and wealth.

But what does all this indicate, and to what results does it lead? It indicates this—that it is to the apathy, the want of enterprise, the indolence of the Celtic race, that their misery and poverty are to be attributed. For in the same country, under the same climate, subject to the same laws, the industrious, and energetic, and enterprising Saxon thrives, and he thrives because he is industrious, and enterprising, and energetic. But how can we effect a change in this character of a people, which, 'in the midst of every change, at all epochs, has always made Ireland miserable in the same degree?' By passing measures calculated

to urge forward and stimulate the people to industry. What are they? We have shown that absenteeism is an evil, and that its chief evil is the withdrawing of the stimulation of example, and a directing mind. Pass a measure, then, to prevent this absenteeism as much as possible; and there are two chief modes of lessening the evil. First, let the government resolutely persevere in their wise determination to put down outrage, which compels absenteeism, by driving the gentry out of the country. Secondly, let them pass measures to facilitate the transfer of estates, and those who are absentees from choice will then be able, and not unwilling, to sell their lands, especially if absenteeism should subject the individual to taxation on that account. Aid the establishment of order, and the quelling of agitation, which produces disturbances, by paying the priesthood, and thereby enlisting them as the friends of order and peace. Men of energy and enterprise, possessed of capital, will then betake themselves to Ireland because of the opportunities which she affords for the profitable investment of capital. Every such investment will tend to urge on the people, and to overcome their natural indolence, and will tend to employ the (so-called) 'surplus population.' Let the government persevere in promoting measures for the reclamation of waste lands, the opening of means of water communication by the loughs, the promotion of the coast fisheries, and for the industrial education of the people; and in spite of their natural indolence, they will be urged and driven on to earn for themselves comforts and food better than potatoes. But leave their natural indolence full scope to develop itself—leave them to themselves, leave outrage unquelled, absenteeism with an excuse, and the priesthood unpaid, and Ireland will continue what she was in the time of the Milesian kings—as Fynes Moryson describes her, as every historian and writer has described her from the earliest period—in helpless misery, addicted to outrages, abounding in pauperism, 'always the same during all epochs.'

ART. VII.—1. *Œuvres de F. Rabelais.*

Edited by PAUL L. JACOB. Paris: Charpentier. 1842. 12mo.

2. *Le Cymbalum Mundi, &c., de Bonaventure des Periers.* Edited by JACOB. Paris: Gosselin. 1841. 12mo.

3. *Les Contes, &c., de Bonaventure des Periers.* Edited by CHARLES NODIER. Paris: Gosselin. 1841. 12mo.

* P. 184. † Foster, p. 44. ‡ Vol. i., p. 256.

4. *La Satyre Ménippée*. Edited by CH. LABITTE. Paris: Charpentier. 1845. 12mo.
5. *Le Moyen de Parvenir*. Par BEROALDE DE VERVILLE. Edited by PAUL L. JACOB. Paris: Gosselin. 1841. 12mo.

*WHEN the art of printing was first made known, it was looked upon only as an easy method of multiplying copies of manuscripts, and excited the fear of the ignorant, who fancied that it was akin to sorcery and magic, and the jealousy of a rather numerous class of persons, who saw that it would deprive them of their occupation; but none probably were aware of the might of the new engine which had been thus brought into existence, or were capable of foreseeing that 'the liberty of the press' would one day be a watchword in sanguinary wars and mighty revolutions. Until the beginning of the sixteenth century, the press was in its infancy, a harmless child, which had not yet learnt to exercise or feel its strength. It arrived at a vigorous maturity at the moment when old systems and old creeds, which had moved on thoughtlessly through centuries, were tottering on the brink of destruction. At this time kings ventured to take into their grasp the dangerous weapon—an English Henry took up the controversial cudgels against a Luther—but they were scared and astounded at finding that on this new field of combat the proud wielders of the sceptres of nations were humbled before the single strength even of a simple preacher, and they strove to chase away the terrible apparition with the weapons which in their hands had been more effectual—the axe, and the rope, and the faggot. As early as the time of Francis I., when the writings of the followers of Luther and Calvin were widely circulated in France, royal proclamations against libels and seditious writings began to make their appearance, which were frequently repeated during the following reigns, the punishment of offenders being generally hanging or burning.†

A multitude of causes combined to favour the spread of the Reformation when it broke out at the commencement of the sixteenth century. Among these we must reckon the extreme licentiousness of the age. The Church of Rome could overlook immora-

lity; it was brazen-faced enough to be amused at the satire which was levelled at its own vices; it was willing to smile even at the flippant ribaldry of irreligion; although it would not pardon any attempt at reform. Before the actual outburst of the Reformation, the press, in Italy, and elsewhere, had sent forth many books of satire and mockery, which contained the hostile spirit of the Reformers without their religious feeling, but which powerfully shook people's faith in the then existing institutions, especially among men of letters. This spirit was promoted in no small degree by the revival of the study of classical literature, which not only enlarged men's views and created a love of independent and philosophical inquiry in theological matters, but, as Lucian and other writers of that stamp became favourites, furnished precedents and models which were not thrown away. We find, accordingly, that most of the great scholars of the earlier half of the sixteenth century, were either favourers of the new opinions, or at least opponents of persecution, a circumstance which, at a time when some of the most powerful princes of the age were ambitious of surrounding themselves with learned men, had no little influence in protecting the Reformation at its first beginnings.

We must observe, also, that the spirit of satire, so natural to mankind, and at all times a weapon against which no armour is entirely proof, found a multitude of weak points in the practice and character of the Romish system, which for ages had been giving way before its repeated attacks. The discordance between the lives and doctrines of the priesthood, was an unfailing source of ridicule. The extravagant pretensions of the Church—its inherent vices—many of its favourite doctrines, were equally absurd and profane. No doctrine that has ever been broached in the world could lead to greater and more supremely ridiculous absurdities than that of transubstantiation, even as treated in the monkish writers, who are full of stories which are too satirically disgusting to repeat at the present day; what, therefore, must they be in the hands of the witty scoffer! They became matters of scornful jest between the Reformer and the Catholic, even in the daily intercourse of life. We may quote an example which is said to have occurred in a town in France at the time of the earlier religious troubles in that country. It was the custom among the zealous Catholics, when the consecrated host was carried to or from the church in procession, to bare their heads, fall on their knees, and worship it as

* See in 'F. Q. R.', No. lxxi., an article on 'The Comic and Satirical Literature of the Middle Ages.'

† We may refer our readers, on the political state of the press in these ages in France, to an interesting pamphlet by Mr. Leber, 'De l'état réel de la Presse et des Pamphlets depuis François 1er jusqu'à Louis XIV.', 8vo., Paris, 1834.

it passed. One day two such processions issued at the same moment from churches on the opposite sides of the street, as a man of some weight by his station and learning, hated by the Catholics as an obstinate and able leader of the Huguenots, came by. The fearless Reformer kept his upright position, with his hat on his head. The leader of one of the processions, a violent and persecuting priest, approached him fiercely and said, 'Impious man, why dost thou not fall down and worship thy Creator, the God whom we carry?' The Huguenot looked for a moment at the priest and at the two processions, and then deliberately inquired, 'Which of the two?' The priest was utterly confounded by this unexpected question, rejoined his procession without replying, and continued his way.* The ignorance and vulgarity of a large portion of the popish clergy, and the slovenly and inefficient manner in which they often performed their duties, furnished a constant subject of ridicule. Probably not less than a third of the popular jokes of the sixteenth century, turned on the character of the clergy; such, for instance, as those of the illiterate priest who, finding *salta per tria* (i. e. skip over three leaves) written at the bottom of a page in his mass-book, deliberately jumped down three of the steps before the altar, to the no small astonishment of the congregation; of another who, finding the title of the day's service indicated only by the abbreviation, *Re*, read the mass of the *Requiem*, instead of the service of the *Resurrection*; of one who, being so illiterate as to be unable to pronounce readily the long words in his ritual, always omitted them, and pronounced the word *Jesus*, which he said was much more devotional; and a host of other stories of a similar character. Even the service of the Catholic Church was not unfrequently turned to ridicule in popular songs, of which but a few specimens now remain. One of the most curious of these is a ballad against the mass, written in France, in 1562, and directed to be sung to the popular tune of 'Hari, hari l'ame.†' After giving a burlesque description of the introductory ceremonies, and

* Most of the stories, whether Monkish or Reformerist, will hardly bear translating. We may venture to give one example in illustration: *Rustica anserem in quoddam oppidum vendendum sub brachio portans, primum est templum ingressa, atque cum ibi tunc sacra fierent, accessit et ipsa cum anser ad altare, perceptura a sacerdote hostiam, quam anser illi incaute præripuit atque devoravit, quod illa fiendo sacerdote conqueritur. Cui sacerdos, Noli, inquit, flere, dabo tibi alium Deum.*

† These songs are printed in *Le Roux de Linsey's 'Recueil de Chants Historiques.'*

telling how the priest set for the *introit* and the Epistle, the song informs us that he then reads a legend in Latin, 'for fear it should be understood:—

"Puis une legende
En prose, en Latin,
De peur qu'on n'entende,
Tout son patelin
Du saint qu'il lui plaist."

He then takes a bit of the Gospel, and shows his skill in cutting and mutilating it:

"Du saint Evangile
Il prend quelque endroit,
Qu'il coupe et mutile.
Comme il est adroit
De faire tel fait!"

After sneering in the same manner at the worship of saints, &c., the song goes on to state that the priest causes his followers next to worship a piece of bread, which 'he breaks and devours:—

"Un morceau de paste
Il fait adorer,
Le rompt de sa patte
Pour le devorer,
Le gourmand qu'il est!"

The god of the priest is described as undergoing still greater indignities:

"Le dieu qu'il fait faire,
La bouche le prend,
Le cœur le digère,
Le ventre le rend
Au fons du retrait."

And in the same style this bold song, composed in the midst of violent persecutions, is continued to the end. Twenty years before the date of this composition, a song written in 1542, against the abuses of priests, monks, and shaven ('des abus des prestres, moines, et rasez'), begins with the following vigorous declamation against the Church of Rome:

"O gras tondus,
Mal avez esté secourus:
Long-temps y a.
Vos grans abus
On le verra.
Vostre autel est ruiné,
Vostre regne est bien miné,
Il tombera.
Papistes, pharisiens,
Vostre Antechrist et les siens
Trebuchera."

The Gospel, which the papists had so long banished, was now returned; and would drive away all their evil devices, and their bread-god would become mouldy by disuse—

"L'Evangile que haissez,
Quand aurez fait plus qu'assez,
Demourera.
Vous l'avez long-temps banny,
Mais puisqu'il est reveny,
Vostre joly pain benict
Se moysira."

The satirising and reforming spirit of the age appeared not unfrequently on the stage—in the rude performances which then made pretensions to the title of the drama. The theatre in Italy, much more perfect at this period than in other countries of Western or Southern Europe, but cynically licentious in its representations, had been for years in the habit of exhibiting to public ridicule, with impunity, the worst vices of society, and of attacking indiscriminately the weaknesses of Church and State, and had probably set the example, in this respect, to other countries. A singularly bold satirical play, or morality (as such compositions were then called), attacking most unsparingly the vices of the Romish Church and of its ministers, and impressing on men's minds the necessity and expedience of a speedy reformation, was written in Scotland as early as the year 1536, by Sir David Lindsay, under the title of 'The Parliament of Correction, or a pleasant satire of the three Estates,' and is known to have been exhibited there in the beginning of the year 1540. Dramatic pieces of the same description were composed in England, a little later, by John Bale, and others. Every reader of D'Aubigné's 'History of the Reformation,' is acquainted with an analysis that writer has given of a satirical play on the avarice of the Romish priesthood, performed in Berne, in Switzerland, in 1526. Moralities like those above-mentioned, and falling not far short of them in the boldness with which they censured the then existing state of things, were common in France in the earlier part of the same century, and their licentious raillery was shielded under the joyous personages of mother 'Folie,' grandmother 'Sottise,' and the like, whence such compositions became more generally known under the title of 'Sottises.' Such a 'Sottise' was performed at Geneva on the first Sunday in Lent, 1523, which there can be no doubt bore allusion to the dawning reformation. Mother Folie is introduced lamenting the loss of her husband, Bontemps (*Good Times*), when suddenly the post from Geneva brings her news of him. He is not dead, but he writes that he is dwelling at a couple of leagues' distance from Paradise, that he is in good health, and that he will return when justice shall have its free course, and there will be no danger of being hanged unjustly. Mother Folie

calls together her friends, and reads them her husband's letter, and they are filled with joy. The piece ends by their all sitting down to drink, in order to pass the time till Bontemps's return. Hard truths were told under the cover of mere mirth; and accordingly, when a second part of the *Sottise* was performed at the same place on the second Sunday in Lent, 1524, the Duke and Duchess of Savoy, who happened to be there, and were to have been present at the representation, kept away, because they had been informed that the actors were Heretics. In this second piece, Mother Folie is represented as being dead, and Grandmother Sottise recommends each of her children to learn a trade or profession, and she conducts them to the World (*au Monde*). The World examines them all, and finds some fault in them each. Suddenly the World is taken ill, goes to consult the doctor, and confesses that his sickness is caused by the sinister predictions which are everywhere in circulation. 'That is all which troubles you?' cries the doctor, and he goes on in a strain which exhibits at once the spirit of the piece:—

"Monde, tu ne te troubles pas
De voir ces hommes attrapards
Vendre et acheter bénéfices;
Les enfans en bras des nourrices
Estre abbés, évesques, prieurs,
Chevaucher très bien les deux sœurs,
Tuer les gens pour leur plaisirs," &c.

The piece concludes by the World being clad in the garb of a fool. These two pieces were printed at Lyons, which was a stronghold of the party Reformers until after the terrible massacres which took place there in the religious wars. An equally courageous satire against the court of Rome—the Play of the 'Prince des Sets, or of Mère Sotte,' by the celebrated Pierre Gringore, in which Mère Sotte represents the Church of Rome, was performed at Paris in 1511. The license given to pieces of this character at this period is explained by the circumstance that France and Rome were at war, and that the French court feared much less from the chance of an approaching reformation, than from the secular ambition of the popes.

From its particular position in the political world, France became during the sixteenth century the battle-field of the Reformation; and it is to the literature of that country that we shall chiefly restrict our remarks. The advocates of the new opinions acted there with more boldness, because they could easily find a refuge from persecution in Italy or in Switzerland, and from the latter country—which has been termed the

arsenal of the Reformation—they easily inundated France with their writings.

Many of the learned Frenchmen of the age of Francis I. were more or less compromised in the Reformation, and were subsequently persecuted for their opinion. The most remarkable of these were assembled at the court of the beautiful and witty Queen of Navarre, who at that period prided herself no less upon her scepticism in religious opinions, than upon her literary taste. Others, such as Beza, Pierre Viret, Varel, &c., took their stand more openly and decidedly in the ranks of Luther and Calvin. Several anonymous satirical publications have been attributed to Beza, but, as it appears, with little reason. In 1542, Erasmus Alberus, a Lutheran minister, published in Latin, the celebrated '*Alcorax des Cordeliers*,' which was frequently re-printed in Latin and in French, and which may in some measure be considered as taking the lead among the earlier satirical treatises of the *bonâ fide* reformers. It was more especially directed against the '*Liber Conformitatum*,' or the Book of Conformities between St. Francis and our Saviour; and consists of a selection of absurd miracles and legends from that book, the object being to prove from it, that Christ was a mere precursor of St. Francis, who was to the Cordeliers what Mahommed was to the Mussulmans, or, as Luther expresses it in the '*Letter to the Christian Reader*,' prefixed, '*Hinc sequitur, quod Christus veluti figura Francisci, nihil sit amplius; id quod et Turci sentiunt.*' In 1552, Pierre Viret, in a work full of the bitterest satire, entitled '*La Physique Papale*,' undertook to prove that the ceremonies and rites of the Romish Church were nothing but paganism. In this book, which is composed in the form of dialogues, Viret finds the Roman Catholic purgatory in the pagan writers of antiquity, he laughs at the various virtues of holy water, declares that the priests had rivalled the discovery of the philosopher's stone, by the facility with which they turned benefices, indulgences, &c., into money; and compares the scandalous lives of the monks with the orgies of the priests of Cybele. Pierre Viret published several other books of the same stamp, most of which were printed at Geneva. In France, books of this description were the subject of strict prohibition, and the writers were exposed to cruel persecutions, even when their productions were of a much less hardy character. Etienne Dolet, a rich and learned printer of Lyons, who had introduced the philosophical manner of reasoning of the Platonists, was burnt alive for atheism, at Paris, in 1546. In a poetical complaint,

written while in prison, he deprecates the vengeance of his theological persecutors:—

"Quand on m'aura ou brulé, ou pendu,
Mis sur la roue, et en quartiers fendu,
Qu'en sera-t-il! ce sera un corps mort!
Las! toutefois n'aurait-on nul remord?"

Ung homme est-il de valeur si petite,
Sitôt muni de science et vertu,
Pour estre, ainsi qu'une paille on festu,
Annihilé? Fait-on si peu de compte
D'ung noble esprit qui mainte aure surmonte?"

The celebrated poet, Clement Marat, for similar opinions, was obliged to fly from a similar fate, and spent some of the best years of his life in exile. The most remarkable satirists of this age, however, are to be found not among the open Protestants, but amongst the scoffers, and of these the first in date and in rank was Rabelais.

What we know of the life of Francis Rabelais, pictures him to us as a restless-minded, though joyous and witty person, greedy of learning, and not less so of novelty. He was born about the year 1483, and became a monk of the Franciscan order, in the Convent of Fontenay-le-Comte, in Poitou, where he excited the jealousy and hatred of his more illiterate brethren, by studying Greek and other suspected branches of learning. Having carried his contempt for their ignorance beyond the bounds of prudence, he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the subterranean dungeons of the convent, from which, however, he was saved by the interference of some of his secular friends. He had in the sequel sufficient influence to procure, in 1524, an indult of Pope Clement VII., authorizing him to change his order for the more learned one of the Benedictines; but instead of taking the habit, he embraced the life of a secular priest, and attached himself to the person of Geoffroi d'Estissac, Bishop of Maillezais, a distinguished patron of learned men, who made him his secretary. Among the scholars who assembled at the bishop's table, he met many favourers of the Reformation, and he took little pains to conceal his own contempt for the Church of Rome and its monks. 'Some,' says an old writer, 'say that he became a Lutheran, and others that he became an atheist.' He formed at this period an acquaintance with Calvin, who, like himself, was distinguished by his love of Greek literature. At this moment a rigorous persecution of innovators in religious matters excited by the Catholic clergy in 1530, cast a gloom over the literary society in which Rabelais moved. Clement Marot was prosecuted for eating bacon in Lent. Bona-

venture des Periers was denounced as an atheist by the Abbot of St. Evroul, for words which he had uttered in unguarded conversation. Others were threatened; and Louis Berquin, accused of Lutheranism, was condemned to the stake by the parliament of Paris, and burnt along with his writings on the 13th of April, 1530. Terrified by this event, many concealed their opinions, or withdrew themselves for a time from public view; others sought safety in exile; Rabelais went to Montpellier, and devoted all his energies to the study of medicine. In 1532 he changed his residence to Lyons, invited, probably, by his friend Etienne Dolet, and commenced his literary career by editing Greek and Latin authors. Popular tradition informs us that these literary labours were not successful. The sale of an edition of some of the writings of Hippocrates and Galen is said to have been too small to repay the expenses of printing, and Rabelais, to indemnify his publisher, and revenge himself on the bad taste of the public, gave to the world before the end of the year 1532, the first sketch of the burlesque romance of Gargantua, under the title of 'Chronique Gargantuine,' the object of which (if any) appears to have been to turn to ridicule the romances of chivalry, which then enjoyed great popularity. In the following year appeared the first sketch of 'Pantagruel.' The success of these publications was extraordinary, and led him to modify and enlarge them, making them the frame-work of a keen and searching satire on the vices of the Church and of society at large in his time.

To understand the real character of the burlesque writings of Rabelais, we ought to be well acquainted with the older satirical literature of the middle ages, of which the histories of Gargantua and Pantagruel present in some measure a compendium. Rabelais represents *en grand* that spirit of mockery at the Church which issued from its own bosom, and which, even when the standard of the Reformation had been unfurled, the Church could hardly resolve to prosecute. A multitude of burlesque tracts, quite in the character of Gargantua, had been issuing from the French printing-offices almost from the first introduction of the art into that country; and they continued to enjoy a very extensive popularity under the comic pseudonyms of Bruscamille, Turlupin, Jacques Bonhomme, &c., during the whole of the sixteenth and part of the seventeenth centuries. Rabelais differed chiefly from the writers of these pieces by the superiority of his genius and his extensive erudition. It was an error of his

editors in later times to suppose that his work was a romantic history of his age, and that all the actors in the public transactions of the day were represented under his burlesque heroes. Rabelais appears to have commenced without any fixed plan; the strokes of personal satire were evidently after-thoughts, which struck him as he proceeded, but the satirical aim of the whole is general and not particular, in this respect resembling the more ancient satires of Reynard and Piers Ploughman. The satirical character of Pantagruel appears to have increased with the publication of each successive portion, until it required all the influence of the author's powerful friends in Church and state to secure him the liberty to write with impunity. The law, the overbearing and unlearned theologians, the persecuting Sorbonne, the intriguing ecclesiastics, and above all the licentious grovelling monks, became in turn the butt of his ridicule. The latter were the objects of his special hatred. In the conclusion of his second book, he speaks of them as 'a great rabble of squint-minded fellows, dissembling and counterfeit saints, demure lookers, hypocrites, zealots, tough friars, buskin monks, and other such sects of men, who disguise themselves like maskers to deceive the world; for whilst they give the common people to understand that they are busied about nothing but contemplation and devotion in fastings, and maceration of their sensuality—and that only to sustain and aliment the small frailty of their humanity: it is so far otherwise, that, on the contrary, God knows what cheer they make; *et curios simulant, sed Bacchanalia vivunt*. You may read it in great letters in the colouring of their red snouts and gulching bellies as big as a tun.' And in the prologue to the third book: 'Get you back, hypocrites; to your sheep, dogs; get you gone, you dissemblers in the devil's name. Hay! what are you there yet? I renounce my part of Papiementia, if I snap you—!' The monks and doctors in theology set up a cry of fury on the appearance of this third book, which they denounced as an abominable heap of impieties. There were not wanting persons to accuse its author of direct atheism. In defence he urged his professional character of a physician, declared that his writings were only intended to exhilarate and console the sick, and branded his monkish calumniators with the expressive and energetic appellations of '*cafards, cagots, matagots, bottineurs, burgots, patepelues, porteurs de rogatons, chatemites, vrais diables engiponnés*,' words, the force of which it would be impossible to render in English. Rabe-

lais found protection in the manners of the age. A kind of secret society, a jovial freemasonry, appears to have been formed by the influence of his writings, which was joined by numbers of young nobles and gentlemen who had been gained by the libertinism and scepticism of the poets, and who became known by the name of *Pantagruelists*. '*Chacun s'est voulu mêler de Pantagruéliser,*' says Du Verdier, who was nearly a contemporary; and Rabelais himself, in a *nouveau prologue* to his fourth book, defines *Pantagruelism* as a *certain gaité d'esprit confite en mépris des choses fortuites*. In fact, there is the same strong taint of Epicureanism in the philosophy of Rabelais, which appears so constantly in the court poets of the voluptuous age of Francis I. Even Clement Marot, who subsequently became a declared Protestant, was then a Pantagruelist, and did not hesitate to proclaim the practical advantages of the abbey of Theleme—

"Son nous laissez nos jours en paix user,
Du temps présent à plaisir disposer,
Et librement vivre comme il faut vivre,
Palais et cours ne nous faudroit plus suivre;
Plaids ne procès, ne les riches maisons,
Avec leur gloire et enfumés blasons.
Mais, sous belle ombre, en chambre et galeries,
Nous pourmenans, livres et railleries,
Dames et bains, seroient les passetemps,
Lieux et labours de nos esprits contens."

The Protestants were entirely disappointed in Rabelais. From the boldness with which the writers of his school attacked the errors of Rome, they expected to see them join in the work of reformation, but they soon found that they were scoffers and not reformers; that, in fact, they were of those who, to use the words of the poet—

"Bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free;
License they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise and good."

The reformers were disgusted by the mixture of obscenity and libertinism which characterized their writings; and their disappointment was complete when they saw Rabelais himself accept a benefice from the Church of Rome, and become curé of Meudon. Calvin had strongly expressed his dissatisfaction at the conduct of his friend in his book '*De Scandalis*,' which gave so much offence to the satirist that, in his fourth book, he classed with the *matagots*, *cagots*, and *papelards*, who had so often been the object of his ridicule before, '*Les démoniacles Calvins, imposteurs de Genève.*'

The most remarkable writer of the school of sceptics which had been formed at the

court of the Queen of Navarre, was Bonaventure des Periers, who had succeeded Clement Marot as valet de-chambre of that princess, in 1536. When she was no longer able to defend the poet from the persecutions of his enemies, Des Periers marked his sentiments in favour of his predecessor, who had fled to Geneva, by his '*Apologie pour Marot absent, contre Saon,*' printed at Lyons, in 1537; and in the same year he caused to be printed, under the strictest secrecy, and without any name or author, his '*Cymbalum Mundi.*' This work, a model of French composition, consists of four dialogues, in the style and spirit of Lucian (whom he has imitated with great success), the interlocutors being evidently intended to represent living persons (among whom was Clement Marot himself), whose names are concealed by anagrams and other devices. The scepticism of the author is apparent throughout—he sneers at the Romish Church as an imposture, ridicules the Protestants as seekers after the philosopher's stone, and even treats Christianity with contempt. It is clear enough that Des Periers was not a Reformer:—his book was the strongest declaration that had been made of the Epicurean principles of the school to which he belonged. It was secretly printed at Paris by Jean Morin, in the Rue St. Jaques—the immediate vicinity of the Sorbonne—but some information of its character had been undoubtedly made public, for the whole impression was seized at the printer's, on the 6th of March, 1538, and Jean Morin was thrown into prison. In the entry on the registers of the parliament, it is stated that the inquisitor 'had caused his shop to be searched, and had found several unwise and erroneous books in it, which had come from Germany, even from Clement Marot, which were prepared for the press and intended to have been printed. He said, also, that some theologians had warned him that there were at present in this city several foreign printers and booksellers, who sold only books which contained erroneous opinions, which it was necessary to look to immediately.' The printer of the '*Cymbalum*' was treated with rigour, and it is probable that he disclosed the name of the author; the book was publicly burnt. Bonaventure des Periers retired to Lyons, where another edition was published, which also was burnt; and the author, terrified by the pursuits which were instituted against him, put an end to his own life, apparently, in the year 1539. This book had given equal offence to the Protestants and to the Catholics.

Des Periers is said by some to have had a principal hand in the composition of the

'Heptameron,' or collection of tales published under the name of the Queen of Navarre. A collection of tales was published under his own name a few years after his death, which there can be no doubt were his compositions, under the title of 'Les Contes ; ou les Nouvelles Récréations et Joyeux Devis de Bonaventure des Periers.' It is one of the best story-books of that age, and, as might be expected, is full of traits of satire against the monks and priests who appear here, as in the Protestant satirist, in the character of ignorant voluptuaries. As an example, we may give one of his anecdotes of the curé of Brou :—

"This curé had a way of his own to chant the different offices of the church ; and above all he disliked the way of saying the Passion in the manner it was ordinarily said in churches, and he chanted it quite differently. For when our Lord said anything to the Jews, or Pilate, he made him talk high and loud, so that everybody could hear him. And when it was the Jews or somebody else who spoke, he spoke so low, that he could scarcely be heard at all.

"It happened that a lady of rank and importance, on her way to Châteaudun to keep there the festival of Easter, passed through Brou on Good Friday, about ten o'clock in the morning, and wishing to hear service, she went to the church where the curé was officiating. When it came to the Passion, he said it in his own manner, and made the whole church ring again when he said, *Quem queritis ?* But when it came to the reply, *Jesus Nazarenus*, he spoke as low as he possibly could. And in this manner he continued the Passion. The lady, who was very devout, and, for a woman, well-informed in the Holy Scriptures and attentive to the ecclesiastical ceremonies, felt scandalized at this mode of chanting, and wished she had never entered the church. She had a mind to speak to the curé, and tell him what she thought of it ; and for this purpose sent for him to come to her after the service. When he was come, she said to him, 'Monsieur le curé, I don't know where you have learnt to officiate on a day like this, when the people ought to be all humility. But to hear you perform the service, is enough to drive away anybody's devotion.' 'How so, madame ?' said the curé. 'How so ?' said she, 'you have said a Passion contrary to all rules of decency. When our Lord speaks you cry as if you were in the town-hall ; and when it is a Caiphas, or a Pilate, or the Jews, you speak softly like a young bride. Is this becoming in one like you ? are you fit to be a curé ? If you had what you deserve, you would be turned out of your benefice, and then you would be made to know your fault !' When the curate had very attentively listened to her, 'Is this what you had to say to me, madame ?' said he. 'By my soul ! it is very true, what they say ; and the truth is, that there are many people who talk of things which they do not understand. Madame, I believe I know my office as well as another, and I beg all the world to know that God is as well served in this parish according to its condition as in any place

within a hundred leagues of it. I know very well that the other curés chant the Passion quite differently ; I could easily chant it like them if I would ; but they don't understand their business at all. I should like to know if it becomes those rogues of Jews to speak as loud as our Lord ? No, no, madame ; rest assured that in my parish it is my will that God be the master, and he shall be as long as I live ; and let all others do in their parishes according to their understanding.'"

Perhaps we may be pardoned for giving another sample of the same material.

"There was a priest of a village who was as proud as might be, because he had seen a little more than his Cato ; for he had read '*De Syntaxi*,' and his '*Fauste precor gelida*.'" And this made him set up his feathers and talk very grand, using words that filled his mouth, in order to make people think him a great doctor. Even at confession he made use of terms which astonished the poor people. One day he was confessing a poor working man, of whom he asked, 'Here now, my friend, tell me, art thou not ambitious ?' The poor man said no, thinking this was a word which belonged to great lords, and almost repented of having come to confess to this priest ; for he had already heard that he was such a great clerk, and that he spoke so grandly that nobody understood him, which he now knew by this word *ambitious* ; for although he might have heard it somewhere, yet he did not know at all what it was. The priest went on to ask, 'Art thou a fornicator ?' 'No,' said the labourer, who understood as little as before. 'Art thou a gourmand ?' said the priest. 'No.' 'Art thou not *superbe* (proud) ?' 'No.' 'Art thou not *iracund* ?' 'No.' The priest, seeing the man answer always 'no,' was somewhat surprised. 'Art thou not concupiscent ?' 'No.' 'And what art thou, then ?' said the priest. 'I am,' said he, 'a mason : here is my trowel !'"

The persecutions directed against Marot, Des Periers, and others, broke up and scattered the literary society which had been kept together by the smiles of the queen of Navarre, and with them the class of literature which they especially represented, lost its éclat. The numerous story-tellers and 'pantagruelian' writers of the following age are now consigned to the shelves of the bibliomaniac ; they are most of them beneath criticism, and were evidently intended for no very elegant class of readers. Among the exceptions, we must not overlook the productions of Noel du Fail, a gentleman of Brittany, lord of La Hérissaye, who published under the anagram of his name, in or before 1548, his '*Propos Rustiques* ;' in the same year, his '*Baliverneries ; ou, Contes Nouveaux d'Entrapel* ;' and at a later period, after his death, appeared the '*Contes et Discours d'Entrapel*.' This last is perhaps

* The commencement of the first eclogue of Baptista Mantuanus.

his most finished work; at times we perceive an attempt at imitating Rabelais; the Romish clergy cut no creditable figure in his facetious stories, some of which are licentious enough; but he had taken warning by the suffering of his more unfortunate brethren, and he commences his last-mentioned work by a kind of profession of the orthodoxy of his religion, and ends it with a zealous tirade against all atheists and those who live inattentive to God.

While the scoffing followers of Rabelais were thus undermining the influence of the Church among the higher orders of society, the party which supported the Protestant reformers were not inactive among the middle and lower classes; and beside preaching and the distribution of religious tracts, we find the satirical songs against the Romanists increasing in number and bitterness as we approach the period of the great troubles and massacres. From the perishable nature of these productions, and the care that was taken to suppress them, the number of those which now exist is naturally small. But we perceive easily that they became more violent as the religious parties were constantly dragged more and more into identity with the political distractions of the kingdom. This becomes strongly apparent when the ambitious family of Guise raised itself upon the ruin of the monarchy, on the death of Henry II., in 1559. The severe epigram which was written on that occasion, found many a tongue to repeat it—

“Le feu roi devina ce point,
Que ceux de la maison de Guise
Métroient ses enfans en pourpoint,
Et son pauvre peuple en chemise.”

To give more vogue to their productions, the Huguenot song-writers parodied the words of popular airs, in a manner which is sometimes grotesque in the extreme. A song on the champion of the French Protestants, the Prince de Condé, in 1563, after the victory at Dreux, was thus composed to the air,—

“Ce petit homme tant joly
Tousjours devise et tousjours rit,
Et tousjours baise sa mignonne;
Dieu gard’ de mal le petit homme!”

and commences,—

“Le petit homme a si bien fait,
Qu’à la parfin il a defait
Les abus du pape de Romme;
Dieu gard’ de mal le petit homme!
Ce petit homme tant joly, &c.”

The song celebrates the anti-papist exploits

of the chiefs of the party of the ‘petit homme,’ and goes on to tell us that,—

“Le petit homme estoit venu
Dedans Paris, où est cogneu
Ennemi du pape de Romme;
Dieu gard’ de mal le petit homme!

Les cocus qui étoient dedans,
Armez de fer jusques aux dens
Deffendans le pape de Romme,—
Dieu gard’, &c.

N’osèrent se mettre dehors;
Car on les eux tuez tous mors,
Nonobstant le pape de Rome.
Dieu gard’, &c.

It concludes with a thanksgiving for the success which had attended the cause,—

Après tant de belliqueux faits,
Le roy nous a donné la paix
En dépit du pape de Romme;
Dieu gard’ de mal le petit homme!

Loue soit Dieu, qui, des hauts cieux,
Nous donne ce bien précieux!
Remercié soit de tout homme
Détestant le pape de Romme!

The ‘petit homme’ was slain in 1569, when in arms for the Protestant cause; and his death was made the subject of a song by one of the Catholic party, who represents (somewhat unfoundedly) his princess lamenting the pretended evil counsels of the party of whom he had been one of the principal leaders. She is made to say,—

“Or le grand vice de ceste loi nouvelle
[the Protestant faith]
Contre son roy l’avoit mise en querelle,
Luy promettant tousjours le maintenir,
Mais à la charge vous prinste à fuyr.”

“Et vous, ministres, avec vos faces pâles,
Vous estes cause de malheurs et diffames.
Vous luy disiez: monseigneur, sans esmay
Nous mourrons tous, ou nous vous ferons roy.”

The Catholics were not, indeed, behind-hand with their adversaries in spreading abroad popular songs and libels; but satire is a weapon which in general tells with less effect in the hands of the persecutor than in those of the persecuted. Those who burn people, seldom laugh at them, for if they did laugh at them they could not burn them afterwards with the same good grace. The French Anti-Protestant satirical writings of the sixteenth century, are in general mere collections of vulgar insults and scandalous calumnies. The only accusation which the Papists brought with any appearance of reason against the Huguenots, was that of troubling the peace of the kingdom; and

this cry was raised against them long before they could in any way be looked upon as the aggressors. A song composed as early as the year 1525, warns the 'bons François' against the 'meschans Luthériens mauldis;' and there are still preserved as rarities several collections of songs against the Huguenots, composed during the troubles of the age of Charles IX., all breathing the spirit we have alluded to, with such burdens as,—

"Cessez voz grands saults,
Mastins Huguenots!"

and some of them even vaunting and exulting over the horrible massacres which were then the order of the day in that unhappy country. The attempt was still more vain, of some of the Catholic satirists, to charge the Protestant preachers with the same vices and irregularities for which the monks and priests had made themselves too notorious. We may merely cite as a remarkable specimen of this mode of attacking the Protestants, the tract entitled '*Passavent Parisien respondant à Pasquin Rommain de la vie de ceulx qui. . . se disent vivre selon la reformation de l'Evangile*,' printed, probably at Lyons, in 1556. This scandalous tract has been attributed to Anthoine Cathelan, a French Cordelier, who left his convent and went to Geneva in company with a prostitute, in 1556, but his real character being discovered, he was discarded by the Protestant leaders. He then behaved himself so disgracefully that he was obliged to return hastily to France, to escape being publicly flogged, and there he made his peace with the Catholics, by writing libels against Calvin and other preachers of the reform. The book of which we are speaking, is composed in the form of a dialogue; Pasquin of Rome asks, 'How do the Evangelicals live?' The reply is, 'They call one another brothers and sisters.' 'Is it true that they all marry?' 'They have each a wife in public, and in private as many as they like.' 'Tell me then, how does the venerable Calvin live?' 'He kept in his house during five years a nun of Albi, at two écus a month, to make his bed. In the fifth year, the nun finding herself four months advanced with child, M. de Rocayrols, formerly canon of Albi, and her favourite, was obliged to come to Geneva and marry her, on pain of being accused by Calvin in his country as a Lutheran. Calvin accompanied the Nun to Lausanne disguised as a *courier de poste*, and the marriage ceremony was performed in the church served by Viret, while Calvin went to preach at Neufchâtel in Fare's church!' All the most distinguished Re-

formers are treated in the same style. Every one knew that these were impudent lies; but they had their use in exciting the vulgar against the Huguenot preachers. Such base personal accusations against the best of men were very common in this demoralised age. Men of higher character and position in the world than ribald monks did not hesitate to employ such means to decry and abase their opponents. The Catholics scrupled not to accuse the Protestants in general of joining in horrible orgies, with all the disgusting particulars of the supposed Sabbaths of the sorcerers, or those which were laid (perhaps with no better reason) to the charge of some of the worst heresies of the primitive church; and they diligently spread about the report that their preachings, which their persecutors obliged them to hold in private, were secret meetings for debauch and libertinism, in order thus to incite and give a colour to the outrages to which they were afterwards exposed. We are informed by a contemporary and, though a Protestant and partisan, not an unfair historian, La Planche, that in 1559, soon after the death of Henri II., the Catholic party in Paris made use of means of this kind to justify their violence. Two Protestant tradesmen had each of them an apprentice whom they were in the habit of taking to their assemblies, but who having afterwards turned out disobedient and run away to escape punishment of their faults, were taken in hand by the priests, and not only made to confess the houses where the assemblies of Protestants were held, and the names of those who attended, but to promise to say whatever the priests put into their mouths. The houses were accordingly attacked, broken open, and plundered by the officers and rabble, and the families accused were all seized and committed to prison, while the mob carried on the work of devastation in their dwellings. When the affair was laid before the magistrates, the two runaway apprentices were brought forward to declare upon their oaths that they had been present at great meetings of the 'Lutherans' with their masters, and that on one occasion, on the Thursday before Easter, about midnight, after they had preached, they made their Sabbath, eat a pig, instead of the paschal lamb, and then, having put out the lights, '*chacun prit sa chancune*,' &c., and gave other details of a similar character. Of course, no one was allowed to come forward on the contrary side, the evidence was collected, the persons immediately accused died in prison, and the rabble, as we are told, found rich plunder in their houses, which they were allowed to retain, to encourage

and incite them to be 'good Christians,' and to hate heretics.

Printing was at this period not a mere mercenary trade; for many of the earlier printers were not only men of deep learning and high respectability, but they were staunch and enlightened advocates of religious and civil liberty, at a period when such things were but ill understood. The most remarkable family whose names figure in the history of this art, was, without doubt, that of the Etiennes, or as they are often called by English writers, the Stephens, which alone by its learning and high qualities would cover the profession with glory. The first Robert Etienne, the author of the '*Thesaurus Linguae Latinae*,' was banished from France for the boldness of his opinions. One branch of his family settled as printers at Geneva. His brother Henry, to whom we owe the '*Thesaurus Linguae Græcæ*,' walked in the same path, and it is to him we owe the most remarkable, and perhaps the most influential, satire against the Romish Church which appeared during the sixteenth century, the '*Apologie pour Hérodote*,' which certainly merits, as much as any of the publications at the head of our article, a reprint, both as a historical monument belonging to the literature of France, and as a fine specimen of pure French composition.

The origin of this book was somewhat similar to the traditional account of that of the *Gargantua of Rabelais*. Henri Etienne had published at a great expense an edition of Herodotus in Greek and Latin, which was violently decried by his enemies of the Romish Church as a book full of incredible stories and fit only to put its readers asleep. Etienne undertook to write the apology of his author, and at the same time to avenge himself upon his detractors. He observes that all old historians are full of extraordinary and sometimes incredible narratives, but that it would be a tyrannical kind of criticism to oblige them to tell nothing but what we can easily believe. He then proceeds to show that the history of modern times furnished matter equally, if not more extraordinary and incredible (if it were not known to be too true), than any former age. Hence the book was originally entitled, '*Traité de la Conformité des Merveilles Anciennes avec les Modernes, ou Introduction d'une Apologie pour Hérodote*.' It was published in 1565.

This book opens with a somewhat serious dissertation on the condition of the Golden Age, and on the sense in which that title ought to be taken, which leads to the comparison of the perversity of the various ages

of the world. Some, the author says, raise too high the moral virtues of antiquity, whilst others debase the ancients with equal injustice. The author then goes on to dwell upon the extreme viciousness of the middle ages—the period when the popish church was paramount—which he illustrates and proves by a multiplicity of extracts from the old popular Romish preachers of France and Italy, Oliver Maillard, Michel Menot, and Michel de Bareleta. He deduces from the authority of writers like these, that the ages of Romanism had presented one general scene of vice, in which all classes had participated, ecclesiastics as well as laics,—that the world had been sunk in greater depravity than in the worst period of paganism. He next illustrates, by innumerable anecdotes and facts, the perversity of the age in which he lived, which he thought was becoming worse rather than better, and this part of his subject occupies the larger part of his book. Many of the anecdotes here given were the popular stories and jokes of the day, and were certainly novels rather than true history; but we know that such compositions convey to us an exact picture of the character of the age in which they were composed, although they are not individual facts. Nevertheless, there is a full sufficiency of authentic facts in the book to bear out the author's deductions.

Etienne proceeds, then, to show, that the extreme perversity of the present age was sufficient to justify us in putting faith in the accounts given by Herodotus or other ancient authors, of any degree of extraordinary depravity in former times. Every class of society, the Church and the laity, were equally contaminated, and instead of suppressing wickedness, people in authority seemed only to think at giving impunity to vice. Obscene and licentious songs, and everything calculated to corrupt the hearing and the sight, were repeated under the very nose of the ecclesiastics, without reproof—nay, even with approbation; but if you should happen to be heard with a hymn or a psalm in your mouth, you are threatened with the faggot, or with the '*chambre ardente*.' The kingdom was filled with atheism and impiety; which had been fostered in the scoffing school of Rabelais and Bonaventure des Periers, whom Henri Etienne mentions by name. He then describes the state of wretchedness to which the world was reduced by the rapacity of bandits, by the wholesale butcheries of the religious wars, by the dishonesty and imposture of merchants, by the injustice of magistrates, by the oppressions of the great, by the

luxury and avarice of the clergy, who appeared now to have thrown aside all feeling of shame. In fact, he tells us that the clergy of his time appeared to have done 'like women who, as long as their wanderings from the path of virtue are not discovered, do all they can to keep up a little outside appearance of modesty, and are even accessible to some remains of shame; but when they see that their profligacy is made public, and, as the proverb has it, "*les petits enfans en vont à la moutarde*," then they do with open doors what they did before secretly; and, in despite of those who talk of it, are three times more profligate than before. So, say I, have Messieurs the Churchmen done (at least the greater part of them), when they saw there was no longer means of covering their simonies and their various traffics, their licentiousness and all sorts of dissoluteness.'

Their shamelessness had, indeed, become by this time proverbial; and Etienne cites, somewhat waggishly, the Latin epigram of Buchanan on the ecclesiastic who had been accused of Lutheranism, but who had been readily cleared and acquitted by his 'episcopal' manners:

"Esse Lutheranum rumor te, Gaurice, clamat:
Sed tuus antistes te tamen esse negat.
Tam scortaris, ait, quam si vel episcopus esses;
Et potas dubiam pervigil usque diem;
Nec memor es Christi, nisi quum jurare libebit,
Nec scis Scripturam vel breve iota sacre
Nempe per hæc suevit nunquam fallentia signa
Ille vigil sanas noscere pastor oves."

'Listen,' he says, 'to the description of the virtuous qualities of true monks, as made by another prelate:

"Pour nombrer les vertus d'un moine,
Il faut qu'il soit ord et gourmand,
Paresseux, paillard, mal-idoine,
Fol, lourd, yvrogne, et peu savant:
Qu'il se cœve à table en buvant
Et en mangeant comme un pourceau.
Pourvu qu'il sache un peu de chant,
C'est assez, il est bon et beau."

Several successive chapters are filled with anecdotes of the vicious lives of the popish clergy of the sixteenth century, and the second part of the book is entirely devoted to the exposure of their ignorance, their bigotry, and superstition, and their dishonesty in falsifying and adding to the text of the Holy Scriptures. Their sermons, he says, were less calculated to edify their audience, than to promote laughter. The ordinary mass-priests only read their service by rote, and were unable to translate even a few words of the language in which it was

written. A number of stories of their ignorance in this respect, are here brought together, such as that of the priest who carried a message to his bishop, who was at table, and when the latter asked him '*Es-tu digne?*' imagined that he meant '*As-tu diné?*' and answered immediately, '*Nenni, monseigneur, mais je dinerai bien avec vos gens.*' If things had been so bad as here described, the question naturally presents itself, how happened it that they had been allowed to go on so long without reform? This question is answered by a detailed account of the methods used by the Romish Church to keep the body of the people in darkness and ignorance, and to repress every attempt at inquiry. In fine, Henri Etienne predicts that posterity will be astonished not only at the long continuance of all this folly and wickedness, but that so many people should have been sacrificed for the mere attempt to render their fellow-creatures wiser and better. The writer of a book like this was, as might be expected, exposed to a multitude of persecutions.

The sanguinary religious wars, now in their fury, appear for a moment to have stifled the voice of the press, until this gloomy period ended partially in the horrors of St. Barthelemi. Another monarch of the house of Valois sank into the tomb, and a successor of the same line, Henri III., was rapidly passing through his brief career, but the house of Guise still pursued its ambitious course. The religious parties were becoming daily more political—the watchwords of the contending factions were now more frequently Lorraine and Valois, than Rome and Geneva; although still the fate of the Reformation in France was intimately woven with that of Henri of Navarre, who continued to stand forth as the leader of the Huguenots. The greater part of the songs and popular libels published during the reign of Henri III., which have reached our time, were composed in favour of the Duke of Guise. It was during this period that the famous 'Ligue' came into existence, the object of which was not only to destroy the Protestant cause, but to snatch the crown from the house of Valois; and it even aimed undisguisedly at that of Elizabeth of England. The victory gained by the Duke of Guise over the Reisters and the Huguenot party, at Auneau, in the November of 1587, was, to use the expression of a contemporary, '*la cantique de la Ligue*;' it raised to the highest pitch the hopes of the Spanish and ultra-papist party, and it was the excess of their exultations which first opened the eyes of the weak monarch on the throne to their real inten-

tions. The numerous songs on this event show us more plainly than any other documents the spirit which actuated the Guisard faction. One of the first that offers itself to us, describes the execration in which the victors held the Huguenots, in the following words :—

“ Huguenots pleins de rage,
Vous estes bien faschez,
Plus n'avez de courage;
Vos Reistres sont cassez.
Ils voudroient d'assurance
Estre hors de France,
Ou au pays lointain;
Ou bien à la Rochelle,
Avec les infidelles
Disciples de Calvin.”

In another, entitled the ‘ Testament of the Reistres,’ we are told that they had left at La Rochelle a gallows and ladder, to hang all who would preach to the Calvinists,—

“ Ils ont laissé à La Rochelle
Une potance et une échelle
Pour les pendre et estrangler,
Afin qu'il ne puisse prescher
La loy des Calvinistes.”

And a whip at Geneva to flog Beza and the other preachers,—

“ Ils ont laissé dedans Genève
Un fouet pour bien estriller Beze
Et tous les autres predicans.”

In a third, after exulting over the defeat of the heretics—

“ Tremblez, tremblez, hérétiques, maintenant,
Car vous n'avez plus le temps,
Vos ministres sont brouys,—”

the poet-partisan goes on to wish that the ‘ noble duke ’ with his valiant soldiers were in England, to ‘ reform the laws of Luther and Calvin,’ and fill their pockets with ‘ nobles and angels.’

“ Si on estoit passé au pays Anglois,
Ou réformeroit les loix
De Luther et de Calvin.”

Les soldats François voudroient bien à ceste fois
Voir le pays d'Angleterre;
Ils se chargeroient de nobles et d'angelots
Pour bouter à leurs thrésors.”

In another violent Guisard song, composed a little later, Queen Elizabeth is treated with the title of Jezabel—

“ Lorsque les Catholiques François
Seront par le roy de Navarre
Traictez comme sont les Anglois
Par la Jezabel d'Angleterre.”

The license of the press had been increasing during the reign of Henri III., and on the murder of the Duke of Guise and his brother the Cardinal of Lorraine by his order, and the subsequent murder of the king by the agency of the Ligue, the fury of the popular writers knew no bounds. Pamphlets, and songs, and caricatures poured forth daily, filled with insult and reproach, and expressed in the most violent language which could be imagined, by the furious bigotry of the Catholic preachers on the one hand, and by the irritated loyalty of the other. Some of the most conspicuous among the satirical libels published by the Ligue at this time, are ‘ La Vie et Faits notables de Henri de Valois,’ ‘ Les Sorcelleries de Henri de Valois,’ and ‘ Le Martyre des deux Frères.’ The first of these pieces is said to have been composed by Jean Boucher, curé of St. Benoit in Paris, whose violent sermons had so much influence on the Liguers. It was printed in Paris towards the end of the year 1588, and was intended by its virulence against the king, who is proclaimed as a hypocrite and apostate, to excite the people to rebellion. The others are written if possible in a still more virulent spirit, were also printed in Paris, and their object was evidently to prepare the way for the dethronement of the king, who, in the last, is described as a ‘ Turk by the head, a German by the body, a harpy by the hands, an Englishman by the garter, a Pole by the feet, and a devil in soul.’ A host of popular songs conveyed the same sentiments and aimed at the same end. The king was compared to the parricide Nero.

“ Je ne peux mieux acomparer ta vie
Qu'à celle-là de ce cruel Néron.
Semblable à toi, il estoit plein d'envie,
De cruauté, rancune, et trahison.”

The city of Blois, where the king had taken up his residence, when he made his escape from the hands of the Liguers, is cursed for harbouring him,—

“ Malheur sur toi, ville de Blois,
Qui enclos ce trahistre Tallois,
Qui fut vray fils d'une chimère!
Mais malheur, dis-je, non sur toy,
Mais adviene à ce tyran roy,
Qui fait dans ton corps son repaire.”

for the title of ‘ très-chrétien ’ had in this instance been borne by a worthless dog,—

“ Ce plus que trop enragé chien
Portoit titre de très-chrétien.”

There is something fiendish in the exultation of the Liguers on the death of the king

in 1589, murdered by the knife of the Jacobin monk, Jacques Clement, who suffered the penalty he merited, but who was held up as a saint and martyr by his own party. A song entitled 'The Cleverness of the Jacobin,' begins with the following description of the exploit, in a style worthy of the *sansculottes* of the French Revolution :

" Il sortit de Paris
Un homme illustre et saint,
De la religion
Des frères Jacobins.
Qui portait une lettre
A Henry le vaurien ;
Il tira de sa manche
Un couteau bien à point,
Dont il frappa Henry
Au-dessoubz du pourpoint,
Droit dans le petit ventre,
Dedans son gras boudin."

And ends with a prayer that the murderer might be received in heaven for his deed :

" Nous prions Dieu pour l'âme
De l'heureux Jacobin,
Qu'il reçoive son âme,
En son troëne divin !"

In fact, it was God himself, according to another of these songs, who instigated this 'good priest and monk, who had always possessed a good soul,' to the fearful deed :

" Mais Dieu . . . mouvant le cœur dévotieux
De Jacques Clement de Sorbonne,
Bon prestre et bon religieux,
Qui toujours a eu l'âme bonne,

A tuer ce tyran maudit,
Ce qu'il a fait de galant homme,
Voyant qu'il estoit interdit
Par notre saint Père de Rome.

Avec un couteau bien petit
Il a tué ce roy inique,
Ce tyran meschant et maudit,
Vray ennemy du catholique."

According to a third of these songs, which recommends a temple to be erected to the 'saint religieux,' who had been 'guided by the Holy Spirit' to commit this execrable murder, the Bearnais (Henri IV.) was destined to the same fate—

" L'on luy crevera la panx,
Soit aujourd'huy ou demain."

In reading productions like these, we are led involuntarily to exclaim with the poet of old, 'Tantum religio potuit!'—could deeds like these ever be made to pass for acts of holiness? The songs of the other party began now, however, to be more

powerful than those of the Liguers, and they told a different story of the Jacobin 'martyr:'

" Les Ligeurs n'ont point de foy,
Ils ont fait tuer leur roy,
Par un traistre Jacobin
Dont ils font un martyre."

Jacques Clement, according to the pamphlets of the royalists, was a profligate bigot, who had been urged on by the Liguers, and especially by the Duchess of Montpensier, the sister of the Duke of Guise, to the murder of his sovereign—they even openly accused the duchess of having abandoned her person to the monk on the condition of his taking an oath to perpetrate this deed. A multitude of violently satirical publications were now sent forth by the adherents of the King of Navarre, whom, on the murder of the king, they had immediately proclaimed as Henri, IV. A glance through the journal of Pierre L'Etoile will show best how rapidly these tracts succeeded each other—*fourmillèrent* is the word used by this writer. The Liguers were entire masters of the presses of Paris, Lyons, Rouen, and other large towns, and had in their pay an inconceivable multitude of scurrilous and violent writers and preachers, constantly occupied in exciting the passions of the multitude. On the side of the royalists were a few men, of surpassing talents, who did their best to make head against the formidable inundation of pamphlets with books written in a strain of satire and pleasantry of a much higher order, but which aimed more at the good sense and reason than at the passions of their readers. One of the most bitter of these tracts is 'Le Masque de la Ligue découvert,' printed at Tours in 1590, in which the Ligue is branded as a more hideous monster than any of those which had been subdued by the force of Hercules—as a horrible Megæra—as a cursed pernicious sorceress! *Ces frocs, ces cuculles, ces monstres, ces horreurs infernales, ces furies*, are the terms which this writer applies to the bigoted adherents of the party of Spain and the pope. Still the literary advantage remained on the other side, until, at the end of the year 1593, a small party of royalist writers joined in composing the famous 'Satyre Ménippée,' a *chef-d'œuvre* of satire, the appearance of which was almost a second Ivry for Henri IV. With this book the literary superiority changed sides; and, from the moment of its publication, writer after writer took up the pen to scatter ridicule and sarcasm on the *sainte union*. So great was the success of this satire, that within four weeks of its first

appearance as many large editions had been bought up.

The subject of the 'Satyre Ménippée' was the meeting of the States, called together by the Duke of Mayenne, on the 10th of February, 1593, for the purpose of electing a new king, in opposition to Henri IV., but which, as is well known, was rendered abortive by the difference of opinion which arose within the bosom of the assembly. The history of this remarkable monument of the literature of the sixteenth century is somewhat obscure, although the names of the principal writers have been preserved—a small society of scholars who had been accustomed to meet together in Paris until scattered abroad by the violence of the Ligue, and one of whom was the celebrated Pithou. Each in his turn composes a discourse, in which the excesses and ambition of the Liguers are made the object of a constant and well sustained fire of buffooneries, jests, biting parodies, pleasantries of every description, sparkling epigrams, sarcasms, and puns, and which is placed in the mouth of one of the speakers in this memorable assembly. It is prefaced by a treatise on the virtues of the Catholicon, or grand political nostrum for all diseases.

While preparations are making for the assembly of the estates, two quack doctors, one a Spaniard, the other a native of Lorraine (the Cardinals of Plaisance and Pellevé), make their appearance at the Louvre, and vaunt the virtues of their drugs, the *higuiero d'inferno*, and the wonderful effects it had worked in the hands of the Spaniard, a few of which may serve for a sample of the whole. 'Let a king who never leaves his cabin amuse himself with refining this drug in his Escorial, let him write a word in Flanders to father Ignatius, sealed with the Catholicon, he will find him a man who (*salvo à conscientia*) will assassinate his enemy whom he has not been able to vanquish in arms during twenty years.' This, of course, is an allusion to the murder of the Prince of Orange. 'Go and serve as a spy in the camp, in the trenches, at the cannon, in the king's chamber, and in his councils, yea, though men know you for such; yet if you have taken in the morning but one grain of *higuiero*, whoever shall tax, reprove, or accuse you of it, shall be esteemed a Huguenot, or a favourer of heretics.'—'Have no religion, mock in sport, and as much as you will, the priests and sacraments of the Church, and all law, both of God and man; eat flesh in Lent in despite of the Church; you need no absolution nor better pardon than half a dram of this Catholicon.'—'Would you very quickly become a cardi-

nal? rub one of the horns of your cap with *higuiero*, it will become red, and you shall be made a cardinal, though you were the most incestuous and ambitious primate in the world.' This is an allusion to Pierre d'Espinas, Archbishop of Lyons.

The description of the meeting of the States opens with a caricatured procession of the personages concerned in it, and an account of the tapestries supposed to be hung round the hall in which they meet, representing the various crimes and defeats of the Ligue. Then the order of the seats is enumerated, and the Duke of Mayenne opens the business with a bitterly satirical speech, the author of which is not known. The chief of the Liguers is made to give a detailed enumeration of the various acts of violence and injustice committed in the name of the *sainte union*, and sums up his services to the country by asserting, that 'through our good diligence we have brought to pass, that this kingdom, which was nothing else but a garden of all pleasure and abundance, is now become a great and wide universal cemetery, full of many fair painted crosses, biers, gallowses, and gibbets.' Addresses of a similar kind, by different writers, are put in the mouths of the other speakers of the assembly, until we arrive at Monsieur d'Aubray, who represented the *tiers-état*, and whose discourse, the work of Pierre Pithou, is a model of indignant and persuasive eloquence, striking a death-blow at the cause which had been undermined and disarmed by the railery of the preceding portion of the work. The confusion attendant upon this discourse breaks up the assembly, and the whole ends with a description of satirical pictures and mottos which the reporter beholds on the staircase of the Louvre, and with a collection of no less satirical verses, said to have been composed by Passerat and Nicholas Rapin. After the first editions of the 'Satyre Ménippée,' several supplements were added to it, consisting of a discourse by the printer on the meaning of the term *higuiero d'inferno*; of the news from the regions of the moon (a clever imitation of Lucian and Rabelais); and the 'Histoire des Singeries de la Ligue,' all of which will be found in the new edition indicated at the head of the present article.

With the fall of the Ligue, the battle of the Reformation in France may be considered to have ended, and although their leader and many of their friends had, for political reasons, embraced the Catholic faith, the Huguenots had secured for a while the privilege of enjoying their opinions. They still existed as a political party, and as such

were drawn into many of the troubles of the earlier part of the seventeenth century; but the great fight for religious freedom was then carried on in Germany. One of the latest of the Protestant satires—directed against the conversions which followed the accession of Henri IV. to the throne—was the ‘Confession du Sieur de Sancy,’ composed during the latter years of the sixteenth century, and attributed, with apparently good reason, to Theodore Agrippa d’Aubigné, a zealous and active Protestant, known by a history of his own time, and by another satirical work, ‘The Adventures of the Baron de Feneste.’ Nicolas de Harlay, Seigneur de Sancy, an intriguing person, who probably had no respect for religion at all, was remarkable for the number of times which he had changed from one religion to the other, previous to his final conversion to the Catholic faith in 1597, in imitation of the king, although he attributed this conversion to the convincing arguments and solid instruction of the Bishop of Evreux, who was congratulated upon his success by Pope Clement VIII. It is to this bishop—who had boasted of the dexterity with which he could argue alternately in favour of religion or atheism—that the pretended confession is dedicated. This work, divided into two books, is a very severe and very clever satire on the Romish Church, and is full of minute allusions to the historical events of the times, which renders it difficult to give an abstract of it. In the first book, the writer ridicules the pretended authority of the pope, who, he says, has the power *facere infacta facta*; the authority of tradition; the power of the saints; purgatory; justification by works (a chapter full of scandalous anecdotes); miracles and pilgrimages (a chapter worthy of Henri Etienne); the worship of relics; religious vows; the methods of conversion; and transubstantiation. Of traditions, Sancy says, ‘We anger the Huguenots very much, when we show them that the authority of the Church and tradition teach us to acknowledge the Scriptures, although the canonical Scriptures do not teach us to acknowledge the authority of the Church of Rome or of tradition. In fact, we ought to hold by the books of the Church, and not by the canonical books, otherwise the heretics would diffame our affairs with their passages from the Bible. But to cut the matter more short, I should be of opinion, not to reckon for tradition, the ancient doctors of the first six centuries; during which the Church was not yet ennobled; those splendid temples were not built; the popes of Rome held their thrones in caverns; and, to be brief, the popes

might pass for ministers of the first troubles, and the Church smelt of the Huguenot, or rather of the faggot.’ Speaking of miracles, he says, ‘The late cardinal, of good memory *par excellence*, that is to say, of Lorraine, having heard that the Mareschal de Fervaques, of good memory also, had discovered a prostitute, whom the priest of Belovet, otherwise called the Holy Man, was teaching to counterfeit a demoniac, in order to have a notable miracle for the next Pentecost; that great prelate exclaimed against the impiety of the said Fervaques, saying, that, although the miracles may be false, they were, nevertheless, useful *ad pios fraudes*, pious frauds; and, in fact, his miracle had a wonderful effect, for in a place which was not before inhabited, there were built in three years eighty houses and fifty inns, which were not enough to lodge all the pilgrims who crowded from different quarters, and even great lords from foreign parts; and if there were no other miracle than the building of houses, and the extent and duration of an opinion converted into belief without foundation, there is not a schismatic but must confess that that is wonderful, and it is what makes the heretics mad, when they see that the people are burning with good intentions.’ After a most edifying dissertation on the virtues of relics, Sancy says, ‘As for me, if I don’t make so much of relics, and if I only pretend to adore them, hold me excused; for going one evening to Bosny, two leagues from Orleans, which is the seat of Messieurs of St. Lazarus, I was all astonished to hear, as I was getting up in the morning, a quantity of bells ringing round the house, and to see the banner and the cross, and a large body of the canons of St. Aignan of Orleans enter, yea, as many as could enter into a little gallery leading to the privies. The fact was, that a wench of the Chevalier Salviata, then grand prior of the order, had fished up some coffers which had been thrown in time of war into the privy. In one of the coffers she found a solitary box, on which was written *R. D. Coti*. The commander, being informed of this, hastened to the spot with his secretary, named Valderie, who took the *R* with the point for the father of St. Catherine. Thereupon, it was strictly forbidden to touch it, and his master and he went to fetch the Bishop of Orleans; the doctors in theology, and among others Picard, called together in consultation, came to the resolution that this box ought to be opened by the sacred hands of the bishop, in the presence of the neighbouring processions. There they were just arrived in the morning, and after a mass of the

Holy Spirit, they wash the bishop's fingers with holy water, he advances three steps on his knees towards the coffer, opens the box—and it turns out to be a box of good Cognac of Orleans, and thus, since prophecies are only known by their fulfilment, it turned out that the *R.* signified *Reste*, and *D. Coti* was for *de Cotignac*. In a chapter on martyrs in the second book, which treats other subjects in a similar style with the first, Sancy observes, 'Of all the books which are calculated to make a heretic, or at least which a good Catholic ought to avoid, I know no one so dangerous, after the Bible, as that great book of martyrs. For it is a great cause, to see five, six, or seven thousand dead, who have all the marks of a true martyrdom, namely, probity of life, the purity of the cause of religion, not mixed with less holy feelings, and above all with the choice of life and death in their power up to the last moment. By this we have lost many who have seen the preachers of former times having for a pulpit the scaffold, or the ladder, or the stake.' It will be easily seen that the confession of Sancy is a burlesque defence of the doctrines and practice of the Romish Church, put into the mouth of an insincere convert, and addressed to a would-be universal converter. It appears to have been written during the closing years of the sixteenth century, and was published at the beginning of the seventeenth.

In closing this rapid sketch of the history of satirical literature in France during the sixteenth century, we will say a few words only on the too celebrated '*Moyen de Parvenir*,' the reputed work of Beroalde de Verville. The wit of Rabelais still retained its influence, and we find his style not unfrequently imitated even by the Protestant satirists. The excesses of religious persecution which had characterized the latter half of the century, cast a dark shade over the style of the controversialists; but the gay licentiousness of the wits of the age of François I. again held up its head under Henri IV., and gave a character to the manners of the seventeenth century, which, particularly in the latter half of the century, was felt in England as much as in France. One of the most conspicuous and remarkable of the early writers of this school was Beroalde de Verville, who, born about the middle of the sixteenth century, had been educated as a Huguenot and a mathematician, was subsequently converted to Romanism, became an ecclesiastic, was received a canon of the chapter of St. Gatien, at Tours, in 1593. In that quality he distinguished himself as a writer of romances

chiefly remarkable for their dulness and obscenity, and he published secretly, about the year 1610, the '*Moyen de Parvenir*.' This book describes a kind of learned symposium, at which all kinds of characters, ancients and moderns, warriors, and men (and women) of letters, pagans, and Catholics, and Protestants, meet together in a strange pell-mell, and converse together in a style so licentious as to set at defiance all attempts at entering into any abstract of it. Its object appears to be to scoff at all philosophy and religion; it contains sarcasms against the monks and the Romish Church, as well as against the Reformers; but it is composed in a pure style, with so much talent and wit, that some have supposed that it must be the work of an older and abler writer, of which the manuscript had fallen into Beroalde's hands, and which he had revised and given to the world.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *The French in Algiers, and Abd-el-Kader*. Murray, London, 1845.
 2. *Abd-el-Kader's Prisoners; or a Five Months' Captivity among the Arabs*. By MONS. A. DE FRANCE. Translated by R. F. PORTER. Smith, Elder, & Co. London: 1846.

If Africa owns one peculiar district on which her ancestral curse is specially entailed, it is surely that portion of the southern shore of the Mediterranean flanked by the pathless sands of the Desert of Sahara, which is known by the modern appellation of 'Algeria.' In former times, indeed, the hand of the Algerines 'hath been against every man'—and foul were the outrages and cruelties which rendered their city a byeword, and their name a reproach.

"Ergo exercentur pœnis, veterumque malorum
 Supplicia expendunt."

Rhadamanthus himself could not inflict a severer expiation for former licence, than their present condition. The red pennon of the pirate is forgotten in the aggressions of the tri-colour. Providence—or ambition—has assigned to the 'Great Nation' the task of avenging, and that, perhaps, altogether too ruthlessly, the ancient insults of the lawless corsairs of Algiers.

We propose, in the present article, to take a rapid review of the rise and fall of this piratical state, and to enter into some brief considerations of the position and prospects of its French conquerors.

The northwestern coast of Africa has undergone, perhaps, more than the usual vicissitudes to which national as well as individual life is subjected. Mauritania Cæsariensis—for such was the name which that district which we now term Algeria received from the Romans, when the battle of Thapsus reduced Numidia under their sway, is a region whose most prominent feature is the two parallel chains of mountains which traverse the country from west to east. The southern and more lofty of the two is called the *Great*, and that which fringes the Mediterranean coast, the *Lesser Atlas*. Ancillary ridges, usually stretching north and south, unite at unequal intervals the two Atlases, and enclose within their arms valleys and table-lands of exquisite fertility; while the northern slopes of the lesser Atlas are covered with the rich and varied vegetation of the East, and yet preserve some of the peculiar advantages of more temperate climates.

This productive colony was lost to the Western Empire, under Valentinian. Bonifacius, the imperial governor in Africa, desirous to revolt, but diffident of his own resources, resolved upon an experiment, which is never tried but once, and invoked the aid of a foreign power. Genseric and Gonderic, the young and ambitious leaders of the Vandals, having already devastated Spain, cheerfully promised their assistance; and these princes established on the ruins of the kingdom they were summoned to preserve, a dynasty which (though at one time menaced by the famous Belisarius) continued to sway the north of Africa, until its conquest was achieved, at the close of the seventh century, by the enterprising khalifs of Arabia.

The reduction of the West had indeed been attempted by the Saracens somewhat earlier; for in the year 647 Abdallah, the foster-brother of Othman, led thither an army of 40,000 men; and though this expedition was not entirely successful, it paved the way for future attempts: and Hassan, the Governor of Egypt, established a nominal Arabian supremacy over an immense region, more than 2300 miles in length, comprising, under the general name of Barbary, the states of Morocco, Fez, Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis.

But though the Arabs overcame the resistance of the aboriginals and of the Romans who still remained in the country; and though their half-disciplined and predatory tribes roamed at pleasure through these fertile districts, it was not in the power of such an unconnected and marauding people, whose principal strength lay in their fervent,

but evanescent religious enthusiasm, to form any lasting projects for the subjugation of the provinces they over-run. Many, indeed, settled in the country they had invaded, and in time became exposed, in their turn, to aggressions, such as those by which they had themselves profited. But the greater number preferred the wild charms of a desert life to the sober pleasures to which alone a citizen can aspire. Princes, however, of Arabian blood,—the Zēirides,—reigned over the northwestern coast till the beginning of the twelfth century; and it was under their patronage that Abdallah, the marabout,* implanted in the bosom of his countrymen that love of Islamism, which,—if it has imparted to the resistance of their hardy descendants the ferocity of a religious war,—has also stamped it with a generous self-devotedness which irresistibly challenges our admiration and sympathy.

But in addition to the aboriginal tribes, the remaining Roman colonists, the Vandals, and their Arabian conquerors—and we must add to our list the ubiquitous Jew—another people combined to swell the heterogeneous throng, which dwelt in these regions. The Spanish Moors, driven from their native fields in Granada and Andalusia, found here a temporary refuge where they might brood over vain hopes of future revenge.

This confused mass, in course of time, subsided into separate and independent kingdoms—of which Algiers, Morocco, and Tunis, were the most considerable. The history of the two last must from this period be abandoned in order to pursue the fortunes of Algiers itself.

Exposed to all the temptations, which situation, poverty, and the hereditary craving for wild and hazardous adventure conspired to afford, it is not strange that the coast of Barbary became the dread of every Mediterranean cruiser; but the maritime depredations of its occupants, however daring, did not attain any formidable degree of organization till the commencement of the sixteenth century; when the restless ambition of two brothers, in humble station, laid the foundation of that lawless power—‘friends of the sea, but enemies of all that sailed thereon’—as they exultingly proclaimed themselves, which for nearly three centuries rendered the name of Algiers at once an object of hatred and of terror.

* A marabout is the Levite of the Arabs. The distinction is hereditary and is confined to a particular tribe. He is considered a saint both before and after death, and enjoys many privileges, and a vast degree of influence. The word *marabout* is indifferently applied to the tomb or the saint after death.

A potter in the island of Lesbos enjoys the ambiguous celebrity of being the father of these youths. Horuc and Hayraddin have not been the only truants who have shrunk from a life of industry; but seldom has truancy been attended with such disastrous consequences to mankind. Both brothers joined the pirates of the Levant, and Horuc, the elder and more determined villain of the two, soon learned how high a premium, bravery, when united with a total want of humanity and principle, bore among those roving adventurers. With wickedness sufficient to overawe, and with daring to fascinate, their comrades, the young Lesbians gained rapidly in resources and influence;—but, in all probability, would never have aspired beyond the command of a few privateers, had not a fortunate conjuncture of circumstances opened to them a field for more permanent conquest.

Spain, even before she sank to the condition of a third-class state in Europe, was never remarkable either for the justice of her arms, or the liberty of her counsels. Not content with persecuting the unhappy Moors with restless fury, couched under a pretended zeal for the furtherance of Christianity, Ferdinand V., guided by his clever and ambitious minister the Cardinal Ximenes, pursued them to their African retreats. In the year 1505, he despatched to the coast of Barbary a powerful force, under Peter, Count of Navarre; who subdued Oran—a town which has given its name to one of three Regencies into which Algeria is at present divided, placed there a Spanish garrison, and menaced the capital itself.

The Algerines in this extremity summoned to their assistance a prince of Arabian extraction, Selim Eutemi; who enjoyed great influence among the tribes of the desert. This chieftain accepted the sovereignty they offered to him, and for a while enabled them to resist the efforts of the generals of Ferdinand. But, in a few years, it was again necessary to resort to foreign aid, and in an ill-advised moment Selim begged succour from Barbarossa (to whom we have already alluded under his more proper name of Horuc), who at this time had become one of the most notorious of the Mediterranean corsairs. The pirate came; and the infatuated Selim went with open arms to greet his future murderer. Barbarossa, on his arrival, took the command of the fleet and army, and spared no pains to ingratiate himself with the Algerines. A mixture of cruelty and liberality was peculiarly attractive to a people already predisposed to piracy; and when Barbarossa caused Selim to be stabbed in his bath, and

himself to be proclaimed king, he found no more serious opposition than a few subsidiary murders, and the distribution of a few bags of sequins, were sufficient to extinguish.

History has not failed to embellish this crime, in itself sufficiently treacherous, with the incidents of romance. It is said that other passions, besides that of ambition, impelled Barbarossa to shed the blood of his suppliant and his host. The innocent incendiary was Zaphira, Selim's Arabian bride, who, on the murder of her husband, repelled with a noble indignation the amorous overtures of the usurper, and—a second, but a purer Cleopatra—preferred death itself to rewarding his crimes with her love.

But Barbarossa, though immediately successful in his projects, had not gained possession of a quiet throne. The Spaniards, masters of the province of Oran, attacked him with European skill and Eastern perseverance; and the self-elected sovereign of Algiers found his piratical bands, however superior on their native element, totally unable to cope with soldiers regularly disciplined. It was in vain that the fierce usurper fought with a courage that should animate only the bosom of a patriot; in vain did he scatter his ill-gotten treasure on the banks of the Sinan, in the hope of arresting the steps of his merciless pursuers; Heaven could not suffer the prolonged existence of such a monster: and in dying the death of a soldier he experienced a fate far too lenient for his crimes.

Hayraddin, his successor, known (as well as his brother) by the *sobriquet* of Barbarossa, was less cruel in disposition, and was an equally enterprising commander. Finding himself unable to contend single-handed against Spain, he became a vassal of the Grand Seignior in return for his protection; and so ingratiated himself with the Turkish court by his matchless skill in naval tactics that Solyman raised him to the dignity of a pasha, sent him against the celebrated Genoese admiral, Andrew Doria; and as he proved successful in his operations against this formidable commander, the grateful sultan assisted him to gain the neighbouring kingdom of Tunis by a manœuvre very similar to that which had wrested the sovereignty of Algiers from the family of Selim. The Bey of Tunis, however, Muley Haschen, had the good fortune to escape from the clutches of Hayraddin, and make his way to Spain, where he claimed the assistance of Charles V. His petition was successful; for the emperor, ambitious of the renown which in those days attached to every expedition against a Mohammedan state, fitted out an

immense armament to effect his restoration.

On the 16th of July, 1535, Charles sailed from Sardinia with more than 30,000 troops on board his fleet. The Goletta at Tunis had long been considered one of the strongest forts on the Mediterranean, and Barbarossa had entrusted its defence to Seiran, a renegade Jew, of unquestioned courage and ability. But the numerical preponderance of the Christian army was too overwhelming to allow of any prolonged resistance. The Goletta was taken by *coup-de-main*; and the tardy loyalty of the inhabitants of Tunis began to declare itself against the usurper. In this extremity, Barbarossa risked all in a pitched battle. The impetuous onsets of the Moors and Arabs, though led on by the fierce janissaries of the sultan, failed to break the serried ranks of Charles's veterans, and the sudden apparition of a body of Christian slaves, who had taken advantage of the confusion to free themselves from their fetters, accelerated a victory that had hardly ever been doubtful; Barbarossa was compelled to abandon Tunis, and save himself, by a hasty flight, from the dungeons of Madrid.

This expedition, one of the most successful exploits of Charles's eventful reign, levelled for a time the power of Barbarossa to the dust. Ten thousand Christian slaves spread the fame of their deliverer through every state of Europe, and Spain for once enjoyed the sweetest triumph a nation can taste; that of having been the successful and disinterested champion of humanity and legitimate warfare. But other engagements soon diverted the attention of Charles from the humbled pirates; and with a pertinacity peculiarly their own, they were soon bolder and more prosperous than ever.

Barbarossa in person indeed no longer directed the affairs of his capital. His duties as the Turkish high admiral detained him at the court of Solyman, but his place at Algiers was ably filled by Hassan Aga, a Christian renegade; and it was when commanded by this general, that the pirates taught Charles a lesson which deeply mortified that haughty prince, and amply revenged them for their former disasters at Tunis.

The occasion of this fresh invasion by the emperor was the atrocities committed by the pirates on the coast of Spain; and the forces which he assembled were even more numerous than before. Everything apparently conspired to its success. The audacious Algerines had forgotten to spare the dominions of the Pope; and his Holiness promised absolution to all who took part in the expedition, and the crown of martyrdom to all who should fall. The chivalry of Spain, and many of the gallant knights of Malta,

crowded on board the fleet as volunteers, and even ladies of birth and character did not disdain to share the hardships of the voyage. But as the army was disembarking, a violent storm produced that disorder which is fatal to an ill-arranged project; and the torrents of rain which poured for several days together, proved an important auxiliary to the spirited sallies of Hassan. Day by day the immense hosts became more demoralised and broken; the prestige of former success was dispelled; and at length, without receiving any fatal blow, it melted insensibly away as 'snow on the mountain,' and Charles, having lost all, *not* excepting his honour, was glad to re-embark the shattered remains of troops that had conquered at Pavia.

Very dolorous is the narrative of this ill-fated expedition, which has been transmitted to us by the pen of an English volunteer, Sir Nicholas Villagnon, who,—while he extols the 'high enterprise and valeauntness' of the emperor—bewails 'the myserable chaunces of wynde and wether, with dyverse other adversities dable to move even a stonye heart to pray to God for his ayde and succour.'

The exultation of the pirates at their success knew no bounds. With sarcastic profusion, an *onion* became the market-price of a captive Spaniard; and the situation of Charles was such during the remainder of his reign, that he could make no further attempt to redeem his lost laurels in Algeria.

But though unattempted by the government of Spain, such a fair field for chivalrous enterprise could not remain long unoccupied. John Gascon, a young Valentian noble, was the next who volunteered to break a lance for the security of travellers. His plan, though rash, was not ill-imagined. Assembling a few adventurous friends, he sailed straight to Algiers, and, favoured by the night, approached unchallenged the famous Mole-gate. Had his machinery been equally prompt with his courage, he would have avoided his subsequent fate, and the questionable advantage of ranking among the martyrs of Spain. But gunnery and all the arts subsidiary to it were at that period in their infancy, and bad powder marred many a hopeful design, and sacrificed many a brave soldier. The fire-ships destined to blow up the Algerine fleet would not explode, and the chivalrous Gascon, scorning to escape unperceived, struck his dagger into the Mole-gate, and left it sticking there, in fatal derision of their careless sentinels. A race for life or death followed; but the long polaccas of the pirates gained rapidly on the Spanish vessels, though urged with all the energy of despairing men; and a torturing death,

to which it would be useless to do more than allude, ended the career of the gallant but rash Valentian.

The Quixotic attempt of John Gascon was not the only one directed against Algiers by the prowess of individuals. In the year 1635, four young Frenchmen resolved to win renown by reducing this nest of freebooters with a single privateer. Their expedition, though not so tragical in its termination as that we have just related, was not more successful. Its only effect was to leave in the minds of the Algerines a rankling enmity to the French flag, which in time surpassed their hereditary dislike to that of Spain. This feeling first openly displayed itself, when in the year 1652, a French fleet was forced by stress of weather into their harbour, and the admiral demanded the release of all his countrymen who happened to be confined in the town. A contemptuous refusal was the only answer vouchsafed by the pirates; and the Frenchman retaliated this insult by carrying off in durance the Turkish viceroy and his principal *cadi*. Maddened by this abduction, the Algerines swept the coast of France with fire and sword; and a buccannering warfare commenced between the two coasts of the Mediterranean. Louis XIV. at length determined to chastise the insolence of the corsairs in the most signal manner, and he announced his intention of laying Algiers in ashes. The reply of the dey to this threat tells more for his humour than his patriotism. 'Let him,' quoth he, 'send me half the money it would cost him, and I will do it for him more effectually.' The pirate's coolness, however, did not avail him, for the celebrated Du Quesne, with the aid of bomb-vessels (which had then been recently invented by Bernard Renaud, a young French artisan), found little difficulty in fulfilling the threat of his sovereign; and the humbled and frightened inhabitants, after having endeavoured to atone for their resistance by murdering its promoter—a common expedient enough in despotic governments—obtained peace from France, and leisure to recruit their coffers by depredations elsewhere.

It was not, however, only by the secular arm that efforts were from time to time made to rescue unhappy Christians from paynim bondage. The court of Rome exerted its influence in their cause, and under her auspices, a society of monks—the Mathurin Trinitarian Fathers—established themselves at Fontainebleau, from whence from time to time they dispatched bands of missionary traders to traffic with the slave-merchants of Algiers. Their design was humane, and it would be unjust to sneer because the friars

yearned after the acquisition of sequins, as well as of communicants. Philemon de la Motte is the Chaucer of these ambi-dextrous pilgrimages, and he evidently considers the chance of reward for himself and his associates in another world, as unaffected by the trivial circumstance of their having 'made it answer' in the present. And perhaps he is right.

The immediate effect, however, of this philanthropic bartering was unfortunate; for the Algerines found the traffic so much to their mind, that to replenish their stock more rapidly than they could do by casual captures on the sea, they commenced again harassing the coast of Spain with marauding incursions; and their spoliation became at length such a disgrace to the government of that country, that in 1775 Charles III. resolved to give the whole piratical states of Barbary such a decisive blow as would cripple their resources for the future. For this purpose a large fleet was fitted out, and the command entrusted to Count O'Reilly, an Irish adventurer of some reputation, in conjunction with Don Pedro Castejon. But 'Ferdinand Count O'Reilly' did *not* take Algiers. He landed his troops in disorder, kept them for some days in a state of inaction, exposed to the harassing attacks of the Algerines, and then hastily re-embarked them, and returned home. The discomfited Spaniards tried to console each other, not only for dishonour, but for 'infinite loss,' by alternately cursing the climate of Africa, and the policy of employing a hot-headed and quick-footed soldier of fortune.

Hitherto the states of Europe alone had been insulted by the corsairs, but we have now to recount their relations with a trans-Atlantic power. On the first appearance in the seas of the white stars of the United States, the dey inwardly rejoiced, and promised himself and his associate thieves most thoroughly to despoil the infant republic then struggling into existence. An American vessel was soon captured, and with a coolness that recalls to mind the grim politeness sometimes recorded of the more civilized 'minions of the moon,' his highness consoled his captives, while superintending the riveting of their manacles, with praises of the 'immortal Washington,' and conjured Congress, in answer to its demands for their liberation, to send him that general's portrait, 'that he might always have before his eyes the asserter of independence and liberty.'

America, although in no mood for jesting, was at that time unable to resent this impertinence of Omar, son of Mohammed. Her contest with England had, indeed,

proved triumphant; but another such victory would have been her ruin, and she had emerged from the conflict crippled and resourceless. Though sorely against her will she was compelled to 'eat the leek' proffered to her by the insolent dey. Washington did not, indeed, send his picture, but he despatched deputies with plenary powers to purchase, at any reasonable price, the captured Americans. But the bill was heavy, and made out with commercial accuracy:

For 3 Captains	at 6000 dollars each,	18,000
2 Mates	at 4000 "	8,000
2 Passengers	at 4000 "	8,000
14 Seamen	at 1400 "	19,600
		53,600
For Custom 11 per Cent.,		5,896
Total,		59,496

This was more than America could at that time afford, and several years elapsed before such of the prisoners as had survived their treatment, were liberated.

Hitherto we have seen the wicked 'flourishing like a green bay-tree;' but the climax is past; humanity re-asserts her rights; and we are about to record the Punishment.

During the struggle between Napoleon and the allied powers, Algiers was but little heeded. In vain did the expectant pirates

"Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,
With all the thirsting eye of enterprise."

For under the policy of Buonaparte commerce languished almost to inanition—and at a crisis when the liberties of Europe hung suspended in the balance, few vessels cared to cross the seas unless guarded by the all-sufficient protection of an English frigate. But, when the fall of Napoleon gave tranquillity once more to the world, and men began again to busy themselves with trade, and in the pursuit of riches, the piracies committed by the states of Barbary became once more the subject of remark and indignation.

England, which had just chastised, at such a fearful cost to herself, the great arch-robber of Europe, was not likely to permit the petty depredations of a few insignificant states to remain any longer unproved. To her, as the constituted protectress of the civilized world, seemed naturally to belong the office of exterminating this nest of robbers. Accordingly, in the year 1816, a discussion arose in parliament, on the motion of Mr. Brougham, as to the propriety of our compelling the piratical governments of Algiers, Tripoli and Tunis, to observe the

conventionalities of the law of nations in their intercourse with other states. Up to this period our own relations with them had been, on the whole, amicable. In the time of Elizabeth, indeed, Sir E. Mansel had conducted thither an expedition, which he mismanaged so much as to weaken in some degree the influence of our flag; and Admiral Blake, still later, had stormed the Goletta, at Tunis, in revenge for some insults offered to vessels under our protection, and had presented himself before Algiers, and demanded satisfaction from that city also. The Algerines bid him do his worst; and Blake, after having 'curled his whiskers' (his constant custom, it is said, when irritated), captured two of their vessels, and compelled them to sue for peace. These misunderstandings, however, had been only temporary: and in the reign of Charles I. a treaty had been concluded with them, which was then still subsisting, and had been adhered to on their parts with tolerable fidelity. Some, therefore, urged, that, under these circumstances, it was inconsistent with good faith on our part to commence hostilities; and it was, moreover, suggested that, waiving the question of right or wrong, success itself would be doubtful; for it was by no means an easy exploit to bombard a city in which all the houses were flat-roofed, and built of stone, after the fashion of Resetta and Buenos Ayres.

To these arguments, however, it was replied with irresistible force by the promoters of the Algerine expedition, that the pirates, by indiscriminately attacking all nations they fancied weaker than themselves, had become *hostes humani generis*, and out of the pale of ordinary treaties; that we merely owed our own exemption from insult to the salutary dread they entertained of British guns; that as to the difficulty of the enterprise, it did not become those who had sustained the hostility of Europe, to flinch from punishing half-disciplined barbarians; and, finally, that it was not intended to interfere with their independence, but simply to compel their adherence to those principles, in their foreign intercourse, which humanity and justice rendered imperative on every government.

These considerations prevailed; in the summer of the same year, a fleet was placed under the command of Edward Pellew, Admiral Lord Viscount Exmouth; and that officer was directed to obtain from the several states of Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis, if possible by negotiation, but failing that, by force of arms: first, the unequivocal abolition of Christian slavery; secondly, the recognition of the Ionian Islands as possessions

of our crown; and lastly, an equitable peace for the kingdoms of Sardinia and Naples.

The appearance of the English squadron off the coast of Barbary apparently sufficed to obtain all these concessions. With regard, indeed, to the article respecting slavery, the Dey of Algiers demurred, and suddenly remembering his allegiance as a vassal of the Ottoman empire, which had, long since become merely nominal in its character, suggested the necessity of obtaining the concurrence of the Sublime Porte.

Lord Exmouth, on the dey's first answer, which was a point blank refusal, had vigorously prepared for hostilities; but this latter proposal threw him off his guard. His lordship's honest English heart was no match for the cunning of the Algerine, whose only object was to gain time for finishing the defences of his capital. Unsuspicious of this ulterior object, he even placed a frigate at his command, in order that the desired permission might be more speedily obtained—and, contenting himself with stipulating for a final answer to his demands at the end of three months, sailed back to England, where the fleet was paid off.

Hardly, however, had this been accomplished, when tidings arrived of an outrage so cruel and unprovoked, that we scarcely know whether most to admire the folly or the treachery of the dey under whose orders it was perpetrated.

The town of Algiers, in the province of Constantina, has, from a very early period* been famous for the excellence and abundance of the coral found in the gulf of the same name on which it is situated. These fisheries had been formerly in the hands of the Catalans, then of the Genoese, and afterwards of the French, under whom the 'Compagnie d'Afrique' at one time rivalled in wealth and prosperity our own 'Hudson's Bay Company.' Oregon, however, is not the only debatable territory in the world, and those coral banks often changed masters. At length, in 1807, England was duly invested by the dey with the seigniorial possession of this fishing station; and at the time of Lord Exmouth's expedition it was occupied for the most part by Genoese, Neapolitan, or Sardinian traders, under the protection of our flag.

Upon this defenceless colony, as soon as the now hated sails of the English fleet had disappeared, the dey of Algiers, with all the wayward folly of a child, poured out his pent up indignation. His soldiers laid

waste the town, massacred many of the inhabitants and enslaved the remainder; and, failing there, wreaked their vengeance upon the English flags, which they tore to ribands and dragged through the mire in insane triumph.

The commotion excited in England by this burst of foolish fury may easily be imagined. It had at least the effect of silencing those disposed to advocate conciliatory measures with the pirates, and Lord Exmouth set off again for the Mediterranean with the full determination not to be again deceived by his highness.

On arriving at Gibraltar, Lord Exmouth was joined by the Dutch admiral Van Cappellen, who had been ordered by his government to co-operate with the British commander, and the combined fleet set forward in company for the coast of Barbary. The dey now felt that he must throw away the scabbard; and on a frigate appearing in the port of Algiers to take off the English consul, Mr. Macdonald, he placed that gentleman in chains, and hearing to his vexation that his wife and daughter had effected their escape in the dresses of midshipmen, he ordered two boats belonging to the frigate which happened to be in the harbour to be detained with the crews. When these fresh misdemeanours were reported by the fair fugitives on their arrival on board the fleet, they of course added new fuel to the general indignation, and on the 17th of August, Lord Exmouth anchored his fleet, which consisted of twenty-five English, and five Dutch vessels, three or four leagues from Algiers, in no mood to digest any further coquetry on the part of the dey.

His lordship's interpreter, M. Salemé, was immediately despatched with a letter containing the ultimatum of the English admiral. His demands were brief and stern; though not more so than the conduct of his highness fully justified. In addition to our previous requisitions, they comprised stipulations for the immediate delivery of all Christian slaves without ransom; for the settlement of the grievances of the Sardinian, Sicilian, and Dutch governments; and for ample satisfaction for the insults offered to our own. Three hours were all that was to be allowed the dey for deliberation, and M. Salemé was directed to return at the expiration of that time if no answer was previously given. Even this short interval was considered too long by the gallant spirits on board our fleet. 'Salemé,' playfully exclaimed an officer of the Queen Charlotte, as the interpreter stepped over the side into his boat, 'if you return with an answer from the dey, that he accepts our

* The coral fisheries of Bona are mentioned by Aboulfeda, who flourished about the year 700 of the Hejira, in his '*Description du Pays du Magreb*.'

conditions without fighting, we will kill you instead!" And that the same ardent animated the whole fleet their subsequent conduct abundantly testified.

At the expiration of the appointed time Salemé returned without any reply from his highness, and at the same instant a light breeze springing up, Lord Exmouth gave the signal for advance. Turning the head of his own ship towards the shore he ran across the range of all the batteries without firing a shot, and lashed her to the main-mast of an Algerine brig which lay about eighty yards from the mole that enclosed the inner harbour. The other vessels followed in the wake of the Queen Charlotte, and took up their allotted stations with admirable precision.

A dead silence prevailed during these evolutions; the Algerines were taken by surprise, and their guns were not shot, so that a brief interval elapsed during which the scene must have been one of the most thrilling interest.

This frightful repose was soon broken. The Algerines took the initiative, and a gun fired athwart the poop of the admiral's vessel began the battle. A furious cannonade on both sides continued for several hours without intermission. The bomb-boats belonging to our fleet pressed forward close under the batteries, and caused immense havoc among the troops which crowded the mole; and, when at last the enemy's fire became more slack, an explosion ship which had been kept in reserve, was brought forward close under the walls, and the devastating effects it produced completed their confusion.

The total cessation of the enemy's fire towards the close of the evening convinced Lord Exmouth that his victory was complete, and he therefore drew off his vessels out of gun-shot, and early the next day despatched Salemé with a second note to the dey, reiterating the demands which had been treated so disdainfully the preceding morning. At the same time preparations were made for renewing the bombardment, but they were unnecessary. The haughty Algerine was effectually humbled. The greatest part of his capital was reduced to ashes, and his very palace at the mercy of our troops; his ships were burnt or taken, and his numerical loss was very great. Under these circumstances no alternative remained to him. A gun was fired in token of his acceptance of the terms offered, and an officer was sent on shore to superintend the embarkation of the liberated slaves, and the restoration of the immense sums the dey had from time to time exacted from the

Sardinian and Neapolitan governments as ransom for their captured subjects. The demeanour of his highness on this trying occasion was very entertaining. The most bitter pill appears to have been the apology which we required on behalf of our consul. Seated cross-legged on his divan, the dey sulkily gave the requisite orders for the freedom of the slaves, and even the delivery of the treasure; but when Salemé hinted that now was the proper time to ask pardon of Mr. Macdonald for the insults to which he had been exposed, his highness shook his head, and puffed his chibouque in all the bitterness of wounded pride. But the English officer was inexorable, and Omar at length muttered, that M. Salemé might say for him what he pleased. 'This is not sufficient,' was the answer, 'you must dictate to the interpreter what you intend to express.' And the dey at last complied. More than a thousand slaves on this occasion were restored to liberty, and as they embarked on board the vessels employed to convey them to Europe, they exclaimed in grateful chorus: 'Viva il Re d'Inghilterra, il padre eterno! è il ammiraglio Inglese che ci ha liberato di questa secondo Inferno!' Among them were inhabitants from almost every state of Europe, but singularly enough not a single Englishman.

The punishment which England thus inflicted seemed severe enough to have produced caution, if not penitence; but the habits of the Algerines were too inveterate to be changed. Under Ali, the successor of Omar, who did not long survive his disasters, they returned to their old courses; and so early as 1819, a combined fleet of French and English vessels were compelled to threaten a second bombardment, if their flags were not respected. But from the moment that the last Dey of Algiers, Hassain Pasha, succeeded to the divan, it became evident that even plunder had become a secondary object with the Algerine government; and that hatred to the French power was now the ruling passion by which it was actuated. Among the signs which from time to time gave evidence of this hostile feeling was a tax, which in 1824 Hassain Pasha levied on all French goods of whatever description; and as may easily be imagined, the French, the most irascible people in the world, bore with the utmost impatience these marks of enmity, and eagerly longed for some occasion for an open rupture. When both sides were thus ripe for a quarrel, an opportunity was sure to present itself, and the petulant ill-temper of the dey furnished a *causa belli* perfectly legitimate. Upon some trivial dispute with the

French consul, his highness so far forgot his dignity and his safety, as to strike him across the face with a fly-flap he held in his hand ; and this outrage being followed by an attack on some French establishments near Bona, war was declared. A blockade commenced which continued for three years, greatly to the expense of France, but not much to the annoyance of the Algerines, who, being able to draw boundless resources from the interior, treated the blockading fleet with contempt, and at length fired on the ship of Admiral de la Bretonniere, which had approached their harbour bearing offers of accommodation.

This unpardonable breach of the laws of legitimate warfare put all France in commotion. The national honour had been outraged in the most open manner, and it must be as openly vindicated. It was therefore resolved, not only to visit the authors of this crime with condign punishment, but also to take that opportunity of repairing the recent dismemberment of the French colonial possessions, by reducing Algeria itself to a province, and establishing there a permanent French supremacy. This project pleased everybody. The patriot exulted in the idea of rivalling, if not eclipsing, the splendour of England in the East ; the philanthropist anticipated the blessings which would enure to Africa from European civilisation ; and the speculatist already saw himself possessed of the rich plain of the Metidja, and the orange-gardens of Kolehah and Blidah, whose fame had even at that time penetrated to Paris, and had there excited a mania for foreign acquisitions not unlike that which raged in the days of Law and the Mississippi Scheme.

Having thus determined upon the subjugation of Algeria, neither pains nor money were spared to insure the success of the expedition. The minister of war, the Count de Bourmont, with more heroism than he afterwards thought proper to display in the course of the campaign, placed himself at its head ; and on the 28th of May, 1830, the army effected an undisturbed disembarkation at Sidi-El-Ferruch, a small promontory about five leagues to the west of Algiers.

As the projects of the French embraced occupancy as well as conquest, and an attempt at 'colonisation made easy,' by the aid of wealth and science, the ingredients of the immense host thus poured forth upon Africa were necessarily very miscellaneous, and even chaotic in their character. Engineers to map out the country ; savans to philosophize on their discoveries ; antiquarians to search after Roman relics ; farmers,

fond of experimentizing, to cultivate the land as it was conquered ; emigrants with their title-deeds to farms yet in the future tense firmly secured in their knapsacks, mingled with the more regular elements of an invading army : while crutches for the disabled, wooden legs for the mutilated, and air balloons for the adventurous, bore witness to the foresight and ingenuity of the Parisian war-office.

The first military operations on the African coast took place on the same day that the army disembarked. A small fort on the promontory appeared to the French engineers to present an obstacle which must be overcome. Approaches were made in form—a storming party threw themselves, with promising bravery, on the breach as soon as practicable—but, alas ! *parturiunt montes*, and the young aspirants for fame received more railery than praise when they emerged with the garrison—two hens and a litter of puppies !

But more formidable enemies were not wanting, and soon made themselves felt, though not seen. It was the policy of the dey to allow the French to land, for the sake of plundering their baggage after he should have beaten them ; but it formed no part of his design to allow them to sleep in peace when that landing was effected. As night drew on, the tired soldiers addressed themselves to repose—but in vain. Continual alarms prevented their closing their eyes. Sentries mistook their comrades for Bedouins ; partial attacks were made from time to time upon detached portions of the line ; outposts were surprised ; and at length the confusion became so great, and the casualties so numerous, that if it had been January instead of June, the consequences would have been very serious. It would, perhaps, have been happy for Hassein Pasha if he had persevered in this mode of warfare. It was suited to his resources, his talents, and his troops. But he had formed an inordinate estimate of his own military skill, and resolved to risk his fortunes in a battle.

The plain of Staweli appeared to offer considerable advantages as a theatre for this combat. Somewhat elevated above Sidi-El-Ferruch, it afforded the Mussulmans the opportunity of charging down hill—a consideration of no slight moment in the onset of troops, each man of whom fought as his own fancy or fortune directed him, and who despised regular manœuvres as much as the Highlanders at Preston-Pans.

The French army consisted of three divisions, each of which was, about four o'clock in the morning of the 17th of June,

simultaneously attacked by the enemy ; and on each wing the success of the Turks was at first decisive. Against the left the charge was led most gallantly by the Aga in person, at the head of his Janissaries. Urging their horses at full speed down the declivity, and leaping the barricade, behind which the French were entrenched, in a style which Lord Gardiner might envy, their first onset was irresistible ; and if it had not been for the opportune arrival of General D'Arcine, with the 29th, the fortune of the day might have been different, and ' Flodden had been Bannockburn !' On the right, too, the Bey of Constantina, by creeping up some small ravines clothed with brushwood, approached unperceived within a few yards of the French line, and all but achieved the capture of a park of artillery which was there posted.

But among undisciplined troops there is no surer prelude to ruin than a partial success, and at this moment General Lahitte—for the Count de Bourmont had contented himself with surveying the action from the beach with the aid of a telescope—took on himself the responsibility of ordering the whole of the right wing to advance in *echelon*, so as to coop up the Arab army between the two French divisions. This movement was completely successful, although the left forgot to act merely as a *pivot*, and advanced simultaneously with the right. This error, which with more skilful antagonists might have been fatal, had in fact a happy result ; and the barbarians, broken and disheartened, retreated in the utmost disorder. The French army bivouacked for the night in the Algerine camp ; and if their general had pushed on immediately to Algiers, there is little doubt he would have carried it by a *coup-de-main*.

But the Count de Bourmont was not a prompt, nor, as we have already hinted, a very courageous soldier. The battle of Staweli was fought and won on the 17th of June, at the distance of only four leagues from Algiers, but it was not till the 28th that the French army was ordered to take Mount Bujareah, the summit of which commanded the capital. This important position was carried in a night skirmish, and rapid preparations were now made for investing Algiers itself. No nation in the world excels France in military engineering ; and at daybreak on the 4th of July, the batteries of De Bourmont opened their fire at point blank distance upon the devoted city, with splendid precision and effect. The dey and his janissaries fought like lions ; but the fortifications of Algiers on the land side, erected merely with a view

to the rude assaults of insurgent Arabs, were quite unfit to withstand a scientific attack—and the issue of the combat was not for a moment doubtful. By nine o'clock, the fire from the emperor's fort which overhung the town, was silenced ; and the French engineers had already broken ground for new works against the remaining stronghold—the *Kassubah*—when a flag of truce from the dey announced that he had abandoned the hopeless conflict, and suspended further operations.

The terms which were granted the unfortunate old pirate, were more clement than he could reasonably have expected. His personal property was secured to him, and he was permitted to retire to Naples, which he chose for his future residence. One article of the convention concluded on this occasion is important ; as it must influence our opinion of the subsequent conduct of the French in Algeria. It is to this effect—' The exercise of the Mahomedan religion shall remain free : the liberty of the inhabitants of all classes, their religion, property, commerce, and industry, shall receive no injury ; their women shall be respected ; the general takes this on his own responsibility.'

Algiers being thus reduced, and the dey expelled, the French began to congratulate each other on their conquest ; to survey its resources, and to deliberate as to its future fate. No great acumen, however, was requisite, in the opinion of the politicians of Paris, to mark out their future course. The end was obvious, and the means easy. Algeria must be colonised. The Arabs must be flattered or forced into submission ; and European energy, with the aid of science, must supply the ravages or the lethargy of barbarism. True, they argued, we have hitherto been unfortunate in our colonies ; they have been one by one wrested from us by the arms or jealous diplomacy of other states ; but here we have nothing to fear. England, the only power able to molest us, feels secure in the possession of Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu, and will view with indifference our acquirements in the west. If Algeria is not, as Egypt, on the high road to India, or to any mighty emporium of wealth, still it enjoys redeeming advantages. Napoleon himself would not have disdained a country so rich in tropical productions, at the distance of only three days' sail from Marseilles. Once let us establish our *Nouvelle France* on the other side of the Mediterranean, and who shall limit our empire ? Who can calculate the results that will flow from such a virgin field for wealth and enterprise ?

These were bright and not unnatural hopes—yet how signally have they failed! Since the capture of Algiers, in 1830, the north of Africa, instead of conferring riches and prosperity upon France, has been a constant object of anxiety and disappointment, and an incessant drain on her resources. The profound tranquillity which has reigned in Europe, has alone enabled her to maintain in Algeria 100,000 troops with any regard to prudence. We could almost venture to predict, that in the event of a continental war, she would be compelled, before six months elapsed, to abandon all her African interior possessions to the Arab tribes she is now endeavouring to crush.

It is the coast alone that is at present conquered. Oran, Algiers, Bona, Phillipville, Constantina are hers—but at the distance of ten miles from any of these towns the farmer cannot visit his cattle; the husbandman cannot till his ground, without the protection of a patrol—and not even then without a very fair chance of being riddled by a bullet, or being dismembered by a yataghan.* And this is the state of things after an occupation of fifteen years—after the expenditure of money France can ill afford to spare from her internal economy—and after the perpetration, on both sides, of outrages which humanity shudders to remember!

That, as far as the Algerines were concerned, the French were justified in expelling the dey, and in taking possession of those territories to which he had a rightful claim, we are prepared to admit. A piratical state has a *caput lupinum*, and may be exterminated by the first who is sufficiently powerful; nay, he who accomplishes the feat is entitled to the gratitude of the rest of the civilized world.† England might

with equal fairness have annexed Algiers to her colonial possessions in 1816; and that we did not, resulted, perhaps, more from a cautious regard to the national reputation, than from a consideration of the best interests of Europe. England felt at that period all the conscious pride of the popular school-boy. We had 'tamed the pride' of the overgrown bully of Europe, and we felt unwilling to hazard our well-earned character by any achievements, the motives of which might be questioned. Perhaps, too, the reflection, that while we retained our possessions in the Mediterranean, we might securely abandon the north-western coast of Africa, was not without its influence in strengthening this commendable coyness.

France, however, had the advantage of being entirely unfettered by the trammels of propriety. She had no character to lose; and therefore did not hesitate to seize the opportunity of enriching herself, by spoiling the Philistines. And, under the circumstances, she decided rightly. Her colonisation, as well as reduction, of Algiers and its circumjacent territory, cannot, we think, be censured by even a severe moralist. But we can go no further. *Qui non habet ille non dat.* The dey of Algiers had neither right nor title (not even that of seignorial possession) to the country south of the plain of the Metidja; and we must confess our sympathy with the efforts the Kabyles of the highlands, and the Bedouins of the plains, are making to preserve that independence which they have enjoyed so long; and which would seem intended by Providence to be a kind of birth-right to the inhabitants of such regions, as a partial compensation for the rugged and nomadic life they are destined to lead.

But their opposition would have long ago succumbed under the immense resources brought to bear against them, if they had not possessed a leader who had influence among them sufficient to organize that partial degree of combination which alone is suited to their genius. Unfortunately for France, such a man appeared at the precise moment when his presence became indispensable, if the Arabs were to offer any effectual resistance. His name is familiar to all the world. There are few, indeed, who have not heard of Abd-el-Kader.

The father of this extraordinary man was a marabout of great celebrity, and lineally descended from Muley Abd-el-Kader, who is revered among the Arabs as the *Elisha* of Mahomet. His mother too, who is still

* "Nul ne peut se hasarder à une certaine distance sans être armé jusqu'aux dents. On va chercher de l'eau à la fontaine voisine, le fusil sur l'épaule; on se visite l'arme au bras d'une propriété à l'autre. Cette impossibilité de se transporter à la moindre distance, sans être accompagné d'une escorte, est un supplice indéfinissable et qui ne permet pas de se croire un seul instant dans un pays civilisé." 'Rapport, &c., par M. Blanqui,' p. 17.

† The arrogance of the Algerines, and the amount of contribution they levied from different states as a species of *blackmail*, is most surprising. And it is curious to observe the effect of mutual jealousy among the continental powers in elevating to such factitious importance a mere den of robbers. France indeed, since the time of Henry IV., paid no tribute except under colour of rent for the coral banks of Bona; and the Roman states enjoyed an equal freedom. Turkey, too, prohibited any depredations on Austrian or Russian vessels. But Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, Tuscany, the Two Sicilies, Sardinia, and Hanover, paid very heavily for the nominal friendship of the dey; and it is a disgraceful fact that England, even so lately as 1806, made

him a present of 600*L*. whenever she changed her consul, an event which of course the Algerine government contrived to render tolerably frequent.—Vide 'L'Algérie,' par Baron Baude, vol. i., p. 264.

alive, is remarkable for her grace and intelligence, and the young Abd-el-Kader enjoyed the advantage of an extremely cultivated Eastern education. While yet a mere youth he thoroughly understood the character of his countrymen, and used every effort to obtain that reputation for sanctity, without which he knew no permanent influence among the Arab tribes could be hoped for; and to which his position as a marabout and a pilgrim to Mecca entitled him to aspire.

On the death of his father, in 1836, the happy effects of this foresight and youthful austerity were immediately perceptible. He was unanimously elected emir of his own tribe; and when he unfurled the banner of Mahomet, proclaimed a holy war, and undertook to drive the unbelievers from Africa, immense masses of tribes crowded to his standard from every quarter; and the young sultan was enabled to commence that determined opposition to the French arms, the issue of which is even yet doubtful, and which has fixed on him the attention of the whole world. His career since that epoch has been chequered with disasters, but has been on the whole successful. It is evidently not his policy to risk his undisciplined troops in pitched battles against the French, and accordingly he has seldom attempted it; and in the few instances in which he has, even when supported, as at Isly, by the neighbouring empire of Morocco, a signal defeat has been his fate. But in vain have general after general attempted his destruction. A victory however decisive has failed to crush him—has been barren of the usual consequences. In some quarter where he is least expected, the ubiquitous emir is certain to reappear after the apparent demolition of his forces; to revenge himself for his previous discomfiture by some *coup de main* at once rash and successful, and to vanish as suddenly when his exploit is achieved: while the editor of the '*Moniteur Algerien*' endeavours, with the legerdemain of a French annalist, to turn defeat into victory, and a rapid retreat into a daring *razzia*! The butcheries of Clauzel, Barthezène, and Savary—the courteous urbanity and judicious measures of Lamoricière—and the pompous manifestoes of Bugeaud have proved equally inefficacious. Not only in the more distant provinces, such as Oran and Constantina, but even in the immediate vicinity of Algiers itself, ebullitions and outbreaks of the most dangerous character are continually occurring, and everything evidences the determination of the Mussulmen to shake off the hated yoke of the French on the earliest opportunity.

The '*Journal des Debats*' of the 12th of December, 1845, contains an instructive exposition of this hostility, from the mouth of Mohammed Abdallah, when a prisoner under sentence of death. He had been convicted of instigating revolt among the Beni-Zoug-Zougs, and was at one time supposed to be the famous Bou-maza, though afterwards ascertained to be only that chieftain's brother. The prisoner enumerates thirty-four different tribes who had pledged their faith to his brother, who is, in fact (though this has been denied), one of Abd-el-Kader's numerous emissaries; and on being asked what had his countrymen to complain of on the part of the French, made this reply: 'The Arabs detest you because you are of a different religion; because you are strangers; because you now take possession of their country, and to-morrow will demand their virgins and their children. They said to my brother, lead us, and let us recommence the war. Every day which passes consolidates the Christians. Let us have done with them at once.' 'Whatever you may say,' rejoined the mortified official, 'there are many Arabs who appreciate and are devoted to us.' 'There is but one God,' was the answer of the obstinate catechumen, 'my life is in His hands, and not in yours. I shall, therefore, speak candidly. Every day you find Mussulmen come to tell you that they are attached to you, and that they are your faithful servants. Do not believe them; they lie through fear or through self-interest. If you were to give every Arab a slice of roast meat every day, which they love so well, cut from your own flesh, they would not the less detest you; and every time that a chief arises whom they believe capable of vanquishing you, they will all follow him, were it proposed to attack you in Algiers itself.' 'Do you not believe,' persisted his interrogators, 'that the Arabs will tire of dying for an enterprise which can never have any chance of success?' But the question remained unanswered: refusing to be baited any longer, the prisoner wrapped himself up in his *haïck*, and relapsed into that obstinate silence from which it is hopeless to attempt to arouse a child of the desert.

To this account of the state of the French prospects in Algeria, we give implicit credit; for the course of events, during the period of their occupation, bears with it concurrent testimony. The speculative dreams to which the African expedition in 1830 gave birth have faded away. Algeria is yet an unsubdued, an uncolonized, and an unproductive country.

It would have been vexatious if the gal-

lant Arabian, who has directed this opposition, had been either ugly or ferocious; and we are happy to be able to acquaint our readers, on the authority of M. de France (to whom we owe an apology for this tardy notice), that he is by no means either the one or the other. That gentleman has detailed his adventures among the Arab tribes, after having been taken prisoner while absent from his ship on a shooting party, in a simple and unaffected style which adds to the interest of his story. The following is his portrait of Abd-el-Kader, which, considering it is from the pen of a Frenchman and a captive, is sufficiently attractive.

"Abd-el-Kader is little, being not more than five feet high; his face long, and of excessive paleness; his large black eyes are mild and caressing; his mouth small and graceful; his nose aquiline. His beard is thin, but very black. He wears a small moustache, which gives his features, naturally fine and benevolent, a martial air which becomes him exceedingly. The ensemble of his physiognomy is sweet and agreeable. M. Bravais has told me that an Arab chief, whose name I have forgotten, being one day on board the 'Loiret,' in the captain's state-room, on seeing the portrait of a woman, Isabeau de Baviere, whom the engraver had taken to personify Europe, exclaimed, 'There is Abd-el-Kader.' Abd-el-Kader has beautiful small hands and feet, and displays some coquetry in keeping them in order. He is always washing them. While conversing, squatted upon his cushions, he holds his toes in his fingers, or, if this posture fatigues him, he begins to pare the bottom of the nails with a knife and scissors of which the mother-of-pearl handle is delicately worked, and which he constantly has in his hands.

"He affects an extreme simplicity in his dress. There is never any gold or embroidery upon his *bernous*.* He wears a shirt of very fine linen, the seams of which are covered with a silken stripe. Next to his shirt comes the *haïck*† He throws over the *haïck* two *bernous* of white wool, and upon the two white *bernous* a black one. A few silken tassels are the only ornaments which relieve the simplicity of his costume. He never carries any arms at his girdle. His feet are naked in his slippers. He has his head shaved, and his head dress is composed of two or three Greek caps, the one upon the other, over which he throws the hood of his *bernous*."—p. 28.

The testimony paid by M. de France to the courtesy, kindness and humanity of the emir, is equally strong. The cruelties, indeed, practised by the Arabs upon such unfortunate Christians as fall within their clutches are most revolting in their details; but it does not appear that their enormities are authorised, or even known by their sul-

tan,* though doubtless his power rests on too precarious a tenure to enable him to hold the reins of discipline with too unyielding a hand.

But, though Sidi-el-Hadj-Abd-el-Kader-Mahidin (which is his name in full) has been a very powerful obstacle to the progress of the French in Africa, he is by no means the only one with which they have had to contend; and we are inclined to doubt whether if he had never existed they would have had better fortune; or whether, if he were to be slain to-morrow, their success would be materially accelerated.

Among the primary causes of the failure of the projected colonisation of the north of Africa, may be classed the profound ignorance which prevailed among the French, on their first arrival, of the nature of the country in which they found themselves. Intoxicated with the reports of the fertility of Algeria, they forgot the unhealthiness which is usually its concomitant, which, in fact, prevails in very many parts of the Regency to a fearful extent. Immediately south of Algiers lies the Sahel, which is an immense elevated tract of country, lying between the Mediterranean and the plain of the Metidja. Its surface is crowded with little valleys and intersected by deep ravines. Its general appearance is rugged, sterile, and broken. Here we find health indeed, though no greater susceptibility of culture than is afforded by similar mountainous regions. But, behind this stretches the vast plain of the Metidja, which science and combination might render available, but which, in its present state, confined to the isolated enterprise of individuals, is more fatal to life than even the Arab bullets.†

* An English vessel had been wrecked off the African coast; the crew were on the point of being sacrificed by the natives when a detachment opportunely arrived from Abd-el-Kader, the officer in command of which thus addressed the Arabs:—"Unhappy people! What are you about? In sacrificing these men you would commit a most wicked action—an offence against God. Dread then the anger of your sultan. These sailors are not of the same religion as our enemies, the French; on the contrary, their prophet is acknowledged by ours." So completely overawed were these ignorant people, that their prisoners were conducted in safety to Abd-el-Kader, who, after furnishing them with clothes, &c., sent them to Gibraltar.—'Times' Newspaper, 14th of January, 1846.

† "Malheur au voyageur imprudent qui s'est aventuré sans guide et sans précaution sur ce terrain en apparence si uni et si facile à parcourir! S'il y aborde au temps des hautes herbes, il court le risque d'être enseveli dans ces forêts de graminées colossales qui paraissent de loin un tapis de gazon: S'il y circule à l'époque des chaleurs de l'été, la terre entr'ouverte lui envoie des bouffées de gaz pestilentiels qui donnent la fièvre et la mort: enfin, dans la saisons des pluies, tout se change en

* The *bernous* is a woollen mantle without sleeves, but with a hood.

† The *haïck* is a covering of very thin wool, worn as a wrapper over the head and shoulders.

The disappointment and reaction which followed the insalubrity of the 'land of promise' were greatly increased by the rash eagerness of the first emigrants to purchase land from the Mussulmen, though they did not understand the nature of the interests they were buying, and were, in fact, entirely ignorant of the tenure of real property among the Algerines. Dispositions of estates, entailed by a species of mortmain, were extremely common. M. Blanqui, who was deputed by L'Academie des Sciences at Paris to investigate the causes of the failure of colonisation in Algeria, informs us that those properties are called *habous* or *engagés*, of which the legal estate has been vested by some individual in an eleemosynary or other corporation, while the beneficial interest is reserved to himself and his successors, in some determinate line. The confusion which would flow from this separation of the legal ownership from the actual enjoyment, in the alienation of land, may easily be imagined when we reflect, that in general its existence was unsuspected by the credulous emigrant, and undisclosed by the roguish vendor! The effect of these improvident or fraudulent transactions has been to render the titles to property throughout the Regency extremely insecure; and this, combined with the destructive influence of malaria, has deprived France of that nucleus of enterprising and thriving colonists, without which any attempt to radiate over a more extended region must be futile, or at best unstable.

But as if France had been determined to afford her infant colonies on the African coast no aid she could possibly withhold, she has thought fit to fetter their foreign traffic, by the perfect freedom of which they could alone have hoped to surmount their other disadvantages, with trammels which are only suited to a city in its maturity. The tariff, which is only an incentive to the opulent traders of Marseilles, damps the enterprise of the Algerines. They might well have imitated our example at Singapore, which, itself also formerly a mere nest of pirates, has, from the simple expedient of throwing open its ports, become a thriving city of 30,000 inhabitants: but the French, by establishing a *douane* before there was any commerce to tax, have rendered the first nugatory, and have paralysed the latter.

cloaques fangeux ou en marais profonds qui recèlent autant de pièges et qui sont plus dangereux que la fièvre."—*Algerie*, par M. Blanqui, p. 12. The attention of the French government has lately been ably called to the necessity of systematic cultivation. Vide *Mémoires au Roi sur la Colonisation de L'Algerie* par L'Abbé Landmann. Paris. 1845.

The peculiarities of the people among whom they were thrown, presented additional difficulties to the French. The features of the Arab character are strongly defined; and in a general way attach to the Kabyles, the Bedouins, the Beni Ammer, the Flittahs, and all that host of tribes, with the names of which the despatches of Marshal Bugeaud have made us familiar. Avarice, restlessness, treachery, and fanaticism: hospitality, hardihood, intelligence, and devotion, are some of the antagonistic traits which an Arab of the desert exhibits. In person, too, they all bear to each other a strong family resemblance. Well formed, clean limbed, muscular, and of middle stature, they are the very build for guerilla troops. Their complexion is of a clear olive tint, often deeply browned by exposure to the sun; their eyes are dark and sparkling; their hair black, coarse, and luxuriant. Their senses are sharpened by constant exercise to a degree rivalling the acuteness of the North American Indians. A Bedouin will hear the murmuring of distant warfare, or detect in a cloud of dust an approaching caravan, where a European is utterly at fault. So far from dreading war, it is their choice and their pastime. An Arabian in his war-saddle would not exchange his seat for the softest divan in Persia. To slay a Christian he exultingly sacrifices his own life—for he well believes, that

"They that shall fall in march or fight,
Are called by Allah to realms of light;
Where in giant pearls the hours dwell,
And reach to the faithful the wine-red shell;
With their words so sweet, and their forms so fair,
Their gazelle-like eyes, and their raven hair;
Where the raptured ear may drink its fill
Of the heavenly music of Izrahil;
And bending from Allah's throne on high
Is the Tree of Immortality!"

Such is the crafty creed which the Koran inculcates; and the Moslem too often shames the Christian in his choice between the Future and the Present.

Thus warlike in their tastes, the Arabs have thrown themselves heart and soul into the *melée*. Religion and interest, duty and pleasure, point towards the same path; and it would require far more tact and circumspection than the French seem disposed to exert to divert them from its pursuit.

But the truth is, that our volatile neighbours have not the gift of colonisation. They never have, and never will, succeed in attaching the affections of a foreign people. The feelings of a nation, when conquered, are in a high state of irritation. That irrita-

tion must be allayed ; but a Frenchman has neither tact nor perseverance to do so. Again ; when once the solid fruits of victory have been obtained, a wise foe will refrain from glorying over its opponent ; but a Frenchman's vanity is stronger than his prudence, and the bombastic manifestoes of Bugeaud have uselessly exacerbated the enmity of the emir and his followers. Once more : there is no feeling stronger in the Arab bosom than a veneration for domestic ties, and a regard for female purity. The French have violated the one, and have outraged the other ;* and the result has been, a loathing hatred of French habits and domination which seems to leave no hope of conciliation. The war must now be one of extermination. The only alternative is that of abandonment—a measure that adverse circumstances may hereafter force France to embrace—but which we fear it would be vain to hope from her moderation or her magnanimity.

ART. IX.—*Les Steppes de la Mer Caspienne, Le Caucase, La Crimée, et la Russie Méridionale. Voyage Pittoresque, Historique, et Scientifique.* (Travels in the Steppes of the Caspian Sea, Southern Russia, &c.) By XAVIER HOMMAIRE DE HELL. Paris, 1843—6.

UNTIL very recently the most erroneous notions generally prevailed in this country on almost every particular concerning the internal condition of the Russian empire. Its remoteness, its vast territorial extent, the prodigious numerical strength of its armies, and the gorgeous profusion with which its travelled princes and nobles strewed all the roads of Europe with their gold, suggesting fabulous visions of the wealth that fed that astounding prodigality ;—all this dazzled the imagination of our countrymen ; and, as they had no very urgent motives for scrutinizing the truth of such appearances, they were content to believe implicitly in their reality. If they looked to the political relations of Russia with other continental states, they found in them apparently all that was wanting to confirm their first impressions. How was it possible to doubt the intrinsic greatness of that power, by which the imperial eagle of France had

been struck down when soaring at its pride of place ; a power whose haughty leadership was acknowledged, sometimes willingly, sometimes with reluctance, but acknowledged always by Austria and Prussia, and before which the lesser states of Europe cowered like whipped spaniels ; a power that had reduced the once terrible Ottoman Porte to virtual vassalage, and that aspired to wrest the empire of India from the grasp of Great Britain ? No ; the might of Russia, saving only her maritime deficiencies, was admitted without question : and therein lay for her a source of real power of which she knew how to make the amplest profit. *Possunt quia posse videntur* is an adage never better understood than by the Russian government and marvellous indeed has been its elaborate and successful cultivation of all the arts of imposture. Nor does the system end with the diplomacy of the empire. Barren of invention, the Muscovites are quick imitators ; and the mendacious spirit that characterizes their government, pervades likewise every phase and product of their spurious civilisation. To seem the thing it is not, is the grand problem of Russian existence, personal, social and political.

The sorry figure made by the Russian arms in their cumbrous efforts to put down the Polish insurrection of 1832, and their protracted and miserably inglorious contest with the Circassians, were not easily to be reconciled with preconceived opinions. The credulous belief in the vastness of the czar's resources was shaken ; but it was not until after the publication of the works of De Custine, Lacroix and the author of the ' Revelations of Russia,' that the delusion stood fully exposed. Most of our Trinculos of Western Europe have by this time begun to understand what a very shallow monster it is they took for a demigod ; but if there be any whose easy good nature, or whose antiquated Tory prejudices and sympathy with despotism, still cling to the old notions, let such persons refute if they can the weighty testimony of the volumes before us. Many of the most startling disclosures made by the authors we have named, and by others besides, are here abundantly corroborated by a writer whose talents, industry, candour, good temper, and rare opportunities for acquiring information on the subjects he treats of, entitle him to our highest confidence.

M. Hommaire, a French civil engineer, was prompted by his zeal for science to visit Southern Russia in 1838, for the purpose of exploring the geological constitution of the Crimea, and of the vast region of plains adjoining the Black Sea. His ultimate object was to arrive at positive data for the solution

* "Le grand argument," says M. Blanqui, p. 101, "des puritains Maures ou Arabes a toujours été la corruption de nos mœurs plutôt que la différence des deux religions."

of the great question so long debated by physical geographers:—the rupture of the Bosphorus. The nature of his task soon obliged him to embrace a larger field than he had at first contemplated, and to devote nearly five years to his researches in all directions, from the Danube to the Caspian, and as far south as the northern verge of the Caucasus. Twice in the course of his long sojourn, his professional services were employed on important matters by the Russian government, which conferred on him the temporary rank of colonel, rendered him on all occasions very useful aid towards promoting his comfort and facilitating his scientific labours, and finally marked its sense of his merit, by creating him a knight of the imperial order of St. Vladimir. Thus favoured by the local authorities, and gifted with the talismanic virtue that encompasses the possessor of *tchin* (rank), without which a man is less than nobody in Russia, his means of gathering authentic information on the condition of men and things in the czar's dominions, were such as can have fallen to the lot of few other travellers. He made excellent use of his opportunities; and in what spirit he has set down the result of his observations may be inferred from the following significant words of his preface:—

“Our work is published under no one's patronage; we have kept ourselves independent of all extraneous influence; and in frankly pointing out what has seemed to us faulty in the social institutions of the Muscovite empire, we think we evince more gratitude for the hospitality afforded us in Russia than some travellers of our times, whose pages are filled only with flatteries as ridiculous as they are exaggerated.”

Madame Hommaire accompanied her husband in most of his expeditions, and as she bravely shared by his side, for five long years, the fatigues and hardships of the Scythian wilds, so she has also taken her part with him in the lighter labours of authorship. To her graceful and lively pen we owe all the narrative part of the work, comprising the greater portion of the first two volumes. Is there not something extremely touching in these simple facts? Your critic, as some suppose, should be a wight of stoic mould, a sort of intellectual abstraction, regarding not the persons of authors, and mindful only of the quality of the work before him. Be this as it may, we will own that in this unobtrusive picture of wedded fellowship, there lies for us a charm apart from, and surpassing, all mere literary or scientific excellence. The devoted wife, the helpmate true and helpful in all things, is a hallowed being in our eyes;

and though we had never read a line of her inditing, nor knew whether or not she was a proficient in the writer's art, we would not the less boldly aver that the native beauties of her mind would surely breathe their influence into her pages, making them redolent of kindly, pleasant, graceful thoughts and feelings. And so it is indeed with Madame Hommaire's narrative. It is before all things delightfully feminine; while perusing it, we seem not so much to read, as to listen to the conversation of an amiable and accomplished woman, who fascinates us as much by the manner as by the matter of what she relates. Her work abounds, too, with novel and curious details, which she seizes with instinctive delicacy of perception. She has great skill in communicating her own impressions and emotions to the reader; she tells a story trippingly and well, and her unaffected gaiety never deserts her, even when she speaks of those crosses and vexations incident to all travellers, and on which many of them, in the excess of their self-commiseration, are prone to descant somewhat tediously. We will not delay our readers with further preface, but proceed to justify our encomiums by extracts. Here is an amusing glimpse at the domestic habits of the great in Southern Russia:—

“Two days afterwards we left Kherson, for the country seat of the marshal of the nobles, where a large party was already assembled. The manner in which hospitality is exercised in Russia, is very convenient, and entails no great outlay in the matter of upholstery. Those who receive visitors give themselves very little concern as to whether their guests are well or ill lodged, provided they can offer them a good table; it never occurs to them that a good bed and a room provided with some articles of furniture, are to some persons quite as acceptable as a good dinner. Whatever has no reference to the comfort of the stomach, lies beyond the range of Russian politeness, and the stranger must make up his account accordingly. As we were the last comers, we fared very queerly in point of lodging, being thrust, four or five of us, into one room, with no other furniture than two miserable bedsteads; and there we were left to shift for ourselves as we could. The house is very handsome in appearance; but for all its portico, its terrace, and its grand halls, it only contains two or three rooms for reception, and a few garrets, graced with the name of bedrooms. Ostentation is inherent in the Russian character, but it abounds especially among the petty nobles, who lavish away their whole income in outward show. They must have equipages with four horses, billiard-rooms, grand drawing-rooms, pianos, &c. And if they can procure all these superfluities, they are quite content to live on *mujik's* fare, and to sleep in beds without anything in the shape of sheets.

“Articles of furniture, the most indispensable, are totally unknown in the dwellings of most of

the second-rate nobles. Notwithstanding the vaunted progress of Russian civilisation, it is almost impossible to find a basin and ewer in a bedroom. Bedsteads are almost as great rarities, and almost invariably you have nothing but a divan on which you may pass the night. You may deem yourself singularly fortunate if the mistress of the mansion thinks of sending you a blanket and a pillow; but this is so unusual a piece of luck that you must never reckon upon it. In their own persons the Russians set an example of truly Spartan habits, as I had many opportunities of perceiving during my stay in the marshal's house. No one, the marshal himself not excepted, had a private chamber; his eldest daughter, though a very elegant and charming young lady, lay on the floor, wrapped up in a cloak like an old veteran. His wife, with three or four young children, passed the night in a closet that served as boudoir by day, and he himself made his bed on one of the divans of the grand saloon. As for the visitors, some slept on the billiard-table; others, like ourselves, scrambled for a few paltry stump-bedsteads, whilst the most philosophical wore away the night in drinking and gambling.

"I say nothing as to the manner in which the domestic servants are lodged; a good guess as to this matter may be easily made from what I have just said of their masters. Besides, it is a settled point in Russia never to take any heed for servants; they eat, drink, and sleep, how and where they can, and their masters never think of asking a word about the matter. The family whose guests we were was very large, and furnished us with themes for many a remark on the national usages, and the notions respecting education that are in vogue in the empire. A Swiss governess is an indispensable piece of furniture in every house in which there are many children. She must teach them to read, write, and speak French, and play a few mazurkas on the piano. No more is required of her; for solid instruction is a thing almost unknown among the petty nobles. A girl of fifteen has completed her education if she can do the honours of a drawing-room, and warble a few French romances. Yet I have met with several exceptions to this rule, foremost among which I must note our host's pretty daughter Loubinka, who, thanks to a sound understanding and quick apprehension, has acquired such a stock of information as very few Russian ladies possess.

"It is only among those families that constantly reside on their estates that we still find in full vigour all those prejudices, superstitions, and usages of old Russia, that are handed down as heirlooms, from generation to generation, and keep strong hold on all the rustic nobility. No people are more superstitious than the Russians; the sight of two crossed forks, or of a saltcellar upset, will make them turn pale and tremble with terror. There are unlucky days on which nothing could induce them to set out on a journey or begin any business. Monday especially is marked with a red cross in their calendar, and woe to the man who would dare to brave its malign influence.

"Among the Russian customs most sedulously preserved is that of mutual salutations after meals. Nothing can be more amusing than to see all the persons round the table bowing right and left with a gravity that proves the importance they attach

to a formality so singular in our eyes. The children set the example by respectfully kissing the hands of their parents. In all social meetings etiquette peremptorily requires that the young ladies, instead of sitting in the drawing-room, shall remain by themselves in an adjoining apartment, and not allow any young man to approach them. If there is dancing the gravest matron in the company goes and brings them almost by force into the ball-room. Once there they may indulge their youthful vivacity without restraint; but on no pretext are they to withdraw from beneath the eyes of their mothers or chaperons. It would be ruinous to a young lady's reputation to be caught in a tête-à-tête with a young man within two steps of the ball-room. But all this prudery extends no further than outward forms, and it would be a grand mistake to suppose that there is more morality in Russia than elsewhere. Genuine virtue, such as is based on sound principles and an enlightened education, is not very common there. Young girls are jealously guarded, because the practice is in accordance with the general habits and feelings of the country, and little reliance is placed in their own sense of propriety. But once married they acquire the right of conducting themselves as they please, and the husband would find it a hard matter to control their actions. Though divorces are almost impossible to obtain, it does not follow that all wives remain with their husbands; on the contrary, nothing is more common than amicable arrangements between married people to wink at each other's peccadilloes; such conventions excite no scandal, and do not exclude the wife from society. One of these divorces I will mention, which is, perhaps, without a parallel in the annals of the civilized world.

"A very pretty and sprightly young Polish lady was married to a man of great wealth, but much older than herself, and a thorough Muscovite in coarseness of character and habits. After two or three years spent in wrangling and plaguing each other, the ill-assorted pair resolved to travel, in the hopes of escaping the intolerable sort of life they led at home. A residence in Italy, the chosen land of intrigues and illicit amours, soon settled the case. The young wife eloped with an Italian nobleman, whose passion ere long grew so intense that nothing would satisfy him short of a legal sanction of their union. Divorces, as every one knows, are easily obtained in the pope's dominions. Madame de K. had therefore no difficulty in causing her marriage to be annulled, especially with the help of her lord and master, who for the first time since they had come together, agreed with her heart and soul. Everything was promptly arranged, and *Monsieur* carried his complaisance so far as to be present as an official witness at *Madame's* wedding, doubtless for the purpose of thoroughly making sure of its validity. Three or four children were the fruit of this new union; but the lady's happiness was of short duration. Her domestic peace was destroyed by the intrigues of her second husband's family; perhaps, too, the Italian's love had cooled; be this as it may, after some months of miserable struggles and humiliations, sentence of separation was finally pronounced against her, and she found herself suddenly without fortune or protector, burdened with a young family, and weighed down with fearful

anticipations of the future. Her first step was to leave a country where such cruel calamities had befallen her, and to return to Podolia, the land of her birth. Hitherto her story is like hundreds of others, and I should not have thought of narrating it had it ended there; but what almost surpasses belief, and gives it a stamp of originality altogether out of the common line, is the conduct of her first husband when he heard of her return. That brutal, inconstant man, who had trampled on all social decencies in attending at the marriage of his wife with another, did all in his power to induce her to return to his house. By dint of unwearied efforts and entreaties he succeeded in overcoming her scruples, and bore her home in triumph along with her children by the Italian, on whom he settled part of his fortune. From that time forth the most perfect harmony subsists between the pair, and seems likely long to continue. I saw a letter written by the lady two or three months after her return beneath the conjugal roof; it breathed the liveliest gratitude and the fondest affection for him whom she called *her beloved husband*."

Apropos to the chapter matrimonial here touched on, we find the following anecdote of General Khersanof, a man of great wealth, and son-in-law of the celebrated Hettman Platof:—

"On entering the first *salon* we met the general, who immediately presented us to his two wives. But, the reader will say, is bigamy allowed among the Cossacks? Not exactly so; but if the laws and public opinion are against it, still a man of high station may easily evade both; and General Khersanof has been living for many years in open, avowed bigamy, without finding that his *salons* are the less frequented on account of such a trifle. In Russia, wealth covers everything with its glittering veil, and sanctions every kind of eccentricity, however opposed to the usages of the land, provided it redeem them by plenty of balls and entertainments. Public opinion, such as exists in France, is here altogether unknown. The majority leave scruples of conscience to timorous souls, without even so much as acknowledging their merit.

"A man the slave of his word, and a woman of her reputation, could not be understood in a country where caprice reigns as absolute sovereign. A Russian lady, to whom I made some remarks on this subject, answered *natively*, that none but low people could be affected by scandal, inasmuch as censure can only proceed from superiors. She was perfectly right, for, situated as the nobility are, who would dare to criticise and condemn their faults? In order that public opinion should exist, there must be an independent class, capable of uttering its judgments without fearing the vengeance of those it calls before its bar; there must be a free country in which the acts of every individual may be impartially appreciated; in short the words justice, honour, honesty, and delicacy of feeling must have a real meaning, instead of being the sport of an elegant and corrupt caste, that systematically makes a mock of all things not subservient to its caprices and its passions.

"It is said that the two co-wives live on the best possible terms with each other. The general seems quite at his ease in respect to them, and goes from one to the other with the same marks of attention and affection. His first wife is very old, and might be taken for the mother of the second. We were assured that being greatly distressed at having no children she had herself advised her husband to make a new choice. The general fixed on a very pretty young peasant working on his own property. In order to diminish the great disparity of rank between them he married her to one of his officers, who, on coming out of church, received orders to depart instantly on a distant mission, from which he never returned. Some time afterwards the young woman was installed in the general's brilliant mansion, and presented to all his acquaintance as Madame Khersanof."

The account Madame Hommaire gives of her visit to a Kalmuck prince and princess will surprise those whose notions of that people are derived from such travellers as Dr. Clarke, by whom they are described as among the most forbidding in aspect and features, and the most loathsome in habits of the whole human race.

"The little island belonging to Prince Tumene stands alone in the middle of the river. From a distance it looks like a nest of verdure resting on the waves, and waiting only a breath of wind to send it floating down the rapid course of the Volga. But, as you advance, the land unfolds before you, the trees form themselves into groups, and the prince's palace displays a portion of its white façade, and the open galleries of its turrets. Every object assumes a more decided and more picturesque form, and stands out in clear relief, from the cupola of the mysterious pagoda which you see towering above the trees, to the humble kibitka glittering in the magic tints of sunset. The landscape, as it presented itself successively to our eyes, with the unruffled mirror of the Volga for its framework, wore a calm, but strange and profoundly melancholy character. It was like nothing we had ever seen before; it was a new world which fancy might people as it pleased; one of those mysterious isles one dreams of at fifteen after reading the 'Arabian Nights'; a thing, in short, such as crosses the traveller's path but once in all his wanderings, and which we enjoyed with all the zest of unexpected pleasure."

After describing her courteous reception, and the slight shock of disappointment she experienced at finding so much that reminded her of Europe in the habitation of a real Kalmuck prince, she continues:—

"After the first civilities were over, I was conducted to a very handsome chamber, with windows opening on a large verandah. I found in it a toilette apparatus in silver, very elegant furniture, and many objects both rare and precious. My surprise augmented continually as I beheld this aristocratic sumptuousness. In vain I looked for anything that could remind me of the Kalmucks;

nothing round me had a tinge of *couleur locale*; all seemed to bespeak rather the abode of a rich Asiatic nawab; and with a little effort of imagination, I might easily have fancied myself transported into the marvellous world of the fairies, as I beheld that magnificent palace encircled with water, its exterior fretted all over with balconies and fantastic ornaments, and its interior all filled with velvets, tapestries, and crystals, as though the touch of a wand had made all these wonders start from the bosom of the Volga! And what completed the illusion was the thought that the author of these prodigies was a Kalmuck prince, a chief of those half-savage tribes that wander over the sandy plains of the Caspian Sea, a worshipper of the grand Lama, a believer in the metempsychosis; in short, one of those beings whose existence seems to us almost fabulous, such a host of mysterious legends do their names awaken in the mind.

"Prince Tumene is the wealthiest and most influential of all the Kalmuck chiefs. In 1815 he raised a regiment at his own expense, and led it to Paris, for which meritorious service he was rewarded with numerous decorations. He has now the rank of colonel, and he was the first of this nomade people who exchanged his kибitka for an European dwelling. Absolute master in his own family (among the Kalmucks the same respect is paid to the eldest brother as to the father), he employs his authority only for the good of those around him. He possesses about a million desiatines of land, and several hundred families, from which he derives a considerable revenue. His race, which belongs to the tribe of the Koshots, is one of the most ancient and respected among the Kalmucks. Repeatedly tried by severe afflictions, his mind has taken an exclusively religious bent, and the superstitious practices to which he devotes himself give him a great reputation for sanctity among his countrymen. An isolated pavilion placed at some distance from the palace is his habitual abode, where he passes his life in prayers and religious conference with the most celebrated priests of the country. No one but these latter is allowed admission into his mysterious sanctuary; even his brothers have never entered it. This is assuredly a singular mode of existence, especially if we compare it with that which he might lead amidst the splendour and conveniences with which he has embellished his palace, and which betoken a cast of thought far superior to what we should expect to find in a Kalmuck. This voluntary sacrifice of earthly delights, this asceticism caused by moral sufferings, strikingly reminds us of Christianity and the origin of our religious orders. Like the most fervent Catholics, this votary of Lama seeks in solitude, prayer, austerity, and the hope of another life, consolations which all his fortune is powerless to afford him! Is not this the history of many a Trappist or Carthusian?"

"The position of the palace is exquisitely chosen, and shows a sense of the beautiful as developed as that of the most civilized nations. It is built in the Chinese style, and is prettily seated on the gentle slope of a hill about a hundred feet from the Volga. Its numerous galleries afford views over every part of the isle, and the imposing surface of the river. From one of the angles the eye looks down on a mass of foliage, through which

glitter the cupola and golden ball of the pagoda. Beautiful meadows, dotted over with clumps of trees, and fields in high cultivation, unfold their carpets of verdure on the left of the palace, and form different landscapes which the eye can take in at once. The whole is enlivened by the presence of Kalmuck horsemen, camels wandering here and there through the rich pastures, and officers conveying the chief's orders from tent to tent. It is a beautiful spectacle, various in its details, and no less harmonious in its assemblage. * * *

"At an early hour next day, Madame Zakarevitch came to accompany us to the prince's sister-in-law, who, during the fine season, resides in her kибitka in preference to the palace. Nothing could be more agreeable to us than this proposal. At last then I was about to see Kalmuck manners and customs without any foreign admixture. On the way I learned that the princess was renowned among her people for extreme beauty and accomplishments, besides many other details which contributed further to augment my curiosity. We formed a tolerably large party when we reached her tent, and as she had been informed of our intended visit, we enjoyed, on entering, a spectacle that far surpassed our anticipations. When the curtain at the doorway of the kибitka was raised, we found ourselves in a rather spacious room, lighted from above, and hung with red damask, the reflection from which shed a glowing tint on every object; the floor was covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and the air was loaded with perfumes. In this balmy atmosphere and crimson light we perceived the princess seated on a low platform at the further end of the tent, dressed in glistening robes, and as motionless as an idol. Some twenty women in full dress, sitting on their heels, formed a strange and particoloured circle round her. It was like nothing I could compare it to but an opera scene suddenly got up on the banks of the Volga. When the princess had allowed us time enough to admire her, she slowly descended the steps of the platform, approached us with dignity, took me by the hand, embraced me affectionately, and led me to the place she had just left. She did the same by Madame Zakarevitch and her daughter, and then graciously saluting the persons who accompanied us, she motioned them to be seated on a large divan opposite the platform. No mistress of a house in Paris could have done better. When every one had found a place, she sat down beside me, and through the medium of an Armenian, who spoke Russian and Kalmuck extremely well, she made me a thousand compliments, that gave me a very high opinion of her capacity. With the Armenian's assistance we were able to put many questions to each other, and notwithstanding the awkwardness of being obliged to have recourse to an interpreter, the conversation was far from growing languid, so eager was the princess for information of every kind. The Armenian, who was a merry soul, constituted himself, of his own authority, grand master of the ceremonies, and commenced his functions by advising the princess to give orders for the opening of the ball. Immediately upon a sign from the latter, one of the ladies of honour rose and performed a few steps, turning slowly upon herself; whilst another, who remained seated, drew forth from a balalaika (an Oriental guitar) some

melancholy sounds, by no means appropriate to the occasion. Nor were the attitudes and movements of her companion more accordant with our notions of dancing. They formed a pantomime, the meaning of which I could not ascertain, but which, by its languishing monotony, expressed anything but pleasure or gaiety. The young *figurante* frequently stretched out her arms and knelt down as if to invoke some invisible being. The performances lasted a considerable time, during which I had full opportunity to scrutinise the princess, and saw good reason to justify the high renown in which her beauty was held among her own people. Her figure is imposing and extremely well-proportioned, as far as her numerous garments allowed me to judge. Her mouth, finely arched and adorned with beautiful teeth, her countenance, expressive of great sweetness, her skin, somewhat brown, but remarkably delicate, would entitle her to be thought a very handsome woman, even in France, if the outline of her face and the arrangement of her features were only a trifle less Kalmuck. Nevertheless, in spite of the obliquity of her eyes and the prominence of her cheek-bones, she would still find many an admirer, not in Kalmuckia alone, but all the world over. Her looks convey an expression of the utmost gentleness and good-nature, and, like all the women of her race, she has an air of caressing humility, which makes her appearance still more winning.

"Now for her costume. Over a very rich robe of Persian stuff, laced all over with silver, she wore a light silk tunic, reaching only to the knee and open in front. The high corsage was quite flat, and glittered with silver embroidery, and fine pearls that covered all the seams. Round her neck she had a white cambric habit shirt, the shape of which seemed to me like that of a man's shirt collar. It was fastened in front by a diamond button. Her very thick, deep black hair fell over her bosom in two magnificent tresses of remarkable length. A yellow cap, edged with rich fur, and resembling in shape the square cap of a French judge, was set jauntily on the crown of her head. But what surprised me most in her costume was an embroidered cambric handkerchief and a pair of black mittens. Thus, it appears, the productions of our workshops find their way even to the toilette of a great Kalmuck lady. Among the princess's ornaments I must not forget to enumerate a large gold chain, which, after being wound round her beautiful tresses, fell over her bosom, passing on its way through her gold earrings. Her whole attire, such as I have described it, looked much less barbarous than I had expected. The ladies of honour, though less richly clad, wore robes and caps of the same form; only they had not advanced so far as to wear mittens.

"The dancing lady, after figuring for half an hour, went and touched the shoulder of one of her companions, who took her place, and began the same figures over again. When she had done, the Armenian urged the princess that her daughter, who until then had kept herself concealed behind a curtain, should also give a specimen of her skill; but there was a difficulty in the case. No lady of honour had a right to touch her, and this formality was indispensable according to established usage. Not to be baffled by this obstacle, the Armenian

sprang gaily into the middle of the circle, and began to dance in so original a manner, that every one enthusiastically applauded. Having thus satisfied the exigency of Kalmuck etiquette, he stepped up to the curtain and laid his finger lightly on the shoulder of the young lady, who could not refuse an invitation thus made in all due form. Her dancing appeared to us less wearisome than that of the ladies of honour, thanks to her pretty face and her timid and languishing attitudes. She in her turn touched her brother, a handsome lad of fifteen, dressed in the Cossack costume, who appeared exceedingly mortified at being obliged to put a Kalmuck cap on his head in order to exhibit the dance in all its nationality. Twice he dashed his cap on the ground with a most comical air of vexation; but his mother rigidly insisted on his putting it on again.

"The dancing of the men is as imperious and animated as that of the women is tame and monotonous; the spirit of domination displays itself in all their gestures, in the bold expression of their looks and their noble bearing. It would be impossible for me to describe all the evolutions the young prince went through with equal grace and rapidity. The elasticity of his limbs was as remarkable as the perfect measure observed in his most complicated steps.

"After the ball came the concert. The women played one after the other on the *balalaika*, and then sang in chorus. But there is as little variety in their music as in their dancing. At last we were presented with different kinds of *koumis* and sweetmeats on large silver trays.

"When we came out from the *kibitka* the princess's brother-in-law took us to a herd of wild horses, where one of the most extraordinary scenes awaited us. The moment we were perceived, five or six mounted men, armed with long lassoos, rushed into the middle of the *taboun* (herd of horses), keeping their eyes constantly fixed on the young prince, who was to point out the animal they should seize. The signal being given, they instantly galloped forward and noosed a young horse with a long dishevelled mane, whose dilated eyes and smoking nostrils betokened inexpressible terror. A lightly-clad Kalmuck, who followed them on foot, immediately sprang upon the stallion, cut the thongs that were throttling him, and engaged with him in an incredible contest of daring and agility. It would be impossible, I think, for any spectacle more vividly to affect the mind than that which now met our eyes. Sometimes the rider and his horse rolled together on the grass; sometimes they shot through the air with the speed of an arrow, and then stopped abruptly, as if a wall had all at once risen up before them. On a sudden the furious animal would crawl on its belly, or rear in a manner that made us shriek with terror, then plunging forward again in his mad gallop he would dash through the *taboun*, and endeavour in every possible way to shake off his novel burden.

"But this exercise, violent and dangerous as it appeared to us, seemed but sport to the Kalmuck, whose body followed all the movements of the animal with so much suppleness that one would have fancied that the same thought possessed both bodies. The sweat poured in foaming streams from the stallion's flanks, and he trembled in every

limb. As for the rider, his coolness would have put to shame the most accomplished horseman in Europe. In the most critical moments he still found himself at liberty to wave his arms in token of triumph; and in spite of the indomitable humour of his steed, he had sufficient command over it to keep it almost within the circle of our vision. At a signal from the prince, two horsemen, who had kept as close as possible to the daring centaur, seized him with amazing quickness, and galloped away with him before we had time to comprehend this new manœuvre. The horse, for a moment stupified, soon made off at full speed, and was lost in the midst of the herd. These performances were repeated several times without a single rider suffering himself to be thrown.

"But what was our amazement when we saw a boy of ten years come forward to undertake the same exploit! They selected for him a young white stallion of great size, whose fiery bounds and desperate efforts to break his bonds, indicated a most violent temper.

"I will not attempt to depict our intense emotions during this new conflict. This child, who, like the other riders, had only the horse's mane to cling to, afforded an example of the power of reasoning over instinct and brute force. For some minutes he maintained his difficult position with heroic intrepidity. At last, to our great relief, a horseman rode up to him, caught him up in his outstretched arms, and threw him on the croup behind him."

We pass over the account of that day's dinner; its choice cookery, half Russian and half French; the rich service of plate; the profusion of Spanish and French wines, and the toasts in honour of the Emperor of Russia and the King of France, &c. &c. All this was in very good style, and commonplace in the same proportion. After dinner the visitors proceeded to the mysterious pagoda, which had so much excited their curiosity.

"The moment we set foot on the threshold of the temple, our ears were assailed with a *charivari*, compared with which a score or two of great bells set in motion promiscuously, would have been harmony itself. It almost deprived us of the power of perceiving what was going on around us. The noise was so piercing, discordant, and savage, that we were completely stupified, and there was no possibility of exchanging a word.

"The perpetrators of this terrible uproar, in other words the musicians, were arranged in two parallel lines facing each other; at their head, in the direction of the altar, the high-priest knelt quite motionless on a rich Persian carpet, and behind them towards the entrance stood the *ghepki*, or master of the ceremonies, dressed in a scarlet robe and a deep yellow hood, and having in his hand a long staff, the emblem, no doubt, of his dignity. The other priests, all kneeling as well as the musicians, and looking like grotesque Chinese in their features and attitudes, wore dresses of glaring colours, loaded with gold and silver brocade, consisting of wide tunics, with open sleeves, and a sort of mitre with several broad

points. Their head-dress somewhat resembled that of the ancient Peruvians, except that instead of feathers they had plates covered with religious paintings, besides which there rose from the centre a long straight tuft of black silk, tied up so as to form a series of little balls, diminishing from the base to the summit. Below, this tuft spread out into several tresses which fell down on the shoulders. But what surprised us most of all was the musical instruments. Besides enormous timbrels and the Chinese tamtam, there were large sea-shells used as horns, and two huge tubes, three or four yards long, and each supported on two props. My husband ineffectually endeavoured to sound these trumpets; none but the stentorian lungs of the vigorous Mandachis could give them breath. If there is neither tune, nor harmony, nor method, in the religious music of the Kalmucks, by way of amends for this every one makes as much noise as he can in his own way and according to the strength of his lungs. The concert began by a jingling of little bells, then the timbrels and tamtams struck up, and lastly, after the shrill squeakings of the shells, the two great trumpets began to bellow, and made all the windows of the temple shake. It would be impossible for me to depict all the oddity of this ceremony. Now indeed we felt that we were thousands of leagues away from Europe, in the heart of Asia, in a pagoda of the Grand Dalai Lama, of Thibet.

"The temple, lighted by a row of large windows, is adorned with slender columns of stuccoed brickwork, the lightness of which reminds one of the graceful Moorish architecture. A gallery runs all round the dome, which is also remarkable for the extreme delicacy of its workmanship. Tapestries, representing a multitude of good and evil genii, monstrous idols and fabulous animals, cover all parts of the pagoda, and give it an aspect much more grotesque than religious. The veneration of the worshippers of Lama for their images is so great, that we could not approach these misshapen gods without covering our mouths with a handkerchief, lest we should profane them with an unhallowed breath.

"The priests showed how much they disliked our minute examination of everything, by the uneasiness with which they continually watched all of our movements. Their fear, as we afterwards learned, was lest we should take a fancy to purloin some of those mystic images we scrutinised so narrowly; certainly they had good reason to be alarmed, for the will was not wanting on our part. But we were obliged to content ourselves with gazing at them with looks of the most profound respect, consoling ourselves with the hope of having our revenge on a more favourable occasion."

Having borrowed so largely from the lady, we will now turn to her husband's portion of the work.—His exposition of the pernicious effects which prohibitive duties have wrought on both the trade and agriculture of Russia, is a very clear and convincing document. Though strongly inclined to epitomise it here, we resist the temptation, in the consciousness that additional arguments and illustrations in support of free trade doctrines are scarcely needed among

us at this moment. The advocates of protection are not to be convinced by any reasoning; fortunately, they are a minority and must yield to necessity. However, as the repeal of the corn laws must lead to extensive changes in our foreign trading relations, our author's remarks on the commerce of the Black Sea deserve the serious attention of both parties, of those who hope for, and those who fear a great immediate influx of corn into our ports from the shores of Southern Russia. Both appear to entertain very exaggerated notions on this subject. The immense tracts of virgin soil possessed by Russia, and her command of slave labour, will, it is assumed, enable her to produce cheap corn in unlimited quantity. This may be so, and the corn may rot on the ground for want of purchasers. Before it can reach the coast its price must be enormously enhanced by the cost of carriage over huge distances, through a country that can scarcely be said to have even the rudiments of a system of roads or internal navigation. Besides this, the Russian tariff reacts deplorably on her own exports, especially on her corn trade; and it is a certain fact that agriculture is at this moment in a state of extreme depression in the most fertile governments of New Russia.

Whenever any of the thousand festering evils that prey upon the body of the Muscovite empire are exposed to view, some fond admirer of despotism gets up and tells us of the czar's enlightened views, the prodigious designs for the amelioration of his people with which his godlike brain is teeming, and so forth. This is mere slavish drivelling. Some high and praiseworthy qualities Nicholas undoubtedly inherits from nature, which not even the awful curse of his position can wholly extinguish; but the best excuse which charity itself can offer for the manifold wickednesses perpetrated by him directly and indirectly, is, that he is condemned to the most pitiable state of ignorance by the inevitable force of circumstances. This 'God on earth' of sixty millions of men, as he is officially styled in the prayers prescribed for his soldiers, is a blind puppet in the hands of the most sordid jugglers. 'The saddest of all things in Russia,' says M. Hommaire, 'is that the truth never finds its way to the head of the state, and that a public functionary would think himself undone if he divulged the real state of things: hence in all the documents, reports, and tables laid before the emperor, the fair side of the question is alone acknowledged, and the unfavourable is disguised.' There is no hope for Russia in the wisdom of its government, which is actuated in its

home administration by one fixed idea, that of effacing all local peculiarities however innocent or even vitally subservient to the general good, and reducing all the heterogeneous elements of the empire to one inviolable standard. Uniformity is to be produced at all costs by the vulgar device of lopping and crushing down all things to the dead level of a slave population. Some of Nicholas's wiser predecessors, his grandmother Catharine especially, occasionally deviated from their usual routine in this respect, as in the case of the German colonies in the south. Wherever this was done, there grew up palpable standing evidence of the great benefits to be derived from a liberal policy. Favoured by the reasonable immunities conferred on them, the industrious German and Bulgarian colonists became most valuable pioneers of civilisation. They reclaimed the waste steppe and brought it under profitable cultivation; they offered to their Russian neighbours the best models they had yet seen of agriculture and gardening; and while they maintained themselves in rude plenty by their honest thrift, they contributed largely to the coffers of the state. They were never in arrear with their taxes, and what capital they accumulated was always employed in useful undertakings. When there was famine in the country, it was always to them the improvident Russians looked for the means of subsistence. It was with good reason that a German colonist said proudly to his countryman Kohl, 'When the emperor comes into this country he cannot but rejoice to see us here: he must own it is to us that Russia owes the cultivation of the steppe.'

The most valuable immunity formerly enjoyed by the colonies was, that their relations with the state were managed in a direct and simple manner by a special committee, so that they were exempt from the villanous extortion and maladministration that afflicted the rest of the community. In almost any other country than Russia no one would have thought of disturbing a system that was found to work so well; but they manage things differently in St. Petersburg. For several years the government has been contriving measures to put its foreign subjects on the same footing with the crown serfs; the colonial committee was suppressed in 1841, and in less than two years several hundred families forsook their lands in consequence, and returned to Germany. 'Seeing the corruption and venality of the Russian functionaries,' says our author, 'this change of system will bring ruin upon the colonists. In spite of all the efforts

and the good intentions of the government, when once the Germans are subjected to nearly the same laws as the crown serfs, they will no longer be able to save their property from the rapacity of their new rulers.

The Russian nation is divided into two great classes: the aristocracy, who enjoy all the privileges, and the people, who support all the burdens of the state. There is no middle class, though there are a million and a half of merchants and burghers capable of forming the nucleus of such a body, and needing only a word from the emperor's lips to raise them to the position they are naturally entitled to hold. But they wait in vain for that word; meanwhile they are treated with the most arrogant disdain by the privileged rabble above them, who plunder and maltreat them on all occasions. Nicholas has of late years shown a disposition to befriend them in some trifling particulars; but the only real service they require at his hands is permission to enjoy, in right of their pecuniary means and their useful calling, the same privileges which are conferred on the lowest clerk or porter in the public offices. This simple act of justice would go far to change the face of society in Russia; it would augment and consolidate a most valuable body of men; it would gradually extinguish the abuses of the nobiliary system; and it would immediately rid the public service of all those useless underlings who now crowd it only with a view to acquire a footing among the privileged orders.

The constitution of the Russian aristocracy is very peculiar, and is (next under despotism) the chief cause of the majority of those evils under which the country labours.

"The first important modifications in the constitution of the noblesse were anterior to Peter the Great; and Feodor Alexievitch, by burning the charters of the aristocracy, made the first attempt towards destroying the distinction which the boyards wanted to establish between the great and the petty nobles. It is a curious fact, that at the accession of the latter monarch to the throne most offices of state were hereditary in Russia, and it was not an uncommon thing to forego the services of a man who would have made an excellent general, merely because his ancestors had not filled that high post, which men of no military talent obtained by right of birth. Frequent mention has of late been made of the celebrated phrase, *The boyars have been of opinion and the czar has ordained*, and it has been made the theme of violent accusations against the usurpation of the Muscovite sovereigns. Historical facts demonstrate that the supposed power of the nobility was always illusory, and that the so much

vaunted and regretted institution, in reality, served only to relieve the tzars from all personal responsibility. The spirit of resistance, whatever may be said to the contrary, was never a characteristic of the Russian nobility. No doubt there have been frequent conspiracies in Russia; but they have always been directed against the life of the reigning sovereign, and never in any respect against existing institutions. The facility with which Christianity was introduced into the country affords a striking proof of the blind servility of the Russian people. Vladimir caused proclamation to be made one day in the town of Kiev, that all the inhabitants were to repair next day to the banks of the Dnieper and receive baptism; and accordingly at the appointed hour on the morrow, without the least tumult or show of force, all the inhabitants of Kiev were Christians.

"The existing institutions of the Russian noblesse date from the reign of Peter the Great. The innovations of that sovereign excited violent dissatisfaction, and the nobles, not yet broken in to the yoke they now bear, caused their monarch much serious uneasiness. The means which appeared to Peter best adapted for cramping the old aristocracy, was to throw open the field of honours to all his subjects who were not serfs. But in order to avoid too rudely shocking established prejudices, he made a difference between nobles and commoners as to the period of service entitling them respectively to obtain that first step which was to place them both on the same level. Having then established the gradations of rank and the conditions of promotion, and desirous of ratifying his institutions by his example, he feigned submission to them in his own person, and passed successively through all the steps of the scale he had appointed.

"The rank of officer in the military service makes the holder a gentleman in blood, that is, confers hereditary nobility; but in the civil service this quality is only personal up to the rank of college assessor, which corresponds to that of major.

"The individual once admitted into the fourteenth or lowest class becomes noble, and enjoys all the privileges of nobility as much as a count of the empire, with this exception only, that he cannot have vassals of his own before he has attained the grade of college assessor, unless he be noble born.

"It results from this system that consideration is attached in Russia, not to birth, but merely to the grade occupied. As promotion from one rank to another is obtained after a period of service specified by the statutes, or sooner through private interest, there is no college registrar (14th class), whatever be his parentage, but may aspire to attain precedence over the first families in the empire; and examples of such elevation are not rare. It must be owned, however, that the old families have more chance of advancement than the others: but they owe this advantage to their wealth rather than to their personal influence.

"With all the apparent liberality of this scheme of nobility it has, nevertheless, proved admirably subservient to the policy of the Muscovite sovereigns. The old aristocracy has lost every kind of influence, and its great families,

most of them resident in Moscow, can now only protest, by their inaction and their absence from court, against the state of insignificance to which they have been reduced, and from which they have no chance of recovery.

"Had it been necessary for all aspirants to nobility to pass through the wretched condition of the common soldier, it is evident that the empire would not possess one-tenth of its present number of nobles. Notwithstanding their abject and servile condition, very few commoners would have the courage to ennoble themselves by undergoing such a noviciate, with the stick hanging over them for many years. But they had the alternative of the civil service, which led to the same result by a less thorny path, and offered even comparatively many more advantages to them than to the nobles by blood. Whereas the latter, on entering the military service, only appear for a brief while for form's sake in the ranks, become non-commissioned officers immediately, and officers in a few months, they are compelled in the civil service to act for two or three years as supernumeraries in some public office, before being promoted to the first grade. It is true, the preliminary term of service is fixed for commoners at twelve years, but we have already spoken of the facilities they possess for abridging this apprenticeship.

"But this excessive facility for obtaining the privileges of nobility, has given rise to a subaltern aristocracy, the most insupportable and oppressive imaginable; and has enormously multiplied the number of *employés* in the various departments. Every Russian, not a serf, takes service as a matter of course, were it only to obtain rank in the fourteenth class; for otherwise, he would fall back almost into the condition of the slaves, would be virtually unprotected, and would be exposed to the continual vexations of the nobility and the public functionaries. Hence, many individuals gladly accept a salary of sixty francs a year, for the permission to act as clerks in some department, and so it comes to pass that the subaltern *employés* are obliged to rob for the means of subsistence. This is one of the chief causes of the venality and the defective condition of the Russian administrative departments.

"Peter the Great's regulations were excellent no doubt in the beginning, and hardly could that sovereign have devised a more efficacious means of mastering the nobility, and prostrating them at his feet. But now that the intended result has been amply obtained, these institutions require to be modified; for, under the greatly altered circumstances of the country, they only serve to augment beyond measure the numbers of a pernicious bureaucracy, and to impede the development of the middle class. To obtain admission into the fourteenth class, and become a noble, is the sole ambition of a priest's or merchant's son, an ambition fully justified by the unhappy condition of all but the privileged orders. There is no country in which persons engaged in trade, are held in lower esteem than in Russia. They are daily subjected to the insults of the lowest clerks, and it is only by dint of bribery they can obtain the smallest act of justice. How often have I seen in the post stations, unfortunate merchants, who had been waiting for

forty-eight hours and more, for the good pleasure of the clerk, without daring to complain. It mattered nothing that their papers were quite regular, the noble of the fourteenth class did not care for that, nor would he give them horses until he had squeezed a good sum out of the *particular-nii tcheveviki*, as he called them in his aristocratic pride. The same annoyances await the foreigner, who, on the strength of his passport, undertakes a journey without a decoration at his button hole or any title to give him importance. I speak from experience; for more than two years spent in traversing Russia, as a private individual, enabled me fully to appreciate the obliging disposition of the fourteenth class nobles. At a later period, being employed on a scientific mission by the government, I held successively the rank of major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel; and then I had nothing to complain of; the posting-clerks, and the other *employés* received me with all the politeness imaginable. I never had to wait for horses, and as the title with which I was decked authorized me to distribute a few cuts of the whip with impunity, my orders were fulfilled with quite magical promptitude.

"Under such a system, the aristocracy would increase without end in a free country. But it is not so in Russia, where the number of those who can arrive at a grade is extremely limited, the vast majority of the population being slaves. Thus the hereditary and personal nobility comprise no more than 563,653 males; though all free-born Russians enter the military or civil service, and remain at their posts as long as possible; for once they have returned into mere private life they sink into mere oblivion. From the moment he has put on plain clothes, the most deserving functionary is exposed to the vexations of the lowest subalterns, who then omit no opportunity of lording over their former superior.

"Such social institutions have fatally contributed to excite a most decided antipathy between the old and new aristocracy; and the emperor naturally accords his preference and his favours to those who owe him everything, and from whom he has nothing to fear. In this way the new nobles have insensibly supplanted the old boyars. But their places and pecuniary gains naturally attach them to the established government, and consequently they are quite devoid of all revolutionary tendencies. Equally disliked by the old aristocracy whom they have supplanted, and by the peasants whom they oppress, they are, moreover, too few in numbers to be able to act by themselves; and, in addition to this, the high importance attached to the distinctions of ranks, prevents all real union or sympathy between the members of this branch of Russian society. The czar, who perfectly understands the character of this body, is fully aware of its venality and corruption; and if he honours it with his special favour, this is only because he finds in it a more absolute and blind submission than in the old aristocracy, whose ambitious yearnings after their ancient prerogatives cannot but be at variance with the imperial will. As for any revolutions which could possibly arise out of the discontent of this latter order, we may be assured they will never be directed against the political and moral system of the country; they will always be, as they have always been, aimed

solely against the individual at the head of the government. Conspiracies of this kind are the only ones now possible in Russia, and what proves this fact is, the impotence of that resentment the tsars have provoked on the part of the old aristocracy, whenever they have touched on the question of emancipating the serfs.

"The tsars have shown no less dexterity than the kings of France in their struggles against the aristocracy, and they have been much more favoured by circumstances. We see the Russian sovereigns bent, like Louis XI., on prostrating the great feudatories of the realm; but there was this difference between their respective tasks, that the French nobles could bring armies into the field, and often did so, whereas the Russian nobles can only counteract the power of their ruler by secret conspiracies, and will never succeed in stirring up their peasants against the imperial authority.

"What may we conclude are the destinies in store for the Russian nobility, and what part will it play in the future history of the country? It seems to us to possess little inherent vigour and vitality, and we doubt that a radical regeneration of the empire is ever to be expected at its hands. The influence of Europe has been fatal to it. It has sought to assimilate itself too rapidly with our modern civilisation, and to place itself too rapidly on a level with the nations of the west. Its efforts have necessarily produced only corruption, demoralisation, and a factitious, superficial civilisation, which, by bastardising the country, has deprived it of whatever natural strength it once possessed."

Every man in Russia has his price: that is the rule, and the exceptions, if any there be, are pitied and despised as instances of eccentric folly. It will easily be imagined what the administration of justice must be in a country where bribes avowedly constitute the chief part of the income of every office under the crown, and where the laws, *i. e.* the imperial ukases, are so multitudinous and contradictory, that the judge can always avail himself of the strict letter of the law to warrant any decision he may pronounce, be it ever so absurd or iniquitous. It is but fair, however, to own that the quirks and subtleties of legal casuistry may sometimes by accident help to forward the righteous cause, as in the following curious instance:—

"In Alexander's reign the Jesuits had made themselves all-powerful in some parts of Poland. A rich landowner and possessor of six thousand peasants at Poltz, the Jesuit head-quarters, was so wrought on by the artful assiduities of the society that he bequeathed his whole fortune to it at his death, with this stipulation, that the Jesuits should bring up his only son, and afterwards give him whatever portion of the inheritance *they should choose*. When the young man had reached the age of twenty, the Jesuits bestowed on him three hundred peasants. He protested vehemently against their usurpation, and began a suit against the society; but his father's will seemed clear and

explicit, and after having consumed all his little fortune, he found his claims disowned by every tribunal in the empire, including even the general assembly of the senate. In this seemingly hopeless extremity he applied to a certain attorney in St. Petersburg, famous for his inexhaustible fertility of mind in matters of cunning and chicanery. After having perused the will and the documents connected with the suit, the lawyer said to his client, 'Your business is done; if you will promise me ten thousand rubles I will undertake to procure an imperial ukase reinstating you in possession of your father's property.' The young man readily agreed to the bargain, and in eight days afterwards he was master of his patrimony. The decision which led to this singular result rested solely on the interpretation of the phrase, *they shall give him whatever portion they shall choose*, which plainly meant, as the lawyer maintained, that the young man was entitled exclusively to such portion as the Jesuits chose, *i. e.* to that which they chose and retained for themselves. The emperor admitted this curious explanation; the son became proprietor of 5700 peasants, and the Jesuits were obliged to content themselves with the 300 they had bestowed on their ward in the first instance. Assuredly the most adroit *cadi* in Turkey could not have decided the case better."

In our author's account of Astrakhan we meet with the following highly interesting and novel fact and comment:

"The Indians who were formerly rather numerous in this city, have long since abandoned the trade for which they frequented it, and none of them remained but a few priests who are detained by interminable law-suits. But from the old intercourse between the Hindus and the Kalmuck women has sprung a half-breed now numbering several hundred individuals, improperly designated Tartars. The mixed blood of these two essentially Asiatic races has produced a type closely resembling that of the European nations. It exhibits neither the oblique eyes of the Kalmucks, nor the bronzed skin of the Indians; and nothing in the character or habits of the descendants of these two races indicates a relationship with either stock. In striking contrast with the apathy and indolence of the population among which they live, these half-breeds exhibit in all they do the activity and perseverance of the men of the north. They serve as porters, waggoners, or sailors, as occasion may require, and shrink from no kind of employment however laborious. Their white felt hats, with broad brims and pointed conical crowns, their tall figures, and bold, cheerful countenances, give them a considerable degree of resemblance to the Spanish muleteers."

"This result of the crossing of two races, both so sharply defined, is extremely remarkable and cannot but interest ethnologists. The Mongol is above all others the type that perpetuates itself with most energy, and obstinately resists the influence of foreign admixture continued through a long series of generations. We have found it in all its originality among the Cossacks, the Tartars, and every other people dwelling in the vicinity of the Kalmucks. Is it not then a most curious fact to see it vanish immediately under the influence of

the Hindu blood, and produce instead of itself a thoroughly Caucasian type? Might we not thence conclude that the Caucasian is not a primitive type, as hitherto supposed, but that it is simply the result of a mixture, the two elements of which we must seek for in Central Asia, in those mysterious regions of the great Tibetan chain which have so much occupied the inventive genius of ancient and modern writers?"

We would fain continue our desultory extracts from this amusing and instructive work; especially, we should like to dwell on the succinct and luminous sketch of the history of the war waged by Russia against the brave mountaineers of Circassia; but space fails us. We must bid a reluctant farewell to our authors, hoping that the appearance of their promised work on Moldavia will soon afford us an opportunity of conversing with them again.

ART. X.—*Di un nuovo dipinto o fresco di Raffaello in Firenze*, Cenni di PIETRO SELVATICO. Firenze. 1845.—pp. 18.

ALTHOUGH this brochure falls without the usual scope of our critical notices, having been reprinted from an article which appeared in a late number of the 'Revista,' we avail ourselves of the opportunity it affords of returning to the fresco, whose recent discovery at Florence we were among the first to communicate to English connoisseurs.

No city has had its public buildings and art more amply illustrated than Florence, yet the church and convent of St. Onofrio have not obtained from Richa or other writers any satisfactory or minute details. When its secularisation took place in the end of the last century, the monastic buildings were converted into a silk establishment, and the refectory being the largest and most airy apartment, it was used for the worms to spin in. For this purpose it became necessary to fill it with a number of scaffolds fitted up with shelves, upon which the worms were hatched and fed, and where they spun. In this way the walls were both screened and darkened, so as to render any paintings upon them scarcely visible, should the hall be visited by those likely to observe anything of the sort. The vast quantity of dust and dirt produced by these processes, and left to settle for successive years, in a high temperature where no current of air could penetrate, caused an accumulation of filth upon the walls which hardly any other degradation could have occasioned; and it

is probably to this circumstance, and to the animal matter mixed up with this coating of dirt, that, as in the case of Titian's 'Assumption' at Venice, the painting, when carefully cleaned, was found in unusual preservation. The building having passed a few years ago into other hands, the silkworms and their shelves were cleared away, and the place let to a coach-builder, who converted the refectory into his show-room. The fresco which was now observed to occupy the end of it soon attracted his attention, and he endeavoured to free it from a portion of the dingy coating that concealed its surface; but most fortunately he proceeded with a degree of caution not always observed by persons more experienced in the delicate task. After washing off much, he used bread crumb, with such success that it was no longer difficult to recognize the high merit of the work.

In this state of matters it was seen about three years ago by several artists and connoisseurs, whose favourable report gradually brought it into some notice, and awakened curiosity as to the author. The owner of the building found the value of his property on the increase, and there being another mural painting in the ante-chamber of the refectory, over the cistern at which the nuns used to wash their hands before and after meals, he had it taken off the plaster for sale; but whilst it lay upon the ground before the operation was completed, a carriage which had got loose rolled down the inclined floor, and dashed it to atoms. Whatever may have been the loss to art from this accident, it has in some degree served to protect the more important Cenacolo in the refectory from similar Vandalism, by showing the risks of any attempt to remove it.

Conjecture now became rife as to the authorship of a work too important to remain without some high name. Many of the Florentines, in the truly Italian spirit of municipal jealousy, wished to attribute it to some native master, and caught greedily at certain partial analogies with the handling of Domenico Ghirlandaio. Others, of less narrow views and experience, recognized the Umbrian type, and at once gave it to Perugino. Neither of these names, however, was satisfactory to persons of more enlarged and impartial judgment, and though it was impossible to predicate with certainty, the claims of Lo Spagna were suggested as most reconcileable with the prevailing feeling, notwithstanding the double difficulty of that delightful painter being apparently unknown in Tuscany, and of his frescoes about Spoleto indicating a more free and loose

manner. Raffael was also spoken of, but with a timidity becoming the use of so great a name. Among the warmest supporters of the last theory were two rising artists, Count Carlo della Porta, and Signor Ignazio Zotti, who, heedless of incredulous smiles and contemptuous sneers, maintained that none but Raffael painted the Cenacolo of St. Onofrio. This conviction they based upon internal evidence, wherein they not only found nothing of Perugino's timidity, but traced what they considered the feeling, the grandeur, the modelling, the relievo, and the touch of Sanzio himself. Not satisfied with long and careful study of the painting, they searched every written and unpublished document regarding the convent, to which access could be had. But though this inquiry was unproductive, their zeal was rewarded from an unexpected quarter.

Whilst poring over some of those puzzling ciphers with which Raffael, in imitation of many preceding artists, has fringed the garments of several of his early pictures in the manner of a gold embroidery, they fancied that the hem of St. Thomas's tunic indicated some Roman characters. 'An R, half worn away, and scarcely perceptible, is followed by an almost shapeless A, and by a contraction composed of a P linked to an L; then comes the cipher VRS, the S being entwined within the R, next a hyphen; then, perhaps, the word ANNO, of which but the O is distinct. Thereafter comes a little stroke almost like an N, and next the date, formed of an M, a much-defaced D, and a V, which seems to be preceded by another hyphen like the first.' Such is the description from which these zealous gentlemen and their friend Signor Salvatico concluded, 'that beyond the possibility of doubt, in these letters may be recognized the contraction of RAPHAEL URBINAS, 1505,' and that 'they supply an incontestable fact to put down the opponents of that opinion.' Aware how impossible it is to pronounce in such matters without ocular demonstration, we shall neither offer any opinion, nor attempt to influence that of our readers, as this discovery had not been made when we examined the picture last autumn. We may however remark, that those who are familiar with similar tracings on the draperies of the early panel and fresco paintings, must be aware of their frequently provoking resemblance to written characters, but of the total impossibility of satisfactorily deciphering them into continuous letters or an intelligible meaning. That a little nefarious patching has occasionally been employed, from interested motives, to convert such casual resemblances into legible inscriptions, is an

unquestionable fact; and we must express our surprise that a gentleman so intelligent, and apparently so candid as Signor Selvatico, has attempted to bolster up his theory by quoting the supposed signature of Raffael on the staff of St. Joseph in the Maggiori picture formerly in Fermo, which is now rejected as a forgery. Neither can we allow him to attach any weight to another supposed legend discovered by Signor Zotti on St. Peter's tunic, the very morning on which this paper was written, which, on the strength of an apparent SO followed after some interval by an R, he would read SANZIO RAFFAELLO. Such reversing of the names is incredible, even did we not know that the final O of the surname was a euphonious adjunct suggested by Trembo long after the alleged date of this fresco.

A more interesting aid towards a decision of the authorship is afforded by the casual discovery of two drawings which have evidently been preparatory studies for this interesting work. One, in the collection of Signor Santirelli of Florence (which, in extent of value, yields to that of no amateur in Italy), represents St. Peter and St. Andrew, and is a slight pencil sketch upon tinted paper, touched with white. The other, belonging to Signor Giulio Piatti there, repeats St. Peter with St. James; it gives the composition in a more matured stage, and is itself much more finished and masterly in touch, the head of St. Peter being worked up in water-colour. These drawings are pronounced by Signor Selvatico to be from the hand of Raffael, and a similar conclusion has been reached with greater hesitation, by one of the most accomplished and cautious connoisseurs in Italy, himself familiar with the Umbrian schools. We may, therefore, in the meanwhile, assume that the St. Onofrio fresco is by the prince of revived painting.

The difficulties in the way of this conclusion are indeed but negative, and no argument has been alleged better than the specious one, that such a work of such a master could not possibly have been overlooked or forgotten. But a positive fact cannot be reargued by a presumed impossibility, and there can be no question that this, one of the most admirable mural paintings in Italy, is new to the world of art. A production of such merit could not emanate from any obscure hand, and the omission of all notice of it by Vasari, Richa, and other important authorities, would be equally inexplicable were it by Perugino, Spagna, or Ghirlandaio. The same may be said of what is in truth more marvellous, that there should have been no traditional reputation to direct at-

tention and curiosity to the work. Both circumstances may be partially accounted for, by the strict rules of the cloister, and by the ignorance and indifference to art of most nuns, who alone could enter its tabooed precincts. Selvatico, perhaps, refines upon this explanation, by supposing the eminence of their painter both at the time, and in his more palmy days, to be totally unknown to the good recluses who had chanced to patronize him. This conjecture is followed up by an idea, which, though somewhat far-fetched, accords well with the principles of the purist school to which Signor Selvatico belongs, and is happily expressed :

“On inspecting the name written in gold on St. Thomas's tunic, it would seem that the artist himself, with a pencil full of colour, prepared for the lights of the drapery on the shoulder, hastily covered it with fine strokes of the brush, as if desirous of concealing it from observation. In a fact of so little apparent importance, I fancy a sad foreboding of the melancholy condition towards which art was then already beginning to tend. Mayhap the stripling of Urbino, scarcely emerged from his master's lessons, and ill assured of his own powers, deemed it presumptuous to affix a signature wanting the prestige of fame; or, more probably, hearing echoed from all sides the praises of Michael Angelo, and aware how distant from such giant efforts were his own chastened creations; observing, perhaps, by how many existing painters the sacred banner of the *quattrocentisti* had been deserted; hearing even Perugino, his own guide and second father, publicly characterized by his vehement rival as insipid, he felt a sort of secret shame of his work in St. Onofrio, and wished to deface the name which, from a well-founded confidence in his own merit, had in a moment of exultation escaped from his hand. Let us remember that these were the times when such respect was paid to Buonarroti, even by the law, that Perugino had the worst of it, when forced by the injurious charges falsely brought by him, to have recourse to a judicial justification before the eight judges. Let us bear in mind that, shortly after the period in question, Boccaccio Boccaccio, a pure and noble spirit, was compelled to quit Rome for daring to speak ill of Michael Angelo. Let us recollect that the moment was at hand when Perugino, whilst finishing the picture by Filippino Lippi, now in the gallery of the Florentine Academy, and painting his own in the Annunciata, earned from the artificers of the new manner, jibes and lampoons for repeating his superannuated types. Let us, in short, keep in view that novelty was then sought for at any cost. Hence Raffael, endowed with singular sagacity, might consider that his ingenuous performance, still linked to the traditions of the Umbrian School, so far from gaining him honour, was calculated to impair his popularity, as too much approximating a discarded fashion. Had the new systems then revolutionising art done no greater mischief than that of concealing from the world for ages such a work, they would merit serious reproach. Unhappily, they produced worse evils; they over-

mastered the great Sanzio's convictions; and, in part at least, succeeded in turning him towards the perilous path of his mighty rival.”

Even apart from its authorship, the discovery of this picture must be hailed with delight by all amateurs of religious art; but as a production of Raffael, there are circumstances imparting to it a special interest. Not only is it his first ascertained attempt at fresco, but in importance of subject, it exceeds his mural painting in the church of San Severo at Perugia, which has hitherto been so considered. Supposing both to have been executed in 1505, the analogy of the latter composition with several *chef-d'œuvres* of early Florentine art, by Orcagna, Fra Angelico, and even Fra Bartolomeo, authorizes us to suppose it designed *after* his return from the Tuscan capital. Granting the date 1504, on the Spozalizio at Milan, to be accurate, it may be considered the last of his Peruginese performances; and the ‘Cenacolo,’ with its lingering traces of Umbrian motive and feeling, will thus form an important link in the progress of his second manner. There is, besides, in the biography of Sanzio a blank as to his Florentine period. Although his several visits there have not been absolutely fixed, they must together have extended over a considerable time, which the works hitherto ascribed to his pencil are inadequate to have filled up. If, however, the ‘St. Onofrio Cenacolo’ be included in the number, we shall be enabled to regard his residence on the Arno as not less fruitful than improving.

Few things are less interesting to most readers than an elaborate description of a picture which they have no means of seeing. We shall not therefore encumber this slight notice with any analysis of the arrangement or of the expression belonging to the various figures grouped in the St. Onofrio fresco. The theme, although in every respect one of the most grand and solemn in the cycle of Christian art, does not admit much variety of treatment. Giotto and other early masters represented the supper-table as round or oval, an idea susceptible of more picturesque combinations than the straight shape or the horse-shoe wings, which were usual in the sixteenth century. The variety generally termed the Communion of the Apostles is more seldom met with, and abandons scriptural authority for the Romish ritual depicting the Saviour standing, and administering the sacrament to his kneeling apostles. The moment commonly seized upon in painting the Cenacolo, or Last-supper, is when Christ has just exclaimed, ‘Vérily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me,’ and so it is in the fresco

under consideration. The capabilities of such a theme for dramatic expression are obviously great, and although here treated with perfect freedom from theatrical effect, the author's genius has had full and successful scope. No starting from their seats, no sudden or mannered attitudes among the wondering auditors, but looks of surprise heightened by indignation at the treason, and at the implied impeachment of their individual fidelity. The absence of striking contrasts and the almost placid aspect of the assemblage, which ignorance might ascribe to poverty of invention, are, as Signor Selvatico well observes, proofs of the author's reliance upon his own powers, and of his confidence in the expression of inward feeling which he could impart to each. The figures on which interest is chiefly concentrated, naturally are Christ, mild, calm, divine, and Judas, scowling, suspicious, restless, fierce; but several of the other heads are conceived and executed with a skill and feeling noways less remarkable. The accessories of the picture indicate a mind full of beauty and pictorial resources. The richly-damasked hangings, the fine architectural perspective, beyond which is introduced, in a manner highly characteristic of the Perugian school, the next scene in the history of the Saviour's Passion, enacted on the Mount of Olives, are all precious adjuncts to this admirable performance.

The preservation of this fresco is, as yet, singularly fine. Those who have witnessed the reckless transformations which all those remains of precious early art have of late undergone, whose mischance it has been to attract the attention of Florentine *restorers*, may well tremble for its fate, even in the hands of the two enthusiastic artists, who, after deciphering the author's supposed signature, have volunteered to clean his work. It is understood that the proprietor is open to an offer for its purchase, and rumour lately spoke of negotiations with a leading English picture-dealer. With every wish to see steps adopted for securing to our country, some choice specimens of that high devotional art, as yet scarcely known by name in our island, we deprecate the barbarism of tearing grand mural paintings from the walls for which they were executed, and away from which much of their interest and prestige is gone. This one, being about twenty-seven feet long, it could only be detached by separating it into three pieces, adding immensely to the risk of an operation in all circumstances most perilous. We, therefore, sincerely echo the desires of Signor Selvatico, that the Tuscan government may, without delay, acquire the build-

ing, so as at once to insure its treasure against injury, and render it accessible to the public in that liberal way which does honour to the other monuments of Florence. But this hope, we must accompany with a prayer that it may escape the meddlesome mania which has, in the last few years, made the venerable fresco monuments of Hawkwood and Nicolo Folentino cut capers through the aisles of the cathedral, and has overpainted the only coeval portrait of Dante, from the hand of his friend Giotto.

ART. XI.—*Papers respecting the late Hostilities on the North Western Frontier of India.* Presented to Parliament by command of her Majesty. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 26th of February, 1846.

OUR object in adverting just now to the affairs of the Punjâb, is chiefly to consider one great question, which includes, of course, within itself many smaller ones; and we invite the public seriously to enter with us into our proposed investigation. The question to which we allude is, whether Sir Henry Hardinge be in reality the man who ought, at a conjuncture like the present, to be entrusted with the government of India.

It may be thought, perhaps, that in moving this question we are actuated by personal hostility towards the governor-general, that we are moved by resentment for injuries received, or influenced by other motives, which may not be suffered to appear on the surface of the discussion. But if any be found to entertain ideas of this kind, we trust they will dismiss them when informed—that we know nothing of the man, save from his public conduct, that we have received from him neither affronts nor favours, and that in examining his Indian government, we are entirely guided by one principle, namely, the most anxious desire to behold that great dependency of the British crown, prosperous, contented, obedient and faithful to its rulers. Other objects we have none. Party views may, no doubt, warp our judgment, as they do the judgments of other men. Had Sir Henry Hardinge been a Liberal in politics, it might have cost us more pain to pronounce his condemnation, because we should have at the same time appeared to be condemning our party; but we should have condemned him equally; and should have insisted with no less earnestness on his errors, because, in our

estimation, it is of infinitely greater importance to strengthen and extend our empire in the East, than to mitigate or influence the zeal and favour of party at home. To those who may not be inclined to give us credit for such a feeling, we would point to the defence of Lord Ellenborough's conquest of Scinde. Had the spirit of faction been our guide, we should have seized on that occasion, when nearly the whole press was ringing with angry and ignorant declamation against what it was pleased to denominate as an act of injustice, to chime in with the general cry, when we might have struck a hard blow against Toryism, under the convenient mask of humanity. But we did no such thing. We defended Lord Ellenborough, and proved that the real culprits were the Ameers, who had broken their treaties with us, opposed their objects, and shown themselves altogether unworthy to reign.

With these remarks we enter at once upon the subject, and earnestly hope to convince those who will listen patiently to our reasoning, that Sir Henry Hardinge is unworthy to be governor-general of India, that his occupation of that high post is fraught with imminent peril to the empire, and that whatever inconvenience may be occasioned by the act, he ought immediately to be withdrawn from a scene where his mere presence must prove a source of calamity. Already has the Peel Cabinet endangered our rule in India, by sending him out; his government has been one tissue of mistakes and errors. Everything he has done has been marked with the impress of feeble mediocrity. He has displayed weakness in what he has undertaken, and weakness in what he has avoided. He has been credulous when he should have exhibited doubt, and has displayed all the obstinacy of a political infidel, when unhesitating faith was demanded of him. He has proved himself to be a political Quixote, and erected immense windmills, that he might encounter the labour of overthrowing them. This would have been ludicrous had it not been sanguinary; would have entitled him to figure on the foreground of a comic narrative, had it not thrown half England into mourning, and studded the whole land with widows and orphans.

In taking this view of the matter, we have fewer difficulties to encounter than those journals which set themselves in opposition to public opinion when the news of the first events of the Sikh war reached this country. Public opinion has now had time to right itself, at least in a measure. At first the notion was that we should wait for further intelligence from the scene of

action, that we should examine the official despatches, when it might be found convenient to forward them; and that we should hear what ministers in both houses of parliament had to urge in behalf of their unfortunate instrument.

We have now gone through this ordeal. We have waited, read, and listened, and not a shade of difference has been produced in our feelings; and not the slightest modification in our opinions. Or, if there has been any change, it has been for the worse. The full disk of the governor-general's errors had not risen above the horizon when we caught the first glimpse of them. We saw, as it were, but the uncertain edge of the dark and calamitous circle, which now glares upon us in all its fulness. That great faults had been committed was evident, but their affiliation, though palpable to the observing few, could not be at once established to general satisfaction. Time has now brought to pass what no logic or eloquence could without its aid have accomplished.

Though ministers have now given parliament and the country their apologetical versions of the history of recent transactions in India, public opinion has not, we imagine, been in the slightest degree modified by it. No difficulty was experienced in eliciting the applause of both houses, for the glorious achievements in arms, performed by the governor-general and the forces under his command, on the left bank of the Sutlej. Victories are always popular themes. Even the gravest legislators and statesmen allow, on such occasions, the currents of their common feelings to be swayed and directed by the impetuous breath of enthusiasm. It is natural, and therefore pleasant, to applaud gallant deeds, and to sympathize with those who achieved them; and our applause and sympathy, as a nation, constitute the best reward of those who risk or sacrifice their lives in the public service.

But praise, if indiscriminate, would soon cease to produce its proper effect upon the army. It is sometimes necessary to criticize, to investigate, and even to animadvert severely. We must not shower commendations so lavishly, as that they may descend alike on prudence and on indiscretion, on sagacity and on obtuseness, on wise precaution and on neglect. Into this error, however, Sir Robert Peel fell in his address to the House of Commons. It is perhaps no imputation on him, as first minister of this great empire, to say, that he displayed but imperfect knowledge on a subject so far removed beyond the sphere of an European statesman's thoughts; but the fact, which his speech renders too obvious to be doubt-

ed, must diminish considerably the country's confidence in his judgment, and detract from the value of his approbation. The Right Honourable Baronet should have felt this, and have abstained from entering into those minute details, many of which only tend to throw out into bolder relief the mistakes of judgment, the groundless confidence, the culpable inactivity of the public servant whom he was endeavouring to screen from blame.

Sir Robert Peel must be conscious, that the great point to be settled with the country is this; might not the governor-general, by concentrating at an earlier period a considerably larger force at Umbala or still nearer the banks of the Sutlej, have secured the advantage which has actually been gained at a much smaller expense of human life? There are, moreover, other questions not altogether unworthy of public consideration, which neither Sir Robert Peel, nor any of his colleagues, has answered. Mr. Hogg, who represents the East India Company in the House of Commons, observed with much naïveté, that had we not been victorious at Moodkee and Ferozeshah, India would have been placed in 'desperate circumstances.' The worthy director may not have intended this as a censure on the governor-general; but a censure it is, and one of the severest, too, that could possibly be uttered. India, it affirms, was only preserved from being placed in desperate circumstances by the chances of battle, while apparently at the outset all the chances were against us. We desire Mr. Hogg to reflect on the force of his own words, and then conscientiously to declare, whether anything that has been said by us or others, implies so much blame on Sir Henry Hardinge, as the important truth which he himself perhaps inadvertently revealed.

To proceed however with the minister, who in the House of Commons attempted, with more industry than success, to insinuate into his military panegyric a defence of the policy of his friend. No one denies that at Moodkee and Ferozeshah we ran the risk of being overpowered by the Seikhs on account of their immense superiority in numbers, in artillery, and in cavalry, and because the few troops we had to bring against them were worn down by fatigue, and depressed by thirst and hunger, and possibly also by the knowledge that they were insufficiently provided with ammunition. Had victory decided against us, Mr. Hogg has admitted what must have been the immediate consequences. India would have been placed in desperate circumstances, the Seikhs would

have marched directly upon Delhi, our enemies throughout the country would have been up in arms, the Nepal Rajáh would probably have poured his hill troops into the plains, and we should have had to contend with an accumulation of difficulties and dangers not by any means to be despised. If Sir Robert Peel will maintain that it was wise and prudent in Sir Henry Hardinge to conduct things to so critical an issue, we have done. But he does not, and will therefore take up no such ground. His reputation for sound judgment will not permit him. He knows that Sir Henry Hardinge fell into an error, which for a moment put in jeopardy our supremacy in India, and might have proved fatal to it. This must be the conviction of Sir Robert Peel, of parliament, and of the country. Lord John Russell, in the debate to which we allude, would not state so much, because he did not desire on such an occasion to excite angry discussions. But both he and the Marquis of Lansdowne intimated, and that, too, by no means enigmatically, that they were sensible of the danger in which our Indian empire had been placed. No one knows better than Sir Robert Peel that the best apology he is able to make for the governor-general is altogether unsatisfactory. It amounts in fact to this, that considering the character of the Seikhs, calling to mind their former menaces and hostile demonstrations, which ended in nothing, and taking into account the folly and madness of which they would be guilty in invading British India, he came to the conclusion that they would not violate our frontier.

But was he as a statesman justified in forming such an opinion and acting upon it, burdened as he must have felt himself to be, by the responsibilities of an empire? Ministers have taken care to give us but a very imperfect collection of documents on the subject. Yet even from that series of papers, incomplete and mutilated as it is, we see not how any man can fail to perceive the absolute certainty there was of an approaching conflict. Probabilities, however, in such matters, are usually deemed a sufficient ground for action, and still more for precaution. The force of the Seikh army was known, and when it left Lahore and commenced its march towards the Sutlej, Sir Henry Hardinge must have been able to form a pretty accurate idea of its designs. This was about the 21st of November. He had his agents at Lahore, and in every division of the Seikh army. He could have obtained, had he wished it, a copy of every written order issued, and the substance of every debate, which took place in the *Punt*.

This will be placed beyond doubt, should the whole correspondence upon the subject ever see the light. Meanwhile, no one acquainted with the affairs of India can for one moment entertain the supposition, that the governor-general was necessarily uninformed respecting the real views and projects of the Seikh leaders. He knew, therefore, or might have known, the whole organization and scope of their enterprise, was aware of their numbers, and could have foretold, as well as Tej Singh himself, at what points they would attempt the passage of the Sutlej. He suffered, nevertheless, his knowledge to remain barren; the unimportant movements that took place are too pitiful to be dwelt upon. Seven thousand five-hundred men were thrown into Ferozepore, four or five thousand into Loodiana, while somewhere about seven thousand were collected at Umbala. As a general rule, our Indian government might as well be without heavy artillery, since it is almost always out of the way when wanted. It was not brought into action in Lord Ellenborough's battles with the Gwalior Mahrattas, at Maharajpore, and Pannear, and on the present occasion, a large portion of it at least was at the further extremity of the Doab of the Jumna and Ganges. Had Sir Henry Hardinge's previous arrangements enabled him to place himself at the head of 40,000 men with 150 pieces of cannon, how comparatively easy and bloodless would have been the rout of the Seikhs, and how little danger would there have been of all India being placed in desperate circumstances.

But a new reason it seems has now been discovered for keeping our force at a distance from the Seikhs, a reason which it might have been as well not to touch upon, while urging parliament to return thanks to those forces. We were afraid, it is said, to expose them to the temptation of Seikh gold, and to the example of Seikh turbulence and anarchy. Among the regiments, however, which were actually placed in circumstances so trying, did symptoms of disaffection exhibit themselves, or was desertion frequent? The generals in command on the frontier reply in the negative; Sir John Littler going so far as to say, that not a single case of desertion to the enemy had come to his knowledge. Lord Ellenborough repeated this testimony with much enthusiasm, either real or affected, in the House of Lords, and was loudly cheered; and we will venture to suggest, that it would in all respects have been more prudent had Sir Robert Peel not permitted his zeal in behalf of Sir Henry Hardinge to betray him into so objectionable a line of defence. It would have

been far better to acknowledge at once the unfortunate oversight of the governor-general, and to rely on the generosity of the public.

There is another part of the Right Honourable Baronet's speech well calculated to excite uneasiness. He endeavours by several artfully constructed passages to give rise to the belief that it was through weakness, not wickedness, that the Lahore government let loose its military hordes on Hindustan. The secret intention unconsciously indicated by such phrases cannot fail to be detected. It is obviously the policy of the governor-general, and we fear of the ministers at home also, to patch up a native government in the Punjab, after totally routing perhaps and dispersing the Seikh army, and taking the capital by storm. Against such a project the country should most strenuously protest. It has now been proved beyond dispute that the Seikhs are incapable of governing themselves; that their leaders are weak, dissolute, and rapacious; that the subject classes, as the Mussulmans and Hindûs, constituting nearly nine-tenths of the population of the kingdom, have been driven to desperation by oppression and cruelty, and that consequently nothing but British interference can restore or preserve tranquillity. To attempt the continuance of a Seikh government would, after the experience we have had, be mere madness. We have received the most legitimate provocation, we have been dragged against our will into hostilities, and we ought by no means therefore to suffer hypocrisy and intrigue to blunt the edge of our just resentment, and prevent our proceeding at once to the annexation of the Punjab. It is a very absurd kind of reasoning to infer from the extent of our dominions in India that we ought not to enlarge them. Our empire never can be said to have reached its proper development till all obvious sources of disturbance and troubles shall, as far as possible, have been closed up. In these matters there is no question of enough, or too much, apart from the paramount consideration of what will suffice to insure to us the undisturbed government of all the country. Our limits will always be too confined till we have left no room in India for the disturbers of public peace, great or small. This the country should bear in mind, and not suffer itself, by the mere show of moderation and forbearance, to be allured into the preservation of an inexhaustible source of insurrection, anarchy, and civil war, in the kingdom of Lahore.

Through the correspondence laid before parliament, as well as through all the

speeches delivered by ministers in moving the vote of thanks, one idea is obviously predominant—the idea that the country ought not to be made acquainted with the real state of the case; with the authors of the mischievous policy that has been pursued; with the extent of the errors; or with the means there existed for forming a correct opinion. There is an evident intention of shifting the blame to and fro, until it becomes difficult to determine to whom it belongs. This wish is widely prevalent, which allows either that Sir Henry Hardinge has many friends, or that other and still more influential persons are to some extent answerable for the unfortunate course he has pursued.

The subject is far too large to be discussed here in all its completeness; we can but touch upon some points, but if we succeed in proving that Sir Henry Hardinge ought no longer to be suffered, by his imprudence and his incapacity, to imperil our empire in the East, it will be sufficient. To effect this purpose it is only necessary to show that the Seikhs had acted in a manner that would have justified him in coming to the conclusion that there was danger of their passing the Sutlej, either with or without the consent of their government. If from their temper and movement this inference was obviously to be drawn, Sir Henry Hardinge's course was clear; he should have felt himself bound to act upon the rational probability, as much as if he had been certain of their designs. In moral and political matters demonstration is scarcely to be reached, and consequently he who waits for it, and will be induced to exert himself by nothing less, is altogether unfit to be placed at the head of any department of public affairs.

We shall now briefly examine whether Sir Henry Hardinge had received information which would have justified him in entertaining strong apprehensions of the projects of the Seikhs. Writing to the Secret Committee on the 2d of July, and enclosing a minute, dated June 16th, Sir Henry Hardinge himself says, 'To carry the pacific policy of the Government of India into effect, we have been content to suffer great inconvenience, considerable expense, and some risks, necessarily caused by the presence of a large disorganized Sikh force on the frontier, requiring on our part an army to be assembled for the protection of our frontier, and in close contact with that of the Seikhs. I need not enter into the consideration of the various questions of solicitude which are involved in the proximity of a Sikh army in a successful state of mutiny so close upon our frontier.' Here, from the triple

repetition of the word frontier, it would seem that considerable anxiety was felt respecting the preservation of peace in that direction. But how did the Governor-general in council then think that tranquillity was to be ensured? Why, by assembling an army on the point threatened. This was his recorded conviction on the 16th of June, 1845. He was likewise then fully persuaded, as well as every member of the supreme council, that his presence in the north-west provinces was imperatively required by circumstances. He left Calcutta, therefore, because of the presumed existence of a danger which required the assembling of a British army on the frontier in close contact with the Seikhs.

Let the reader bear this expression carefully in mind. It proves many things, and, among others, that the notion had not then obtained currency, that it was dangerous to bring our Hindustani soldiers into the immediate neighbourhood of the enemy, lest they should corrupt their principles and undermine their fidelity. Not the most remote allusion is made to such a fear, though all or nearly all the facts were then known upon which it has since been attempted to erect it into an apology for a disastrous line of conduct; neither does any other reason seem to have presented itself why a British force should not be brought up to the neighbourhood of the Sutlej, and into close contact with the Seikhs. The governor-general in council was looking solely at the future, and had not taken the false step which has since rendered it necessary for him and his friends to imagine all kinds of pretexes for omitting to do what ought unquestionably to have been done.

In some senses it is praiseworthy to cherish a hopeful disposition, to avoid the too close calculation of probabilities, and to place reliance even on cheering illusions; but in politics this can never be the case. There, extreme suspicion is more to be prized, because it is likely to lead to extreme circumspection. It is seldom or never possible to be too completely on its guard, or to be too well prepared to meet contingencies. Sir Henry Hardinge, therefore, might have hoped as much as he pleased, had he not permitted himself to be betrayed by his hopes into the neglect of a paramount duty. There would have been no harm in secretly desiring or even expecting that the Seikhs would emerge from the horrors of the situation in which he beheld them placed, and succeed in securing to themselves a government, capable at once of ruling the country, and restoring to the army its former loyalty and subordination. It might, however, have

fairly enough occurred to Sir Henry Hardinge and his council, that they were hoping almost against hope; and that, at all events, it would be highly impolitic to trust the peace of India to so strange a thing as the chapter of accidents. We appeal to the readers of history, we appeal indeed to the country generally, whether the following language of our Indian rulers be, or be not, quite worthy of statesmen standing palpably on the brink of an awful catastrophe. 'We have never,' they say, 'relinquished the hope that some amelioration may eventually take place, affording the prospect of a re-establishment of a Sikh government, able to carry on its ordinary functions. We have never abandoned the expectation, that after anarchy and military violence have long prevailed, these disorders having reached maturity might subside, worn out and exhausted by their own violence; or, that some man of superior capacity and master-mind might appear amongst them, able to control this mutinous army, and re-construct a strong Sikh government.'

From the very tenor of their language, it is manifest that while our Indian rulers clung to this hope, they did so without any ground of reason. It was hoping purely for hoping's sake. They were, or might have been, acquainted with the character and history of every public man among the Sikhs, and might, therefore, have calculated the chances there were that any such great man as they looked for would come forward. No one, of course, will deny that a second Runjit Singh might have made his appearance, or may yet; but upon so improbable an occurrence it is surely not safe to risk the tranquillity of a great empire. Sir Henry Hardinge should have acted as though no such statesman was likely to arise, as though the continuance of confusion and anarchy was all but certain; that is, he should have had his forces at hand on the frontier, ready to repress and punish any act of aggression that might be attempted by the lawless soldiery of a weak, profligate, and unprincipled government. Everything that afterwards occurred, only tended to strengthen this conviction. But nothing made any impression on Sir Henry Hardinge. The more probable an invasion became, the more resolutely did he determine to disbelieve it, the more carefully did he keep his forces out of the way, and abandon our frontier to be watched over by his ardent hopes, and those of the council at Calcutta.

Devoutly, however, as the governor-general and his friends seemed to have believed in the potency of accident, the access of apprehension soon followed the warm

spirit of hope, which, properly considered, only proves that they were in a state of utter bewilderment. They feared, and did not fear; hoped, and did not hope; in other words, they had no distinct opinion at all, but wished to fortify themselves by suggesting contrary propositions, that they might not altogether want an excuse, let affairs take what turn they might. The object most present to their minds was economy; a thing always clear to Courts of Directors and Boards of Control. They lost sight of the important truth, that there is such a thing as an expensive peace, as there may unquestionably be a cheap and economical war. For it is not what a thing costs, but the relation of the price to the intrinsic value, that determines whether it ought to be considered cheap or dear.

However this may be, they clearly felt danger was impending, though they could not resolve wisely how to prepare to meet it. It would be enough, they supposed, to station the governor-general on the frontier, that he might be guided by the current of circumstances, and decide on the instant how he ought to act. They did not further perceive the necessity of that great functionary's having always close at hand the instruments, without which he could not act at all. The power of decision, therefore, was sent up, but that which would be requisite to give effect to that decision was kept at a distance. For ourselves, we can imagine nothing more injudicious or culpable than this. That Sir Henry Hardinge himself felt all the gravity of the crisis may be distinctly perceived from the following passage, but we fear the public would look in vain through the papers presented to parliament, for any passage from which it can honestly be concluded that he made the proper preparations to meet it.

"I must confess," he says, "that these hopes have not been strengthened by recent events, and now that we can, at this season, when all military operations are nearly suspended, deliberately review the political and military condition of the Punjab, I can arrive at no other conclusion than that the state of our relations with that country has become more critical than it has been at any time since Rajah Heera Singh's death.

"When the finances of the state shall be found to be insufficient to pay the troops, a state of things may arise, at any moment, requiring the instant decision of the highest authority on the spot."

Here, then, we discover that in June last Sir Henry Hardinge understood clearly what was to be done. But subsequent transactions, it may be said, relieved him from his apprehensions by developing before his mind a more re-assuring prospect of the si-

tuation of things at Lahore. On the contrary, the internal relations of the Sikh state became more complicated and difficult, the disorganization of the army more complete. Disobedience and disloyalty established into a rule, when the dilapidated finances no longer supplied the means of checking present disorders, by throwing them forward, as it were, and accumulating them upon the future. An active correspondence was meanwhile incessantly carried on between our political agents of all classes at Lahore and the governor-general's office; and we defy ministers, by producing the whole papers, to show one single letter calculated to diminish the anxiety which the state of things previous to June had inspired.

In August, little improvement was certainly visible in the aspect of Sikh affairs; for on the 7th of that month the governor-general informed the Secret Committee, that no prospect existed of the establishment of a firm government. His own words are:— 'In the midst of anarchy, conspiracies for the destruction of conflicting parties, treachery and debauchery, there is an attempt making at improvement, in the suppression of open rebellion, and in maintaining the peace of the capital, which has not been altogether without success; and the collection of the revenue has been somewhat improved, under the management, able though corrupt, of Dewan Deena Nat'h. Military preparation is also being made, with more than usual vigour; but, notwithstanding this, we can perceive nothing to lead to the expectation of a permanent and strong government being formed.'

Sir Henry Hardinge must have a peculiarly constituted mind. He saw that in the Punjab, the chief if not the only obstacle to the establishment of a firm government was the unwieldy military body, which had unwisely been called into existence by Runjit Singh, and yet he appears to have expected that additional military preparations would lead to the desired end. But not to dwell on this, let us proceed to inquire into the character of his expectations in the ensuing month of September. By that time the financial abilities of Dewan Deena Nat'h had been allowed some short time to develop themselves, and if the other rulers had any distinct notions of policy, they likewise had been allowed sufficient opportunity to let it appear what they were. What then was Sir Henry Hardinge's view of things in September? His ideas had already begun to be disturbed. From premises laid down, he found himself unable to draw legitimate conclusions. He thought there was scarcely a chance of avoiding hostilities; he saw the

Lahore rulers immersed in sensuality, stupefied by their depraved indulgences, coming into the Durbar, staggering or tottering from the effects of the last night's debauch, and in that state of mental imbecility, attempting to regulate the affairs of the state. Of such persons what rational hope could be entertained? The governor-general obviously had none; but yet concludes his despatch with the following words:— 'We are determined to maintain the pacific course of policy which we have hitherto pursued, to the utmost extent of conciliation and forbearance.'

This, however, is not the termination, which the attentive reading of the despatch would lead one to expect. We looked that he should say, under these circumstances, 'I considered it my duty to take every precaution against the invasion of our territories by their disorderly troops, and shall in consequence hold a sufficient force in readiness, if possible, to avert such a calamity, or at least immediately to punish the authors of it.' Sir Henry Hardinge reasons differently. He gives the Court of Directors cause to think that hostilities would be inevitable; but that come what might, his object would still be to forbear and conciliate. This had now become his settled policy, and he has consistently carried it out. He saw the Lahore government in a state of dissolution, and he hoped that fortune would bring forward a man capable of re-organizing it; he saw that the army, which constituted the government's worse enemy, was strengthening itself, and, therefore, he hoped, that the government would have a better chance of prolonging its existence; he saw distinctly, that a blow was attempting to be made at us, and he resolved to meet it, and did meet it, by keeping our troops out of the way, and by bringing up at the last moment, a force which, according to all human calculations, would be cut to pieces.

But we are advancing too fast. By the 30th of September, the governor-general appeared to be slowly awaking to a proper sense of his duty. In a despatch, bearing that date, he writes to the Secret Committee as follows:—

"The forbearance of the government of India has been carried to an extent beyond that which has been customary. Every military precaution has, however, been taken, advice and warnings have been repeatedly conveyed to the Lahore government in the plainest language; even the risk of giving offence by such language has been incurred, rather than fail in the essential point of clearly defining the nature of our policy, and of having that policy well understood."

He afterwards adds, that he would omit

no precautions, but should be prepared for any event.

These assurances must have put both the Court of Directors, and the ministers here at home, into a confident state of mind. If their representative in the East appeared to be pre-eminently forbearing and conciliatory, he was, at the same time, according to his own showing, fully sensible of the necessity of preparing for war. They trusted to him, therefore, and hoped that he would guard, as far as human prudence could, against a surprise; that he would study the necessities of the frontier; that he would accurately acquaint himself with the strength of the enemy, and proportion his powers of resistance to their powers of attack. Whatever his conduct might be, it was at least clear that he understood the perils of his position on the 30th of September, 1845. But his despatches, both previous and subsequent to that date, bear all the marks of wavering, of the entire absence of a clear perception of things, of incorrect apprehension of the enemy, and of the most inadequate notions of what his own situation required of him. He seems at this period never to have formed a distinct perception of anything. A thick cloud had descended on his mental vision, which distorted the forms and dimensions of all objects, and prevented his forming the same ideas, and arriving at the same conclusions as other men.

Never before during his long life had he found himself in a position so critical; steaming up the Ganges towards an unknown seat of war, to be carried on with an enemy of whose character and resources he was altogether ignorant, as may be proved to demonstration from his own despatches, his whole moral economy underwent a slight derangement. He was oppressed, too, by the consciousness that peace and economy were expected of him, and that there were perhaps those at home who, if any new drain were made on the finances of India, would overwhelm him with blame, whatever might be the result of his enterprises.

These perplexities he experienced in common with every other governor-general, but unhappily he did not possess that elevated and enlarged sense of duty which might have enabled him to condemn all unfounded calumnies, and to adhere inflexibly to the dictates of his own judgment. He felt, on the contrary, oppressed by the sense of his responsibility, and instead of rising with the occasion, and opposing greatness of mind to great difficulties, found his faculties shrink and wither, and his vigour desert him in proportion to the pressure of the emergency. Henceforward, he obstinately combated with

the weapons of unbelief, the portentous logic of events, which, operating on any other mind, would have proved irresistible. The Sikhs might threaten, arm, and march; he would not believe that they had any design in so doing. They must be arming, he thought, in sport, and marching for recreation. Besides, either his political agents deceived him, which would show that he had not selected the proper persons, or he must have cast aside their information, and formed his opinions independently of it, for he entertained so absurd an idea of the Sikh forces, that he considered it altogether beyond their power to carry their menaces into execution.

The country, perhaps, may think it impossible that the British government should have sent out to India a man so lamentably unequal to his situation, as we have described Sir Henry Hardinge to be. We must, therefore, appeal once more to documentary evidence, from which we shall be able to adduce proofs altogether irrefragable. On the 1st of October, writing to the Secret Committee, the governor-general says—

“The impression made on my mind is, that there will be no attack or violation of our frontier by the Sikh forces.”

On every other person's mind the contrary impression had been made. Major Broadfoot, although himself much inclined to doubt and hesitate, unquestionably laboured under the conviction that it would not be safe to calculate on the continuance of pacific relations, but that carriage should forthwith be got in readiness to transport troops and stores towards the frontier; while various European regiments should, without delay, be ordered to march from the hill stations. Sir Henry Hardinge, however, entertained the most profound contempt for the enemy. In his despatch of October, he describes them as a weak and miserable rabble, from whom no danger was to be apprehended, and it does not appear that on this point he ever changed his mind, till they were across the Sutlej. His account of the Sikh army is as follows:—

“The regular force at Lahore on the 12th of September, does (did!) not amount to 15,000. The larger proportion of the army would not have returned from furlough until the beginning of October. Assuming that the Sikh troops are desirous of being led against the English, an assumption more than doubtful, their present state of inefficiency is too palpable to encourage them to undertake such a risk at the bidding, and under the command of a minister, who at this moment is an object of their hatred and contempt, and whose anti-English policy has been publicly denounced in

Durbar as fatal to the state, by the most influential chiefs."

For these reasons, he says, he expected no immediate rupture, though he still deemed it necessary to take some precautionary measures, but these were obviously regulated by a secret false estimate of the Seikh forces. He persuaded himself that they were weak and demoralized, and that at bottom they did not even desire to come into collision with us. He, therefore, threw into Ferozepore and Loodiana, a force which might have made some head against the 15,000 scarecrows, conjured up by the governor-general's imagination at Lahore, but absolutely nothing compared with the army that did cross the Sutlej. The 15,000 inefficient men then suddenly swelled into 60,000 or 80,000 thousand, and wore so formidable an aspect, that by their coming India was all but placed in desperate circumstances. Sir Henry's garrison had then to be withdrawn from Loodiana, which was abandoned to its fate, and to be marched to the assistance of the governor-general, and commander-in-chief, who without it would not have been in a condition to fight the first battle with the Seikhs.

By the 23d of October, Sir Henry Hardinge found that a fresh change had taken place at Lahore, where Jowahir Singh had been murdered by the troops. Still these vicissitudes boded, he thought, no mischief to the English:—

"As I expected," he says, "the violent removal of Jowahir Singh has not led to any circumstances likely to bring about a collision with us, or to compromise the nominal government at Lahore, in its relations with the British power. On the contrary, the disposition of the remaining chiefs appears evidently to be, to maintain, as far as possible, the former relations with us, and to make atonement for the unfriendly acts of the late Jowahir Singh; while the soldiery, the openly avowed administrators of the government, though they talk largely of their intentions with regard to our army, show plainly, by their acts, they are fully aware that any attempt to force hostile measures upon us must be an act which would at once seal their destruction."

From the above passage, the country will perceive clearly, that Sir Henry Hardinge was not acquainted with the real strength or resources of the Seikhs. He supposed them to be few, and weak, and inefficient, and so thoroughly awed by the preparations he had made, that they would never seriously dream of traversing the Sutlej. Nevertheless, he could not disguise from himself that it was altogether hopeless to think of the reorganization of a native

government at Lahore. The great man shadowed forth by his fancy at an earlier period, did not make his appearance, and confusion and anarchy spread and acquired fresh force every day. From all this, but one inference could legitimately be drawn. If the functions of government ceased, there would of necessity be no revenue, and the troops could not be paid, and as without pay they could not subsist, they would first exhaust the means of plunder in their own country, and then, by a sort of necessity, be driven over into ours in search of mere subsistence.

The information collected by the newswriters and political agents ought to have convinced the governor-general that things were fast approaching this point. Almost every source of revenue had been dried up, and it was only by prayers and supplications that the Maha Ranee could obtain from the treasury at Govindghur a comparatively small sum, to stay the cravings of the soldiers for money. Yet Sir Henry Hardinge amused himself with the hope that the storm would blow over, and though he directed some steps to be taken towards augmenting the deficiency of the commissariat, he sought to communicate his own groundless confidence to the commander-in-chief, writing to whom he says:—"I do not anticipate the probability of any emergencies arising, which can require the army under your excellency's orders to take the field this autumn."

While the governor-general, however, elated by these anticipations, was taking credit to himself for his economical policy, which induced him to leave the army in a state of almost complete inactivity, he received intelligence that the Seikhs were actually putting themselves in motion in order to advance upon the Sutlej. Their intention became known to Major Broadfoot on the 20th of November. In laying his information before the governor-general, it is more than probable that he framed his language, unconsciously or otherwise, so as to give satisfaction to the superior functionary, and that he felt more strongly than he thought it prudent to express. Other letters and papers also came in, corroborating the representations of the political agent. But in vain. Sir Henry Hardinge considered it meritorious to turn a deaf ear to all unpleasant news, and resolve not to make any change in his arrangements. It suited his temper to doubt whether any dependence was to be placed on the communications that reached him. Had he been a prudent statesman, as soon as he perceived that the matter was merely doubtful, which implies that he knew not how the event might turn

out, he would have taken care to be prepared for the worst that could occur.

A man walking near a falling house, and doubting whether, if he advanced on that side of the street, it might not tumble down upon his head, would in all likelihood be at the pains to cross to the other, and not satisfy himself with the remark, that since it might hold up for a few seconds longer, he would even go on and take his chance. Sir Henry Hardinge saw the Sikh government falling, and knew that whenever the catastrophe arrived, a very large and dangerous portion of the ruins would topple over into our territories. But he said, it may continue on its basis a short time longer; I am not sure of the moment of its fall, and therefore I shall take no precautions against it. That this was his fixed determination is obvious from the following passage:—

“The precautions already adopted to provide against the possibility of our forces being unprepared to meet any movement of the Sikh army this season, and the arrangements made by the commander-in-chief, on the receipt of Major Broadfoot's intelligence, rendered it, in my opinion, unnecessary to allow these reports of invasion to make any change in my movements.”

The value of this persevering scepticism may easily be estimated, if we call to mind, that at the very moment he was writing, the 2d of December, the Sikhs were in full march towards him, and dragging along that tremendous field of artillery, which was to commit such havoc in his ranks at Moodkee and Ferozeshah. But he was endowed with the most invincible powers of doubting. It seemed to him unstatesmanlike to believe anything, until he should see it with his own eyes. Rumours and reports he treated with supreme contempt, though the accounts forwarded to him by his own political agent seemed to have made at one moment something like an impression upon his mind:—

“Such is the state of affairs at the present moment, and although my conviction is strong that the Sikh army will be deterred from acts of aggression on account of the state of our military preparation, yet it is by no means impossible that we may be forced at any moment into war, and that operations on a very extended scale may be immediately necessary.”

Here then we find the governor-general a few days before the Sikhs actually commenced the passage of the Sutlej, and when they were already almost in sight of it—in fact a man, stationed on any elevated point near any of the Ghats might have discerned the smoke of their camp fires—we find we

say, the governor-general admitting the possibility of Sikh invasion, and tardily and reluctantly taking measures to repulse it. But although he did not think the event actually impossible, he was careful in his despatch of the 4th of December to show how little stress he had laid upon the rumour as he still persisted in considering it:—

“My own impression,” he says, “remains unaltered. I do not expect the troops will come as far as the Sutlej, or that any positive act of aggression will be committed.”

This brings the matter up to the very threshold of the catastrophe, and yet Sir Henry Hardinge, as is proved by his own language, regarded the invasion of our territory by the Sikhs as an all but impossible circumstance. He admits at the same time, that he had received warning of their approach, not from Major Broadfoot only, but from that large body of news-writers, who, by the prudence of his predecessors, had been stationed at Lahore, and in various other parts of the Sikh dominions. His incredulity, therefore, was without excuse. He did not know what was taking place on the other side of the Sutlej, simply because he refused to convert the intelligence brought him into knowledge. He required ocular demonstration. On what other people saw, or heard, or knew, he placed no reliance. He must have the Sikhs before him 60,000 or 70,000 strong, to convince himself of the reality of their existence.

In what light this deficiency of political faith may appear to the public, we cannot of course undertake to say, but for our own part we are fully persuaded, that had many former governor-generals displayed the same incapacity of conviction, our Indian empire would have been long ago at an end. One of the principal qualifications of a statesman is, the power to discern truth from falsehood, to sift reports, to weigh probabilities, and to give to whatever news is brought in, the credit due to it and no more. Sir Henry Hardinge proved himself to possess no discrimination. He could not distinguish between true and false rumours. He must believe all that might be told him, or believe nothing. He knew no medium.

The consequence has been written in blood on the plains of Hindūstan; thousands of lives have paid the forfeit of his incredulity. Had he possessed the art of interpreting rumours, and reading the signs of the times, he would have had 50,000 men, and an adequate park of artillery, in the neighbourhood of the Sutlej, in which case it cannot be doubted that far more signal vic-

tories would have been gained over the Seikhs, and at a much smaller expense of human life. This is the great point to be insisted on. The heavy ordnance that should have been at Umbala, or Loodiana, or Ferozepore, or at some other convenient point, at a proper distance from the river, was partly at Delhi, and partly, we believe, at Cawnpore. This was sheer neglect. In no possible view of policy can it be defended. It was easy to calculate how many days would be required to bring it up to the neighbourhood of the river, and as the greatest uncertainty was acknowledged to prevail respecting the movements of the enemy, it was manifestly impossible to foresee at what moment it might be suddenly required. The reader will, we are sure, acknowledge, that if any invasion were expected between Portsmouth and Dover, it would not be very advisable to keep the guns, necessary to defend any point of that coast, at Edinburgh. Some more suitable station might indisputably be fixed upon.

The same general rules of policy and common sense should have regulated the proceedings of the governor-general of India. It is quite an absurd apology to say that he did not know at what point the Seikhs would cross the river. It was his business to know. He had ample means at his disposal for commanding such knowledge, and if he neglected to employ them, that may be said to constitute one of the principal counts in the accusation against him. But, in fact, this is altogether an afterthought. It is an affront to common sense to affirm that any rules of prudence required that the troops should be kept scattered over numerous distant stations; at Meerut, at Delhi, in Bundelkund, in the southern extremity of the Doab, and on the sea-coast of Sind.

We have proved that ample warnings had been given of the hostile designs of the enemy, and that full time had been allowed for the bringing up of troops, artillery, and the munitions of war; that they were not brought up, was the crime of the governor-general; and his criminality would not have been diminished had the Seikhs, through a sudden panic or otherwise, been deterred from crossing the Sutlej. It is no defence of his neglect, to maintain that the Lahore army had marched southward on the previous year, but returned without crossing the river. If no adequate preparations were then made to meet and repel them, we have two crimes proved instead of one. The grievous fault committed last year was surely no defence of the fault committed now. The Seikhs, though they did not, might have crossed on the former

occasion, when the same calamities would have taken place that we have at present to lament. Our escape was providential. We owe it to no wisdom of the governor-general, who thinks his late neglect and want of prudence may be defended by adducing the example of his previous misconduct. We leave the country to judge of the value of such an apology.

Into the details of the battles which have taken place since the Seikhs have been more or less masters of the left bank of the Sutlej, we do not propose, on the present occasion, to enter, but turn once more to the view which has been taken of the transactions in question in this country. Thanks have been returned to the Anglo-Indian army, and likewise to the governor-general, in his military capacity, for their achievements during the late contest. But there was one regiment which narrowly escaped being omitted from the vote of thanks given to the rest of the army. We, of course, speak of the 62d. A single expression employed inadvertently, in the heat and hurry of the moment, by Sir John Littler, seemed, but only seemed, to reflect on the intrepidity and gallantry of the corps. One or two journals in this country, misinterpreting the general's language, too hastily inflicted a wound on the feelings of both officers and men of the 62d, but their defence fell into able hands. Several journals gave a correct explanation of their conduct, and proved that no blame was to be attached to them; and the Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, coincided literally with those journals. A higher testimony the 62d themselves could not desire. It was delivered, moreover, by the illustrious old general in a tone of unusual enthusiasm, which drew forth much cheering from the lords.

But, as on the field of Ferozeshah, the 62d regiment was serving the East India Company, it must necessarily look with some anxiety to the opinion expressed of it at the India House. The proceedings which take place there excite somewhat too little attention in the country, partly because the speakers commonly content themselves with echoing the opinions of parliament, and partly because India has not hitherto been regarded with an interest proportioned to its value. Other causes, likewise, may concur in occasioning this neglect to which it is not now necessary to refer. It is with much satisfaction, however, we learn that the defence of the 62d was warmly taken up at the India House, by Colonel Sykes and Captain Grover. Both these officers took, we believe, nearly the same line of argument. The latter, having alluded to

the fate of the gallant General Sale, said, 'He could not give a silent vote on that occasion. He was desirous also of saying a few words in consequence of some remarks that had been made upon the conduct of the 62d regiment, a regiment with which he was well acquainted, and with which he had been brigaded.

'Now he had not the least hesitation in saying that there was not a braver regiment in her Majesty's service than the gallant Springers. From the time the 62d had been raised, to the present moment, it would yield to none for discipline, good conduct, or bravery; yet this regiment had met with a check, that he did not deny. Did any slur attach to the regiment in consequence of that check? Far from it. It must be recollected that out of nineteen officers, seventeen were either killed or wounded; and it was not to be wondered at that the few men who survived, should have fallen back upon the reserve. It must be recollected also that the army had to struggle against other enemies besides the Seikhs—hunger and thirst, under a burning sun, and he was sure that the civilians present must find it difficult to understand how so much could have been achieved under such circumstances. It was the feeling of patriotism, a sense of duty, and the certainty that their conduct would be appreciated by the British nation, that could alone have enabled our gallant soldiers to act as they have done. It was unnecessary for him to say more on the subject, as a gallant officer on the other side (Colonel Sykes) had already with much good taste justified his friends of the 62d. With military men no justification was necessary, as there was not an officer in the service who would not be proud to put on the uniform of the 62d.'

We feel if possible still more strongly on this subject: we have examined as carefully as the documents before us would permit, the conduct of the regiment in question, and our conviction is that it behaved most gallantly. It would no doubt have pleased us better had circumstances enabled it to advance and capture the guns of the enemy; but, as the Duke of Wellington considerably observed, when five-twelfths of the men had been killed or wounded, when more than three-fourths of the officers had fallen, when the tremendous fire of the enemy was mowing down the remainder every instant, no apology for their falling back on the reserve is necessary. That the 14th Native Infantry longer maintained its ground, is to be accounted for, not by attributing superior bravery to that regiment, but by stating the fact that it was ac-

cidentally exposed to a less murderous fire, as is proved indubitably by its greatly inferior list of killed and wounded. Far be it from us to detract from the merit of the native army; we think, and always have thought it deserving of the highest praise, unsurpassed as it is for fidelity, discipline, or valour. But let us not seize upon this occasion for insidiously converting its good qualities into an excuse for committing injustice towards our own countrymen. Braver than the 14th Native Infantry, no regiment in any army need be; but when the 14th and 62d shall hereafter meet the enemy side by side, we will answer for it that our brave Hindostanis will not have to blush for the conduct of their English comrades. The truth is that the 62d fought till the regiment was for the moment disorganized: there were no officers to lead the men, their physical powers were exhausted, they had reached the utmost term at which further exertion to them was possible. This is our present conviction. If on any future field the regiment give way before other of her Majesty's regiments similarly circumstanced, we shall be among the last to undertake its defence, or to apologize for it. Sir Henry Hardinge himself, who, notwithstanding his deficiencies as a statesman, is as brave an officer as ever drew sword, felt that the whole affair had arisen out of a mistake, and for that reason invited the surviving officers to meet General Littler at his table, that an opportunity might be afforded both parties to come to amicable explanations, and remove all unpleasant feeling.

The subject ought not to be lightly dropped; it is the duty of the press to discuss it again and again, to institute inquiry after inquiry, to hear patiently everything that can be said, but to avoid most religiously expressing an opinion which may appear to tarnish the reputation of brave men, who throughout their lives have fought strenuously in the public service. Even this circumstance, however, ought not to be accepted as an excuse for a single act of cowardice. But, as we have observed, it is our deep-rooted conviction that the 62d fought as bravely at Ferozeshah as the 80th itself, and that it did not give ground until its physical powers were totally exhausted.

We trust, however, that this nor any other question will divert the reader's mind from the case which, we trust, we have made out against Sir Henry Hardinge. Our position is, that he did not believe the reports of the approaching invasion, when the evidence before him was amply sufficient to justify such a belief; that, in consequence,

he neglected to make adequate preparations to repulse them; that, in consequence, when they were actually in our territories, he had to meet them with a very small force, which occasioned a great, unnecessary sacrifice of human life; that he is, therefore, unfit to be Governor-General of India, and ought forthwith to be recalled, lest by pursuing the same policy throughout the remainder of the war, he should endanger the peace and stability of our empire in the East. We need not add a word more. The public will perceive the importance of the subject, and feel the imminence of the danger. Never was there a moment at which it could be said to be more unsafe to entrust the conduct of our Indian affairs to chance. Consummate prudence is now requisite. The fate of 200,000,000 of men in Asia, and the glory of this great empire in every part of the world, are placed in the hands of the governor-general. He has shown himself unequal to his situation; he has given unequivocal proofs of sloth and negligence; let him, therefore, at once be deprived of the power to repeat his errors, and to expiate them with the lives of other men.

It affords us extreme pleasure to perceive from the account brought by the last mails from India, that the character of the 62d has now been completely cleared from all blame, as it is proved not to have retired before it was ordered to do so by the commanding-officer. We subjoin an extract from the report.

"Under these circumstances seeing her majesty's 62d was exposed to a most destructive fire without any object, as they could not move forward, I conceived it my duty to direct them to retire, which they did in almost as good order (making allowance for the heavy loss they had sustained) as that in which they had advanced."

It may be interesting to our readers to possess the following comparative view of the casualties in the modern battles of India as compared with that of Waterloo.

	Total number troops in action.	Killed and wounded.	Proportion in round numbers.
Waterloo, 1815,			
Duke of Wellington,	72,000	11,960	1 in 6
Assaye, 1803,			
Duke of Wellington,	4,500	1,541	1 in 3
Laswarry, 1803,			
Lord Lake,	6,500	900	1 in 7 2-7
Mehedpoor, 1817,			
Sir T. Hislop,	4,000	800	1 in 6
Meanee, 1843,			
Sir C. Napier,	2,800	256	1 in 11
Ferozeshah and Moodkee, 1845,			
Sir H. Gough,	18,500	3,287	1 in 6

POSTSCRIPT TO ART. I.

THAT it is extremely hazardous to put forward any opinion at all on the present state of a country like Spain, 'the act of power' which has just been perpetrated by General Narvaez, may serve to show. Nothing is certain there but the uncertainty of everything. The Milaflores cabinet, after a brief and insignificant existence, has been broken up by the arbitrary will and pleasure of General Narvaez, who has also suspended the Cortes and virtually abolished the liberty of the press. From the violence of these proceedings, most persons are led to look for another sanguinary revolution; and we confess that, all things considered, such a consequence does not appear exceedingly improbable. It is, at all events, much to be deprecated. Violence is seldom favorable to freedom, and least of all is it likely to prove so in Spain. We shall be glad, therefore, to see the leaders of parties in that country bide their time, and trust to the effects of opinion and experience on the public mind. The extravagant vanity and ambition of General Narvaez, already so apparent in all his actions, can scarcely fail to bring about his downfall. There is such a thing as a constitutional party in Spain, which possesses its system of thought, its pacific views, and its declared and well-known leaders. But the mass of the people are scarcely yet prepared to fight for freedom. They are too much attached to dynasties, too bigoted, too superstitious. Still, when it comes to be understood that the recent gross infringements of public liberty have been instigated by French influence through Queen Christina, and that the object is the subjection of Spain to a humiliating dependence on foreign powers, it is possible that even the very populace may be roused into resistance. For this moment the leaders of the Constitutional party should wait. Perhaps, however, as the furious acts of Charles X. of France, and his minister, Polignac, have formed the model of Narvaez's proceedings, so the outburst of popular indignation, which, in France, punished these outrages, may likewise be imitated in Spain, and with the same result. We confess, nevertheless, that we look with much doubt and anxiety towards the events of the next few months in the Peninsula. Owing to the state of the press there, we are kept almost in darkness respecting the actual feelings of the people. Party-writers disguise the truth, and flying travellers are unable to discover it. All, therefore, that we can do is, patiently to wait.

SHORT REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Bibliothèque des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France pendant le 18ème Siècle. Tome 1. Didot, 1846.

THE incontestable superiority of the French as memoir-writers has long been a commonplace in criticism. The very faults of the national character become, as it were, virtues in the memoir-writer; while the charms of a style, easy, piquant, familiar, and witty, are almost enough to make one forget the vanity, indiscretion, insincerity, and scandal. But with all possible delight in French memoirs the most courageous reader must shrink from the enormous quantity of volumes which have equal claims, or nearly so, on his attention. Add to this, that all these works contain much that is idle, vapid, no longer interesting; and that the gems lie scattered over a morass of insipidity.

Now, thanks to Messrs. Didot, these two enormous obstacles are about to be removed. The first volume of a new and praiseworthy undertaking is before us. The first of a series of twelve volumes which will contain the essence of two hundred! This series will comprise the eighteenth century—that is to say from Louis XIV., to the Directory in 1795. The memoirs, which best paint the state of society during this curious and eventful epoch, will be selected, and from these all that is no longer interesting, all the repetitions, all the digressions and superfluous details will be omitted, but otherwise the *ipsissima verba* of the writer given; and the various links necessary to form all these memoirs into a historic whole will be supplied by the editor, M. F. Barrière. A more charming collection it would be difficult to propose. It will belong to history, in its facts and its unity; it will belong to psychology, in its exhibition of individualities; and it will have the interest of fiction in its intrigues, adventures, and portraiture of the passions.

The first volume is of good promise. The epoch at which the series commences is the famous one of *la régence*. What was its peculiar characteristic? The preparation of a revolution amidst the orgies of dissipation. No work is better fitted to depict the licentious court, where the Duchesse de Maine conspired with all the *beaux esprits*, than the memoirs of Mademoiselle Delaunay, afterwards Madame de Stael, who, as one of 'les femmes de la Duchesse,' lived in the very centre of the conspiracy and the dissipation. Her memoirs have been translated into English; but detestably. After Madame de Stael comes Le Marquis D'Argenson; who was nicknamed *D'Argenson la bête*, because he was stupid enough to be honest. *Bête*, or not, he was a very entertaining writer, and his memoirs here printed, are worthy of him, who, when some people were prosing about death, said so wittily, 'Vous trou-

vez donc qu'il est difficile de mourir? Je vois, pourtant que tout le monde s'en tire.' We have then extracts from 'Madame la mère du regent,' and from the inimitable St. Simon, from whom, indeed, we would fain have had more. We shall report on the succeeding volumes from time to time. The only observation we feel called upon to make is, with regard to the necessity for a full general index. This, it is possible, Messrs. Didot intend to furnish with the concluding volume. Should they not have thought of it, we would strongly urge it on their consideration; it would very materially augment the value of the series. No work of twelve volumes can pretend to completeness without a good index; but a work so various and *personal* as the present—a work that comprises the events of an eventful century, and all the principal persons who figured therein—a work whose twelve volumes are to contain the essence of two hundred—for this not to have an ample index would be to lose half its utility.

In conclusion, we may add that the series resembles in form and price, that very cheap and elegant library which the Didots publish, under the title of '*Chefs-d'Œuvre de la Littérature Française*,' of which we have occasionally spoken.

Grundriss der Griechischen Literature mit einen vergleichenden Ueberblick der Römischen. Von G. BERNHARDY. Zweiter Theil. Williams and Norgate. 1845.

AFTER a lapse of nine years, Herr Bernhardt produces this second portion of his 'Outlines of the History of Greek Literature,' which completes the work. The present volume, of some 1000 pages, comprises the History of Greek Poetry, and may be regarded as a complete work in itself.

Herr Bernhardt is a ripe scholar, and, with the patient industry of German scholars, has made himself thorough master of the bibliography of his subject. As a repertory of all that has been written upon Greek poetry, this volume has considerable value, because it includes the very latest labours of philologists. Thus the Fables of Babrius, the discovery of which excited so much attention among the erudite, only a few months ago, have given rise to a small library of editions, commentaries, and criticisms; all of these works has our author devoured, and the result is condensed in his notes.

The work is fitly entitled 'Outlines;' our readers must not, therefore, look for any of the higher characteristics of literary history. It is a book for reference and study; learned, impartial, complete. A true German book, bursting with the bulk of

its materials, written in a plain, useful style. English readers, indeed, might desire more of that fine rushing enthusiasm, which gives wings to the learning of Mr. St. John's 'Hellenes,' converting a book of reference into a delightful companion. But if it has not this merit, it is not without a merit of its own; viz., that of being the best compendium with which we are acquainted, uniting fullness with brevity. One excellent portion of the arrangement is the distribution of notes. Instead of being fatigued by the perpetual interruption of the text in foot-notes and references, the notes are appended to each section, and as these sections are short, the reader has no trouble in turning to the notes whenever he feels disposed. In this way the author is enabled first to present you with a clear exposition of the subject of each section, and afterwards to discuss controvertible or controverted points in the notes. The absence of an index is, however, a serious drawback.

To those familiar with Herr Bernhardt's previous works, and especially the 'Grundriss der Römischen Literatur,' which has long enjoyed a high reputation, no comment of ours can be necessary to recommend the present work; and to others, we trust that we have in these few lines sufficiently indicated the nature of the work, for the execution of which the author's name is guarantee.

The Destination of Man. By J. G. FICHTE.
Translated from the German. By Mrs. Percy Sinnett. Chapman, Brothers. 1846.

Too much encouragement cannot be given to enterprising publications like the present. They are directly in the teeth of popular prejudice and popular trash. They are addressed to the higher class of readers—those who think as well as read. They are works at which ordinary publishers shudder as 'unsaleable,' but which are really capable of finding a very large public.

The present work is the most popular of all Fichte's writings. It is animated by a great and lofty purpose, and written in a strain of subdued but powerful eloquence. Those who are alarmed at the obscurity of German philosophy need feel no uneasiness in taking up the 'Destination of Man,' which was expressly intended as a popular exposition of Fichte's doctrines. It is, as he truly says, intelligible to all readers who are really able to understand a book at all; and as the history of a mind in its various phases of doubt, knowledge, and faith, is of intense interest to all. Agree with Fichte or disagree with him, you cannot help being carried along by his manly earnestness, you cannot help being struck with his subtlety and depth. Agreement in such a matter we take to be wholly indifferent. A book of this stamp is sure to teach you much, because it excites thought. If it rouses you to combat its conclusions, it has done good work; for in that very effort you are stirred to a consideration of points of view which hitherto escaped your indolent acquiescence.

Of the translation, we must, on the whole, speak very highly. It is accurate in the best sense. Some objection may be occasionally raised to particular phrases; but German philosophical language is the despair of all translators; we have no equivalents for many of its ordinary words; and although, therefore, we may question Mrs. Sinnett's attempts, we willingly confess that we can suggest few that would do better. Compared with ordinary translations from the German it is really admirable. One great merit is, that the reader is never plagued by the consciousness of reading a translation. It is as idiomatic and easy as original composition.

From a passage in the preface we learn that the translator is the author of the article on Fichte's life in our Number for October, 1845. The writer of this notice has bestowed considerable attention upon Fichte, and he feels assured that he is only expressing the universal opinion of the readers of the 'Foreign Quarterly,' when he regards that article as sufficient guarantee for the translator's capacity, and knowledge of the author.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

HANOVER, 12th March.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—This place would be as dull as ever, had not the much-beloved king recently issued an order which may safely be classed amongst the most characteristic acts of his enlightened and paternal government. You know well enough how shamelessly he has always displayed a marked preference for the nobility, and an undisguised contempt for the bourgeoisie. That is his system. I need not tell you how it works. I need say nothing of the affection that is borne him

by his bourgeois subjects. But, as if by one stroke of profound policy, he wished at once to humiliate the bourgeoisie and irritate the nobility, he has recently ordained the following humane and social rule. The officers in his army are poor; pitifully poor. They have also the further inconvenience of being not altogether machines but men, *ou à peu près*! This leads them to marry, and, as a consequence, to become fathers. His Majesty has resolved to 'put down' marriage in the army. Accordingly, no officer may now marry unless he

can show that he possesses, besides his pay, a certain stipulated income. The lieutenant must have 800 dollars a year (130*l.*); the captain must have 1200 dollars; and so on in proportion. Now, this would be a hardship in England; in Hanover it amounts to the abolition of marriage in the army; the officers are so poor, that those possessing the stipulated sum are black swans.

Nor is this all. Suppose a captain has won the affections of a girl possessing fortune enough to enable them to comply with the conditions of marriage, the course of their true love may run none the smoother on that account. It must be shown that the fair one belongs to a family worthy of uniting itself to that of a Hanoverian officer! The pure beer-and-tobacco blood of Hanover must not be corrupted by any admixture with puddle! *Donner wetter!* are we to spring *aus Edelstand*—are we to belong to the rich, rare, glorious aristocracy of Hanover, and have our children born of bourgeois mothers? 'Perish the thought,' as they say at Astley's. The merchant may be a 'very worthy individual,' but his daughter cannot marry our son. So thinks noble Hanover; or, rather, so thinks the noble king. He will not have burghers in his army. If his officers are weak enough to look with serious thoughts upon a burgher's daughter, he will not be weak enough to suffer the scandal. Henceforth, fascinating fire-eaters, turn your batteries elsewhere, that your descendants (if you have any that you can acknowledge) may exclaim with the fine fellow in 'Peter Pindar,' who, speaking of one of his an-cstry, says:—

'The man who did espouse this dame divine,
Was Alexander, Earl of Kincardine;
Who poured adown my body, like a sluice,
The noble! noble!! noble!!! blood of Bruce!'

Was ever anything more farcically despotic heard of in these modern times? That the king should wish to obviate the inconveniences of poverty in his army is natural enough, but has he pursued a rational method? That he should insist upon his officers being possessed of a certain competence ere they marry, is perhaps somewhat arbitrary, but it is intelligible enough. But that he should forbid the nobly-born officer to unite himself to the merchant's daughter, who could furnish the competence—this, as a mere bit of politico-military economy, to say nothing of the affections, is an absurdity so monstrous, so ridiculous, and so despotic, that one knows not whether to laugh or to be angry. The unhappy victims, however, find it no laughing matter: like Polyphemus, 'they rage, they burn.' True, all their anger evaporates in useless grumbling. When they meet with a sympathetic foreigner they pour forth their griefs and grow eloquent. But without a free press and free speech, what avails grumbling or eloquence? As one of them said to me, 'We are all furious against the order; but we Hanoverians are good-natured fellows, and—we submit.'

The king must have been very certain of his power before he could have ventured on such a course. To offend the army is of all things dangerous in a despot. What must be the extent of despotism when the army can be offended and the bourgeoisie humiliated, without creating anything

more serious than a little grumbling, and that German grumbling? Really, to an Englishman, the present state of Germany is a sad spectacle. In Austria they have recently passed an edict which deprives every one of citizenship who shall dare to join the German Catholics, of whom Ronge is the Luther. German Catholicism is tolerated elsewhere when not recognized; in Austria it is a heresy so dire, that Protestantism, Mossaism, in short, any and every kind of *ism* is preferred to it. Jews, Protestants, and Mahometans may live there. German Catholics alone may not!

To return to the Hanoverian matter. Some people see in the order a certain aspect not without importance. They believe that the king wishes his officers to be unmarried because they will be better soldiers. They argue that when a man has a wife and family he is more of a citizen than soldier; he is less reckless of his life; less adventurous. In other words, he is more man than machine. This appears to me an illogical and silly argument. I at once appeal to our army. Are our officers less distinguished for courage when married? Are they less invincible because they have wives and children to support? The question answers itself. In truth, the very attempt to make the soldier less of a man than a fighting machine, deprives him of his greatest qualities as a soldier—the *morale*. We all know that strength and discipline, valuable as they are, are nothing in comparison with the *morale*. The man who has a family looking up to him will be the last to disgrace his name; not only by lack of courage, but by lack of anything else that constitutes an honourable name.

But—and the point is of the highest importance—the citizen, the family man, by the very fact of being bound to society with so many tender links, is essentially a social man. He sticks to the established order of things; he is slow to entertain revolutionary ideas; he would rather suffer a certain amount of endurable despotism than launch into any enterprise that would disturb the social condition of his country. The single man is an adventurer, and as such prone to revolutions, because in any social disturbance he has his chance of advancement and renown. He is reckless, unfettered. He stakes his life upon the die, because he has only his life to stake. No wife, no dearly-loved children interfere with his theories. He will fight for what is just; he will rebel for a theory, why should he not? His stake is small; his chance great.

This being an indisputable fact, what shall we think of the despot's policy which would increase the number of men prone to revolution, and those men the best instruments for a revolution? On the increase of immorality in the army—already great enough—which this law will produce, I say nothing. The king, doubtless, cares not a *groshen* about it. But politically it is a colossal absurdity.

Considering what are the sentiments with which the Duke of Cumberland is regarded in England and likewise in Prussia, you will be somewhat surprised to hear that he is very much liked in Hanover by the nobility and the lower classes. His marked preference for the former explains their sentiments; and his judicious flattery of the

people, in walking or riding about like a plain gentleman, explains his popularity with the plebs. But amongst the middle classes he is regarded with anything but kindly feelings; and all cultivated people know very well *à quoi s'en tenir sur son compte*.

Poverty rapidly and alarmingly increases. 'I used to think,' said a gentleman, who has excellent means of knowing, 'that although you were richer in England than we were, nevertheless you had more poverty. I have since had occasion to scrutinise our condition narrowly, and my belief is that there is much more poverty amongst us, without, at the same time, having the assistance of any wealth. In our provinces you may traverse large tracts of land where you will find the people starving; and you do not see there, as in England, residences of wealthy noblemen and gentlemen, who are at least able to relieve in some measure the burdens of the poor.' Much of this destitution is, doubtless, owing to the exclusion of Hanover from the *Zollverein*, notably amongst the flax-spinners and weavers. The linen manufacturers are now obliged to have two establishments, one in Hanover and one in some country in the *Zollverein* (Brunswick for example), where the linen can be bleached and sold. Nevertheless, the feeling in Hanover generally is, that they have done wisely in keeping out of the *Zollverein*. To sum up my impressions of Hanover in one sentence, I would say that whereas in England the contrast with enormous wealth makes poverty more salient and hideous, in Hanover the absence of wealth makes poverty more desolate and hopeless.

BERLIN, 17th March.

I was glad to leave Hanover, and expected to find Berlin a pleasant change. So in truth it was, but no thanks to Prussia for it. Had I not so many friends here, I know not how time could be killed. Everything is 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' Political matters look as gloomy as ever; but there is nothing going forward to give even variety to complaints; nothing but the old droning regrets salute one's ears. The Polish insurrection, which on the Rhine excited a perfect fever of sympathy, has very properly been regarded here as a puny, premature, and therefore foolish affair. The liberals lament that so much blood should be so insignificantly shed, and so many brave men doomed to Siberia and elsewhere for so useless an outbreak.

Literary matters are still worse. Nothing appears—nothing is going forward. Polemics alone occupy the press, and such polemics! The worthy Germans, who know how to accommodate themselves to any hardship—and conceive the hardship to a German of not being able to get a book printed! almost as well deprive him of his *Weiss Bier* and pipe!—manage to console themselves; and as one said to me yesterday, 'It is well that a time of quietness should come. Let us lie fallow; we shall then be able to study. *Ich mache jest Forschungen!* (I am now making researches). Curious to know how he proposed to

again himself of the pause, and to what researches he was going to devote the precious time, now that he had it, you may imagine the extent of my sympathy when he informed me that he was occupied with the 'Eleusinian Mysteries.' How very German!

Another—yet another!—book on Goethe will shortly appear, being a small volume of unpublished letters. I have seen some of the sheets they promise entertainment, though I fear they are somewhat too local to be greatly interesting in England.

Prutz, the author of the Aristophanic comedy, 'Die politische Wochenstube,' of which you gave us some idea ('Foreign Quarterly, No. LXX.') is now here, and lecturing on the drama. He was indicted for his comedy; but the king, having chanced to read it while the trial was in progress, was apparently much amused with it; at any rate he did not see anything in it very criminal, so ordered the *procès* to cease. I must tell you a story, now I am on the subject of forbidden books. There appeared recently a work on Austrian finance, written by one well instructed in the matter, and whom the government shrewdly suspected to reside in Prague. As the revelations were very offensive, the government ordered Herr Muhdt, the head of the police at Prague, to discover, if possible, the author. All search was vain. He then received instructions to set out himself for Hamburg, where the work was published, and endeavour to wheedle the secret from Campe, the publisher. Muhdt set off; but some one had been before him, and had warned Campe of his purpose. Campe, who was a very knowing fellow, played his part to perfection; suffered himself to be cajoled, and at last invited Muhdt to tea, half promising to tell him the author's name, under a condition of secrecy. At tea Muhdt was very pressing; and Campe, at length, begging him to make no use of his knowledge, confidentially whispered, 'The author is Herr Muhdt, the head of the police in Prague.' Conceive the start and the changing colour of Herr Muhdt! Alarmed lest, perhaps, the author of the work might have maliciously taken his name—for he had no suspicions of Campe, he earnestly declared himself to be the head of the police. Campe affected astonishment. Muhdt then asked him if he had many copies of the work on hand; and on being told there were still two hundred and fifty, he bought them all. The next day Campe called at his hotel, to ask him whether he would like any more copies of the work. 'More!' exclaimed the astonished Muhdt, 'more! why I thought you told me I had got them all?' 'Sehr richtig!' replied Campe, 'all of the first edition; but a second is in the press, of which I can let you have as many copies as you please.' Muhdt then plainly saw that he had been duped, and departed for Prague, crest-fallen, and so enraged, that I should not like to be the author in question; for if vengeance has a keen scent, he will assuredly be tracked.

I am doomed to disappointment with respect to the Swedish enchantress, Jenny Lind. Last year, when I was here, she was away. I consoled myself with the reflection that, as she had signed an engagement with Bunn, I should hear her in England. No such thing, however. The pretty mouth of the syren refuses to accommodate itself to our

rebellious vocables. Bunn must give up the idea. When in Hanover, I learned that she was to sing here on Saturday last, in a concert, and on Sunday, in 'Les Huguenots.' Imagine my joy—and imagine my disappointment, when, on arriving at my hotel, I ordered the commissionaire to secure tickets for both evenings, and was told that Jenny had sprained her foot and could not sing. Oh, Jenny! Jenny! And yet, perhaps, it is as well, for my peace of mind and for my Juliana's peace of mind, that I cannot hear the enchantress. She makes such havoc here amongst the bearded counts (such counts!) that a susceptible poet, like myself, living upon admiration (and mutton-chops) could hardly escape. The *furor* she at first excited does not abate. Tickets are taken three weeks in advance when she is advertised to sing. Women vie with men in the raptures of their praise; and Europe clamours to possess her. To Paris she will certainly go; perhaps, also, to London; for I am told that Lumley has made her the most magnificent offers, and declares that if Bunn should bring an action against her for non-fulfilment of her contract, he, Lumley, will bear the burden of it. Many, however, question whether Jenny will be heard to advantage in so large a theatre as our Opera; and some think the presence of the superb Grisi will be fatal to the small voice of Jenny Lind. For my part, I incline to think that two very different styles cannot be compared; there is room for each.

Joseph Gungl—a name celebrated here, but I imagine never heard of in England—is about to set off for London, taking with him an orchestra of fifty excellent musicians, well trained together. Gungl is the Strauss of Berlin; and his waltzes and dances are pretty enough, but in my opinion by no means equal to their reputation. Strauss is a real inventor. After him, many write agreeable waltzes who would never have been listened to had he not given them a model. If Gungl is the Berlin Strauss, then is he (to parody Coleridge upon Klopstock) a *very* Berlin Strauss. Last night he gave his farewell concert, and the rooms were crowded to a frightful excess; added to which, there was an impenetrable atmosphere of smoke, which made the place insupportable to all but Germans.

I have no more gossip to send you; and Berlin is so dull, that I shall hasten from it, out of sheer hopelessness of its getting livelier.

Yours, &c.

FLORENCE, February 29th, 1846.

Here we are, dear Mr. Editor, at the end of another Carnival, and the beginning of another Lent. The latter season of mortification and repentance is unalterably restricted to its forty days, not injudiciously; but its gay and frolicsome predecessor expires at a greater or less age, according to the fall of Easter, being held to commence ever with the new year. Last time our carnival was as short as it could be, and this year it has been nearly as protracted as the laws of the Calendar can make it. And the experience of the two would make it appear that the old rhyming adage

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respecting the duration of human agony was equally applicable to human pleasure:

"Si fortis, brevis, si longus, levis."

For in truth our 'long farewell' to flesh has not been as brilliant as it is wont.

Sundry causes have contributed to make this the case besides the length of it. 'What! there has been stagnation of trade?' say our English readers. — 'Depression of the public credit?' Uneasiness of the public mind on political grounds? A panic on any sort of subject? My dear high-pressure civilisation cockney, we know nothing of these matters in Italy. We are troubled with no public mind; and we know no panic other than might arise from untoward manifestations of the intentions of some of our idols—the black virgin at Impruneta, or the miraculous portrait at the Santissima Annunziata, for instance—disasters wisely provided against by a paternal government, by taking care that the idols behave themselves pleasantly and look cheerful. Yet we have our public misfortunes and seasons of gloom. The Duke of Modena perversely dies in the middle of Carnival; thus manifesting strong in death the ruling passion for causing all the discomfort and annoyance possible in the world. It is true, however, that it was the only means of ensuring a modicum of regret at his demise.—Not quite that either. For the shadowy goddess of *on dit*, who supplies here the place of 'Times,' 'Chronicle,' and 'Gazette,' was enabled to state on the highest authority, that Nesselrode, head toady to the Autocrat, who chanced to be dining with our worthy grand Duke on the day that the news of this death arrived, remarked, with a degree of good breeding only to be equalled by the enlightened appreciation of things evinced by the observation, that 'we had lost the best sovereign in Italy.' But it is quite natural that the Autocrat and mankind should place their 'best' and 'worst' at opposite ends of the scale. The Autocrat's opinion on the point has been stated. It is but fair, therefore, that the feelings of 'the masses' should be allowed to find utterance also. Let the following sonnet speak them. It has been extensively handed about here, and is a specimen of the modes public opinion adopts in Italy to manifest itself, despite of censors, lay and ecclesiastical:—

PANEGIRICO DEL DUCA DI MODENA.

"Nacque costui dall' iniqua semenza
Degli oppressori: al ducal seggio accanto
Inalzò la mannaia; e fee suo vanto
Di Boja incoronato l' impudenza.

"D' ogni infamia ebbe in se la quinta essenza;
Ogni infamia copri col regio manto;
E l' Itale sciagure accrebbe tanto,
Che l' Austriaco rigor parve clemenza.

"Fedele ai Gesuiti e al santuario,
Torturò, macellò, la specie umana;
E degli statì suoi fece un Calvario:

"Ed or morendo questa buona lana
Nomina esecutor testamentario
Il nuovo Ministero di Toscana."

Of which very sincere and heartfelt PANEGYRIC, I subjoin, for the behoof of your English readers, the following attempt at a translation:—

- " Born of the seed of a nefarious race
Of tyrants, close beside his ducal throne
He raised the gallows, and made boast to own
A crowned hangman's vile unblushing face.
- " Vice's quintessence in his breast had place ;
His regal mantle o'er each crime was thrown,
Until Italia's woes so vast were grown
That Austrian cruelty seem'd gentleness.
- " Faithful to Jesuits and to monkery
He tortured and he butchered human kind ;
And of his states he made a Calvary.
- " Now on his death-bed this good soul we find
Appoints and leaves the Tuscan ministry
Executors of his last will behind.

These last lines allude to a circumstance which has aroused more anger and discontent in Tuscany than has been felt there for years past—the giving up to the Papal government of a refugee who had escaped from the recent disturbances in the Romagna. This affair has been noticed in the English and French papers, but with such entire misapprehension of the facts of the case, that I will just tell you accurately how the thing fell out. I think I mentioned in my last letter, the fact of the Grand Duke having, against the counsel of his ministers, decided on sending away to France, a body of refugees from the Roman States, with a certain portion of assistance in clothes and money. Well, one of these, one Renzi, must needs return to Florence with a false passport, for the sake of the *beaux yeux* of a certain modiste who had retained his heart on the banks of the Arno. This was mighty charming and romantic, and the ladies were all in ecstasies of interest about the fate of so faithful and enterprising a lover, until the awkward fact of his having left a fond and pining wife at Bologna was discovered, and compelled them much against the grain to admit that the hero was not exempt from human frailty. Well! no sooner had the silly fellow set foot in Florence, than he was in the hands of the police; and the Papal resident immediately demanded that he should be given up. What was to be done? The Grand Duke was in the greatest distress. To increase it, the poor wife, despite the nature of the errand which had brought her spouse back to Florence, makes her way on foot over the Apennines from Bologna, bursts through the guards at the entrance of the Pitti, and throws herself at the feet of the Grand Duke. She presented the following petition, drawn up by one of the first advocates in Italy:

"To say to your royal highness, that the suppliant before you is the wife of Pietro Renzi, would sufficiently tell that she is the most miserable of women, were she not also the mother of three young children. The perils to which these innocents are exposed increase her sorrow for the peril of their father—a sorrow which can be estimated only by a father's heart.

"Such a heart is that of your royal highness, who enjoys sovereignty only to do good, and who adds to the name of an excellent sovereign that of the best of fathers.

"Trusting in that, I throw myself at your feet. My name is enough to tell you all my woe. My tears are my only eloquence; my boys my sole arguments; your fatherly heart my solitary hope.

"From your high place, oh! let a mother's

voice reach you. Give ear to the cry of three orphans. I know that your virtues have secured you no immunity from that sorrow* which is the bitterest a man can taste. Pardon a despairing woman for thus opening afresh a cruel wound; but I can have nothing in common with you except the language of affliction, which may reach your heart to the saving of my children through the saving of their father.

"On a single word of your mouth now hang five lives."

The Grand Duke was moved to a very painful degree; but though rendered extremely miserable by the affair, he thought he could not, under all the circumstances of the case, take upon himself to effect a second time the prisoner's escape by an exertion of his supreme will. The new Tuscan ministry seem to have acted in this conjuncture as injudiciously as possible. They began by referring the matter to the legal authorities. These, lawyers, judges, and all, having considered the case, gave it as their unanimous opinion, that the Tuscan government was in no wise bound to give up the prisoner, or justified in doing so; that on the first occasion Tuscany had decided on not giving him up to Rome for the offence for which he had fled; that now he had committed no fresh offence against Rome, but that he had committed an offence against Tuscany by returning thither with a false passport, which in any case gave the Tuscan government a right to detain him for punishment of that offence. The ministry having thus asked the opinion of the lawyers, and having received the above very decided and unanimous answer, forthwith gave him up to Rome! Thus to the general indignation of the people has been superadded the especial anger and dissatisfaction of the legal body.

Other circumstances also have concurred to increase the general unpopularity of the present government. The *octroi* duties, always exceedingly odious to the people here, have been increased. An attempt was made the other day at Pisa to introduce there an establishment of Nuns, 'of the sacred heart of Jesus,' who are, in fact, Jesuitesses. The popular feeling manifested itself so strongly against their introduction, even breaking out into violence, that the attempt was abandoned. But the incident has helped to discredit a ministry suspected, on several grounds, of a far stronger feeling of regard and respect for Rome than is agreeable to the bulk of the people of Tuscany. Another indication of the same sort, much dwelt on, is the fact that the son of one of the ministers has been placed in a Jesuit college for his education. We have no leading articles, public meetings, or political reviews, in this country, for the manifestation of public opinion; and the popular feeling, therefore, when roused by any circumstance into transitory wakefulness, has to adopt other means of showing itself. It has latterly been resorting to the safe method of making the post the vehicle for its anonymous vituperation. The members of the new ministry have received some hundreds of letters containing every species of lampoon, satire, caricature, and animadversion, prose and verse, serious and ludicrous, by the pen and by the pencil. One of these

* The death of his first wife and of his daughter.

letters, immediately after the rendition of Renzi, contained a representation of the front of one of the government lottery offices. These always have the successful numbers of the last weekly drawing, five in number, exposed to public view. In place of these five numbers, in the caricature in question, there were portraits of the five ministers. And underneath was written, 'Si prende per Roma'—the ordinary advertisement of the lottery to be drawn at Rome; literally, 'they take here for Rome,' meaning the numbers chosen by those who wish to play in the Roman lottery.

Despite, however, all these heart-burnings and causes of gloom and discontent, the Carnival wound up with an unwonted display of holiday foolery and Saturnalian license. The pelting of sugar-plums (so called by courtesy) at the Corso which takes place on the last day of Carnival, was practised this year, for the first time, in Tuscany. The Grand Duke's permission that this should be allowed, after the fashion of Rome, was obtained; and it was generally understood that all who ventured to the Corso must make up their minds to 'bide the pelting of the pill-storm' of chalk and plaster, shaped into the fashion and semblance of comfits. Accordingly, protective iron visors for the face, unspoilably old garments of all sorts, or else dominoes, were in request on all sides. Four o'clock on Shrove Tuesday arrived, and all Florence poured forth into the streets, those who by any possibility could command the use of any description of vehicle, in carriages, and the rest on foot. Great was the store of ammunition that had been provided. Besides chalk and flour in various forms, some had provided missiles of soot: but this having reached the ears of the Grand Duke, had been specially prohibited the day before. The belligerents were, therefore, restricted to *white* in their combating. Many had taken up positions in balconies overlooking the line of the Corso, and these thus fighting at a great advantage, showered down shovels-full of chalk, dust, and flour, into the carriages as they passed beneath them. The only efficient mode of retaliating the attacks of these assailants was by flinging, with a vigorous arm and dexterous aim, an egg, from which its native contents had been abstracted, and flour introduced instead. Before one circuit of the Corso had been accomplished all looked like millers, and great was the despair of the coachmen at the state of the carriages, filled and soiled as they were with sacks-full of trash. After this amusement had continued till dusk, the '*fiesta de' mocciosi*' began, also for the first time at Florence. This, as frequenters of the Roman Carnival know well, consists in every one carrying a lighted candle or taper, and endeavouring by every means to put out his neighbour's light, and uphold his own—a typification of a social pastime not altogether new or unknown in our own favoured land.

What, however, must be admitted to be peculiar to these people, is the perfect and wonderful good-humour and temper which prevailed on all hands. Conceive a similar scene in London, or any of our towns! Think of the fights that would ensue, and the press of business at the police-courts the next day! We are apt to picture to ourselves the Italians as hot in temper and quick in quarrel.

The reverse is the case, to a degree inconceivable to an Englishman. The Italians, and especially the Tuscans, are probably the most tolerant and long-suffering people on the earth;—*valent quantum*—both for favourable and unfavourable results. On the occasion in question, their universal and unvaried good-temper and forbearance were truly admirable.

One of the Carnival amusements of Florence, which is most popular with the Tuscan people of all grades, and which is worth mentioning, as it embodies a large portion of national wit and peculiarity, is the performance of 'Stenterello.' Stenterello, being essentially a popular personage, confines his appearance to one or two of the smaller theatres, and to Carnival time; but few Florentines fail to visit him, at least now and then, in his own haunts. The fun consists in putting Stenterello, who is the burlesque personification of a Florentine of the lower classes, into every most absurdly-ludicrous position and difficulty. Thus we see the walls placarded with 'The Ninety-and-nine Misfortunes of Stenterello.'—'Stenterello, Physician of Betelem.'—'Stenterello, a Philosopher by choice, a Wit by nature, a Lawyer by profession, and a Husband *malgré lui*.'—Or else we have him introduced into known dramas, in the most heterogeneous fashion. As 'Der Freischütz with Stenterello.'—'Stenterello and William Tell.' He is always in all sorts of scrapes; always a coward, yet thrusting himself into positions of danger; always a rogue, and always successful; and despite every chance to the contrary triumphant, like our Punch, over all his enemies and the devil to boot.

But you will be asking, and I fear me with a frown, Mr. Editor, whether I have nothing to tell you but all these Carnival fooleries;—and where all the Muses hide their diminished heads during the periodical reign of Momus and his crew. No! not *all*. For Terpsichore at least is wide awake, and in the absence of her sisters rules the hour well-nigh despotically. In sober seriousness, of graver matters there is little to tell. One literary promise I have to communicate, which will in its performance be not only a work of considerable interest and value, but may well be deemed a curiosity, nearly unique in literary history. Gino Capponi, long known to Europe as one of the most enlightened men and profound scholars of the peninsula, but who has been for many years entirely blind, is about to produce a history of the Communes of Italy. Those who are at all acquainted with Italian history, will feel at once how valuable a work may be produced on this subject, and will at the same time estimate the vast amount of historical erudition and original research necessary for its satisfactory execution. To my exclamation, that it appeared to me of all the subjects that could be chosen, the least possible to be treated by one afflicted as its learned author, on account of the multifarious nature of the necessary original researches; it was replied, that the work would be composed wholly from the richly-stored repositories of a memory, which had lost none of the vast acquisitions entrusted to it by the laborious study of former years. The name of Gino Capponi is an amply sufficient guarantee that the work will be no mere perfunctorily executed catch-penny.

I will conclude my letter with a word or two,

on matters artistic. I mentioned in my last letter I think, a large Fresco of the Last Supper, recently brought to light, or at least to general notice, which is sought to be attributed to Raffael; * and I gave some reasons for deciding against such a paternity. It is fair, therefore, to mention, that one circumstance has come since to my knowledge, which adds a probability to the opinion that it is a work of Raffael's. This is the fact, that an aunt of that artist was abbess of the convent at the time the picture was painted. It is certainly in any case a very noble picture; indeed, one of quite first-rate excellence; equal in execution, and far superior in preservation to the celebrated Milan fresco of Leonardo, on the same subject. An engraving of the picture on a large scale is in progress.

Powers, the American sculptor, whose 'Greek Slave,' purchased by our countryman, Mr. Grant, recently attracted such universal admiration, has been engaged on a bust of the Grand Duchess, and has produced a most speaking portrait. An 'Eve' by him is still in his studio. It is a figure of infinite beauty and dignity, presenting our first mother at the moment of her first transgression.

The society for the promotion of the fine arts, established at Florence, numbers above 600 members, and their first annual exhibition last summer consisted of 120 paintings, thirty water-colour drawings, and nine pieces of sculpture. Considering the state of modern painting in Italy, the display was exceedingly respectable. In the historical class, the favourite subjects were chiefly drawn from the picturesque leaves of Italian medieval history or romance, with the usual proportion of Dantesque themes. Several of these works were well composed and correctly designed, but often crude in colouring and tame in expression. Among the few scriptural representations two were of great merit, Jacob receiving Joseph's blood-stained garment, by Antonio Cesari, and Samuel resuscitating an infant, by Ignazio Zotti. The landscapes and *tableaux de genre* showed only mediocrity, excepting two fine forest scenes, treated by Carlo Marko with great talent and a happy play of light. One or two rules of this association are worthy of consideration in England; the subscribers are bound to continue members for three years; the rejection and hanging is invested in a committee of five artists, whose names hang on the wall; the name of the author, subject and price of each work are affixed to it. The annual subscription is four dollars, and the prizes are given by ballot in money, to be spent in the purchase of such work or works exhibited as the gainer may select, the name first drawn being entitled to the first prize and choice, and so forth.

ROME, February, 1846.

A few weeks ago Rome was kept in a state of excited curiosity by the expected arrival of the Autocrat of the Russias, whose visit to this capital was, for many reasons, looked upon with general interest. Following so quickly upon the

footsteps of the Polish Abbess of Minak, whose sufferings and escape from persecutions, understood to have been authorized by him, had scarcely ceased to be the general theme of impassioned comment here, it was at first asserted by the journals that his majesty would avoid setting foot in the Papal states. When his intention to beard the Pontiff in his palace was announced, there was much speculation as to the object and manner of so unseasonable a visit, and, above all, as to the reception he would receive from one whose high office united protection of the oppressed Catholics of the north with the charity becoming the head of their church; and whose official relations had for long been so complicated and inimical with his volunteer guest. The various dilemmas arising out of this position were fully felt by the counsellors of his holiness. Among the usual compliments to all crowned heads arriving for the first time in Rome are an illumination of St. Peter's, and a girandola, these being the two most imposing spectacles offered by this city of many wonders. To pay him these tributes of respect would seem a remission, if not an approval of all the emperor's anti-Catholic policy—to withhold them might widen the breach. Besides, his intention of asking an audience of the pope being known, it was necessary to resolve how the interview should be managed, so as to prevent a clever, cool, and determined man from obtaining a real or implied sanction of all that his holiness had long been protesting against. In due time it was announced that his majesty had written to beg his visit might be strictly private, and that no public honours might be prepared.

On the 12th of December the great anti-pope of our age entered Rome from Naples under one of Italy's most angry skies, wherein rain, sleet, and wind, did their utmost to chill his welcome, but which his majesty good-humouredly said was to him mild weather. His suite occupied ten carriages, and he took up his quarters at the palace of his embassy (the Justiniani), which had been left vacant by the retirement of M. de Bouteneff to a hotel. He arrived long after midnight, but early next day was in the presence-chamber. The pope, knowing with whom he had to deal, and having, perhaps, some doubts of his guest's motives or his own self-command, had selected Cardinal Acton to witness the important interview, the czar being attended by his able and bland envoy, De Bouteneff. Although necessarily of a confidential character, the general impression of its incidents and results, current in the best-informed circles here, are understood to be correct. The pontiff anticipated the emperor's attempt to kiss his hand by saluting him on the cheek, and placed him by his throne under the *baldachino* or canopy of state. After exchanging civilities as to his journey, and the empress's health, his holiness assumed a serious tone, and said that the duty entrusted to his hands of protecting the interests of his church was one for which he must briefly give an account, and that there were matters for which the emperor, too, must, in due time, stand in judgment, regarding the treatment of the poor Catholics under his sway, of which very sad complaints had often reached his ears. This was met by vague protestations that such tales were false or grossly exaggerated, whereupon the pope

* See Art. X. in the present No.

took from a drawer copies of various oppressive ukases, and pointed to the signature of Nicholas. This home-thrust was parried by an assertion that these were laws signed by him only *pro forma*, being matters ruled by the synod of the Greek church, with which he had nothing to do. But his unsparing questioner rejoined that, like all human laws, these were revocable, and were subject to his control, but that the laws which he was called upon to administer, and in behalf of which he now protested, were immutable and divine. This solemn appeal was made in a manner startling to the autocrat, and it is understood that he promised inquiry, and held out hopes of redress. The pontiff afterwards said that, having discharged his duty as head of the Catholic church, he had another complaint to prefer of a temporal character,—that, though compared with those of his guest, his states were of small importance, he and his predecessors had long been recognized throughout Europe as sovereigns, and their envoys were received at most courts, nor was he aware of any reason why this should not be the case at St. Petersburg. The reply was that such a proposal required consideration, but that it should be favourably regarded.

Such were the general features of the interview, which lasted above an hour. There is a story current that, before leaving the embassy, the Emperor said abruptly to those around him, 'Allons voir ce moine !' but that in descending the stairs of the Vatican, he turned to De Bouteneff and said, in a very different tone, 'Sçavez-vous que ce moine est bien chef de son eglise !' At all events, those who saw him closely as he went and returned, observed a marked change in his demeanour; at first with that undaunted bearing which no monarch ever more signally possessed, afterwards serious and pensive, whilst the perspiration glistened on his brow. On the whole, however, both parties are understood to have been agreeably surprised with each other, and the autocrat repeatedly expressed to the Roman functionaries his high respect for their master, and the gratification he had received from the interview, adding, however, that he had many enemies at Rome. In accordance with the same feeling, when he ascended the dome of St. Peter's, where a collation awaited him, he filled a glass of wine, and drank 'Long life to the Pope, and the fulfilment of his desires,' an expression to which peculiar significance has been attached.* Of the dignified demeanour of his holiness, both in words and manner, no second opinion is heard; and though he gave a parting audience of forty minutes to his guest four days afterwards, he declined accepting the presents which it had been intended to offer. In public, the rapid motions and unpretending equipage of the czar often disappointed the very limited curiosity which was shown regarding him,

* There are credulous souls, it would seem, in Italy. The Russian government evidently labours under an intense nervous solicitude as to the light in which its character and conduct are regarded by the civilized world: but it has signally and irreparably damaged its reputation, as well by the miserable quibbling and transparent falsehoods to which it has had recourse, in its denial of the Minsk persecution, as by its atrocious proceedings in the affair itself.—*Editor.*

and even where a number of spectators did assemble, they manifested great indifference, except such of them as approached to throw petitions into his carriage. It is believed that few of the Roman nobility left their names at his palace.

But in this holy city there are important interests besides those of church and state. During some weeks many of the most valuable works of old art had been disappearing, conjured away by some invisible influence under a pledge of their being brought under the Emperor's notice, who was hailed as a Mammon of wealth by many who were willingly blind to his imputed unrighteousness. The artists, too, were on the alert, and hearing that his majesty had bought up an entire exhibition of modern works, got up for his inspection at Palermo, they readily caught at a proposal emanating from the Russian embassy, that they should open the exhibition rooms in the Piazza del Popolo. This was sanctioned by government on condition that they should be open only to the Czar and his suite, so as not to interfere with the annual spring exhibition. Nor was the precaution unfounded, as on this occasion many artists who do not usually exhibit there, sent works, after which the usual display must be little attractive. One hundred and fifty-eight works were hung, and although it may appear invidious to assert of an exhibition open to all nations in the 'mother of arts,' that it would have been respectable in an English provincial town, yet more cannot in justice be said. Most of the first names were absent from the walls, and the rule that everything should be for sale, necessarily excluded the finest emanations of the Roman studios, these being usually executed on commission. The highest works in the room were the 'Coronation of Petrarch at the Capitol in 1341,' and the 'Four Ancient Bards in Limbo from the Fourth Canto of the Inferno;' the former by Pierini, of Florence, was somewhat mannered and monotonous, the latter an imposing group, though partaking somewhat of that French classicism which borrows its movements from the studio and the stage, rather than from poetry or real life. The surprise and vexation of the authors of these really fine pictures, was shared by their countrymen, when the Emperor interrupted their oral description with a shrug, and passed on with a cold observation, that he did not know Italian. Ignorance of Dante and indifference to Petrarch were in their eyes less venial sins than the flagellation and torture of pious nuns.

It would exceed the limits of this rambling letter to enumerate the many pleasing and meritorious *tableaux de genre* which adorned the walls, or to criticise muddy browns and all-prevailing orange-tawny tints, so painfully spread over most landscapes painted at Rome. Though we cannot altogether recommend the ragged touch of Herr Rauch, the green bottle-glass glazings of Thöming, the parsley foliage of the elder Strutt, or the rough pencil of his clever son, the works of all these painters offered countervailing merits. The water-colours were respectable for the continent, where, from various reasons, they cannot rival those of England. We hazard this observation in full conviction of the ability and success of Herr Werner, whose works never want liberal purchasers. In his Moorish hall of Lisa at Palermo, there were

bits and episodes of exquisite finish and transparency, reminding one of the motives, as well as the execution of Mieris; but these merits were scarcely sustained, and the general monotony of tone was rendered more apparent by the absence of vigorous treatment. The emperor's selection of nine works in oil, two in water-colours, and one in sculpture, was made with his wonted rapidity of decision, and apparently without reference to any special canons of criticism. There was also an exhibition for the Russian pensioned students, of which their sovereign is said to have expressed his dissatisfaction in pithy phrase. Of the numerous objects of art and curiosity brought privately under his notice, he is believed to have purchased to a very limited amount. A soldier in his tastes, he is understood to be most interested in ancient armour, and to be quite a proficient in its varieties. He, however, gave many commissions in statuary, most of them copies and casts of antique marbles, but some were orders for original works, including two from Wolfe. No present was made him in the name of the Pope, but several of the public institutions of the city contributed their gifts, the most interesting of which was a superbly-bound set of all the engravings that have been issued from the Calcographia Camerale. His majesty afterwards sent from Florence the usual quota of snuff-boxes to the heads of the departments from whom he had received attention, and a sum for public charities; but his expenditure does not seem to have been at all so lavish as in other cities. A visit limited to five days was inadequate to the interests of Rome, and produced few incidents; one, however, was gratifying to our countrymen here. When at St. John Lateran, the czar, being informed that Sir Henry Pottinger was in the church, requested, through General Kiel, his attendance in a side chapel, where he cordially shook his hand, and conversed with him for some time, expressing the wish he felt to make his acquaintance, especially since he had heard of his being in Italy.*

The three annual public sales of the Fesch gallery, noticed in your number of last April, are now ascertained to have yielded about 50,000*l.*, being under one-fourth of the sum originally demanded by the executors for the entire mass of pictures. The remaining ten or eleven thousand will not add much to their funds, as a creditor to the estate has been allowed to select four thousand five hundred from the whole residue at a dollar each. These he has been retailing for some time past at a handsome profit, and Rome is in consequence deluged with trash, exposed in stalls and hawked about the town. A new purchaser has come into the field, whose proceedings have as yet been worthy of his station, and of the large funds at his command. Lord Ward has bought Vallati's celebrated 'Magdalen,' the singular variations of whose fortune you lately gave to your readers; the price is stated at 1500*l.*, which, if true, can yield

no great profit on the chevalier's speculation, after ten years of anxiety and risks. Besides the expenses of his protracted suit, he has paid about 550*l.* in buying up the interest of Mr. Jones and of Prince Odescalchi; and but for the injury accruing to the picture from the rumour of Woodburn's unfavourable judgment (pronounced without having seen it), he would, in all probability, have turned it to better account. Such are the chances of this fluctuating trade. It is highly satisfactory that so beautiful a work has been obtained for England, and that it will be accompanied by two fine fragments in fresco, by Correggio, which Lord Ward has purchased of Fieroni for 700*l.*

Overbeck's great oil painting for Lubeck, his native town, is at length finished, after occupying him above four years, and is very favourably received by the admirers of the purest art. The reputation of this master must, however, eventually rest upon his drawings; his colouring, in common with that of many of his countrymen, being a failure. Yet compared with his picture at Frankfurt, this may be regarded as an improvement, especially in depth and solidity of tone; but there is still a sad want of modelling and chiaroscuro, and the crudity of tint leaves much to be desired. The distance is also defective in transparency of atmosphere, and generally the mechanism must be condemned as poor. These faults are, however, more than counterbalanced by the merits of composition and feeling. Eight disciples are gathered in a semicircular group around the body of Christ, to take their last farewell ere it is committed to the tomb. The moment is that in which violent grief has given place to profound and absorbing woe, the last offices of love have been performed, energy has been succeeded by exhaustion. This treatment gives to the picture a unity of interest, which the more dramatic compositions of Raffael and Perugino, on the same subject, do not possess, and which ought to save Overbeck from the charge, often ignorantly brought against him, of slavishly copying these masters. Yet, in the present instance, there is a figure with outstretched arms, that would seem borrowed from the 'Entombment' of the Borghese gallery. The drawings from the 'Life of Christ,' for Baron Lotzbech, are still in progress, and the variety of motives which they offer amply evince the original resources of Overbeck's mind, even whilst ever revolving upon nearly the same cycle of subjects. We trust that ere long this series will be made generally known by good engravings; those originally begun here have been suspended, their execution not being satisfactory.

Talking of engravings, Consoni's series from the works of Raffael proceeds slowly, but with scrupulous accuracy of design. Though only in outline, its moderate size and low price render it the most useful and complete work as yet published, for rendering that master universally appreciated. Bartocchini is well advanced, with outlines beautifully executed from the great altar-piece by Duccio, in the Duomo of Siena, composed of thirty-six scenes from the lives of Christ and the Madonna; a wonderful monument of the state of art in 1810: he is also engaged on twelve figures of the Apostles by Overbeck in the style of Marcantonio.

* Our correspondent means, we presume, that the English in Rome were pleased with this incident, because they saw in it a conspicuous acknowledgment of their distinguished countryman's fair renown. The Emperor, Nicholas, could by no act of his confer honour on such a man as Sir Henry Pottinger.—*EDITOR.*

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THE
FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. LXXIV.

FOR JULY, 1846.

ART. I.—*Discoveries in Australia, with an Account of the Coasts and Rivers explored and surveyed during the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle, in the years 1837, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43. By Command of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. Also, a Narrative of Captain Owen Stanley's Visits to the Islands in the Arafura Sea. By J. Lorr Stokes, Commander, R. N. London: Boone. 1846.*

AUSTRALASIA is naturally represented to us in different lights, according to the various interests, tastes and characters of those who describe it; and the impressions produced on the public mind—for even the instructed public are generally content with impressions on this subject—are strangely opposite and conflicting. In some, the name awakens the idea of a vast prison—a kind of mortal Tartarus—with huge gangs of convicts labouring incessantly in an atmosphere of crime; a shudder runs through their frames at the very thought, and they turn with pain and loathing from its consideration. More vulgar minds dwell on the ludicrous view of transportation, they consider penal banishment a droll thing, though not over pleasant to contemplate, and dismiss it with a joke and a laugh; while others, who, like Captain Stokes, have not accustomed themselves to this view of the matter, boldly speak of the ‘interesting associations’ connected with Botany Bay? Practical politicians dwell on the convict system, which they saddle, bridle, and mount as their *cheval-de-bataille* against a colonial secretary. They talk of agricultural and commercial distress, of a

falling off of trade, of ‘many beggars where none before were known,’ of ‘large estates allowed partially to return to their natural wildness;’ in short, they paint a perfect picture of a colony in decline, and succeed in awakening the sympathy of a generous public, which, hearing much of such abnormal things, and little of the counterbalancing prosperity, learns to consider these settlements as in a perpetual state of insolvency.

To many, New South Wales seems to present the aspect of a huge sheepfold, from which unheard of quantities of wool are annually shipped; whilst South Australia, fruitful in minerals, has lately been introduced to our notice as a kind of copper El Dorado!

In Captain Stokes's work, the title of which we have placed at the head of the present article, a wholly different view is taken. We are led in company with that famous little sloop the *Beagle* out of the circle of colonial associations, along the shores of unvisited plains which stretch away in unbroken monotony towards the interior; across deep bays divided for the first time by an European keel; and up great rivers that meander through the virgin plains of Australia, patiently awaiting the time when settlements and thriving cities shall cluster on their banks. It requires no great effort of the imagination to people these solitudes, and fill the air with ‘the busy hum of men.’ Providence seems to have marked them for the abode of Englishmen, and the question now is only one of time. Silently and steadily the Anglo-Saxon race is throwing a network of settlements over this vast country. The meshes are broad and irregular, it is

true; but they are rapidly filling up, and no geographer can keep pace with the progress of civilisation. Maps are no sooner made than they become historical—memorials of what had been done when the engraver began to work, rather than accurate representations of what is.

For these reasons it is extremely difficult for a traveller to escape entirely from the neighbourhood of settlements, and to plunge into regions utterly unknown. Interest and necessity have in most cases preceded curiosity. Even Bass, the discoverer of the strait which bears his name, found his work more than half done by a party of runaway convicts. Men of the same character have constantly moved in the van of what is called discovery. Squatters and adventurers of every description have, as in America, subdued portions of the wilderness, whilst science was making preparations to explore it. The great traveller Mitchell, who did penetrate where no European had ever penetrated before, was surprised to find hospitality at the end of a long and hazardous journey in the cottage of a countryman, who, arriving by a different route, had already begun to amass riches from the soil. Eyre and Sturt are among the few others who, in large portions of their expeditions, succeeded in leaving all traces of Europeans behind.

The officers of the *Beagle* in many instances enjoyed this great privilege; the Fitzroy, the Adelaide, the Victoria, the Albert, and the Flinders rivers, with all the vast and fertile districts on their banks, had never before been visited. Some of them were discovered in places where no one believed that any drainage could take place. As to the rivers in the gulf of Carpentaria, some men absolutely knew the reason why they could not exist.

We leave it to geographers to decide on the importance of these additions to their science. Much noise has not been made among the learned on the subject. They have modestly crept into the charts without exciting a single controversy. No man has thought it worth his while to deny their existence, or to question their value: they have been accepted as commercial or political facts, which may hereafter affect the destinies of the world, but which afford no scope for perverse ingenuity.

This is precisely the light in which we view them; and it is for this reason that we accompany Captain Stokes with delight in his laborious and hazardous examinations of the vast coasts of Australia. We penetrate with him into mangrove creeks, sandy havens, deep sounds, and estuaries, and share in the enthusiasm with which he pushes on

in momentary expectation of beholding some broad stream expand its placid surface in the rays of the sun or moon, in the disappointment he feels when all his hopes prove vain, and in the intoxicating sentiment of triumph induced by success. The scenes he witnesses on these reported expeditions strike us sometimes with a feeling of awe. Vast coasts, as level as the ocean, and presenting scarcely any traces of human beings, extend sometimes for hundreds of miles without offering a single opening to reward the patient perseverance of the explorer. Even the Libyan desert is not more grand than these Australian wildernesses. A gradual decrease of fertility prepares you there for the desolation you are to encounter; but here the desert meets you on the very verge of the inhospitable shore. Now and then, at wide intervals a curling smoke, visible at a vast distance, on account of the exquisite purity of the air, reveals the presence of the houseless savage, who appears to have wandered thither to show that even the land which the beasts of the field desert, and on which the bird of the air will not alight, can be taxed for the support of man. An almost impassable rampart of breakers generally prevents all approach, and not a port or harbour invites the passing vessel, or promises protection in the fearful storms that vex this portion of the north-west coast.

Elsewhere other scenes present themselves. Mountains clothed in scrub, and crowned with mist and vapours, rise abruptly from the beach. Crags and defiles, black and gloomy, and frowning, hang over the dark and turbulent waters. Islands, and rocks, and reefs, cast wildly here and there, impede the progress of navigation. It appears as though the vessel has to pick its way among the ruins of a continent. Terrific currents sweep along in a confusion which seems to defy all nautical science. The waves are never still, the heavens never clear, the winds never at rest. An eternal commotion pervades the sea and the sky. Every beach is strewn with timber, every island has its story of a wreck. The *Sydney Cove* was the first vessel, but the *Cataragin* will not be the last to fall a victim to the dangers of Bass's Strait.

New images present themselves; the valleys of Illawara, with their fern-trees and their Brazilian vegetation; the Alpine regions of the Manero country; the Mexican splendour of Moreton bay: the modest charms of Leschenault inlet; the parched plains of the north, the emerald meadows of the south; the rivers and streams with their verdant banks, their quiet reaches, the many-coloured birds that hang on the branches, or

float like balls of snow, or crimson, or purple, or golden feathers from bank to bank.

It would be difficult to group all the characteristic physical features of this extraordinary country. It would be much more so, to describe its present population. Comparatively but a few years back, a type almost unvarying pervaded the whole continent. The aborigines, a miserable and degraded race, held undisturbed possession of the country. Little if any effect was produced by the occasional visits of the Macassar praos to the north coast. The intercourse that took place seems to have been too trifling to deserve mention. Now, however, a different phenomenon presents itself. The most intellectual race in the world has placed itself by the side of the most ignorant and debased. Amidst a field of tares, the germs of a mighty people have been cast, under the most extraordinary circumstances, perhaps, that ever presided over the birth of a nation.

Men are fond of expatiating on the early history of the American colonies. Philosophers and politicians vie with each other in the wonder with which they watch their development. They seem to consider their fortunes unique, unexampled, more extraordinary than anything else within the range of our experience. But if we attentively reflect on what has taken place within the last fifty years in our settlements in Australia, it will appear that we must look henceforth in that direction for the marvel of marvels in the history of civilisation.

'I was conceived in iniquity,' must be the confession in future ages, of that great state which now bears the name of New South Wales. Rome was founded by a voluntary association of outlaws: the founders of this empire were collected from the London gaols. And the natural consequence has ensued: namely, the creation of a people, which, though possessing, in spite of its tainted origin, many virtues, has a peculiar character of its own, which has formed a public opinion different from that of Europe, and cherishes ideas of public and private morality somewhat at variance with ours.

We do not leave out of sight the vast influx of free emigrants which has taken place. These have greatly influenced the national character of New South Wales and Tasmania, have modified and improved their tone; but it would be absurd to suppose, that an element so important as the current population can exist without producing a powerful effect. In vain do the honourable prejudices of virtuous descent erect a barrier against intercourse with the progeny of those whose crimes made them colonists. Ideas and

sentiments are nevertheless infectious. We cannot shut them out by the conventional barriers of society. If the moral example of one class raises the other, the immoral example of the second cannot be without its detrimental effect upon the first.

It may be worth while here, suppressing names and dates, to give an instance of the feeling which exists among what are called the "free," in opposition to the "government" classes, now emancipated, and possessing the same political rights and privileges with the others. Several attempts have been made to conclude a treaty of alliance between them, but in vain. All endeavours hitherto have failed before the invincible prejudices of hereditary virtue; and there seems every possibility of the permanent existence of a class, which thanks God it is not as its neighbours are, sons and daughters of publicans and sinners. The prejudices entertained against the black natives has been partially overcome, by a matrimonial alliance at Swan River. It was thought, therefore, that if a marriage between persons of a distinguished position, one of them being of convict descent, were brought about, a great step would have been taken. A couple answering this description existed. The accomplished and beautiful daughter of a man of wealth, who had been one of the compulsory founders of the state, was betrothed to a young man, glorying in all the pride of honest blood. The marriage took place, the bride was given away by the governor of the colony. The public looked on in seeming approval; and as soon as the reluctance of the young wife to appear in public was overcome, she entered leaning on the arm of her husband, a ball-room filled with all the rank and fashion of Sydney. A titter ran round, there was shaking of fans, and rustling of gowns; and exchanging of glances, and tossing of heads, and whisperings. Suddenly, every kind and charitable lady rose from her seat, the dance was broken up, and in a few minutes all the rank and fashion of Sydney had disappeared; and even the hostess, who had magnanimously issued the invitation, awed by this expression of public opinion, dared scarcely advance to console the confounded and weeping cause of all this confusion!

Another instance will exhibit the state of feeling among the reprobates themselves. They have been taught to caricature the feelings of the free. Because these will not associate with the descendants of rogues, those will not associate with any who are not descendants of rogues. A public dinner was given by this class, to which the doctor who took care of their bodily health was

invited. Great was the joviality among these sinners, and toasts of all kinds were drunk. Our medical friend got on his legs, to answer for his profession; when suddenly a man arose whose claims to Newgate descent were undoubted, and insisted that, because the son of Æsculapius was a *white sheep*, he could not be heard. No sooner was this hint given, than divers significant glances were cast on the worthy doctor, who stood almost overwhelmed by the imputation. At length, mustering courage, he repelled the charge 'of his honourable friend,' denied the purity of his descent, and for fear of falling a victim to the 'exclusive dealing' system, actually proved, by a long genealogical deduction, his relationship with some notorious convicts.

It will readily be believed, that such a state of society is favourable to the development of extraordinary characters. And there would, perhaps, be no more curious study in the world, than that of the various little classes, which, under such circumstances, must spring up. The Australian squatter, generally a man of energetic character, desirous of escaping from the inferior position in which his descent places him, is, if anything, more remarkable than the American squatter himself. His life is equally adventurous and romantic; and though he does not carry into the wilds which he subdues, the pride of the republican, he is often a worthy and an estimable character. The dangers to which he is exposed, render him watchful and warlike in his equipment. He has to guard against the insidious attacks of the savage, as well as against the bushrangers, a class composed of escaped convicts, and other desperate characters, who league together for the purpose of subsisting on plunder.

There are some good narratives current in Australia, respecting these escaped convicts, the hardships they endure, and the atrocities they perpetrate. Endued with the energy and courage of Englishmen, they exhibit all the brutality into which that energy and courage are apt to degenerate, when freed from moral restraint. Being perfectly reckless of their lives, they sometimes perform actions and undertake journeys, in which it would seem that almost inevitable destruction awaited them. Many have escaped to distant islands, in boats and canoes, over seas, which the largest vessels do not approach without diffidence. Bass Strait is constantly traversed by these criminals, who escape from the gangs of Tasmania, and hasten to find a refuge in the depths of New South Wales. Captain Stokes relates several incidents, and alludes to others, which

would form the basis of most romantic stories. Apparently, however, it did not enter into his plan to give minute details, and sometimes, we suspect, he purposely omits many characteristic touches, with which he might have graced his pages. Did our space permit, we would relate all the extraordinary adventures of the three men whose passage of Bass Strait he mentions. (Vol. ii., p. 457.) Two of them belonged to one party, which met another party, also consisting of two, in a wood, not far from the Great Pope's River. They were all armed with some weapon of offence, but only one had a gun. As soon as they sighted each other, they came to a stand, both sides believing that they had encountered a *posse* of constables. For some time they remained in observation, not knowing whether to advance or retreat. The man with the gun at length hailed the others, ordering them to come forward completely from under cover, or he would fire. To this the reply was, that he might fire if he dared. He was as good as his word, and brought down with unerring aim one of the opposite party. The remaining convict, upon this, surrendered; the mutual mistake was discovered, and the survivors shook hands over the body of their murdered comrade. They were too much occupied with thoughts of their own danger to bestow much commiseration on him. Probably they preferred his room to his company. Subsistence would be less difficult; and they did not require numbers to give them courage for any desperate action.

From the scene of the murder they went down to the coast, and surprised a small fishing-boat, with the fishermen in it. Not being able to manage the craft themselves they did not knock the owners on the head, but pressed them into their service, and compelled them to take them to an island in Banks Strait. Here they found a party of about six or seven sealers. Nothing daunted these three desperate men walked up and ordered them to make ready and convey them to the main. Their boldness proved their safety. For three weeks they kept the sealers in subjection during their passage from island to island, and the stays they made waiting for fine weather, and at length dismissed them at Wilson's Promontory. They now commenced a land journey, and plunged into that hilly region covered with almost impervious scrubs, and intersected by torrents and water-courses, now known by the name of Gipps' Land, which stretches from the sea to the foot of the Australian Alps. How they traversed this difficult region is unknown, but not many months

afterwards these three men, united in friendship by the bands of mutual crime, were seen in the neighbourhood of Sydney, having traversed four hundred miles of a country, part of which has since been 'discovered' scientifically.

There is an interesting fact glanced at in the work before us of a party of escaped convicts, who took possession of a small colonial vessel in Macquarie Harbour, and actually ventured a passage across the Pacific Ocean. We hear only of the successful adventures of this kind. All record of failure is ingulphed in the waves. These men were at length fortunate enough to arrive off Valdivia on the west coast of South America. 'They scuttled the vessel,' says Captain Stokes, 'off the harbour's mouth, and came in in the boat, reporting it to have foundered. Being useful artificers in such an out of the way place, few inquiries were made about them, and they were received by the governor as a very acceptable addition to the population. Singular to say, when at Valdivia in 1835, I saw some of these men; they were married, and continued to be regarded as a very great acquisition, although a kind of mystery was attached to them. However, their enjoyment of liberty and repose was destined to be but short. Their whereabouts became known, and a man-of-war was sent to take them. All but one again effected their escape in a boat they had just finished for the governor, and they have not since been heard of.' (ii. 473.)

Many of the escaped convicts become pirates and banditti, whilst others endeavour to deserve well of society by industriously gaining their living in their own way. Among the most notorious of the former was one Michael Howe of Tasmania. He at first joined a large party of bushrangers which spread terror and desolation through the country. His indomitable courage and fertility of resources soon gained him a pre-eminence among his companions. But he does not seem to have been possessed of the true Satanic ambition. He did not think it 'better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.' Though ruthless himself, the society of other villains was distasteful to him, and he separated from his companions to pursue his career alone. Twice, disgusted with his own mode of existence, he surrendered on condition that his life should be spared; but the lawless impulse was too strong within him to be quieted, and he eventually returned for good to the bush. Every settler heard with terror that Michael Howe was again abroad, and their fears were but too often realized. This singular being had formed a connexion with a native girl of some per-

sonal attractions. She accompanied him in all his expeditions, and seemed to return the attachment she had inspired. What were the exact feelings with which he regarded her are not known, but that there was considerable depth in his love may be inferred from the manner in which they parted. One morning they were sitting in their hut, concealed in the depths of a wood, when the ever-vigilant Michael heard a significant crackling of the fallen branches, and instantly knew that his life or liberty was threatened. A body of colonists, indeed, which had long been on his track, had surrounded his habitation. Conscious of his vast strength, his agility, his knowledge of every path, he felt confident of being able to escape; but what would become of his partner? Should she be suffered to fall into the hands of the colonists? The desperate casuist soon decided the question, and he shot her, not 'because he imagined she might occasion delay,' as Captain Stokes, repeating the expression used in Tasmania, remarks, but as others, with more probability, believe, because he could not brook the idea of her falling into rough and unkind hands.

Leaving her weltering in her blood (she did not die, by-the-by, but was taken to Hobarton) Michael Howe escaped, and continued for some time to lead his usual predatory life. At one period he formed the plan of penetrating into some unknown fastnesses, whither the foot of man would never follow him, and of establishing himself there as a solitary colonist. For this purpose, he procured the seeds of a variety of flowers and vegetables, and endeavoured to persuade himself that he could pass the remainder of his life in peace, engaged in the cultivation of his garden. But his conscience would not allow him to remain quiet. 'The murders he had committed rose up constantly before his imagination. Fearful shapes haunted his fancy. Night and day he was tortured by the recollection of what he had done. This is no imaginary picture, drawn from the prevalent ideas of what criminals must suffer. The man himself had striven to escape from the terrors of his own mind by analysing and studying them. He kept a sort of journal of his dreams, in which, partly by a few words pregnant with meaning, partly by means of strange and uncouth sketches, he recorded every morning what he had mentally suffered by night. The man's mind seems to have been of great capacity; his imagination was rich and vivid. Every evening, as soon as he had laid his guilty head on the stone that served for his pillow, the most frightful images rushed across his brain. The faces of those he

had killed, their gory hair, their deeply-stained garments, every material adjunct of murder; the horror of the day of judgment, too, filled his imagination, and the awful pains of the damned seemed revealed to him in this tremendous apocalypse. One single trait will evince the rude sublimity of his mind. All this dreadful journal was written in his own blood—as if any other liquid would have been polluted by recording the diabolical thoughts that haunted him! There is no evidence that the religious sentiment ever came to his aid; but we would fain hope that all this agony was not suffered in vain. He was killed by three men who had planned his capture, after seven years' residence in the bush.

As we have above hinted, the runaway convicts do not always become bushrangers, but, managing to elude the vigilance of government, take to the islands, especially those in Bass Strait, and live by sealing, fishing, and catching the sooty petrel.

The lives of these men are exceedingly interesting and romantic, and more resemble that of Robinson Crusoe than any we know of. The islands on which they dwell possess little beauty of scenery. By nature they are deprived of all luxuriance of vegetation. Lying exposed to the tremendous winds that sweep to and fro through the Funnell, they rear their bare and arid scalps like so many bald giants, overlooking the waters that foam and dash at their feet. Nearly every one is encircled by a band of hissing and boiling breakers. Many are absolutely inaccessible, except on some rare occasions of fine weather, when an unexpected lull takes place, and a bright gleam of serene and sunny weather lights up this gloomy region. An adventurous straitsman, seizing a favourable opportunity, landed on the Black Pyramid, and carried destruction among the Rookery, which the seals have there established. But soon the heavens again became clouded, the hoarse roar of the wind warned him to depart, and he had scarcely urged his canoe through the everlasting wreath of foam which none before had ventured to traverse, than the sides of the Pyramid were lashed once more in fury, and the impassable barrier of breakers was again reared round this mysterious island.

Many of the irregular fragments of land which are strewn over the waters of the strait are covered with an impervious scrub, which has been growing, interlacing, matting, entangling, since they were first bared to the heavens. The violent gusts of wind that blow over them, prevent this hungry vegetation from attaining any height, and

force it to expend its strength in a lateral and labyrinthian growth, which renders it necessary for those who would penetrate it, to cut a path with the hatchet. Occasionally fire is communicated to the dwarfed thickets; and for whole months a lurid glare is thrown by night over the surrounding billows.

On several of the larger islands some good land is found, capable, if cultivated, of affording support to a moderate population. In many instances, pigs and rabbits abound; for the sealers of the strait make a constant practice of turning loose these animals on the islands they visit, in order to make provision for future visitors. In one or two places vegetables have been planted; and shipwrecked sailors have often been agreeably astonished by finding amid rocks, where they expected nothing but barrenness and aridity, large fields of carrots, &c., on which they have been able to subsist until an opportunity of escape presented itself.

These islands, many of them, are, as we have hinted, inhabited by a peculiar class of men, known by the name of straitsmen. The account they give of their own origin is as follows:—About the beginning of this century, the south coast of Australia was much frequented by sealing vessels, which flocked thither to take advantage of the discoveries of Bass and Flinders, and to ply their profitable but precarious trades on islands, many of which had never before been visited by man. For the natives of Australia and Tasmania never crossed to them—at least to those which did not hold out the promise of a fertile soil. For some time the vessels engaged in sealing made large gains; but the supply did not equal the demand. It is in the nature of this occupation to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Animals sought after only for their skins soon diminish in number. Accordingly, many of the crews of the vessels, becoming attached to the spots they were in the habit of visiting, and finding, too, that it was scarcely worth while, with the small profit they made, to return to a civilized country, determined to remain and establish themselves. In lieu of pay, they generally took a boat and some stores; and bidding farewell to their comrades, took up their abode in their favourite islands. They soon found it necessary to disperse in small parties, each station only affording subsistence to one or two; and they seem, besides, to have been fond of a comparatively solitary life. Intrepid seamen, they spent their days upon the water, and returned at night to sleep in rude little huts which they erect-

ed under the shadow of some crag, or in some narrow valley where protection was afforded from the wind.

It was not long before these wild dwellings became invested with all the charms of home. Gardens, well-stocked with vegetables, gradually grew up around them; and these rough and uncouth beings delighted, too, in surrounding themselves with the flowers which they remembered to have loved when young. Many a rude imitation of an English homestead grew up accordingly in those storm-beat isles; and passing ships have beheld, as they were driven along by the fury of a tornado, brief glimpses of cottages, that reminded them of the land they had last quitted, with doors and windows, shaded by the honeysuckle or the rose.

The above account of the origin of the straitsmen is true with reference to many of the older men and their families; but it is well known that these islands of Bass strait have afforded a refuge to many of the convicts, who from time to time escaped from the gangs of Tasmania. Mingling with the wild and somewhat lawless inhabitants of this region, they easily escape pursuit, and are thus enabled, if they please, to spend the remainder of their days in peace.

It is a curious circumstance, that an English gentleman once imitated those persons, and took up his residence, like another Robinson Crusoe, on King Island. The world had 'gone wrong with him,' and he determined to fly from it, and spend the remainder of his days out of the circle of civilisation. It does not appear, however, that he could act up completely to his ideas. The world from which he endeavoured to tear himself had laid too strong a hold upon his fears; and it was with the bitterness of an exile, not the stern determination of a misanthrope, that he expatriated himself. Though he required a lonely island, he chose one from which he could occasionally behold the sails of the numerous traders that enter and leave the strait; and his eyes were often directed over the boundless expanse of ever-turbulent waters in search of those messengers from the busy world without. A wife, a daughter, and three or four sons, were his companions; and it was probably for their sakes more than for his own, that he regretted all that he had lost. Captain Smith was a military man, and his family had been brought up with the taste and habits of civilized life. Even beneath the roof of their rude slab hut, formed of rough boards and thatched with grass, a good library might have been seen; and occasionally the soft and melancholy note of a flute stole at eventide over the wa-

ters of Franklin Road. The position this unhappy gentleman had selected does not seem to have been a good one. In the first moody fit he had fled to a spot which held out no hopes of future comfort and ease. Industry and science could do little to smoothe the rugged features of nature there. Around rose mountainous hills, covered with sand; here and there only a little coarse grass might be found, but so full of burrs that the wool of his sheep was completely spoiled. A poor and wretched soil almost mocked his efforts at cultivation; and the cabbages and other vegetables, which with infinite labour he reared in the garden surrounding his dwelling, were constantly blighted by the west winds. By his gun he was enabled to procure sufficient kangaroo and wild fowl for his subsistence; but altogether he led a miserable and cheerless life. The colonial government allowed one of its cutters occasionally to call and leave a few supplies; but at length Captain Smith determined to make another attempt at bettering his condition, left the island to the sealers, and crossing over to Tasmania, met with singular good fortune, and is now a comfortable settler.

The fact was, that this gentleman was not suited to the kind of life he undertook to lead. How different is the story of James Munroe, King of the eastern straitsmen! For twenty-five years he has inhabited Preservation Island, and acquired by his age, his experience, and his ability, an authority over his fellows which on a larger theatre might enable him to found a dynasty. His palace consists in a rude hut erected on a bleak flat, protected from the wind by some low granite hills. Another tenement or two contain his immediate subjects, an Englishman, and several native women, with a number of dogs, goats, and fowls.

It is now time that we should explain the use of the word families, which we have used in reference to these straitsmen. They have all got one or more partners of their existence. Polygamy with them is in high honour. The man who has the most wives is held in most respect; because wives and wealth are synonymous terms. The straitsmen have made it their practice to beg, buy, borrow, or steal their better halves from the tribes of the continent, in Tasmania. A few seals have often procured as many women; but in cases where no disposition to barter was exhibited, force has been resorted to, and the black-eyed and black-skinned damsels have been appropriated without the consent of their parents and guardians. At first the companions thus acquired were not treated very gently; but by degrees an af-

section, based partly on interest, was engendered. It was found that these women might be of great assistance. They caught wallaby, assisted their lords and masters in managing their boats, in short made themselves generally useful. Some of the straitsmen were actually enabled to dispense entirely with the assistance of white companions, and lived alone with their harems on separate islands in solitary grandeur.

The new population thus created, which appears destined at a future period to overcome and occupy the whole of the islands, is exceedingly curious. They are without exception vigorous and clean-limbed, with a dark ruddy complexion, and very fine eyes and teeth. They excel in all the qualifications of their fathers, make excellent heads-men in whalers, and will, probably, constitute a splendid nursery for seamen in case any maritime power should rise in the southern hemisphere. Even already they prove of great service to shipping, furnishing vessels with supernumerary hands, and filling up places left vacant by accident or desertion.

It is very pleasing to find that their children are not allowed to run entirely wild. Their fathers give them a rude but useful education; many can read and write; and we are told that the elementary principles of Christianity are early infused into their minds. But when our author alleges that none of the native superstitions, which might interfere with the purity of their belief, are transmitted to them, we confess our inability to believe so strange a statement without further inquiry. The paramount influence of the mother in moulding the mind of her child is notorious. No education sinks so deeply, or abides so ineradicably, as that which is unconsciously imbibed with a mother's milk. Now these Tasmanian women, in spite of the influence of their husbands, all retain a firm hold of many of the extraordinary notions prevalent among their people. The most remarkable of these is the doctrine of the transmigration of aboriginal souls into the bodies of white men. Nothing will induce them to abandon this idea. They cherish it fondly, and resist tenaciously any endeavour to deprive them of it as an attempt upon their happiness.

The women of both Australia and Tasmania possess many qualities which justify the love often felt for them by the straitsman. They are affectionate in their disposition, and exceedingly fond of their children. The following little anecdote, which we find in Captain Stokes's pages, is admirably illustrative of their character:—

"The reader will remember the native named Alligator, whom I have mentioned on a previous visit to Port Essington; I witnessed in his family an instance of affection for a departed child, which, though it exhibited itself in this particular manner, was extremely touching. The wife had treasured up the bones of the little one, and constantly carried them about with her, not as a *memento mori*, but as an object whereon to expend her tenderest emotions, whenever they swelled within her breast. At such times she would put together these bones with a rapidity that supposed a wonderful knowledge of osteology, and set them up that she might weep over them. Perhaps in her imagination, as she performed this melancholy rite, the ghostly frame-work before her became indued with the comely form of infancy, bright eyes once more sparkled in those hollow cells, and a smile of ineffable delight hung where in reality was naught but the hideous grin of death."

In concluding our account of the straitsmen, we extract a passage describing their mode of life:

"The principal trade of the straitsmen is in the feathers of the mutton bird (sooty petrel), which annually visit the islands, between the 15th and 20th of November, for the purpose of incubation. Each bird lays only two eggs, about the size of that of a goose, and almost as good in flavour. The male sits by day and the female by night, each going to sea in turn to feed. As soon as the young take wing they leave the islands. Their nests are two or three feet under ground, and so close that it is scarcely possible to walk without falling. The collection of the eggs and birds, which is the business of the women, is frequently attended with great risk, as venomous snakes are often found in the holes. When the sealers wish to catch them in large quantities, they build a hedge a little above the beach, sometimes half-a-mile in length. Towards daylight, when the birds are about to put to sea, the men station themselves at the extremities, and their prey not being able to take flight off the ground, run down towards the water until obstructed by the hedge, when they are driven towards the centre, where a hole about five feet deep is prepared to receive them; in this they effectually smother each other. The birds are then plucked and their carcasses generally thrown in a heap to waste, whilst the feathers are pressed in bags and taken to Launceston for sale. The feathers of twenty birds weigh one pound, and the cargoes of two boats I saw consisted of thirty bags, each weighing nearly thirty pounds—the spoil of 18,000 birds! I may add, that unless great pains are taken in curing, the smell will always prevent a bed made of them from being mistaken for one composed of Orkney goose feathers. Some of the birds are preserved by smoking, and form the principal food of the straitsmen, resembling mutton, according to their tastes, though none of us perceived the similarity.

"The habitations of these people are generally slab and plaster, of very rude and uninviting exterior, but tolerably clean and comfortable within. They generally take what they may have for the

market to Launceston twice in the year, laying in stores for the next six months, and return home, never, I believe, bringing back any spirits, so that while on the islands they lead from necessity a temperate life.

"It is sometimes in the power of these men to be of infinite service to vessels who are strangers in the strait, when driven into difficulties by westerly gales. Portions of the islands on which they reside are brought into cultivation, but at Gun Carriage they complain of their crops having been very backward since they were disturbed by the natives with Mr. Robinson, as they destroyed with fire all the shelter that was afforded. The water throughout the islands is not always very good; grain, however, thrives tolerably, and potatoes do very well indeed. The latter are taken with peas and other garden produce to Port Dalrymple. This is an evident proof of what these islands are capable of producing, and is worthy the attention of government, in case the idea which I have suggested is entertained of sending convicts thither from Tasmania."

Captain Stokes, in his surveying expedition and journeys of exploration, often fell in with curious characters and people, such as those above described. His work, in addition to the marine narrative, contains a vast variety of information, conveyed generally in terse, sometimes in meagre language. The abundance of his materials often induces him to compress into a note what might have been expanded into a chapter. But any one at all acquainted with Australia will be able to perceive that he extracts the pith and marrow of his subject. His principal purpose was to give a complete history of the achievements of his vessel, of the discoveries made in her, of the adventures and perils she and her officers encountered. When on these topics, he indulges in warm, and even flowery language; and colours his scenes occasionally, perhaps, with too vivid a pencil. It must be confessed, however, that he contrives to interest us deeply in his own and his sloop's fortunes. Now and then the *Beagle* appears in the character of the heroine of the work; but the author's imagination is generally of a sober hue, and she soon resumes her proper place.

The plan adopted necessarily left Captain Stokes only two alternatives, when he came to dispose of the vast mass of information he had collected, not bearing exactly on his professed subject, viz: either to intercalate discussional chapters, or to scatter the most important facts here and there as they presented themselves. By choosing the latter plan he has lost something of systematic completeness by gaining the inestimable advantage of brevity. Unwilling to dilate and break the thread of his narrative, he seizes on the most important features of his subject, sketches them briefly, and passes

on, leaving the reader to fill up for himself. Many passages therefore which will be read with eager interest in the colony will pass comparatively unnoticed here. Witness the remarks on lighthouses in Bass Strait, on the special survey-system, on new routes of exploration, on railroads, on land sale, the boundary question. The more lengthened observations on the aborigines of Tasmania, and those on the convict-system, will, we are sure, attract attention even in the political circles in England.

As we have hinted, however, the chief object of the work is to relate the surveys and discoveries performed in the *Beagle*. During the last voyage of this vessel, which occupied six years, the circumnavigation of the whole continent of Australia was several times performed, and many portions were laid down with a minuteness that almost equals that of the ordnance survey. The science of navigation owes a deep debt to Captain Stokes. The information contained in the present volumes must render them an invaluable companion to any ship performing a voyage in that part of the world. It is to be regretted, however, that more of the nautical matter has not been thrown into the notes or the appendix. In the midst of an interesting scene, or the narrative of an expedition of discovery, Captain Stokes pauses with imperturbable *sang-froid* to establish a bearing, or a distance, or to lay down a reef, or ascertain the direction of a current. He is never in a hurry, whatever the reader may be. With the waters of an unknown river, just flashing in the distance beneath the rays of a fervid sun, he coolly describes the nature of the bottom, enumerates every cast of the lead, with perfect confidence that enthusiasm will come when it is wanted, and cannot be smothered beneath a mass of dry details. We never remember to have observed a more remarkable instance of rigid adherence to plan, to the order and sequence of events. Even whilst relating a scene during which his own life was at stake, when he received a wound from the effect of which he has scarcely even now recovered, he stops to expatiate on the brilliant colours, 'verdigris, green, lilac, purple, and bright yellow,' of the *Amadina Gouldiæ*!

Perhaps, however, this is on the whole one of the charms of his book. An air of perfect good faith pervades it from beginning to end. He never 'rounds off an adventure' to suit the purposes of style; he never seeks for a point, or strains after effect. If a description is incomplete, it is because the scene was incomplete, or because he has forgotten the details. This is precisely as it should be. In such a book we would

rather find less than the truth, than more than the truth; and since this exactitude is the result of a system, we should rather have a little heaviness here and there than suspect the author of trespassing on the domains of romance.

It is not our purpose to sketch an outline of these two large volumes; nor can we even attempt by extracts to give specimens of its various portions. We invite our readers to peruse the visit to Timor, the surveys of Bass Strait, the examinations of the north-west coast, the discoveries of the Fitzroy, Adelaide, and Victoria rivers; and content ourselves with an outline of the proceedings in the Gulf of Carpentaria.

On June the 26th, 1842, Captain Stokes sailed from Booty Island to traverse the little-known waters of the gulf. After exploring Van Diemen's Inlet, the mouth of which had already been visited by the Dutch, and making some stay in Investigator Road, the *Beagle* proceeded to the main for the purpose of ascertaining if any rivers existed. The shore here has a very remarkable aspect. One vast dead level stretches as far as the eye can reach; and the only variety observable is in the heights of the mangroves on the banks. Here and there, it is true, the keen eye of the sailor detects an insignificant swelling; and his charitable imagination dignifies it with the name of a hill. But utter flatness is the general character of the country. Such being the case, the task of searching for rivers was an extremely laborious one; and might have proved fruitless but for an ingenious observation.

The level country which we have described seems to have recently risen from the sea. As far as the water retires the fringe of mangroves, which borders the whole coast, advances, leaving a wide plain behind, sparingly dotted with vegetation. Nearly the whole of the gulf seems destined before long to be left dry. The bottom is flat, muddy, and very shallow. For a great distance from the shore, a vast mud bank stretches, on which there are but a very few feet or even inches of water, so that boats are generally prevented from approaching. It was by observing the habits of this bank, if we may so speak, that rivers and inlets were discovered. Captain Stokes found that wherever an opening was known to exist the bank had a considerable projection; and having examined the reason of this, arrived at a general rule which guided him with unerring precision in all his exploration of the head of the gulf. It appears, he tells us, that the streams passing one of these openings groove out a channel in the great flat fronting the shore for from two to three

miles; but as the distance from their mouths increases, the velocity and consequent strength of the stream diminishes in proportion, and, as was afterwards found, is never strong enough in the dry season to force a channel the entire way through the flat or bank at the entrance, which is thrown out in consequence further from the shore. Wherever, accordingly, the boats met with these submarine spurs, the presence of an inlet or river was confidently presumed. Disaster Inlet, and the Flinders and Albert rivers, were thus discovered.

"The banks were, as usual, lined with mangroves, behind which, on the eastern side, retreated vast plains, with trees of some size scattered over them. They extend to the coast eastward of the entrance, which is sandy for some distance, with *casuarinæ*, *acacias*, and small gums, which was not only a pleasing change from the monotonous mangrove shore, but had also its utility, serving to show the mouth of the opening from the offing. * * * Whilst waiting the tide, the note of a bird, resembling the cuckoo, broke the deep stillness that prevailed. It was evening, all around was calm:—the wide-extended plain dimly stretching away on every side; the waters, as they imperceptibly swelled between the curving banks; the heavens in which the last rays of the sun still lingered, gilding the few clouds that hovered near the horizon. A pleasing sadness stole over the heart, as these familiar sounds—the note of this Australian cuckoo, if I may venture to name a bird from its voice—floated through the tranquil air. Recollections of the domestic hearth, and the latticed window shaded with vines and honeysuckles, and the distant meadows, and glades, and woodlands, covered with the bursting buds of spring; and pervading all, and giving a charm to all, the monotonous but ever-welcome and thrilling note of the cuckoo sounding afar off:—recollections of all these things, I say, 'rushed o'er each fancy,' and bore us for a moment back to our island home.

"The more rapid flow of the tide, and the announcement that there was now sufficient water for the boat to proceed, broke our reverie, and we were soon once more clearing the moonlight reach. I may here mention, that this bird and another with a more mournful cry, the same before spoken of up the Victoria River, were heard again at eventide.

"Avoiding a large shoal which threatened to arrest our further progress, by a narrow channel close to the west bank, we continued to pursue the upward course of this inlet or river—we were yet uncertain what to call it—in a general southerly direction, though the reaches were singularly tortuous, resembling the folds of a snake. The depth was now only about one fathom, and our progress was much impeded by banks; but by the friendly aid of the moon we were able to proceed, and many of the sudden bends were revealed by the silvery streams of light it shed over the still waters as they lay between banks now overhung with mangrove thickets, now receding in plains dotted with gloomy clumps of gum trees, as far as the eye, from our low position and the

imperfect light afforded, could reach. As we advanced, the measured plash of the oars frightened from their resting-places in the trees a huge flock of screeching vampires, that disturbed for a time the serenity of the scene, by their discordant notes; and a few reaches further up, noisy flights of our old friends, the whistling ducks, greeted our ears. Their presence and cries were hailed with delight, not exactly because they gave rise to any romantic associations, but because they promised to recruit our victualling department, which had not been supplied with such dainties since leaving Disaster Inlet. Had our taste resembled that of some of the natives of the western coast of Africa, the vampires would have answered our purpose. * * * We were delighted to find our progress rendered hazardous by sunken trees, so much so indeed, that I was most reluctantly compelled to wait a few hours for daylight. There could now no longer be a doubt that we were in a river, and I immediately embraced the opportunity of gratifying my earnest and heartfelt desire of paying the promised tribute to our scientific predecessor, and accordingly named this, our first discovery, after him, *The Flinders*.

"As soon as the blackened heads of the fallen trees, evidences of how fierce a torrent had borne them hither, could be discerned, we proceeded. The reaches became again tortuous, but we still made some progress. The mangroves were no longer to be seen fringing the banks with their garden-shrubbery appearance. In a broad easterly reach, some natives were burning the country close to the west bank, but they did not show themselves. At the end of it, the river expanded into a beautiful sheet of water a quarter of a mile in width, though only three feet deep; some low grassy islets were scattered here and there, reposing in emerald verdure on the surface of the stream, which was reverting under the influence of the tide towards its source. * * *

"Passing a line of cliffs twenty feet high, the banks became green and grassy, descending with an almost imperceptible slope into the stream, and blending with their vivid reflections, so as to render it difficult to determine where was the point of contact. It seemed as if we were gliding through an indefinite expanse of limpid water, reposing between two vast plains, that here rose higher than we had before seen the land in this part of the continent.

"Hurrying on with a still favourable tide, but at a rate much too slow for our impatience, we passed two other small grassy islets, and a third was before us. The eastern bank had become steep, overhanging, and clothed with a mass of luxuriant creepers, whilst on the opposite side was a low woody patch, partly immersed by the lake-like, glassy water of the river, into which one slender tree dipped its feathery crest, appearing, like another *Narcissus*, to admire its own beauty in the stream. In front, the eye could penetrate far down the reach, hemmed in as it was by trees that clustered thick upon the water's brink. To the right was what might be called an open glade: in the midst of it rose a tree, the branches of which were laden with a most singular-looking bundle or roll of pieces of wood. Struck with its appearance, we rested on our oars to observe it, but scarcely had we done so, when,

from a point higher up, that appeared to divide the river into two branches, rose a thick volume of smoke, that soon filled the air, as if a huge black cloud had lighted on the earth in that direction. We endeavoured to proceed in order to satisfy our curiosity, but a rocky ledge, extending across the river, arrested our further progress at this time of the tide. Landing accordingly, I advanced for nearer inspection towards the huge bundle of sticks before-mentioned. It seemed almost like the nest of some new bird, and greatly excited my curiosity. As I approached, a most unpleasant smell assailed me, and, on climbing up to examine it narrowly, I found that it contained the decaying body of a native.

"Within the outer covering of sticks was one of net, with an inner one of the bark of the papyrus tree, enveloping the corpse. According to the singular practice of uncivilized people, of providing for the wants of those who have nothing more to do with earthly things, some weapons were deposited with the deceased in this novel kind of mortuary habitation, and a little beyond was a rill of water.

"There was an air of loneliness in the spot perfectly in keeping with the feelings this strange discovery naturally called forth; and, from the few recent signs of the natives, it would appear that here, as in other parts of the continent, spots where the dead lie are kept sacred. Some dark brown and black hawks were perched on the trees near, looking like so many mutes stationed to show respect to the departed; but their intentions were of a different character, as they were waiting, I imagine, for some friendly gust of wind to shake off the covering of the deceased.

"While we were making these observations, the conflagration, on the point above-mentioned, continued to rage with great fury; and I have no doubt that it was kindled in order to attract our attention, and prevent us from visiting this sacred spot. Though we saw not the form of a living being, I am persuaded that the eyes of the natives were upon us, and that our every movement was watched. The method they adopted to lure us away from the neighbourhood of the dead was simple and ingenious, and might have proved successful, had not the interposing ledge of rocks prevented our further progress. To effect their purpose, they must have burnt up a very large space, as the smoke that arose obscured all that quarter of the heavens. We observed also that the ground about the burial-tree had been submitted to the flames, as if to keep away the few kangaroos that visit this spot."

The *Albert*, which was ascended by the *Beagle's* boats, presented many beautiful scenes to the eyes of the explorers; but the great reward of their exertions was the discovery of the Plains of Promise, through which the river winds its lengthened way from an unknown distance. They seem marked out by nature for the site of a flourishing colony. The soil is fertile, the climate apparently healthy; there are few natives to dispute possession of the country; and everything seems to point out the policy of speedily

settling this beautiful spot. We shall be surprised if under the auspices of government or otherwise a hardy band of Englishmen do not shortly appropriate these plains, and lay the foundation of a Southern Flanders.

The head of the Albert is considered by Captain Sturt, and with great show of reason, to be the best possible place for starting on an exploring expedition into the interior of Australia. As he rightly observes, the waters of this river carried him to a point many miles nearer the centre than others have obtained after the most laborious and hazardous journeys. Such was the favourable character of the country at the time at which he visited it, that had he been provided with horse or camel, he thinks it probable that in a few weeks he could have set at rest the question of an inland sea; a subject he discusses with much acuteness at various points in his work, and from his brief remark tells strongly against the probability that there exists anything deserving to be called an inland sea. Lakes he believes there may be, and morasses and immense plains covered with scrub; but no vast extent of water, as has been imagined.

It appears to us that very little sagacity has been exhibited by those who have had the direction of affairs in Australia, in the selection of the various routes of exploration that have been attempted. Failure has attended every effort to penetrate very far towards the interior. Captain Sturt seems to have been as yet the most successful land explorer; but a glance at the map will convince any one that an expedition from Sweer's Island to the Albert, up the river, and over the plains at its head, would lead to some important discoveries, and be attended with little if any risk. We are ourselves persuaded that colonisation will not be slow to extend itself in that direction; and that the now unprofitable settlement of Port Essington will form, as it were, the threshold to this part of the continent.

Much discussion has taken place of late relative to a projected plan of steam communication with Australia. Several schemes have been proposed, some recommending the route by the Isthmus of Panama, some that by the Mauritius, others that by Ceylon and Singapore. The last appears to us by far the most feasible. In the first place a large portion of the line (from Southampton to Singapore) has already been established, so that the remaining above 4000 miles are untraversed by steamers. Captain Stokes makes some brief observations on this route, and expresses himself strongly in its favour. We regret that he did not enter into more detail on so interesting a topic, as his

great experience would necessarily have thrown much light upon it. However, we find the remarks he makes of great assistance in our examination of the subject.

Mr. Waghorn, at a meeting which took place in April, expressed his opinion that the route from Singapore to Sydney should be divided into four stages—the first extends to Batavia, the second to Port Essington, the third to Wednesday Island, the fourth to Port Jackson. Others, however, believe that a coal depôt at Port Essington would be sufficient; and certainly if the object were simply to connect the two termini, this might be the case. We, however, look to the development of the commerce of the Indian Archipelago, to the embracing within the circle of British activity of the now stagnant colonies of Holland. We do not think it advisable that the messenger of civilisation proposed to be established between Asia and Australia, should thread the intervening islands without regarding their existence. The time is fast approaching when we shall have established an important and profitable connection with Borneo; and the discussion which will consequently arise may lead to events which will force our attention to the resources of the whole of the neighbouring islands.

Whether or not Batavia is the best place of call between Singapore and Port Essington may of course be a question. As the capital of the Dutch colonies, it would perhaps naturally first suggest itself. Lombok, however, which even now carries on a great trade in rice and sugar with Sydney, must not be forgotten. Probably it will be found necessary, in order to render the speculation profitable, to call at first at a great many points, after which a rapid mail-steamer may be laid on for passengers and letters, with only one stoppage, viz., Port Essington.

This infant settlement is admirably suited for a coal depôt. It is the Aden of the southern hemisphere, and bids fair, in spite of some inauspicious circumstances, to occupy a prominent position in the history of Australia. It has often happened in that country that points have been settled, abandoned as useless, and re-settled as necessary. Melville Island and Raffles Bay attest the fickleness of the Colonial Office; and Victoria evinces the truth that men always return to their first love. We believe, however, that inconsistency has been again threatened, but that jealousy, among other reasons, has at length turned the scale in favour of Port Essington. Our readers are perhaps aware that the French have more than once cast longing eyes upon divers portions of Australia. They appear to have imagined that

the points, which we had not actually settled, were open to all, and determined, as usual, following in our wake, to endeavour to appropriate some portion of the fifth quarter of the world. They at one time established a small settlement at Albany, in King George's Sound, but repenting of their boldness, retired before the arrival of the party sent to come to an explanation with them. Sir Gordon Bremer, too, had scarcely arrived at Port Essington, in 1838, for the purpose of taking formal possession, when Admiral D'Urville came in with the intention if possible of forestalling us. Of course, when he found a garrison where he expected to find a desert, he submitted with apparent cheerfulness to the decrees of destiny.

Probably an unwillingness to act as warming-pans to the French or any other nation has induced the Colonial Office to determine on retaining possession of Port Essington, which will now acquire an importance anticipated by few. The establishment of a coasting station there must induce the government to alter their policy respecting it, and to encourage, instead of discouraging colonization. A vast influx of inhabitants will consequently be the result. From China, from the Malay Peninsula, from Java, from Timor and Macassar, will speedily flock a vast population, capable of enduring the climate, and of turning to account the districts in the immediate neighbourhood. The Alligator rivers will soon be explored, and civilisation will extend to the banks of the Victoria, the Adelaide, and, as we above observed, of the Albert. When once an emporium is opened in the neighbourhood of these places, where the products of North Australia may be exchanged for those of the Indian Archipelago, population will rapidly spread over districts the most promising in the whole world for colonization, where cotton, and sugar, and rice, and indigo, will grow in a climate not destructive to Europeans.

The cheapness and abundance of coals in New South Wales (at Sydney it may be procured at seven shillings a ton) will of course be greatly in favour of the establishment of the projected steam-communication; and the number of ships that constantly pass Port Essington in ballast, and would be glad of the freight so far, would render the expense of the establishment of a coal depot comparatively trifling.

The distance between Singapore and Port Essington can be traversed in less than a fortnight by a steamer averaging even as low as seven knots an hour. At this rate, indeed, in fourteen days, 2352 miles might be made, or 420 miles more than the distance between

the above places. From Port Essington to Sydney the distance is 2250 miles, so that about fourteen days would be amply sufficient to conclude the journey. Vessels of about six hundred tons would be required, with engines of five-hundred horse power, and carrying two hundred tons of coal, which, at the rate of fourteen tons per diem, would be quite sufficient for fourteen days' steaming.

The route by Port Essington seems to possess great advantages over every other. It is at once the shortest and the safest, and the one likely to combine the greatest political and commercial advantages. In addition to the development of the resources of North Australia—a point which cannot be too much insisted on—it will serve to bind together the whole of our vast empire in the East, to promote intercourse between our Australian and Asiatic possessions, and to bring our most valuable colonies within reach of each other. As an instance of the importance of bringing India and New South Wales into more immediate connection, we may mention that the horses of the latter country are among the finest in the world; and are exceedingly admired and sought after in the former. A mare bought for 20*l.* in Sydney, now fetches 100*l.* in Calcutta. Of what vast advantage to the Company would the establishment of a regular trade in the horse, pastured on the boundless park-like plains of Australia, prove! This is but one among the numerous benefits that would be derived from the establishment of a more rapid and regular intercourse. To insist on the utility of bringing Sydney nearer to England would be superfluous. The importance of our Australian colonies is acknowledged by everybody: for the value of a country, every man, woman, and child in which takes from 7*l.* to 10*l.* worth of our goods every year, can never be misunderstood.

Among the other advantages of the route from Singapore by Port Essington to Sydney may be mentioned that of security. There is scarcely any open or boisterous sea; and for many hundred miles along the north-eastern shores of Australia the vessel will pursue an in-shore track between the Great Barrier Reef and the main, as perfectly safe as a canal. The huge rolling waves of the Pacific break, it is true, in continued foam and turbulence on the reef; but within all is calm and tranquil. Beautiful coral islands, some clothed with vegetation, others rearing their bare fantastic shapes through the pure pellucid waters, render the scene various and interesting. The coast is often bold and picturesque; in short, nothing can be imagined more delightful than the voyage through this secure and tranquil sea. At

night, it is proposed to approach the reef at reduced speed, and to ascertain the position by a light placed in the vessel's head or at the bowsprit end. With this precaution the steamers might proceed without any stoppages; the passengers would enjoy the combined advantages of pleasing scenery and complete safety.

ART. II.—*J. G. von Herder's Ausgewählte Werke.* (Select Works of Herder.) Cotta: Stuttgart and Tübingen. 1844. London: Williams and Norgate.

THE position and character of men of letters has lately been much discussed, and it cannot well be thought that it is a subject that concerns themselves alone. If it be important to know in what manner is exercised the smallest fractional part of a choice of a legislator, it cannot be a matter of indifference to society to ask how they are likely to execute their office, who have the most direct influence in forming the great unwritten law of opinion, of whose increasing power we have at this moment, in the political world, the most striking example. It is to the personal character of Herder as a noble specimen of the man of letters, that we would wish at present chiefly to call our readers' attention, for though no one will dispute his right to the place which has been assigned him, among the very foremost names of German literature, we cannot but think his claims rest as much, if not more, on the influence he exercised over his contemporaries, and the direction he gave to the spirit of his time, than on the merits, great as they are, of any of the works that he has left behind.

It appears especially desirable at present to keep alive the memory of one who to a great extent realized the high idea of a true scholar, loving learning with the enthusiasm that belongs to the character, yet never failing to recognize the great teachings of nature as above all learning; who united the greatest sensibility to the most refined and cultivated taste; who possessed vast and comprehensive attainments, yet in whom the central fire of genius was strong enough to fuse the whole mass of acquired knowledge into one glowing body of light.

The early life of Johann Gottlieb von Herder* was, like that of almost all the intellec-

tually distinguished men of Germany of that time, with the exception of Goethe, a life of obscurity and privation. He was born in 1744, in Mohringen, a small town in Prussia, where his father was the teacher of a girl's school, and at the same time bellringer at the church, and no ordinary amount of industry and frugality was necessary to enable him to maintain a family on the revenues derived from both these sources. His mother was a diligent and thoughtful housewife, and the family were not only early accustomed to industry and order, but brought up in a spirit of kindness and affection towards each other, that took the sharpest sting from their poverty, and might have made them objects of imitation to many a more richly-furnished home.

Of his parents, Herder always spoke with the utmost respect and tenderness, though sometimes with regret of the extreme narrowness of his early education. He never failed, however, to acknowledge the benefits he had derived from the strictness and domestic sobriety in which he was brought up, and to dwell with affectionate remembrance on the venerable character of his father, and the delightful reward it was to him, when, after some unusual exertion, he would lay his hand upon his son's head and call him his 'Gottesfriede' (God's Peace).

The day passed in honest industry was usually closed in the Herder family with the singing of a hymn, for they had brought this and other simple pious customs with them from Silesia, whence the family had been driven by the religious persecutions of the preceding century, and their content in the fulfilment of their duty, the mutual attachment of the children, and their filial reverence for their parents, made a little domestic paradise of the abode, which, says one of his biographers, 'poverty had shut in with a hedge of thorns.' It is in such a soil as this that one might expect rich blossoms to spring up.

Among the less agreeable recollections of Herder's childhood we find noted that of certain periodical physickings, to which on the principle that prevention is better than cure, the children were subjected at appointed seasons, having to swallow vast quantities of powders against worms, as well as of herb tea—a medicament in which German housewives still have boundless faith. Fortunately, the health of Herder at this period

* The greatness implied by the *von*, was as our readers are probably aware, one which Herder 'achieved,' and was not born to. He was reproach-

ed, not without apparent reason, for the weakness implied in his acceptance of this mark of nobility, but a perfectly satisfactory motive was assigned for his doing so; namely, that of securing his son in the possession of an estate in Bavaria, which could not otherwise, according to the laws of the country, have been so easily done.

was strong enough to defy any amount of medical practice.

His earliest guide to the 'humanities' was a certain Rector Grimm, a lonely misanthropical man, who swayed with sternest rule—worthy of his name—the birchen sceptre of the town school, and who, in the enforcement of grammatical laws, was indeed *grim*, and inexorable as death. The young Herder, however, who we may fancy was one of his best scholars, seems to have found favour in his eyes, and was always willing, in after life, to acknowledge his obligations to the strict discipline of Rector Grimm—albeit he appears to us but as what our most respected Diogenes Teufelsdröckh calls 'a hide-bound pedant, who knew of the human soul only that it had a faculty called memory—to be acted upon through the muscular integuments.'

Of the recreations of these school-days, we hear only that the boy was passionately fond of music, and partook, with a great number of other pupils, of lessons in the divine art, given on an old harpsichord, that was hauled every time, for that purpose, from one school-room into the other; his happiest hours were those when he could escape with a book into the garden, and sitting there, perched in a large cherry-tree, among songs of birds and fragrant blossoms, cultivate, at the same time, an acquaintance with nature, and with the heroic antique world to which his classical acquirements were soon sufficient to afford him an entrance. His command of books appears, at this time, to have been very inadequate to his insatiable thirst for knowledge; and it is mentioned by one who knew him in his boyhood, that if in passing a house in his native village, he ever happened to see through the window such a treasure as a book lying there, he could not resist going in to beg the loan of it. In ordinary cases, a scanty supply of intellectual food is, perhaps, safer than an immoderate one, but it would not have been easy to over-task the digestive powers of Herder. Whatever were his privations, however, he was, as we have seen, rich in many inestimable blessings; and among them, not the least was the character of the venerable pastor, Willamovius, from whom he received his first religious instruction, and of whom he has preserved the recollection in his ideal picture of a preacher and shepherd of souls, entitled the 'Orator of God.'

The love and reverence which Herder bore towards this early friend, Willamovius, was naturally transferred, in the first instance, to the next spiritual pastor and master with whom he came in contact—a certain Diaconus Treschko—who succeeded

Willamovius as pastor of Mohrungen, and who now took the clever sixteen years old Latin scholar into his house, and afforded him lodging, *not board*, in return for the labour of transcribing his prosy *soi-disant* moral and religious writings. A rather more valuable privilege attached to this employment was the use of a good library, of which Herder did not fail to avail himself. On one occasion we hear some alarm was excited by his being found at a late hour in the night, fast asleep and undressed, on the outside of his bed, with a quantity of books, old and new, German poets and Latin and Greek classics, lying mostly open, on the floor, and in the midst of them a burning candle.

Herder's first step into the great wide world from the secluded village in which he was born, was made when he was eighteen years of age, in company with an army surgeon, who, returning with his regiment from the Seven Years' War, was quartered at Mohrungen, and taking a fancy to the lad, offered to introduce him gratuitously to the medical profession, as well as to attempt the cure of a disease of the eye, which had already manifested itself, and continued to trouble him through life. Herder, on his side, was to requite these services, to the best of his power, by the translation into Latin of a medical treatise, to be presented as a specimen of the learning and skill of the above-mentioned army surgeon, and whereby he afterwards obtained an appointment which he had been long soliciting.

To the profession of medicine, Herder had no peculiar vocation, but he naturally preferred it to the only alternative presented to him, of a common mechanical trade; especially when accompanied by the prospect of visiting distant cities, the 'fresh fields and pastures new' of an untried world, which always look so bright and tempting when glittering in the morning dew. He accompanied his new friend, therefore, to Königsberg, and was wonderfully impressed, we are told, at the sight of this 'great, busy and populous city' (it contained rather less than half the inhabitants of the parish of Marylebone), which appeared to him, after quiet, stupid little Mohrungen, like 'half a world.' To his latest day, the names and positions of its streets and churches, its principal houses of business, its gardens and public places, remained as fresh in his memory as if he had seen them the day before.

He now applied himself with his wonted diligence to the study of the healing art; but though 'the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak.' He fainted at the first dissection which he witnessed, and was advised

to turn his attention rather to the cure of souls than of bodies : that being generally esteemed an easier trade. Alas ! could we lay bare the secrets of the soul, as well as those of the body, we might often find still more to shake our nerves.

Nothing could be more agreeable to Herder, than the proposed change in his vocation, but two difficulties presented themselves ; in the first place, he feared his acquirements might be deemed insufficient, and secondly, his whole available capital consisted of thirteen shillings and fourpence, and it would be necessary to pay a fee on entering his name as a student of theology. But both these obstacles were happily overcome ; he passed triumphantly through the requisite examination, and the fee turning out to be less than had been supposed—somewhat less than his entire fortune—a small balance was left. The next step was to announce the change to his parents, and his friend, the regimental surgeon, who had now left him to follow his fortune to St. Petersburg. To the former he wrote, assuring them that he would be able to maintain himself in future, and would require no assistance. The latter, in answer to his epistle, poured forth a torrent of friendly reproaches, urging strongly, the very small profits to be derived from divinity, and the far higher rate at which people were willing to pay those who watched over the welfare of their mortal and perishable part. But he had now found his true vocation, and nothing could turn him from it.

With the assistance of an old school-fellow, he procured a small lodging, and there remained, 'shut up in measureless content,' and looking cheerfully forward, though knowing scarcely more than the fowls of the air, where he was to find a subsistence. We hear that in the following year he obtained an appointment in the *Collegium Fridericianum*, and also that, in the interim, very strict economy was necessary, since he had many days nothing more to eat than a dry roll ; but one would like to know where even the roll came from. Something is said about a small present from some friends in Mohrungen, and as we find him extant the following and for many subsequent years, he evidently was not starved—but by what means he avoided this consummation does not appear. Probably it was by giving private lessons, as at a subsequent period.

The vocation of a teacher, Herder regarded as above all others dignified, and rich in opportunities of usefulness ; and as he enjoyed the esteem and friendship not only of his college associates and pupils, but of several of the most cultivated families in

Königsberg, in whose circles he was always warmly welcomed, he looked back to the time he spent in this city with pleasure during his whole life. One of the youthful friends to whom he was attracted by a congenial temper, and a similarly enthusiastic devotion to study, speaks of the hours he spent with Herder, as the happiest and most memorable of his life.

" Herder possessed the clearest and brightest understanding, and the most feeling heart,—an imagination warm and glowing, and a most noble and generous disposition ; and even at this early period of his life, he was in knowledge a perfect walking library. In the autumn and winter we generally met almost every evening, as early as five o'clock in the afternoon, and I seldom had any one else with me, for I wished to listen only to him. Our common subjects of conversation were afforded by the newest critical journals, poetry, and the *belles lettres*, and its tones often seemed to lift me into a higher sphere. One thing, I could not fail to remark, was the pure and lofty tone of morality which breathed even through his gayest moods, and the delicate tact with which he knew how, even while smiling at the jest, to lead me back within the limits of propriety, which in frolic recklessness I was sometimes tempted to transgress. An atmosphere of religion, and of the noblest humanity, seemed ever to surround him."

Herder remained two years at Königsberg, during which his father died, leaving a house and garden, and a few acres of land, to his family ; but poor as he was, the son refused to take from his mother the smallest share of the little inheritance, and continued to eke out the scanty salary of his office by industrious private teaching. In 1764, he was offered an appointment as Assistant of the Cathedral School of Riga, to which the office of preacher was attached ; and here, after passing a more than usually severe examination, he entered on his clerical duties, and preached his first sermon—having at length consented to add to the dignity of his twenty years by wearing a wig—a measure which, from motives of economy, he had long resisted.

Concerning his merit as a teacher, whether in the school or the pulpit, there is but one voice. Although he preached in the afternoon, we are told, and that his church stood in the suburbs of the town, it was always full : 'His brilliant imagination, chastened by the purest taste, and the fervent spirit of devotion with which he endeavoured to animate his hearers to the love of God and man, to high hopes of immortality, and to the practice of every virtue'—all these things aroused the slumbering congregations of Riga, and drew all hearts towards him. An enlarged

sphere of action—a more extensive intercourse with men in various situations of life—a freer and more secure worldly position, could not but exercise a favourable influence on his mental development; and the cordial and liberal spirit of the merchants of this city, where much of the temper of the old Hanseatic League still lingered, modified the tendencies to formality and pedantry, which might have arisen in a society composed exclusively of students. The patriotism and public spirit of Riga—a spirit which Herder would gladly have seen awakened in every town, every village, every school, every institution, was often the subject of his warmest commendation; and in this period, which he often mentioned as the golden age of his life, he formed several friendships, which lasted as long, nay longer, on the side of the survivors, for its beneficent influence was afterwards extended to all whom he left behind.

He prosecuted at this time with intense eagerness studies in various branches of science:—theology, politics, philology, and natural history. His hearers increased so rapidly, that it was found desirable to accommodate him with a more spacious church, and it is not without a feeling of disappointment that we find him three or four years afterwards abandoning a situation of so much dignity and usefulness, for the no better reason than the one assigned by his biographers, namely, that ‘he could not resist his inclination to study the arts in their sources, and men on the stage of life.’ The explanation of this apparent caprice may perhaps be found in the disputes in which he had been involved by the publication of his ‘Critical Worlds,’ a work that had followed speedily on his first production, ‘Fragments on German Literature,’ and which, from its bold style of criticism, had made many enemies.

It is not unlikely, also, that his opinions were undergoing a change that made his reputation as a preacher somewhat burdensome to him, as he afterwards said, that he had come to Germany a perfect ‘theological libertine, all fermentation, vanity, and froth,’ and if so, his residence at Paris, and his intercourse with the fashionable world of the time, were little likely to effect a cure.

It lay in his plan, however, to make his proposed journey subservient to the purpose, which, next to the interests of religion, or indeed as one branch of it, he had much at heart—that of education. He proposed to visit the most celebrated schools and institutions for learning, in England, France, Holland, and Germany, and after if possible visiting Italy, to return, and, with the assist-

ance of the government, establish a school on a grand and comprehensive scale at Riga. The plan was never carried into execution, for during his stay in Paris he received a proposal to travel in company with the young Prince of Holstein-Eutin, as his chaplain and occasional instructor, and he returned to Holstein, where he was received with every mark of respect and kindness by the family, and subsequently visited with his pupil almost all the principal cities of Germany. That there were circumstances attending this position that proved not agreeable, will not appear surprising, but their precise nature is not explained. There are hints of petty rivalries and intrigues, accusations of Socinianism from some of his clerical brethren, and complaints, in his private letters, of a confusion and dissipation of mind, over which only solitude, the deep woods, the evening twilight, exercised a healing influence.

Although also the arrangement with the prince had been for three years, we find him soliciting his dismissal in less than one, and remaining behind at Strasburg when the prince had left it, in order to try the effect of a proposed operation on the eye. It was here that he first became acquainted with Goethe, whose account of him throws a far greater light on his character and life at this time, than is afforded by his biographers. Goethe was then several years younger, and comparatively little known, whilst the fame of Herder was already widely diffused.

“The most remarkable event of this time,” says the latter, in his *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, “was my meeting with Herder, a meeting that led subsequently to our more intimate connection. He had come to Strasburg with the Prince of Holstein-Eutin, and as soon as our Society was aware of his presence, every one felt the greatest desire to approach him more nearly, and it happened that I was the first to whom this piece of good fortune occurred. I was going one day into an hotel to make a call upon some stranger; I have forgotten whom, when, at the foot of the stairs I found a gentleman, also on the point of ascending, whom I took for a clergyman. He was dressed in black, with powdered hair, and had a long black silk cloak, the ends of which he had caught up and tucked into his pockets. His appearance, though slightly eccentric, was pleasing, and corresponded so exactly with that of the distinguished new-comer of whom I had heard, that I could not doubt it was he. I saluted him in a manner to let him see I recognized him, and he inquired my name, which he could have cared very little about. He replied, however, with great courtesy, and as we went up-stairs together, a lively conversation began. When we had finished our visit, I received permission to call on him—a permission I did not neglect to avail myself of, and I found his society more and more attractive. * * * I informed him of my various

occupations and youthful hobbies, among others, of a collection of seals of all our greater and lesser potentates and powers, down to the mere nobles, and how my knowledge of these heraldic symbols had often proved very convenient, especially at the solemnity of the coronation. I spoke of these matters with much self-complacency, but I could not get him to be of my opinion; on the contrary, he not only refused to take any interest in them himself, but even made them appear absurd and worthless in my own eyes."

The operation to which Herder proposed now to submit was an extremely painful and troublesome one, and what was worse, very uncertain in its results. The cause of the inconvenience he suffered was an obliteration of the lachrymal duct, a delicate tube connecting the inner corner of the eye with the nasal cavities, and affording an escape for the tears. The remedy consisted in making an artificial passage through the bones of the nose and keeping open the communication, by daily drawing a horse hair several times through it. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to effect the object, and Goethe speaks with great admiration of the steadiness and patience which Herder manifested under these trials. He seems to attribute in a great measure to the suffering thus occasioned, the high degree of irritability, and the frequently bitter ironical humour of Herder, of which he makes frequent mention, and which is strikingly at variance with the accounts of those who knew him at Königsberg and Riga.

"During the whole period of this surgical treatment, I visited Herder daily, and remaining sometimes whole days in his company, soon accustomed myself to his scoldings and fault findings, especially as I learned more truly to estimate his fine and noble qualities, his extensive knowledge, and profound views. * * My relation with him, was, nevertheless, not entirely pleasant; for hitherto all persons older than myself, with whom I had been brought into association, had treated me with much kindness, and perhaps even spoiled me a little by over complaisance, but no one need fancy he would meet with any such thing from Herder.

"Thus, therefore, while on the one hand I was drawn irresistibly towards him, on the other, I was constantly repelled, and an uncomfortable feeling awakened in his society, which I had never experienced before. His conversation, whether he asked questions or answered them, was always deeply significant, and through him I became thoroughly acquainted with the new direction taken by German literature, and the efforts now making in it. * * * I also found poetry played by him in quite a different light from any in which I had hitherto regarded it. The ancient Hebrew poets, whose beauties, like his predecessor Lowth, he profoundly appreciated, the popular ballad poetry of Alsace, which he urged us to seek out and collect, the poetical character of the ear-

liest historical records, were brought forward as proofs that the art was not to be regarded as the private inheritance of a few refined and educated men, but as a gift bestowed on whole nations, and the world at large. To all this I lent an eager ear, and the more I thirsted to receive, the more profuse was he in giving, so that, as it may well be supposed, we passed some most interesting hours together. I continued with ardour the studies of nature that I had begun, and since one always has time enough, if one employs it well, I found I was able to do three times as much as I had ever done before: the abundant produce of these few weeks may be imagined, when I say that there is nothing which Herder afterwards executed, of which I cannot trace the germ as suggesting itself during this time. * * *

"That Herder's attractive power was felt by others as well as myself, need hardly be said, and I had occasion to remark the great power it exercised over Jung Stilling (a simple but pious enthusiast, whom some were disposed to regard as little inferior to an apostle, and others to treat almost with contempt, as a narrow-minded fanatic). It was impossible not to be interested in the sincere upright endeavours of this man; and his readiness to receive impressions could not but invite the frankness of those who had anything to communicate. Herder treated him with more indulgence than any of us; and indeed his re-action seemed always to stand in a certain relation with the action upon him.

"Stilling's rather limited capacity was accompanied by such thorough good will—his occasional importunities by so much gentleness and earnestness, that it was impossible for a man of understanding and benevolence to treat him with derision. His whole nature appeared to be encouraged, strengthened, and exalted by the influence of Herder."

After the surgical treatment which Herder was undergoing had been prolonged to a most immoderate time, it became evident that the principal surgeon began to hesitate as to the measures to be adopted, and another gave it as his opinion that no favourable issue could be hoped for.

After all this suffering and anxiety, it was found that the incision made in the tear-bag would not answer the purpose, and that it would be necessary to allow the wound to close, for fear of worse consequences. Most fortunate was it for Herder, during this period of pain and suspense, that he was no 'bread scholar,' as the Germans call it, but could find, in his passionate devotion to study, the means of rising into a sphere inaccessible to these fleshly ills. *Avec cela on passe par les mauvais jours, sans en sentir le poids*, says one who has had ample opportunity to test the truth of his theory.

Herder seems to have occupied himself at this time chiefly with poetry—Ossian, of whom he was a great admirer—Klopstock, Shakspeare, and the Greek tragic writers; rather a heterogeneous assemblage our country-

men will think, but it must be recollected that this was a period of great excitement and fermentation in German literature, when many things were of course forced up beyond their natural level. The enthusiasm for the poetry of rude nations, which Herder was one of the first to awaken, was but a natural re-action from the empty formality and conventionalism, that had hitherto reigned supreme.

It seems rather surprising that when at length Herder was enabled to leave Strasburg, he had no thought of returning to Riga. And although his biography is often minute to tediousness in its details, it here leaves a kind of hiatus. In the spring of 1771, he entered on a new appointment, at a city of whose locality many of our readers will we fear not be aware. If they will look carefully along the road westward, from the city of Hanover, they will come to a sovereign state of Germany, entitled Schaumburg Lippe. Its inhabitants are estimated at 25,000; it has a public revenue of somewhere about 17,000*l.*, and a standing army of 240 men, which, fortunately for public liberty, is under the control of the German confederacy at large. From the metropolis of this state, entitled Bückeburg, Herder had received, we are not told when, an offer to be appointed Court preacher, Chief Superintendent and Counsellor of Consistory—and as the offer was accompanied by an advance of salary, when it was greatly needed, for the long stay at Strasburg had brought his finances sadly into disorder, his acceptance of it was perhaps scarcely a matter of choice. In May, 1771, he left Strasburg, to enter on his new office, expecting the warmest and kindest reception, but an unexpected cloud intervened to hide from him the sunshine of princely favour.

He arrived late in the evening, and had no intention of presenting himself at court till the following morning, but to his surprise he received an unexpected summons from the autocrat of Bückeburg, to come immediately to the castle. In those days, it is known, all Europe was held in slavish subjection by barbers and hair-dressers—and without their assistance no man could venture to make his appearance in polished society. Herder could not, without infringing all laws of decorum, permit himself to be seen by a great man, until he had gone through the ceremonies of shaving, powdering, &c.: and, therefore, sent in all haste to request the indispensable assistance of one of these professors. But there was not one to be found; the *friseurs* one and all had left their private residences, to recreate themselves after the toils of office, in various societies of which,

doubtless, they were the delight and ornament. Not till nine o'clock, a late hour for Bückeburg, could one be found to release the court preacher and counsellor of consistory from his helpless and spell-bound condition; and when at last he was enabled to make his appearance, as in duty bound, in full puff, he found that in consequence of the delay, the friendship of the great man, who did not like to be kept waiting, had sunk to freezing point.

This was an unlucky beginning, and in the sequel it appeared, that Herder, being grievously deficient in the 'gifts' required of a courtier, could by no means recover the ground he had lost. His attachment to his pastoral duties seems to have been counted among his offences; it showed surely a taste for low company, when he might have enjoyed the privileges of the *grande entrée* at the castle. He would not be convinced either by his patron, as he ought to have been, that 'no good ever came of attempts at improvement and the amelioration of society.' The Count, who was a kind of cross breed between an old feudal baron and a *philosophe* of the newest French pattern, wished Herder to devote himself wholly to literature, and leave that vulgar business of saving souls to those who could do nothing better; especially, that he should be always at hand to furnish him with the luxury of *spirituelle* conversation. This Herder could not be persuaded to submit to, even called it a waste of time, and in short did not at all answer the count's expectations. He had an unpleasant way, too, of suggesting reforms in every department in which he was in any way concerned. The schools had fallen quite to decay, and he urged strongly the necessity of their re-organization; but this would require money, and the Count already wanted all, and more than all that he could in any way contrive to squeeze out of his little state, for he was fond of playing at soldiers, and had in particular a certain fortress on the Steinhuder Lake that was a most expensive plaything to him. Then, again, in the consistorium, Herder discovered what he called gross injustice enveloped in forms of law, and was always teasing about having it redressed; so that altogether he did not make himself by any means agreeable.

On his side, Herder found his situation anything but a comfortable one; he complains that he was 'a pastor without a flock, a superintendent of schools without a school to superintend; and a consistorial counsellor without a consistory.' His best efforts were constantly thwarted, on every hand he encountered opposition, and his pulpit, where he spoke consolation to himself as well as to others, became soon his only p^l.

of refuge. Under these circumstances, he may perhaps be pardoned that he was tempted to commit matrimony with a young lady as poor or poorer than himself, and even before he had quite freed himself from the debt which he had incurred during his long illness. The marriage proved to be in every respect a suitable and most happy one, and a new spring of joy gushed forth thence over his life, refreshing and invigorating his intellectual powers, and calling forth all their activity.

"He was now," says his wife, in her '*Recollections of Herder*,' "wholly restored to his own frank, kindly nature, and disturbed by nothing that happened without. He stood upon firm ground, united heart and soul with one who fully harmonized with him, and whom he could mould entirely to his wish. All his hopes, plans, and aspirations received new life, and he applied himself to study with renewed ardour.

"As long ago as when he was at Riga, he had conceived the idea of his work '*On the Earliest Records of the Human Race*,' and had not only collected all the materials, but even written nearly the whole of it. He now took it up again, entirely remodelled, and, in fact, wrote it all over more than once—his increased domestic happiness creating a pure exaltation of mind, and a glowing zeal for all good, that raised him to the summit of inspiration for religious subjects. The work was completed as if in a single breath; often as early as four o'clock in the morning he was at his writing-table. They were bright, beautiful summer mornings, and his mood, though serious, was as bright and cheerful as the time. Those were, indeed, happy, never-to-be-forgotten days."

It was this prolific period that produced also the '*Provençal Letters to Preachers*,' the '*Spirit of Hebrew Poetry*,' the '*Popular Ballads of all Nations*,' the series of '*Sermons on the Life of Jesus*' (to hear which the peasants of the country round used to come flocking in, with their Bibles in their hands, to verify the texts); and what is generally esteemed his greatest work, the '*Ideas towards a Philosophy of the History of the Human Race*,' although many of them were not published till some time after. About five years after the establishment of Herder at Bückeberg, and just when one of the many 'little differences' that occurred so often between him and the Count, had interrupted the contented tranquillity of his life, the friendship of the learned Heine opened to him new and brighter prospects in the University of Göttingen, to which his wishes had long pointed, although he had himself knowingly raised up obstacles to their fulfilment, by the vehemence with which he attacked Schlozer and

Michaelis for the tendency he perceived in their writings to degrade, deform, and desecrate whatever was holy in the Bible, or sublime in antiquity.

An offer was, however, now made to appoint him fourth Professor of Theology, and university preacher, but with the condition that he should first take a degree as Doctor of Divinity, and submit to the ordeal of an extraordinary examination before the Theological Faculty. These conditions are understood to have been insisted on by George III. of England, to whom, as King of Hanover, the proposed appointment had necessarily been submitted; and whose royal head was haunted by suspicion that Herder's orthodoxy was not what musicians call 'up to pitch.'

With much reluctance he at length resolved to comply with these demands,—tempted a little, possibly, as his family was increasing, by the offer of a splendid salary of 700 dollars, or about 140*l.*; but just when he was preparing to signify his compliance, the interest of Goethe procured for him the unexpected honour of a summons to Weimar, whither, as by irresistible attraction to a common centre, all the genius of Germany seemed at that time to be drawn.

Had Herder regarded his success and fame as an author, or even his own intellectual advancement, as his chief concern, his removal to Weimar must have afforded him unmixed satisfaction; but whatever value he set on these things, he had too high a sense of duty not to regard them as entirely subordinate to his vocation as a Christian minister of the gospel, and in this field new difficulties awaited him. The aspect of religious life in Germany was at this period in the highest degree discouraging. The higher classes had received all the intellectual culture they possessed, exclusively from the school of Parisian philosophy, and in renouncing their allegiance to what had hitherto been esteemed venerable and sacred, they had erected an idol worship of which vanity was the supreme god; and it was in the doctrines of the Christian religion, and especially in the narratives of the Old Testament, that every puny whipster found the favourite subject of attack, on which to exercise his small wit. The middle classes, less frivolous and vicious, and therefore less disposed to the love of idle mischief, and infected with the propensity to 'destructiveness,' in which these attacks often originated, were yet influenced to a considerable extent with the same spirit, and inclined to reject as false whatever could not at once be made 'level to the meanest capacity.'

The party who regarded themselves, and were regarded by others, as the especial upholders of religion, and defenders of the faith, undertook its defence with weapons so feeble and pointless, and so ill-adapted to the service required at that time, that their efforts had little other result than that of involving their cause in the disgrace of their own defeat; and in the tone they adopted towards their adversaries, they often manifested rather the snarling spite of a dog over a bone, or an English squire over his game-law, than Christian compassion towards an erring brother.

There were some indeed, whose purity of intention none could doubt; but they did not to the simplicity of the dove unite the wisdom of the serpent, and were no match for their quick and dexterous adversaries, and there was a small minority, whom neither their simple pedantry, nor the dark-lantern illumination of French philosophy, could satisfy; but these mostly withdrew into small private circles, and endeavoured to keep alive, as best they could, the sacred flame which nevertheless burns but feebly in so confined an atmosphere.

A large and influential party, including an immense majority of 'Young Germany,' was made up of enthusiastic disciples of the Critical Philosophy as it was called, who expected nothing less from it, than that it should supersede not only all other science, but, moreover, the Christian religion itself, and the absurdity of whose expectations was often only equalled by their arrogance and presumption. Lastly, a new school of morals had been established, the æsthetic school, of which *Wiemer* was the temple, *Art and Beauty* the divinities, and *Goethe* the great High Priest. *Schiller*, who had some claim to the dignity, was suspected of backsliding, of an inclination to worship the good; not merely as a means to the beautiful, but for its own sake—a manifest heresy.

It was into such a wilderness, tenanted by such monsters, that Herder went forth to preach Christianity, in a spirit equally remote from the cold scepticism that saps the foundation of all that is noble and beautiful, and from the anxious and timid temper that clings to empty forms, from which the spirit has departed, for want of faith in the power of the spirit, to clothe itself again in such as are new.

Herder was received at Weimar very graciously by the duke and both duchesses, and cordially as an old friend by *Goethe*, but by his clerical brethren, with an excess of civility and submission, accompanied by an air of constraint that was somewhat repulsive.

A day was appointed, about three weeks after his arrival, for his inauguration sermon, but a week before he received a formal announcement, through the President of Consistory, that what was called the first class of his congregation—that is to say, precisely those persons who were really to form his congregation as Chief pastor, had permission to choose whom they pleased as a confessor. Since this relation should have formed the strongest tie between him and his flock, he regarded this step as equivalent to taking them at once from his charge. He therefore declared, that under these circumstances, as he could not consider that faith had been kept with him, he must decline the appointment. On the Saturday afternoon preceding the Sunday on which he was to preach, the difficulty was got over by an arbitrary interference of the duke in his favour; an interference that sounds somewhat oddly to English ears; but the effect of his eloquence as a preacher, and the respect inspired by his character, soon made itself felt, and placed him on a more agreeable footing with his congregation, although a great deal of petty calumny was kept in circulation, and continued to buzz about him to the last day of his life. Before his arrival, pious people had been terrified by the report that he was no Christian, or if a Christian, at all events no preacher. Now it was asserted to their great scandal, that if he could preach, he had certainly been known to go into the pulpit in boots and spurs, or if not actually into the pulpit, he had been at least seen to ride on horseback with them immediately after the service. In Berlin, it was credibly reported, that he was in the constant habit of galloping three times round the church at Weimar, after every sermon! Enough to make one's hair stand on end!

The negligence and contempt with which every external observance of religion was often treated in these days, extended itself also to all matters connected with schools and education. Every attempt at moral or scientific culture was objected to, as unnatural and irrational, and nothing but physical education regarded as really worthy the name. No occasion was suffered to pass of making the spiritual office absurd and ridiculous; and parallels, greatly to his disadvantage, were often drawn between the poor country parson and his sober, studious ways, and the free, wild life of the soldier or huntsman. No maxim was better suited to the spirit of the time, than that favourite one of *Goethe*: that,

"Recht hat jeder eigene Karakter;
Es giebt kein Unrecht als der Widerspruch."

In whatever sense it may have been meant by the poet, no sentiment could be more in harmony with the fashionable moral code of Germany at that time, or better fitted to afford a plausible excuse for the most boundless licentiousness.

In the Consistory, Herder found his ecclesiastical brethren clinging as for life to the emptiest and most insignificant matters connected with the church system, and holding them in equal estimation to the most vital religious duties. As they were by no means satisfied either concerning his agreement with them on these points, or indeed on the general orthodoxy of his creed, they met all his attempts at reform, either in the schools or the church, with the most determined opposition, and soon nothing remained for him but to console himself with the goodness of his intentions, and await in patience the result of his efforts to diffuse more enlightened views, and awaken a better spirit, both among his colleagues and his congregation at large. But his ardent and susceptible nature suffered deeply under the disappointment of his most cherished hopes, and best formed plans of improvement. Had it lain in his character to have been consoled by any amount of personal distinction, the attentions offered by the ducal family, and by all the distinguished men who glittered about this radiant little court, might have afforded him at least the means of forgetting it. Weimar was at this time, as some one said of Paris, "*le lieu du monde, où on pourrait le mieux se passer de bonheur,*" and its gaiety had received a fresh stimulus from the rejoicings for the recent nuptials of the young duke. Banquets, balls, concerts, and theatrical entertainments, the thousand varied delights of refined and intellectual social intercourse, heightened by all the means and appurtenances of wealth and art, would have offered to many an imaginative student an occasion and an excuse for forgetfulness of more serious duties, and might have bewildered and betrayed a mind less highly toned than that of Herder.

"Often did Bertuch receive orders even at a late hour in the evening, to have the sumpter wagon or travelling kitchen ready, for that the court would start at early dawn for the forest. If it was a short expedition, two or three sumpter asses were sufficient. If it was more distant, over hill and dale, far into the tranquil country, and under God's blue heaven, then indeed the night was a busy one, and all the pots and pans were in requisition. In the ducal kitchen, there was such a boiling, and stewing, and roasting, such a slaughter of capons, pigeons, and fowls of all sorts; wherever your eye glanced, there was bustle and activity. Late as it was, the ponds of

the Ilm must yield their fish, the forest its partridges, the cellar its choicest wines. A party of ladies and gentlemen often mixed in merry groups, then took their way early in the morning. The trees which peopled the deep solitude and were wont to see only the soaring hawk poised above their tops, or the wild-eyed deer, which even at the door of the charcoal burner's hut found a leafy sanctuary, wondered at the joyous laugh, and gay song of the festive throng. In these expeditions, dramatic amusements of a greater or lesser kind, frequently formed a part of the day's diversion. Trees, groves, meadows, and brooks, served to form the stage. At Ellersburg, that delightful wooded hill, peopled with numerous herds of deer, the traces and boundaries of such forest theatres are still visible. What merry scenes took place in a company so gay, so rich in all the bright enterprising spirit and joyous vivacity of youth! what a contrast was presented by the calm regular action of nature, with the wild feats of these extempore plays, and how pettily the arrangements for them formed as it were a framework around them!"*

It must be confessed there is something captivating to the imagination in all this; but if we cast a glance from this fair pageant to the moral and religious and social condition of Germany at the time of its presentation, we are reminded of the opening scenes of Boccaccio—poetry and love, beauty and revelry in the foreground, and in the back a fearful pestilence. From this time forward it seems that the clouds begin to gather over the mental horizon of Herder, never again to be dispersed, only, at best, to give way to fitful gleams of sunshine. The delicacy of nervous temperament by which he had always been characterized, continually increased; in the midst of outward prosperity, and in the very bosom of a home hallowed by the purest domestic affection, he struggled in vain against an ever-increasing weariness of life. It was thought, with reason, that of all external modes of cure, the best chance was offered by change of scene, and he was invited by the Baron von Dalberg to accompany him to Italy, a country which, from his childhood, it had been his most cherished wish to behold. Yet amidst all the enjoyment it produced, we hear of fits of sudden deep dejection, for which there was no apparent cause. He could not, like Goethe, forget, amidst the enjoyments of art, and the exercise of his literary powers, that he had fallen upon evil days. Herder could not, like him, build for his soul a lofty palace from whence it might look down, serene and undisturbed, upon the

* Not having the German at hand, we quote from Mrs. Austin's translation of the 'Characteristics of Goethe.'

sufferings and sorrows of humanity, and say—

"Trust me, in bliss I shall abide
In this great mansion that is built for me,
So royal-rich, and wide."*

In this, as in many other respects, there was the most marked contrast between them.

Much as Herder delighted in soaring on the wings of poetry and philosophy, into the highest regions of the universe, he was always content to drop to the lowliest spot of earth where his labours could be useful to his fellows. At an advanced period of his life, and in the full splendour of his literary fame, we find him voluntarily undertaking the labour of studying law, and making immense quantities of extracts from legal documents, that he might the better fulfil the duties of an office he had undertaken; and again, ten years after the publication of his greatest works, writing an improved A B C book for the schools he superintended.

It has been said that the differences between these two great men produced effects that were mutually beneficial. But however unwilling we may be to come to such a decision, we cannot doubt that Goethe's influence on the whole was not favourable to Herder, and that it acted often rather as a disturbing force that prevented his harmonious movement in his proper sphere. Most gladly would we join in the chorus of admiration and reverence which has been raised in honour, not merely of the splendid intellectual endowments of Goethe, but of his moral character also. And if his unqualifying admirers, instead of lofty but vague panegyric, would favour us sometimes with a reason for 'the faith that is in them,' joyfully, on cause being shown, would the present writer at least exclaim, 'Mea maxima culpa.' These are days when we can ill spare any genuine *hero*; but it would be a baseness merely to 'bend the knee in worship of an echo,' and assist in setting up a false one, lest we ourselves should incur the charge of a want of capacity to recognize his claims.

We are aware of the difficulty of forming a correct estimate of the moral character, not merely of Goethe, but of any human being whatever; we often commit errors enough in judging the feelings and motives

of those even with whom we are in habits of personal intimacy, but we can do no more in any case than give our verdict, to the best of our belief, and according to the evidence offered. We must be content with this, when called on to pronounce judgment, not merely on the fame, but on the liberty and life of a fellow creature; and unless we should renounce once for all any right to decide on the character of any historical person whatever, we can certainly exercise it with less danger of mistake in the case of Goethe, than in that of almost any other that can come before us. From youth to age, he stood on a pinnacle of splendour, the observed of all observers—who were constantly making records of all his sayings and doings, in a spirit of profoundest admiration that inclined them to keep in their hearts even what they could not understand, like the sayings of an oracle. He himself has left in his voluminous writings, and his autobiography and journals, the amplest materials for judgment—and both before and since his death, folios have been written concerning him. He was placed in the midst of no adverse elements, his strength was not spent in struggling with conflicting forces, and wearing itself away in vain efforts. In the full sunshine of the most uncloudedly prosperous life that perhaps any human being, great or small, was ever blessed with, he could unfold all the rich intellectual gifts that had been bestowed on him, and suffer them to bring forth their fruit in due season, fearing no cutting blast or chilling shower. Yet, after all, we cannot avoid coming, with pain and grief, to the conclusion of one of his own early friends: 'Look you, in comparison with what you might be in the world, and are not, all that you have written is in my eyes mere dirt.' The question of the tendencies of his writings may, in a great measure, be considered apart from the influence and example of his life; and, doubtless, it is impossible that one who possessed in so high a degree the 'vision and the faculty divine'—so profound an insight into truth—so wonderful a power of entering into almost every variety of character and condition—should never have written anything that might tend to advance the cause of human improvement and happiness; but we cannot avoid seeing that it was a cause he had little, if at all at heart. We are told that '*religion* and politics were a troubled element, from which he always kept aloof,' and that because of the 'dark and confused notions which the many entertained of their own condition and interests, the clear-sighted Goethe would rather talk of one of Boccaccio's tales than of matters

* We cannot but think that the exquisite poem of Tennyson, 'The Palace of Art,' from which these lines are taken, was suggested by the life of Goethe. We would gladly have transcribed the greater part of it, but that it seemed scarcely fair to enrich our pages thus with borrowed jewels.

on which the welfare of Europe was thought to depend.' There is little, doubtless, to admire in party-spirit, and the narrow one-sided views in which it commonly originates; yet we cannot but think the bigotry of many an honest hater, who sympathizes at least with a portion of his fellow creatures, preferable to this dainty dilettantism, that, affecting to soar with lofty indifference above the low game of human life, throws a cold blighting shadow over every generous impulse.

If the notions of the many were dark and confused, to whom did it belong to clear away that darkness but to him on whom was bestowed so large a measure of light? Yet when he condescended to think of 'many' at all, we find him often enough playing before their dazzled sight like a will-o'-the-wisp, and amusing himself with the mistakes they fell into.

That the society of Goethe, whether or not dangerous to Herder's internal peace, afforded him a high intellectual stimulus, there can be little doubt, and there is good reason to suppose, as it has been stated by the former, that a great deal in the earlier part of the '*Ideas towards a Philosophy of the History of Man*,' originally belonged to him, rather than to Herder. Its whole plan, indeed, that of seeking all truth by the examination of nature through the senses, obviously proceeded rather from Goethe, who, as we hear, concerned himself but little with questions concerning 'mind, matter, God, immortality, and the like,' believing them foreign to his pursuits, and out of the region of experience, to which he had exclusively devoted himself. Herder, it is said, was always trying to grasp at the idea, to hasten to the result, when Goethe had scarcely finished his observation; for Goethe, the pleasure of the observation was often sufficient; Herder never regarded it in any other light than as means to an end—a difference that may, perhaps, be accounted for as much by the differing circumstances of their lives, as by those of mental constitution. In Goethe's path through the world, 'the side the sun was on was all that e'er had met his glances,' or it had been, at most, chequered only by a few light dancing shadows. Herder had suffered poverty, privation, calumny, the loss of friends, of beloved children, and his heart yearned to find not merely the God of nature, but a father in Heaven. It was in search of Him that he would have traversed the whole vast circle of nature, as well as of human knowledge—the arts, law, languages, medicine, poetry—that he might 'reach the central point where all things converge.' The journey, even if it could

ever lead to the wished-for goal, was, doubtless, too extensive for any one man to accomplish, but at least Herder made magnificent preparations for it.

In 1790, Jean Paul Richter arrived at Weimar, and his coming shed one of the last and brightest beams that illuminated Herder's declining days. Much as the two differed in many points, they were eminently congenial in matters of principle and feeling, especially in the depth, tenderness, and all-embracing universality of their devotional sympathies; and, as Herder himself said, Jean Paul seemed to have been sent for his especial consolation, at a time when he was exposed to the most painful misrepresentations, and was even shunned by many, on account of the political and philosophical views falsely ascribed to him. In a letter to Jacobi, he says: 'Heaven has sent me a treasure in Richter, that I neither expected nor deserved. Every time that we are together, he opens anew the treasures that the three wise men brought, and the star goes always before him. I can only say that he is all heart, all soul; an harmonious tone in the great golden harp of humanity, in which there are so many cracked, so many discordant strings.'

Caroline Herder, in her '*Recollections*,' dwells with delight on the remembrance of the evening hours in which Jean Paul illuminated their family circle; and he always preferred coming when they were alone, to joining the society of distinguished persons who met once a week at their house. The youthful vivacity and freshness of Richter's mind, his rich humour, fervid eloquence, and boundless fertility of poetic fancy, seemed to pour new life into Herder's exhausted frame, and act as a precious medicine on the mind diseased.

In 1802, his health began visibly to decline, the change manifesting itself first by a failure of sight, that made it impossible for him to continue his literary occupations. Various journeys were tried to Aix-la-Chapelle, Eger, and other places; sometimes with temporary success; but the symptoms always returned after a short interval, and his malady was obviously gaining ground, though it was occasionally difficult to tell precisely from what he was suffering. 'Oh!' he was heard to exclaim, 'if some grand new thought would come and pierce my soul through and through, I should be well in a moment.' But the grand new thought was to come only when the curtains of the invisible world should be withdrawn.

On Sunday morning, the 18th of December, after suffering for a short time from a severe pain in the chest, he fell into a gentle

slumber, from which he never awoke. 'Oh! grief and tears, which would never awaken him, the only one for whom we lived—our guardian angel, who lived only for us! Oh! unfathomable counsels of God! one day thou wilt make them known, and may that day soon come!'

The day came for Caroline Herder, in about two years after she had written these words; fortunately for her she was not destined to tread, for any considerable period, that 'long road full of pain' which remains to many who have had to sustain earlier in life an irreparable loss.

As the works of Herder amount to upwards of sixty fair sized volumes, our readers will, we doubt not, willingly spare us an enumeration, which could be nothing more than a mere catalogue of names. In the immense range of topics, literary, philosophical, and religious, which they embrace, there is scarcely one on which he did not shed some new light and beauty. The tendency of the greater part of them may perhaps be best indicated by his own favourite expression: the culture of the noblest, most complete '*Humanity*,' with its loftiest capacities for truth and moral good, its susceptibility to the beautiful, its kindly sympathies, its holiest aspirations, was the object which he never lost sight of. In his sermons and religious writings he did not attempt so much to teach, as to show faith; not to prove religion, but to awaken the sense of it; to carry into this often empty and barren department of literature, the rich stores of history, poetry, and philosophy; to unite the purest religion with the highest intellectual culture, and 'bind together the tree of knowledge and the tree of life.' In three of his early works, the '*Oldest Records of the Human Race*,' the '*Spirit of Hebrew Poetry*,' and the '*Letters on the Study of Theology*,' he has expressed the general character of his religious views; but as to how far he departed (though he undoubtedly did depart) from the standard of orthodoxy of the church to which he belonged, we know not, and have no particular wish to inquire. Little good can come of thus seeking to drag into the light of common day, the thoughts and feelings which have their appropriate abode in the innermost recesses of the soul—to lay bare the roots which are of value only as they furnish nourishment to blossoms and fruit.

Herder always expressed the greatest aversion for the learned dissections of the Scriptures, then much in fashion with theologians, and urged his hearers to fly, as they would the plague, all disputes about religion: to manifest the spirit of Christianity in a kind, active, self-forgetting life, and to

seek for the church and the kingdom of God, in the invisible community of all who lead such a life, wherever they may be scattered; 'There to help where no one helps; to improve where no one improves; to espouse the cause of humanity, wherever it lies imprisoned, languishing in body or in spirit, in things of earthly or eternal life: that is Christianity. Wherever these good deeds blossom, though under snow and thorns, Christ will find them and gather them into his harvest.'

As a poet, we cannot think Herder entitled to take any very high rank. His excellent translations of the '*Cid*,' and of popular ballads, the '*Voices of the Nations*,' will outlast his original compositions. Of these, a large number were Christian hymns and songs, written with a view to one of his favourite plans, the revival of the church service in all its former splendour. They should therefore be judged with reference to the purpose for which they were intended. Herder had drawn much of his critical as well as his religious faith from the Bible, which, with a hymn book, had constituted during his early childhood his whole stock of literature. He turned with distaste from the decrepitude of that which was fashionable in Germany in the days of his youth, and of which, as of the Prussian monarchy, it has been said, it was in declining age, without having ever reached maturity; to the youthful vigour of feeling and imagination manifested in the religion, the traditions, the poetry, and all the golden glories of the dawn of human culture; and it is possible that in seeking to remedy the evils of a false, corrupt and sophisticated state, he was led into something like an over estimate of the advantages of the opposite condition of society.

"As Hamann had sought for the individual man of pure instinct, Herder looked ever for those periods in the history of nations, when reason has not yet been moulded into learned forms, in which the keenness of sense, the quick sagacity of *mother wit*, lively invention, vivid passion, acted together with undivided force, subject to no constraint of rule or law, and kept in constant activity by the unceasing demands of necessity and danger. He considered that the age in which he was born had wandered so long in the dark workshops of art, as to be unwilling to see the broad bright light which had shone on others. From their great heroic deeds and master-pieces of poetry, we had made, he said, school exercises, and themes out of which children old and young might pick out set phrases and rules. In the '*Fragments*,' he inquires into the structure of language among rude nations, and finds in it the best elements of poetry. He opposed the prevalent opinion in modern times that a language can

only be perfected through science and philosophy, and considered it as beyond all dispute, that poetry had existed before prose, and that the earliest poets were the best."

Much of this has been since so fully admitted, that it sounds almost like a series of truisms, but it then appeared new and surprising, and first gave occasion to the distinction between the poetry, nature, and art, adopted by Schiller, and afterwards so widely diffused.

One thing which certainly appears rather surprising is, that the style of Herder's own poetical compositions certainly resembles rather that of those he wished to banish, than of the class which he so zealously advocated. We may, however, agree to differ in some measure concerning the precise value of some of his literary productions—since none can doubt of what is of more importance, the zeal with which, during the whole course of his honourable life, he consecrated his best powers to the highest interests of his race. The irritability of temper which is among the very few infirmities with which he can be charged, manifested itself only in an occasional excess of indignation against the wrong, and never, for a moment, led him to swerve in his allegiance to the right. If not a poet, he was a passionate lover of, and an exquisite critic in poetry; a profound scholar, whose learning 'hung about him, not as a withering and strangling ivy, but as gracefully as the tendrils of a vine, adorning him with fruit as well as with clusters of grapes;' a man of vast and various accomplishments, and brilliant conversational powers, who was yet always willing to devote any amount of time and labour to the driest details of any business that came before him as a duty, the minutest particulars in the management of country schools, the settlement of church accounts, or the preparation of an A B C book.

It has been said that Herder will not be estimated at his true value till 'weighed in the diamond scales of posterity,' but if this mean that he is likely to take a higher place as a writer in the estimation of a future age even than that assigned him in his own, we find it impossible to agree with the opinion. But in saying this we are not aware that we can justly be considered to have uttered anything derogatory to his character or genius. It is in and for our own age, first of all, that we are required to work, and there is no reason surely why it should not be as honourable to exert a beneficial influence on that in which we were born, as on a more remote one. There is no better way of ascertaining what a man really is, than by inquiring what

he is at home, and even though many of Herder's sixty volumes should be consigned at no remote period to the dignified oblivion of the library shelves, though his name should be, perhaps, but seldom pronounced by future generations, he will not have lived in vain. The noble impulse which he communicated to the literature, the philosophy, the religion of his country, will not fail of its effect, but give rise again to others, increasing in ever-widening circles. His manifold struggles against the rising flood of evil, when his name was to many as a beacon light, will in no wise lose their reward, and the good seed which he scattered in a thousand desert places will spring up and blossom through eternity.

ART. III.—*Francesco Burlamacchi; Storia Lucchese del Secolo XVI., nuovamente narrata da CARLO MINUTOLI.* (Francis Burlamacchi; a Lucchese History, newly related by CHARLES MINUTOLI.) Lucca. 8vo. 1844.

WE spoke recently, in a former number of this Review, of the very marked set of the current of thought and literary labour in the direction of historical research observable of late years in Italy; and we have here another and particularly interesting manifestation of this tendency.

It might be supposed, that of all literary pursuits, history would be the last to recommend itself to the attention of men living under a social system, which forbids the free publication of thoughts and opinions. It might naturally be imagined that it would be impossible to write one page of the past history of Italy truly and conscientiously, without giving offence to its present rulers, and awakening their jealous fears. Yet despite all obstacles, difficulties, and dangers, it is precisely this inquiry into their own past story, and the dissemination of information respecting it—aye, and especially of such parts of it as the powers that be would most anxiously cover with oblivion—that above all else is occupying the rising generation of literary men, from one end of the peninsula to another. So impossible is the old attempt to coerce by physical means the tendencies and operations of mind;—impossible, as all history teaches, even in the bygone physical-force days of violence and the strong arm, and becoming more and more impossible with every day that adds to the world's age and experience.

A complete and true history of Italy could not yet be published in the peninsula. Botta, long prohibited, is only recently permitted to be printed, without castigation, in the Austrian dominions. And how far Botta, with his cold indifference, and hopelessness of human progress, is from being the historian needed to tell to the Italians of to-day the story of their fathers, those only can fully judge, who are well acquainted with the present state of men's minds and hopes in the country. Not *quite* yet can Italy's history be written as we would wish to see it read by her sons, even if we had ready the patriot heart and artist hand to write it.

But in the meantime, glimpses of the right spirit are gleaming out in every direction, through the rents in the ragged veil of the censorship—more strongly in some places than in others. The object of our present notice indeed would hardly have been permitted to see the light in any other part of Italy than Lucca or Tuscany. The Londoner or Parisian might perhaps be puzzled to find anything in the pages of Signor Minutoli's work which could cause it to incur a censor's veto. But those, who have been accustomed to their ways, become sharper sighted in these matters; *they* know the difference between a legal functionary, examining a work under the authority of certain laws, and obliged to state accurately his objection to any word or passage he may disapprove, and an irresponsible censor, restricted by no known rules whatever, and whose disapprobation may be expressed after the formula which condemned the well-known unpopular Dean of Christ-church:—

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell;
The reason why, I cannot tell,
But this I know, and know full well,
I do *not* like thee, Doctor Fell."

And this is the way an Italian censor gives his verdict of condemnation. The general tone and spirit of a work are quite enough at Rome, Naples, Bologna, or Milan, to insure its suppression, if the views of the author are not those of his censor. One may judge, therefore, how far in any of those countries history can teach the lessons which time has confided to it, or can be written with credit to the historian or advantage to the reader.

Yet in despite of this, the historical students of Italy would, if they could, write daily more and more in a spirit the most objectionable to their rulers. Despite the caution which endeavours to keep all still and silent, the spirit which seeks and finds in history lessons of *union* and self-reliance, is

from day to day becoming more widely-spread throughout the people of Italy. The historical student no longer conceives his task in the same narrowing spirit as his predecessor of fifty, nay, twenty years since. Men begin to understand that it is the reverse of patriotism to foster the narrow partialities bequeathed to the cities of Italy, from their medieval struggles. The Milanese, the Venetian, the Genoese, the Bergamese, the Florentine, the Pisan, the Roman, the Neapolitan, with the inhabitants of a hundred other once independent communities, begin to perceive that their histories should so be written as to teach pregnant lessons of union, united hopes, united progress, and mutual support, rather than the sterile and petty self-glorification, which is sought in vain boasting of a condition which can never return, and which would in no wise conduce to the well-being or civilisation of Italy if it could.

There is still but too much, in the towns of Italy, of that old narrow patriotism, which for so long a series of years set city against city, and deluged the country from Calabria to the Alps with the blood of their best citizens. The old barbarism is not entirely extinct, but it is departing. And the narration of such a story as that of Burlamacchi is both a sign of its departure, and a good deed towards its complete extirpation.

Francesco Burlamacchi was of those, who undertake what to fail in is certain obloquy. Treason, says an old distich,

"Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason?
When it doth prosper, none dare call it treason."

And when it fails, we may add, few dare call it otherwise, or confess themselves so much on the losing side, as to speak otherwise than vituperatively of the vanquished enemy of the existing powers. Burlamacchi, therefore, was calumniated and misrepresented by the writers who were contemporary with him; and their statements have been repeated by historian after historian, without examination, even down to Sismondi and Botta. But now Signor Minutoli, by means of researches among the original documents preserved in the public archives of Lucca, has for the first time made it easy to tell the oft mistold story aright.

Francesco Burlamacchi lived during the first half of the sixteenth century, having been born in 1498, and died in 1548. Those were bad days for Italy. The ill-regulated and licentious freedom of the medieval republics had produced its natural fruit. Lawless liberty had led to lawless tyranny. Florence, the most powerful, the most glorious, and the best of those so noisy, brawling

societies, had recently fallen definitively. The result of the celebrated siege had consigned her to the tender mercies of the Medici, those unworthy favourites of partial history, whose real character, deeds, and influence on the fortunes of the country, which had to endure their tyranny, have yet to be told to our countrymen, whose only knowledge of them and their times is drawn from the brilliant and delightful, but most partial and one-sided and misleading histories of Roscoe.* Rome had already spread its paralysing influence over the Romagna and the Marches. Parma and Piacenza were also subjected to the leaden sway of the crozier. Milan, with the greatest part of Lombardy, had been seized on by the Emperor Charles V., and given to his son Philip. The little republics of Sienna and Lucca yet maintained themselves amid the ruin of their fellow cities as republics. But their existence as such was most precarious, and was protracted only by the most cautious policy on the part of their rulers, and by dexterous trimming between the jealous and perpetually intriguing potentates around them. A more cheerless and hopeless prospect cannot well be conceived than the entire peninsula then presented to an Italian truly anxious for his country's well-being, mindful of what she had been, and yet more conscious of what she might become.

Such a man was Francesco Burlamacchi, a citizen of the republic of Lucca. There seem good grounds to believe that he really was no noisy, hare-brained, or self-seeking democrat, but a patriot of truly enlarged views and enlightenment in advance of his his time. In this most important respect especially, does Burlamacchi appear to have been in advance of his day, that his patriotism was *Italian* and not *Lucchese*, that it was expansive and not exclusive, nourished with good-will and kindly charities, not with narrow rivalries, bigotry, and prejudiced hatreds. May we not, alas! say that he was in this not only in advance of his own day 300 years ago, but also of this our day, as men and things are now in Italy? For if, as we hope, the right spirit in this matter is beginning to prevail among the better few,

* This desideratum is about to be supplied, and English readers enabled to form a somewhat juster opinion, than has hitherto prevailed among them, of the history of the most civilized, and most interesting portion of Italy. We understand that Sir Francis Vincent, a gentleman long resident at Florence, has been for several years occupied on a 'History of Tuscany,' a task which his intimate knowledge of Italian literature, life and manners, and very extensive historical researches, eminently qualify him to execute satisfactorily.

the multitude are still sadly in want of such a lesson as Signor Minutoli has attempted to read them from the stirring story of his hero. The little book which he has produced is, therefore, a useful and an acceptable one. Besides there was a tardy justice to be done. Burlamacchi FAILED; and is therefore forgotten as an obscure traitor, and was, of course, written down by the courtly historians of the time as a low, vulgar atheist into the bargain.

Francesco Burlamacchi was of an ancient and noble Lucchese family, and not, as his contemporary historians have said, of a plebeian stock. It matters nothing, except as a proof of the *animus* and disregard to truth of the guides on whom we are wont to rely for our notions of those days. 'If,' says Signor Minutoli in a note, 'if it were not now-a-days vain to speak of family nobility or antiquity, it might easily be proved at length that Burlamacchi's race was both ancient and noble. For our purpose, however, it is sufficient that the name appears in the list of nobles excluded from all participation in the affairs of the republic by a statute of the year 1308.' It appears, moreover, that our hero's father, Michael Burlamacchi, was entrusted with various embassies from his country to sundry potentates, and that at home he had filled the highest office in the republic, that of Gonfaloniere.

It is always interesting, though often difficult, to trace the modifying causes which have contributed to fashion into what they were the minds of those who have influenced the destinies of mankind. In the case before us we have the means of pointing unhesitatingly to the immediate sources of the inspiration which prompted the young Burlamacchi to risk all for the redemption of Italy. The exigencies of the times indeed spoke trumpet-tongued to every awakened mind of the dangers which lay before and around them, and many were not deaf to the voice of warning. But we find no contemporary of our hero, none but himself alone, among all the 'malcontents,' exiles from the different states, whose views and aspirations had advanced beyond the old medieval patriotism of bigotedly exclusive *citizenship*, and had risen to conceive a hope and a plan of the regeneration of *Italy*.

Now see how a good man's work lives after him.

We find that Philip Burlamacchi, the brother of Michael, and uncle of our hero, was the intimate friend and disciple of Savonarola. After the tragical death of the reformer monk in 1498, the year of Francesco's birth, Philip Burlamacchi, hitherto a layman, returned from Florence to his native

Lucca, and adopted the religious habit, together with the austere manners and bold doctrines of his murdered friend. Changing, as was usual, his secular name for a monastic one, he was thenceforward known as Frà Pacifico, and so lived in Lucca till the year 1519, the 21st of his nephew Francesco's age. Frà Pacifico left behind him a life of his celebrated friend and master, a brief and meagre abstract of which has been printed in the 'Miscellanies of Baluzio' published by Mansi at Lucca in the year 1761. The original MS. of Frà Pacifico is still extant in the library of the Dominicans of Santa Maria Novella in Florence. The convent of Saint Marc in the same city has also a MS. of his entitled 'A Defence of Savonarola, in a dialogue between Didimo and Sofia.'

Can we be at loss then for the fountain-head of those inspirations which animated Francesco?

"Can we doubt," says Signor Minutoli, "that in frequent conversations with his uncle, Francesco must have received the seeds of those doctrines, whence were engendered the passions, that ultimately overtopping all other affections, led him to his arduous and perilous enterprise. In fact, dear as was to him the memory of Savonarola, whom he deemed a saint and martyr in the cause of liberty, it is impossible but that he must often have spoken of him with burning words to his young nephew,—have set him before his eyes as a model for imitation, and, nourished as he had been with the martyr's maxims and opinions in favour of liberty and reform, and resistance to every form of tyranny, have discovered to him his own sentiments in a manner that must have left a profound impression in the young mind of Francesco."

A further fruit of the seed then and thus sown may be traced in the subsequent adoption of Protestant opinions by a son whom Francesco left, who consequently quitted his native country in 1566 and emigrated to Geneva, where his family was afterwards distinguished in the person of Gio. Giacomo Burlamacchi, professor of law, who died there in 1748, leaving sundry esteemed works on jurisprudence, since frequently printed.

His uncle's known admiration for Savonarola, and adoption of the reformer's principles, did not avail to exclude his nephew from the trusts and honours of his country's government, however otherwise the case might have been in neighbouring Florence, or at a somewhat later date in Lucca herself. Francesco Burlamacchi held various offices in the state at an early age; and in the year 1533, the thirty-fifth of his age, he obtained the highest, that of *gonfaloniere di giustizia*, to which he was recalled by the choice of

his fellow-citizens no less than five times. The station which he then held placed him in a position to observe yet more accurately, and be more sensibly struck by a sense of the imminent insecurity of the liberties of the little republic, and the unhappy condition of the yet more unfortunate states around her, among whose newly erected tyrants she was obliged to steer cautiously her tortuous way. He was fully aware of the immense quantity of indignation and discontent which boiled and fermented in the cities around him, compressed only by the strong hand. He knew that if only an arm could be found daring enough to be the first to unfurl the standard of liberty and call on the populations to revolt against their new masters, there would be no lack of partisans in the cause, and he after much and mature consideration determined to accept the risk of the enterprise, and be himself the means of regenerating Italy, or perish in the attempt. His hope and intention are thus stated by Signor Minutoli.

"His plan was, when the cities of Tuscany* should be freed from slavery, and secured in their freedom, to bind them into one body politic, in the manner of a confederation; in such wise, that while each should have the power of governing its own affairs according to its own ideas, the common interest of all should be cared for by constitutions settled by common agreement, assuring the independence and prosperity of all. Thus Francesco aimed at a constitution of government, which neither had been in time past, nor was then unexampled; but which improved in our days by the advance of civilisation, is seen to suit and adapt itself admirably to all those peoples, who, though comprised in a country called by one name, find themselves by the result of a long chain of circumstances separated into different societies, and divided as to political constitution;—a difference from which spring a different character, and different interests, as well as varying habits and customs."

We cannot but confess that we are surprised as well as gratified at the indulgent laxity of censorship, which could permit the publication of this very significant passage even in Lucca the liberal. We need hardly add that we are still more gratified at the progressing boldness and freedom of opinion which it indicates. Yes! the federative form of polity, *which has been found so admirably suited to populations in the position, and under the circumstances of those who inhabit the Italian peninsula*, is in fact that to which

* Of Tuscany, that is, in the first instance. His views extended to a much wider range, and embraced in their ultimate hopes the rest of Italy.

the present hopes of every enlightened Italian patriot are pointing. It is the only freedom possible for Italy. Amalgamation may in many cases have taken place during long years of compulsory aggregation between various cities of Italy, once independent republics, to such a degree as to make it unnecessary and inexpedient that in any future re-constitution of the country, they should be again separated. The members of such a political federation may with advantage be considerably larger and less in number than must have been the case had such an order of things prevailed in the days of Francesco Burlamacchi. But it is still the only thing for Italy. The divisions of character, language, manners, interests, historical recollections, and old loves and hatreds still as fresh as ever, forbid all hope of uniting Italy into one free government. *La jeune Italie* is now pretty generally aware of this, and the Francesco Burlamacchis of the present day are taking, and are about to take, precisely similar means in the hope of arriving at precisely the same result which he aimed at three hundred years ago.

It was towards the end of the year 1544 that Burlamacchi began to take active steps in the design, which had been many years maturing itself in his thoughts. His first step was to confide his plans and hopes to a fellow citizen and friend called Cesari di Benedino, who appears to have merited his confidence. He professed his entire adhesion to his friend's views, and promised implicit obedience to his directions in the execution of them, 'as well,' says the historian, 'for the great love he bore to his country's liberty, as for the exceeding reverence he entertained for the name and character of Francesco.' It was necessary in the next place to consider what support could be found outside the city, that should back the movement, and carry out its object. Or rather, it was necessary to select the most desirable and most trustworthy among the multitude of powerful families of the various cities of Tuscany, who were well known to be anxious to change the present order of things, and to find means of communicating with such as should be selected. The number of exiles from the various cities,—the 'fuorusciti,' who figure so largely throughout Italian history, was at this time very great. From Florence especially the Medicean ascendancy had driven into exile many of its most powerful citizens.

The name of Strozzi in particular is familiar even to those who have but slight knowledge of Italian history, as that of a family ever hostile to the Medici. Piero and Lione Strozzi,—the sons of him, who

to save himself from the hands of Cosmo dei Medici's executioner, put himself to death in the prison to which he had been consigned, leaving behind him as testament and appeal only, this monumental verse, 'Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor,'—this man's two sons were now considered the heads of the Florentine fuorusciti, and were ready to avail themselves of any opportunity of injuring and humbling the hated house of Medici. Lione Strozzi, called generally "il Priore di Capua,"—his title as a Knight of Rhodes,—was at this time at Marseilles with a considerable armed force.

Now it chanced that a certain Lucchese citizen, named Sebastiano, or familiarly Bastiano, Carletti, returned at this juncture from Marseilles to his native city, having long been fighting under the standard of the Prior of Capua. This man Burlamacchi sounded; found him loyal, intelligent, active, and enterprising; and opening to him his plans and hopes, consulted him as to the feasibility of inducing Lione Strozzi to join and aid them with his name and influence, and the troops under his command. Carletti thought well of the enterprise,—thought well also of obtaining the assistance of his late general, of whom he spoke in the highest terms, and undertook to be the medium of communication with him. Bastiano, therefore, was despatched to Marseilles, commissioned to lay the scheme before the prior in this wise. Burlamacchi was to obtain the generalship of the Lucchese militia, a post which the favour of the people, and of the magnates of the city, would render it easy for him to make sure of. He calculated that he should be able, without raising any suspicions, to assemble, as for the purpose of review, above two thousand men. He intended to bring them towards the evening, as if to exercise them, to the open space outside that gate of the city, now called the 'Porta della Corse.' Thence gradually drawing them at nightfall to a little distance from the city, he purposed, as soon as he should have placed the shoulder of the Apennine between him and Lucca, telling them that they were to march on Pisa, and giving them to understand that the expedition was undertaken at the command of the rulers of the republic. He anticipated little or no difficulty in getting possession of Pisa, and raising there the standard of liberty and revolt against the power of the Medici; for there, even more than at Florence, the whole body of the people were indignant at their present position, and eager to recover their independence. The governor, moreover, of the garrison, placed there by Cosmo to keep the city in subjection, was a Lucchese exile, who, Burlamac-

chi doubted not, would readily make common cause with him. From Pisa, with his troops increased by all the available power of that city, he was to march to the attack of Florence, which was to be at the same moment assaulted on the opposite side by Strozzi and his army. A very large body of the citizens within the town would be ready enough to assist any movement, the object of which was to overthrow the Medici, and restore their liberty; and yet further to insure the success of the scheme, Cosmo appeared to be indulging in a security which none of the circumstances around him warranted, and had sent the greater part of his available forces to assist the Emperor in his German wars.

The prior approved the plan,—deemed it far from difficult of execution, but thought it needful that he should have a personal conference with Burlamacchi, which might, he said, conveniently take place in Venice, whither he was then about to go. It so happened, however, that circumstances prevented his reaching that city before April, 1546.

Burlamacchi had just been appointed, on the 13th of that month, general of the militia, and some duty of his office requiring his presence among the hills to the north of Lucca, he availed himself of this absence from the city, to slip away secretly to Venice. There he found Carletti waiting for him, who, in the night, brought him to the house where the prior was.

In the night! In the large and crowded city of Venice, a citizen of distant Lucca could not in that strange sixteenth century visit a citizen of Florence without such precaution! How vividly does such an incident paint to our imaginations a state of things, which we are enabled to realize in our conceptions only by vigilant attention to such-like minute incidents which history has by accident, rather than designedly, preserved for us. How strangely universal the intrigue and suspiciousness which could have made it necessary for Burlamacchi to conceal his journey to Venice, and his visit to the prior there! How stranger still the Argus-eyed vigilance, which, in such a city as Venice, could render such concealment a thing to be hoped for only from the cover of night! We picture to ourselves the dark, mysterious gondola, with its silent and unquestioning gondolier, gliding noiselessly along some one of those narrow and torturous watery lanes, which, mixed with the 'calle,' or *land lanes*, render Venice to all, save its natives, an inextricable labyrinth. The boat halts at one of those darksome, narrow doors, which open on the water's edge, and seem adapted to lead only to the

dwellings of the numerous rats, that run in and out of every crevice of the brick-work around its threshold. At a signal from Carletti, the door is opened, a break-neck stair is surmounted, and Burlamacchi finds himself in the presence of his fellow conspirator, the exiled but redoubtable Strozzi.

Full of gravity and nobility, says our historian, were the words of Francesco on this occasion. The substance of what he said to the prior has been placed on record, and Signor Minutoli has written for us as follows. The largeness and soundness of the views which it develops, remarkable enough for the middle of the sixteenth century, make the passage worth quoting:

“‘It may seem strange to you,’ said Burlamacchi to the prior, ‘that I, born in a free state, and in the enjoyment of all its highest honours, should wish to risk them, as well as my life, for the sake of others’ liberty. But I do not restrict the idea of my country within the walls of my native city, nor limit my love of independence to a small tract of country, itself also liable at every moment to become the tyrant’s prey, if, as in the present case, tyranny prevails around it. So that, if I succeed in the enterprise I meditate, others will gain their liberty by it, and I shall doubly enjoy mine; both in that it will be participated by the other sons of our common country, and in that the freedom of my native city will be assured with stability. I do not hide from myself the danger which we shall affront in this matter, but it does not terrify me. If it did, I had but to remain quiet, and swallow, as I might, my indignation at the condition of Italy. You are well aware of the condition of Tuscany. Sienna threatened with the loss of her liberty, and with the emperor’s resentment for her resistance to his arms, and her contempt for his authority; Pisa brooding over the recent loss of her independence, and panting to throw off the yoke. Of Florence, I need say no more than that your father’s blood is still reeking on the Medici’s prison-floor, and calls on you for vengeance. For my own part, all of life and means that I have, I contribute to the cause of liberty. You and your brother Pietro, as you will be the leaders of the enterprise, will have the glory of it, and I shall be well content with the consciousness of having promoted and assisted it. * * * Your name imposes on you the duty of liberating your country from servitude. The memory of your father binds you to the enterprise. You will accomplish it, and I the first shall have the pleasure of proclaiming you the father and liberator of your country.’”

Strozzi desired nothing better than such an undertaking, with such an event. No difference of opinion arose between them as to the steps to be adopted, and the conduct of the enterprise, but Burlamacchi was for immediate action, while Strozzi, less enthusiastic, less willing to risk self-sacrifice, and, it may be added, less purely patriotic in his

desire to change the existing order of things, counselled delay. He wished to wait till it should be seen what was likely to be the event of the war the emperor was waging in Germany against the league of Schmalkalde; and it was in vain that Burlamacchi urged the consideration that the very circumstance of all Europe being intent on the fateful struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism, by their representatives Charles V. and the Elector of Saxony, was the best guarantee of their success. In truth, a more favourable moment for an attempt of the kind could hardly offer itself. Not only was the whole attention of the potentates of Italy riveted on the momentous struggle on the eve of commencement in Germany, but a considerable part of their forces were absent in the ranks of the emperor. Garrisons had been reduced, and many posts left altogether undefended for the sake of sending men to aid the great cause of tyranny. Moreover, the present moment was a season of great scarcity and distress, a circumstance which must of course always dispose the masses of the people to take part with any movement that promises change and a possible escape from their present sufferings.

Strange is it to think of all that was trembling in the balance, as those two urged their arguments in that obscure night conference. There seems scarcely a doubt that Burlamacchi's plan would have been successful if put into execution at that conjuncture, and the result of his success would in all probability have been the downfall of the papacy, and the abolition of Romanism throughout Italy. And how this might have modified the subsequent history of the world, how humanity might in that case have now stood,—who shall attempt to say? But it was not to be! That 'tide in the affairs of men' which in national as well as individual interests 'leads on to fortune,' was not 'taken at the flood.' In vain the anxious debate was prolonged till the first early rays of that spring morning, rising from the Adriatic, warned the conspirators no longer to delay their parting. In vain the warmer spirit urged the priceless opportunity. Strozzi could not be moved to venture on the cast, and Italy was to remain yet three hundred years under the two-fold bondage of her spiritual and temporal tyrants.

With a heavy heart Burlamacchi returned to Lucca, there to await communication from the prior, when he should deem the fitting moment for moving to have arrived. The weary, anxious months passed on, and still the prior delayed. Francesco in the meanwhile was not idle. He continued enlarging his correspondence and connection with the

exiles from Florence, Sienna, and the other cities, and without precisely opening his plans to them, yet let them understand that some movement was ere long likely to take place, stimulated their discontent at the existing order of things, and excited their hopes of restoration to their homes, as the reward of rendering those homes the abodes of free-men.

Finding it likely that he would be appointed one of the college of superior magistrates for the months of July and August in this year (1546), Burlamacchi sent again to the prior at Venice—this time by his friend Benedino—urging him to immediate action, as the tenure of the magistracy, by taking the military force from under his command, would make it impossible to move during those two months. Strozzi, however, persisted in his determination of delaying till things should be, in his estimation, more ripe.

Burlamacchi was appointed, as he had foreseen; and one of the college, who had been elected Gonfaloniere, happening to die just before he entered into office, he was unfortunately chosen to fill this chief magistracy in the dead man's stead. Now it so happened, that a few days before his two months' tenure of this office expired, he was called on by its duties to decide between two kinsmen, named Andrea and Angelo Pezzini, respecting the wardship of a rich young lady, their relative. Francesco decided in favour of Angelo, and thereby made Andrea his mortal enemy. This Andrea Pezzini, as Italy's evil genius would have it, had been an intimate friend of Benedino, Burlamacchi's confidant, who, previously to his departure for Venice, had most imprudently confided the important secret to Pezzini. This man, therefore, now found his enemy in his power. The chief magistrate who had given judgment against him was a conspirator against the government. His first step was to hasten to Florence, and tell his tale to Cosmo. Benedino, guessing but too surely the object of his journey, hastened to Burlamacchi, confessed the imprudence of which he had been guilty, besought him to forgive him, and to lose no time in providing for his own safety.

The feelings of Burlamacchi at this revelation may be easily conceived. The long-cherished hopes of a life were at once annihilated, and in their place rose before him the imminent danger of a cruel death, and a name in history's page, how different from that which he had fondly hoped for, and which he deserved! He freely pardoned Benedino, however, for his indiscretion, telling him that he deemed him rather an object

of compassion at that moment, than of anger, and then turned his mind to the possibility of escaping the fate that threatened him. Once beyond the city wall, it would not have been difficult for him, in the then condition of Italy, to have joined himself to some of the numerous bands of exiles from the different cities, and to have yet become a formidable enemy to his country's oppressors. But it seems as if misfortune was never unprovided with a second blow, to level with the earth him whom her first has not sufficed to crush. Francesco had succeeded in contriving, that at a certain hour of that evening, St. Peter's gate should be left in the keeping of a lad, who would, he knew, favour his escape. The intervening hours were devoted to taking leave of his friends, instructing them in the part they should play within the city, to aid his efforts hereafter, and other preparations for his departure. One among these latter gives us a high opinion of the genuine nobility and generous nature of the man.

There were in Lucca a number of citizens of Sienna, banished from their city for their attachment to their country's independence, with whom Francesco was known to have been in intimate relations; and he feared, that after his escape, the city might, the more to exculpate itself from any participation in his plans, and to propitiate Cosmo and the emperor, be base enough to sacrifice these strangers to their resentment. With a view, therefore, to their protection from any such danger, he wrote a letter to the college of magistrates, confessing the whole reasons of his sudden escape from the town, and entirely exculpating the Siennese refugees from any share in his attempted revolution. He then sent for one of them, a certain Gio Battista Umidi, explained the whole state of the case to him, and entrusted him with the letter exculpating himself and his brother exiles.

This piece of generosity completed the ruin of Burlamacchi. The base man whose safety he had thus nobly provided for, went straightway with the letter to the chancellor of the magisterial college. Meanwhile, Francesco, having completed his arrangements, took his way at nightfall to the gate of St. Peter. Benedino was awaiting him outside the city with horses. He was accompanied by his cousin, Ludovico Garzoni, who, when they neared the gate, turned back. He advanced, muffled in his cloak and broad-flapped hat, and gave the signal that had been agreed on with the gate-keeper. But he received for answer, that strict orders had just been received from the supreme magistracy that no one should pass out of the city

that night. He must have then felt that his doom was sealed. Retracing his steps, however, he overtook Garzoni, who had just before left him, and with him returned to his home. He had arrived but a few moments, and was in consultation with his brother and a few other relatives what course to pursue, when a messenger came from the college of magistrates, to say that they were all assembled—that discoveries had just been made of vital importance to the republic—and that they desired his immediate presence. He decided on returning with the messenger; and on hearing from Bonaventura Barili, the chancellor, what he had been accused of, he at once admitted the entire truth of the allegations. He was imprisoned in the city prison, in that old tower which still remains one of the most striking memorials of Lucca's medieval civic supremacy, and the senate was summoned for the morrow.

The prisoner was, however, by no means the only alarmed and anxious person in the matter. Perhaps he was less so than his judges; and nothing can more strikingly illustrate the precarious nature of the independence of the smaller Italian republics during these ages, and the never-sleeping vigilance of the rulers who directed their tortuous and tremulous policy with reference to their neighbours, than the doubts, difficulties, fears, and final conduct of the Lucchese senate upon this occasion. Not one probably of those who sat in deliberation on this discovery of Burlamacchi's intended revolution, but would have been delighted at the realization of all that he intended to bring about. But the steps he had taken filled them with alarm, and the prevailing feeling of the senate was anxiety to exculpate themselves and the city in the eyes of their powerful neighbours from any participation in such schemes and hopes. The high position of the prisoner, his legislative rank as one of themselves, his right even as Gonfaloniere to be deemed the representative of the city, redoubled their fears and difficulties.

It was finally determined to send messengers immediately to the emperor, stating the circumstances, protesting the innocence of the city, and placing the prisoner at his disposal. A messenger was also sent to Duke Cosmo, at Florence, informing him of the discovery of this treason against him, and of the city's anxiety to deliver up the culprit to 'Cæsar.' They despatched, moreover, messengers to all the Lucchese citizens, who were in the various cities of Italy, either as officially accredited agents of the republic, or residing there for any other cause, informing them of the circumstances, and desiring

them to use every endeavour to render the innocence of the city in this matter clear to all men.

But the subtle tyrant, Duke Cosmo, perceived at once how good a thing might be made of this incident, if he could but get the culprit into his hands, and find the means of shaping his confessions to what purport he might choose. He therefore pretended to give no credit to the protestations of the Luccese envoy, but sent a messenger to the republic, desiring them if they were indeed innocent in this matter, which he said had reached his ears before the coming of their messenger, to give the prisoner up to him. The treason plotted concerned him, he said, more than any other; and it was manifest that if the republic were no favourers of the plot, they could have no objection to the rendition of the culprit,—the only step which could clear them from well-founded suspicion. The magistracy of the little republic found themselves in a difficult dilemma. They were fully aware of the fatal results which Cosmo might be able to draw from the circumstances, if he should get the prisoner into his hands. We, from what we know of Burlamacchi's character, may feel assured that the racks of Cosmo's Florentine torture-chambers would not have availed to draw from him any false inculpation of his native city; but even if his fellow citizens had felt, as perhaps they may have done, the same assurance, they knew right well that there was nothing to prevent the tyrant from producing to the emperor any statement he thought fit to dictate, as the confession of his murdered prisoner, attested by as many of his creatures as he might deem desirable. On the other hand, to refuse to give up the man who, by their own account, had been engaged in a plot against his government and ducal crown, might well be construed into an evidence of their participation in these schemes, or at least of their indulgent disposition towards the author of them.

It was a difficult position, and one requiring all the habitual prudence and caution of the wily Italian politicians of those times. But the danger had been foreseen, and in a great measure provided against by the message which had first of all been sent off to 'Cæsar.' Throughout the petty and confused contentions of the Italian states of these ages, the part played by 'Cæsar,' and the habitual reference to him on all occasions, inevitably suggest to the reader of their history the notion of a parcel of quarrelsome schoolboys kept in some degree of order by their master. Though often rebellious, there is rarely any idea of serious overt resistance to this great object of their

terror and respect. Now and then some audacious city will try a 'barring out,' amid the terrified looking on of its fellows. But invariably such temerity was dearly expiated; and in their mutual quarrels the threat of the aggrieved was always to 'go and tell Cæsar.'

On the present occasion the reply of the republic to Cosmo's demand was, that they should have been perfectly willing to give up the prisoner to him, had he not already been placed by them under the jurisdiction of the emperor. A reiterated demand on the part of Cosmo, elicited only a repetition of the same reply: in which it is observable, that the republic appear not to have entertained the least suspicion that any unfair practices, such as they dreaded on the part of Cosmo, were to be apprehended from the emperor Charles V. Their embassy to him places the prisoner entirely at his disposal, either to be tried under the superintendence of his commissaries in the city of Lucca; or if the emperor should entertain, despite their protestations, any suspicion of the city's loyalty, then that he should be taken out of their hands altogether, and removed for trial to any city the emperor might think fit. All they begged of the emperor was that they might not be constrained to give up the prisoner to Duke Cosmo.

The result of these applications to 'Cæsar' was that an imperial commissary was sent to Lucca in the beginning of October, 1546: and on the 13th of that month, the trial commenced with all the horrors of cruelty, that in those days made so essential a concomitant of every endeavour to discover the truth respecting an offence, especially when the offended were the governors, rulers, pastors, fathers of the accused. The anxiety of each citizen throughout Lucca during the process of this trial may be easily imagined. The safety of each depended on Francesco's courage and steadfastness under the most frightfully atrocious torments that could be devised; and the safety of any who might have incurred his enmity, on his honour and integrity. None need have alarmed themselves. The torture endured by Francesco with admirable constancy, elicited no variation from the true tale he had told on his first capture. But the dastard fears of his fellow-citizens had endeavoured previously to be assured that they would not be criminated by aught that the rack could draw from him, by putting him through a preliminary course of torture on their own account, before the arrival of the imperial commissary.

Well! the trial went on! The prisoner confessed the entire truth at the commencement of the proceedings; and the utmost

ingenuity of the tormentor failed to make him unsay or add to his first statement. As soon, therefore, as it was satisfactorily ascertained that his body could endure no more, and retain life, he was formally condemned to death, and taken back to his cell.

His friends then bestirred themselves to obtain for him the boon of his life, if possible, from the emperor. Andrea Doria, at Genoa, was known to have considerable influence over 'Cæsar's' mind. He was applied to, and was induced to ask Francesco's life from Charles. The emperor replied that for his part he would willingly spare his life; but that Cosmo, Duke of Florence, was more nearly concerned in Burlamacchi's attempt than he had been, and that he could not, therefore, pardon the prisoner without his concurrence. Really it is quite charming to observe the mutual goodwill and urbanity, which your emperors and other paternal governors ever manifest to each other in these matters.

It was a forlorn hope. But the friends of the condemned man did apply to Duke Cosmo. He immediately saw in the application another chance of turning the matter to the purpose he had, on the first discovery of the plot, hoped to put it to. He answered, therefore, that he had no objection to spare Burlamacchi's life, provided that he was given up to him in his city of Florence. This the authorities of the republic refused to do; still fearing, notwithstanding the proofs of his fortitude and constancy which the unfortunate Francesco had given them, that Cosmo's torture-chamber might force from him those accusations against the city, which the duke was so anxious to obtain.

All hope for him was therefore at an end. He was sent in chains to Milan, kept there in prison till the 14th of February, 1548, and on that day publicly beheaded.

It is now 300 years since Francesco Burlamacchi passed to his rest by the hands of the headsmen, and the work for which he died, yet remains to do. Many another brave and generous heart has united itself to his in the world of spirits from that day to this. But the hour of their reward is at hand. If, indeed, the denizens of that invisible world be permitted to look on the scene of their past toils and sufferings, we may well believe that freedom's army of martyrs are now glad at the visibly approaching dawn on Italy of that day they so earnestly wished to see on earth. The rearmost host of victims will soon have passed; the tale will be completed; and the liberty gained will be the reward, and the result of the efforts of them ALL.

ART. IV.—*De la Démocratie chez les Prédicateurs de la Ligue.* Par M. Ch. LABITTE. 8vo. Paris: 1841.

FROM about the year 1576 to 1594, a period not far short of twenty years, the fair realm of France, bound down with the iron fetters of that cruel, turbulent, implacable 'Ligue' which has obtained a place in history not less conspicuous than the 'Directorat' or the 'Consulat' of later times, was prostrated at the feet of its clergy. Perhaps no period of history has ever presented a state of things so extraordinary in all its relations, or so replete with warning for future ages. None has been more generally misunderstood and misrepresented by modern historians, who judging only from a superficial and partial view of the outward face of events, have tried to give it a variety of physiognomies at their own pleasure, and have left it at last a sort of incomprehensible mystery.

It is the duty of the historian to dive beneath the surface of the stream of events; he should seek out the cause which moves the waters; it is not enough to watch merely the apparent actions of those who perhaps, in spite of their outward importance to the view, are in reality only the arms which execute, while a moving principle far less splendid and less imposing sets them to work.

Such was the case in an especial degree with this redoubtable 'Ligue.' Writer after writer has traced the intrigues of the princes, has admired the persevering constancy and bravery of the King of Navarre, has spoken reproachfully of the political pretensions of the pope, and of the selfish designs of the Spaniard; but few or none have withdrawn their eyes from these more dazzling spectacles, to trace the progress of a band of preachers who kept these actors in motion, who used religion as a means of gratifying their ambition or their appetite, and who raised a storm which, as we have just remarked, it took nearly twenty years to allay. These formed the true body and soul of the 'Ligue,' and they furnish a political lesson which it would be well to remember. A French writer of good promise, who was recently cut off in the prime of his life, attempted, in the volume of which we give the title above, to compile their history from a class of documents too seldom consulted—the political sermons and satirical tracts, which, under circumstances like these, never fail to issue from the press in profusion. A few pages will not be thrown away in laying before our readers some portion of the result of his researches, which are very little known in this country. We take his volume

as a collection of materials; for in some of his general views we entirely disagree. In many things M. Labitte appears to us to partake too much of the character of a historian, who flatters himself that he is viewing history from a neutral and impartial position, because he treats the principles of both parties with equal contempt; and, in so doing, he further runs into a fault too common in French writers of this class—that of generalizing facts which are simply accidental, and of giving as general principles what are merely the evident result of sudden political excitement.

Let us, before we proceed, glance for a moment at the events that preceded those which more especially belong to our subject. It is not our intention to dwell upon those sanguinary persecutions of the Protestants which disgraced the reign of Charles IX., and seemed to have turned this part of Europe into one wide unchanging field of murder, rape, and pillage. The monks and Catholic preachers acted a prominent part in these fearful scenes; they waded literally through blood to the pulpit, from which there seemed to issue but one continuous cry of, 'Slay! slay! rob! rob!' a cry which had, indeed, been heard long before it was put in execution. As early as the year 1554, ten years before the execution of Anne Dubourg, and eighteen before the fatal St. Barthélemy, the dean of St. Germain l'Auxerrois at Paris, father Le Picart, had the effrontery to preach from his pulpit, when speaking of the Protestants, that 'the king ought for a time to counterfeit the Lutheran amongst them, so that thus alluring them into his power, they might fall upon them all, and purge the kingdom of them at once.' As the support of the clergy became more and more necessary to the ambitious designs of the Guises, their influence increased to such a point that even the royal will was no longer a bridle to it, and they undisguisedly and unequivocally urged on the populace to rise and destroy the Huguenots. There was soon a general insurrection of the clergy against the moderate and peaceful policy of the king, whose weakness only increased their audacity. For several years priests and monks were everywhere busily engaged in preaching to the people that they should take up arms; they hesitated not to point out to the assassin men of wealth and influence who favoured the reformers; they even went so far as to proclaim in their sermons that, 'if the king showed too much reluctance to massacre the Calvinists, he ought to be dethroned, and shut up in a convent;' and at the beginning of the memorable year 1572, a bishop, Arnaud Sorbin of Nevers, *faisait rage* (to

use the expression of contemporary historians) against the king for not killing them and publicly excited the Duke of Anjou to do the work himself, 'not without giving him some hope of the primogeniture, as Jacob had received that of his brother Esau.' The pulpit became a power superior to the laws; the king was no longer able to resist, and the result was the catastrophe of the 24th of August, 1572, which is still remembered with horror as the massacre of St. Barthélemy. From this moment the French clergy, in the persons of its preachers, a number of turbulent, seditious, unruly men, took the field undisguisedly, and continued to overawe the crown by constantly stirring up the passions of the mob. These preachers soon became the masters of the kingdom.

Such was the state of France when, in 1574, Henri III. ascended the throne. A powerful insurrection against the crown already existed, which was excited by men who above all others had the entry to every hearth and access to every ear, and who made no scruple of enlisting to their purposes every wild passion and revolutionary feeling, under the specious pretence of the safety of the church. All they wanted was organization and a banner under which to fight. The latter was furnished by the popularity of the Guises, whom, for more than one generation, the Catholic preachers had been pointing out to the devotion of their hearers by the most extravagant eulogies of which they were capable; scarcely a distinguished member of the family had died within memory who had not been held forth from the pulpit as a saint or a martyr.* On all these occasions, the preachers hardly concealed their wish to set up the House of Lorraine in opposition to the reigning family; and they constantly dwelt on the theme, that a king who shows favour to heretics ought to be torn from his throne by his sub-

* The unscrupulous political violence of the Catholic preachers was as remarkable in their eulogies as in their personal attacks, and many really amusing examples might be given. M. Labitte takes the following anecdote from De Thou. Pierre du Chartel, in his funeral sermon on François I., proclaimed to his hearers that the soul of the great monarch was already in heaven. The faculty of theology was singularly scandalised by this assertion, which they considered as amounting to a denial of purgatory. A deputation of theologians was sent to the new king, Henri II., to expostulate; but Jean de Mendoze, who was to introduce them, said to them, 'Je sais pourquoi vous venez ici; je connaissais notre bon maître mieux que vous, et s'il a été en purgatoire il n'aura fait qu'y goûter le vin; il n'était pas homme à rester longtemps en place.' The Sorbonne appears to have been satisfied with this explanation.

jects, and one more orthodox substituted in his place. The organization, which the earlier opposition to the crown had wanted, was found in the 'Ligue.'

This Ligue, of which the first serious symptoms showed themselves in 1576, was only the realization on a large scale of what had already been attempted partially by the Cardinal de Lorraine. When once formed, the association increased rapidly, and as it became stronger, its aim was directed proportionably higher. One of the articles of its programme was 'The Defence of the King;' but as that was only a secondary object, it was soon forgotten. In fact, it was covenanted from the first, that those of the 'Holy Union,' as it was termed, had a right to sustain their cause by force of arms against whoever it might be. The remissness which they thought Henri III. showed in persecuting heretics, and the defection of the heir-presumptive (the Duke of Alençon) to the united party of the Huguenots and discontented Catholics, irritated the violent Catholics to that degree, that it was resolved to overthrow the house of Valois. A messenger sent to the court of Rome represented, that the benedictions bestowed by the Holy See on the race of Charlemagne had not passed to the family of Hugh Capet, and a genealogy was drawn up by which the Guises were made to be the descendants of the Carlovingians. The first volume of the 'Mémoires de la Ligue' contains a note of the secret council held at Rome for the destruction of the house of Valois, and the transmission of the crown to that of Guise, in which the preachers were to act a very important part. They are brought forward even in the first article, which directs, 'that in the pulpit and at the confessional the clergy shall exert themselves against the privileges granted to the sectarians, and excite the populace to hinder them from enjoying them.*' The curés were enjoined to act the part of men in condition to bear arms, and it was resolved that the king should be deposed and shut up in a monastery. This was an attempt to force society back to the barbarism of the first ages of the monarchy.

When Henri convoked the first States at Blois, he hoped that moderate men would have been elected; but the preachers had

caused so much excitement among the Catholics, that the Protestants did not dare to offer themselves, and the deputies present were all Liguers. The king felt the difficulty of his position, and attempted to recover his influence by suddenly placing himself at the head of the Ligue; but his weakness of character hindered him from profiting by this step. The projects of the Guises were for a moment only disconcerted; and the edict of Poitiers strengthened their party, which now openly encouraged and invoked the democratic passions of the mob as a weapon against the throne. The violent attacks upon the king from the pulpit, and the eulogies of the Guises, increased daily. Every vice and even every weakness of Henri III. was raked up and dwelt upon with malicious acrimony; his very acts of devotion, which in another monarch would have been lauded to the skies, were turned into crimes; and when he founded a monastic order of penitents, one of the most distinguished and active preachers of the day, the benedictine Maurice Poncet, applied to them in his sermon the title of '*la confrérie des hypocrites et athéistes*.' In fact, the Catholics would not allow the king to save his soul even in an orthodox manner.

Under these circumstances, the principles of the Ligue rapidly spread themselves through every part of the kingdom. 'In the north, as in the south, the Union found its adepts as well amongst the turbulent as among the moderate. At Nismes, it was established by massacres and rapes; at Laon, it was adopted in the name of reason and legality. In the pulpits of the provinces, the same principles and the same invectives resounded as in the pulpits of Paris; at Lyons, there was the Jacobin monk Bolo, and more especially the Jesuit Claude Matthias, *the courier of the Ligue*, as he was called, an indefatigable traveller, who, under the least pretext, ran from one end of Europe to the other for the interests of his party; at Soissons, there was Launay, who in the sequel became one of the chiefs; at Rouen, the cordelier Gilles Blouin; at Orleans, the learned but violent theologian Burlat; and above all, there was at Toul the archdeacon of the cathedral, François de Rosières, who declaimed against his king amid the applauding shouts of the mob, '*con plausibile e popolare eloquenza*,' as Davila says. This François de Rosières had in 1581 published a book in favour of the title of the house of Lorraine, for which he was thrown into the Bastille; the credit of the Guises procured his release; but Rosières showed no gratitude to Henri III., for his clemency, or rather for his incredible apathy. At Châtillon,

* Qu'en chaire et au confessional ceux du clergé s'élèvent contre les privilèges accordés aux sectaires et excitent le peuple à empêcher qu'ils n'en jouissent.' We have seen a similar political use made of the confessional in France in our own days, so certain is it that the bad principles of the Romish church are inherent to the system, and that they remain unchanged.

the sermons of the preachers appear to have been thought insufficient; to excite more effectually the populace, the clergy caused to be represented, in a *mystery*, or theatrical exhibition, the combat of David against the giant Goliath. David, as might easily be guessed, was the symbol of Henri de Guise. The result of this extraordinary activity of the Catholics was, that Henri III. was universally abandoned. The state of things became still more alarming, when the death of the Duke of Alençon made Henri of Navarre, the Huguenot leader, heir-apparent to the throne. His claims were at once set aside by a bull of excommunication, and the court of Rome openly put forward the titles of Henri de Guise, the eager adviser and promoter of the massacre of the Saint Barthélemy, to the crown of France, which the preachers were directed to set forth zealously in their sermons.

At first the higher clergy had shown some degree of reluctance to take part in these gross and indecent attacks upon royalty. It was the religious orders, the curés, the *maîtres ès arts crottés* (as they were termed in derision by the other party), the doctors of the Sorbonne, fed with Spanish money, publicly encouraged by the Guises, paid and excited, and even prompted by the Duchess of Montpensier, to whom the king was an object of furious hatred; in fact it was the whole body of the secondary clergy, who, assisted by the intrigues of the Jesuits, the support of the pope's nuncio, and the discontent of two or three ambitious and turbulent prelates, threw themselves into the foremost ranks of the disaffected, and acted upon the masses by the unbridled brutality of their declamations. An example or two will show the unscrupulous manner in which they propagated misrepresentation and falsehood. In August, 1587, Jean Boucher (one of the most violent of the curés of Paris), preaching in the church of St. Barthélemy, told his auditors with the greatest assurance, that the king intended to hinder all the preachers from speaking the truth, and that he had already put to death Burlat, the incendiary preacher of Orleans. Henri III., informed of this calumny, sent for several of the rebellious doctors of the Sorbonne, and in their presence asked Boucher why he had accused him of murdering Burlat? Boucher said that it had been told him for truth. The king reproached him for believing what was evil rather than what was good, and then caused Burlat to be introduced, alive and well, to Boucher's no small confusion, who, however, escaped without punishment. It is even said that Burlat had been all the time living in intercourse with

Boucher and the other preachers. In the same year, when the German Reiters were entirely defeated at the battle of Auneau, at which the king was present, the preachers could scarcely give him a small share in the victory, a few of them only condescending to compare him with Saul, who had slain his thousand, while David, *i. e.*, Henri de Guise, had killed his ten thousand; but every pulpit rang with the marvellous valours of this 'new Gideon sent for the salvation of France.' The king is said to have been extremely offended at these demonstrations of partiality; but he was still more alarmed in the December following, when in the Sorbonne the faculty of theology decided that it was lawful to take the government out of the hands of princes, who did not fully perform the duties expected from them.

We are now arrived at the eventful year 1588. In spite of the successful efforts of the preachers, in spite of the approbation and encouragement of the pope, and the active support of Philip II., of Spain, the Guises seem to have shown some reluctance to put themselves openly at the head of the insurrection, till the uncontrollable zeal of a self-formed committee, behind which they concealed themselves, obliged them to throw off the mask. This committee consisted chiefly of the more intemperate of the preachers, with two or three *bourgeois*, equally distinguished by their violence, who on entering were made to swear to sacrifice their lives, if necessary, to the cause, and who met for some time in the chamber of Boucher, in the Sorbonne. They were especially supported by the Duke of Mayenne, and were directly countenanced by the pope. It was, indeed, with them that the latter communicated most confidentially. They began by demanding of the king the establishment of an inquisition, like that of Spain, in every town in France, which was of course refused; and then they sent agents into every part of the kingdom, to agitate the populace. At Paris, the seditious acrimony of the sermons increased to such a degree, that the king was obliged to send for one of the preachers, who, at the beginning of May, had held forth against him with more than ordinary intemperance in the pulpit of St. Séverin. A report was instantly set abroad by the clergy, that the king designed to seize all the preachers; whereupon the curé of St. Séverin raised his parishioners, and refused to deliver the offender. Boucher simultaneously sounded the tocsin in his parish of St. Benoit; their confederate, Bussy-le-Clerc, one of the most violent of the lay members of the committee, came with his company in arms, and estab-

lished himself in the immediate neighbourhood of the church; and the king's archers, who came to seek the preacher, were driven away. The die was irrecoverably thrown by this open act of rebellion; and only a few days after, on the 12th of May, 1588, the 'barricades' compelled Henri III. to make a hasty retreat from his capital by one of its most private entrances, followed by the musket-shots of his own subjects. This event had long been in preparation by the revolutionary council of the preachers, who, in the moment of action, showed themselves in the foremost ranks. They marched at the head of an army of 400 monks, and 800 scholars of the university, shouting out, 'That they must go and seize "brother" Henri de Valois, in his Louvre.' After the king's escape, they established a kind of municipal government in the capital.

Influenced by this success, for the king by his flight had given them an undoubted advantage, the clergy of Paris seemed to be worked up to a sort of madness, and the king, in his retreat, was exposed daily to new insults and humiliations. Many of the vacant curés of the churches of the capital were given to violent Liguers, to the injury of those who were legitimately entitled to them; and two priests, who afterwards made themselves peculiarly conspicuous, Guincestre and Pigenat, were thus forced into the churches of St. Nicolas des Champs and St. Gervais. The latter preacher was especially popular with the Parisian mob; and he carried his zeal so far as to march in their fanatical processions stark naked, with nothing but a little apron of white linen before him. Henri III., driven to desperation, had the weakness to attempt to deliver himself by a crime; he ordered the murder of the two Guises, Henri and his brother, the cardinal, which was executed on the 23d of December, 1588.

The preachers of Paris were struck dumb with astonishment at the first intelligence of this unlooked-for tragedy, and for two or three days their violence seemed to have ceased. But it was only the silence which often precedes a great explosion. Guincestre was the first to break it; on the 29th of December he mounted the pulpit of the church of St. Barthélemy, and pronounced a violent philippic against the king, whom he called a *vilain Herodes* (the anagram of Henri de Valois), and after applying to him every kind of opprobrious epithet, declared to his audience that they owed him no further obedience. The latter, after the sermon, rushed to the door, where they tore down the king's arms, and trampled them under foot. On the 1st of January, the

same Guincestre called out to his audience to hold up their hands and swear that they would revenge the deaths of the princes with the last farthing in their purses, and with the last drop of their blood. The president, De Harlay, a man distinguished for his moderation, was sitting in face of the pulpit; and the preacher addressed him more pointedly than the rest—'Raise your hand, Monsieur le President, raise it very high, in order that everybody may see you.' Had the president dared to disobey, he would probably have fallen a sacrifice to the mob. Not many weeks afterwards, he was thrown into prison by the Liguers. Pigenat preached the apotheosis of the Guises at Notre Dame; and, in the midst of a torrent of eulogistic eloquence, he stopped suddenly to ask his auditors if there was not a man among them zealous enough to avenge *the martyrs* 'in the blood of the tyrant who had ordered their death.' This was a direct incitement to regicide. In Paris, the clergy got up a procession of 100,000 persons carrying tapers in their hands, and shouting, 'God, extinguish the race of the Valois!' Some of the priests placed on their altars wax images of Henri III., and during the service of the mass stabbed them several times to the heart.

The murder of the princes forms a marked epoch in the history of the Ligue. Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, left the king and repaired to Paris, where he gave the Ligue, by his presence, the authority of the name of Philip II. The duke of Mayenne, the brother of the Guises, had also thrown himself into Paris; and under his presidency was constituted the 'council of forty,' afterwards increased to the number of fifty-four, which included seven of the most intemperate preachers, Rose, Boucher, Prévost, Aubry, Pelletier, Pigenat, and Launay. The members of this council, which had virtually seized upon the government of the country, received each a salary of a hundred écus every month. The object of the Essay of M. Labitte, which we are following in our narrative, is to show the democratic tendency of the sermons of these preachers; and it is evident throughout, that they encourage republican principles, with the object of securing to themselves the exercise of power unchecked by a superior hand. They were never unmindful of their own interests, for they took care to appropriate to themselves a large portion of the plunder of the houses of suspected royalists, and some of them were known to be living in shameful profligacy. A writer of the time tells us that men who a few years before stood amongst the lowest of the clergy, and possessed little

more than what was necessary for their existence, were now grasping, one at a rich benefice, another at an abbey, another at a bishopric, and were hardly satisfied even with these.

The hundred écus a month had certainly a powerful effect in stimulating the zeal of those who received them, who were, if possible, less scrupulous than ever in their calumnious attempts. They began, as M. Labitte observes, to deal in the marvellous. Boucher, speaking of the king, in a sermon, on the 15th of February 1589, said, 'This scurvy-pate (*ce teigneux*) always wears a turban like a Turk, which he has never been seen to take off, even at the sacrament. And when this wretched hypocrite pretended to go against the Reiters he wore a furred German coat with silver hooks, which signified the good intelligence and agreement which were between him and *ces diables noirs empistolés*.' These were all gratuitous falsehoods. Guincestre, though not a member of the council, went still further. On Ash-Wednesday, he announced that that Lent he would not preach the gospel, because it was 'too common and everybody knew it,' but that he would relate to his congregation, 'The life, actions, and abominable deeds of that perfidious tyrant Henri de Valois,' in the course of which he deliberately accused him of offering worship to devils; and drawing out of his pocket an ornamental candlestick, supported by figures of satyrs, which he pretended had belonged to the king,—'Lo!' said he, 'these are the king's demons; these are the gods whom he adores, and whose enchantments he uses!' Guincestre and Feuardent, a preacher as violent as himself, with the influence of others of the fraternity, now obtained from the faculty of theology a decree, which declared that Henri III. was dethroned and authorized his subjects to take arms against him. The personalities employed in the sermons became daily more frequent; the moderate inhabitants of Paris were obliged to attend the preachings, and join in acts of intemperate zeal, or they ran the risk of being pointed out from the pulpit to the vengeance of the mob. Women were not spared. On one occasion, a preacher having pointed out two ladies of quality, named Barthélemy and Feudeau, as being somewhat remiss in their zeal, it was not without the greatest difficulty that their persons were saved from outrage, and their houses from pillage. Murder, when committed upon a partisan of the king, was a subject of public exultation. One day a Liguier slew a royalist, in a frivolous duel: his valour was in an instant the

subject of a sermon in every church.—'The young David,' it was said, 'has slain the Philistine Goliath!'

A new tragedy was now preparing, which was to lead to a further complication of events. The king had strengthened himself by joining with the King of Navarre, who came to his assistance with a Protestant army, and they advanced upon Paris. The populace began to be discouraged; an exhibition of strength might still revive the latent respect for the crown, and in that case the influence of the preachers was at an end. The latter, aware of this, were indefatigable in their exertions, both at Paris and in the provinces, to keep up people's zeal; they said that the capital was strong enough and rich enough to set at defiance four kings; that France was sick, and could only be relieved by a 'potion of blood;' and they announced officially that they knew it was intended that, in every town which surrendered to the king, the preachers were to be massacred, the magistrates hung, and the women abandoned to the brutality of the soldiers. The not over-scrupulous writers of the time refuse to report the gross indecency of the terms in which the king was spoken of in the pulpit. The end of July was approaching, and Paris was suffering so much from the siege, that people already began to speak of surrendering. The preachers begged them to wait patiently seven or eight days, and assured them that they would see before the end of the week 'some great thing' (*quelque grande chose*), which would effect their deliverance. We are told that the same announcement was made by the preachers at Rouen, Orleans, Amiens, and other great towns. Within the time specified, on the 1st of August, 1589, Henri III. was assassinated by the Jacobin monk, Jacques Clement, who had been urged to this crime by the exhortations of the preachers, by the favours (as it was said) of the Duchess of Montpensier, and by the promises of the chiefs of the Ligue. One only of the clergy of France, the superior of a Cistercian convent, distinguished by his virtues, ventured to celebrate in public the funeral service for the unfortunate monarch; his monks rebelled against him, he was driven from his office, and was long afterwards an object of persecution in the church.

As we stated at the beginning of our article, France now lay absolutely at the mercy of its preachers. M. Labitte has given brief notices of some of the most prominently seditious. Jean Boucher, the most remarkable of them all for the part he acted, and for the number and violence of his writings, was a

native of Paris, born in 1551, distinguished for his learning and eloquence, but ambitious in the extreme, and possessed of a ferocity of character which the historians of the time describe as amounting almost to madness. Next to him comes Guillaume Rose, a fit companion for him, equally learned and even more eloquent, but characterized by Bayle as *le plus enragé ligueur qui fût en France*: he was two or three years older than Boucher, had received innumerable benefits from the king whom he deserted, and had been made Bishop of Senlis in 1584. He was believed by some to be liable to temporary attacks of insanity. Mathieu de Launay was a native of Sens, had been a convert from Calvinism, and was subsequently a canon of Soissons, where he was the grand supporter of the cause of the Ligue, until he was called by his brethren to Paris; he was accused of irregularity of morals, and there were those who did not hesitate to characterize him by the appellation of *un scélérat*. Génébrard, a Benedictine, born at Riom, in 1537, was also distinguished by his learning, and by his fanatical violence—Lestoile compares his eloquence to that of a fish-woman in a passion. The cordelier, François Feuardent, born at Coutances, in 1539, was also considered as one of the pillars of the Ligue; his name appears to have been characteristic of his temper. A contemporary writer, speaking of his eloquence, tells us that *verbum sicut facula ardebat*. Such were the men who in a manner wielded the destinies of their country. After these in importance come the names of Pigenat, Pelletier, Prévost, and Guincestre, the latter a Gascon, whose name would seem to show that he was descended from an English family. Jean Hamilton, the curé of St. Cosme, was a Scot, who had left his native country in his youth, on account of his religion. These were imitated in their zeal in a greater or less degree by the numerous muster of names, most of them obscure, which formed the army of this extraordinary church militant. There were but three churches in all Paris which were not occupied by the violent Ligueurs; all the others had become veritable nests of sedition, and there was not a place of worship in which a sermon for the success of the 'Holy Union' was not preached twice every day.

The murder of the king threw everything into momentary confusion. The preachers were far from wishing to avoid the odium of the deed. A circular was sent round to the clergy of Paris, containing three points which they were to sustain in their next sermons—to justify the act of the Jacobin

by comparing him to Judith—to prove that 'the Béarnois' (Henri of Navarre, who had at once assumed the title of Henri IV.) could not succeed to Henri de Valois, and to show that all those who ventured to support his claims ought to be excommunicated. Guincestre celebrated first the apotheosis of Jacques Clement, who was proclaimed in every pulpit as 'the blessed child of St. Dominic,' 'the holy martyr of Christ.' Those who dared to apply the title of regicide to the hero who had delivered his country 'from that dog Henri de Valois,' were marked by the preachers for popular vengeance, under the coarsely expressive but untranslatable epithet of *garnements*. Tapers burnt in the churches around the statue of Jacques Clement, whose mother came to Paris to receive the reward of his act. The people were invited in special sermons to go and reverence 'the blessed mother of the martyr,' who, on her return, was accompanied to the distance of a league from the capital by a cortège of forty monks. The pope in his joy, on receiving intelligence of the murder, exclaimed that the deed was as useful to the church as the incarnation of the Saviour, and compared the heroism of the assassin to the actions of Judith and Eleazar.

The siege of Paris had been relinquished after the murder of Henri III., and the Ligueurs, whose hopes were suddenly raised to the highest pitch, proclaimed the Cardinal de Bourbon (then a prisoner) his successor, under the title of Charles X., a mere shadow of a king, as M. Labitte observes, which adjourned the settlement of the question among the real pretenders, and allowed them to unite for the destruction of the rightful monarch, Henri IV. The latter appeared to have no resource left but his own tried genius and courage. The Duke of Mayenne had pursued him to the neighbourhood of Dieppe, in the confidence of there putting an end to the war, and the windows of the houses in Paris were already let to those who wished to see the Huguenot king led a captive through the streets, when the victory of Arques, in the month of October, completely changed the face of events. The preachers were thunderstruck at the news of this disaster; but they had recourse to their old tricks, and kept people in ignorance as long as they could, by reading from the pulpit pretended letters of their general announcing triumph after triumph. A sudden and vigorous attack on the faubourgs of the capital revealed the truth to the astonished Parisians.* Another circumstance alarm-

* A circumstance told by Lestoile on this occa-

ed the preachers: Pope Sixtus V. had hitherto given the Ligue his entire support, but, perhaps seeing more advantage to be derived from the expected conversion of Henri IV. than from the success of his rebellious subjects, he began to show a certain degree of irresolution, which irritated them so much that they actually began to speak openly against the head of the church, and the news of his death, which happened soon afterwards, was received with expressions of joy.—‘God,’ said Aubry, in announcing this event from the pulpit, ‘has delivered us from a wicked and “politic” pope. If he had lived longer, people would have been surprised to hear the pope preached against in Paris, but it would have been necessary to do it.’ The Duke of Mayenne and other great leaders of the Ligue began also to nourish more moderate feelings, for they were tired of the intemperate violence of the churchmen. But the latter were supported by the gold of Philip II., who had his own private views; and they endeavoured to keep up the political agitation by a multitude of libellous and seditious pamphlets, among the writers of which Jean Boucher stood pre-eminent. A party, however, had risen, known under the title given them by the preachers of ‘the politics,’ advocates of moderate measures, and willing to give the crown to Henri of Navarre, on his conversion to the Catholic faith, who were increasing daily, though in secret, and who exerted a considerable influence on events in the sequel. For the present, the preachers had obtained entire command over the minds of the people, as well in the provinces as in the capital. ‘Fanaticism,’ as M. Labitte observes, ‘reasons not, and, until the exasperation subsided of itself, the efforts of the royalists to plead their cause were vain. They, therefore, returned to the means of conquest, while the Liguers redoubled new methods of exciting the populations. Decrees of the Sorbonne, protestations of the pope’s legate (who, by the way, paid little attention to the directions of his master, when contrary to the party in which he had

joined heart and soul), processions, threats of damnation, promises of felicity in heaven, sermons more frequent than ever, everything was employed with a new eagerness, all means were accumulated, so to say, to render the insurrection general.’ Every town in the North of France, and several cities of the south, especially in Provence, were by such means as these secured under the domination of these turbulent monks.

In March, 1590, the Ligue received a still more serious check in the battle of Ivry. The council of government alone knew this fatal intelligence, which had been brought by a prisoner released on parole; and they knew not how to communicate it to the people. After a long deliberation, the monk Christin was charged with this difficult mission. On the 16th of March, the second day after the battle, he mounted the pulpit, and in the course of his sermon introduced, as if by chance, the words of the Scripture: ‘Quos ego amo, arguo et castigo.’ This offered a theme upon which he dwelt at some length, and in the course of his argument he went on to say that God, without doubt, would not fail thus to try the devotion of his Parisians. He pretended to have done with this part of the subject, and was proceeding to another division of his sermon as a courier hastily entered the church, and placed a letter in his hand. Christin looked at it, and then raising himself suddenly in the pulpit, with the letter in his hand, he cried out with an affected air of consternation, that doubtless heaven had inspired him, and had made him that day a prophet rather than a preacher. He then related to them the disaster they had experienced at Ivry, and with all the force of his eloquence, burst into such pathetic exhortations, that the crowd, which at first had listened in silence and sadness, passed from terror to enthusiasm, and showed a disposition to suffer anything for the holy cause of the Union. Another siege of Paris was imminent, and the wiser heads began to talk of conciliation; but the violent councils of Boucher, Peltier, Aubry, Hamilton, &c., carried the day. Henri IV. established the blockade of Paris on the 8th of May, 1590, and nearly at the same time the death of the so-called Charles X. left the liguers without even the shadow of a king.

At the beginning of the siege, the ecclesiastics of Paris made a grand procession, which took place on the 3d of June. About 1300 monks, priests, and scholars, all dressed in the habits of their order, and bearing arms of different descriptions, with their robes tucked up, marched in grotesque military order through the streets of Paris, with

sion shows the tyranny exercised by the preachers and lower bourgeoisie at this time, and their jealousy of the civil magistracy. ‘Le Lundy sixième de Novembre quelques zélés ayant remarqué que pendant que le roi estoit maître des faubourgs, le président Blancmenin, président au parlement, avoit son visage plus riant que de coutume, le prirent prisonnier, et commencèrent de lui faire son procès. comme homme suspect et attaché au Bearnois. Cependant il n’en mourut pas par les soins de son frère, seigneur de Gevre et Secrétaire d’Etat.’ People were daily murdered in the streets or drowned in the river for offences of no greater magnitude.

the pope's legate, the Bishop of Asti (Panigerolle), Bellarmín (not yet a cardinal), and Bishop Rose at their head. Even buffoonery like this was not thrown away on the excitable minds of the Parisians; and it helped to encourage them in sustaining the miseries of the siege, which were increasing daily in the total absence of supplies from without. The violence of the preachers had created a sort of terror; the man who dared to speak of peace or of surrender was pointed out as a 'politic,' and instantly sacrificed; people were everywhere dying of hunger, yet they were satisfied with popish indulgences and promises of Paradise. However, as a historian of the time informs us, 'the chiefs took care that the convents and presbyteries were well stored with victuals, for fear that if they felt hunger themselves, the clergy might not show so much inclination to preach patience to others.' From day to day the preachers promised relief before the end of the week; yet weeks passed one after another, and the capital was gradually reduced to the last extremity. A few herbs boiled in water were an enviable repast—every kind of animal was eaten with avidity—then even scraps of leather boiled were sold as a dainty. A dead dog was devoured in the street without waiting to be cooked, and lastly it was proposed to make bread of dead men's bones, taken from the church-yards, and ground to powder; and a mother ate her own infant. In the course of three months 30,000 persons died of hunger. Yet still the preachers ceased not to urge people to patience and endurance. Whole quarters of the city were deserted, and even venomous reptiles were seen in some of the unfrequented streets. The Bishop of Asti said that 'this was the effect of magic, and an illusion of the devil to discourage the good Catholics.' Things had proceeded to that point, that even the preachers were likely to be no longer listened to, when the Duke of Parma, who had entered France with an army of Italians, formed a junction with the Duke of Mayenne, and very opportunely raised the siege, forcing the king to remain comparatively inactive, with the exception of taking two or three provincial towns, for some months. The clamorous exultations of the preachers knew no bounds; it was a miracle from heaven, sent as a reward for their persevering constancy in the good cause, that had delivered the Parisians; and the populace in their joy forgot their past sufferings, and put more confidence than ever in their clerical leaders.

In the moment of success dissension began to show itself among the all-powerful curés

of the parishes of the capital. Some leaned towards Spain, others towards the Duke of Mayenne, and others towards the young Duke of Guise, who had escaped from his prison at Tours. The greater number wanted a popular government of their own fashion, to be composed of a certain number of theologians and bourgeois, who, to use the words of our author, 'would in the first place have established their authority by proscriptions, and then strengthened it by a new Barthélemy of the moderate party. Many of them changed, according to circumstances, from one side to another, and they all joined when their own power was to be exercised or defended. During the earlier months of the year 1591, the sermons of the clergy were entirely devoted to two objects, to abuse the person of Henry IV., and to call down the vengeance of the people upon the detested 'politics.' The king laid siege to Chartres, the second city of the Ligue, which enjoyed the special sympathy of the Parisians, and every church in Paris immediately resounded with vows and prayers. These were interspersed with announcements of fictitious intelligence, invented for the purpose of buoying up the hopes of the faint-hearted, and conveyed in coarse terms calculated to arrest the attention of the mob. One day Commolet, preaching from the pulpit, stated (though he knew it to be false) that succours had been thrown into the besieged city; and he cried out, amid extraordinary gesticulations, for which he was famous: 'Va te pendre, va te pendre, va te pendre, te dy-je encore un coup, Politique! Ton Béarnois est bien peneu; il est entré du secours, malgré sa moustache et ses dens!' When the necessity of surrender could no longer be concealed, the preachers declared that the city had been sold by the 'politics' (as they constantly termed the advocates of moderation), and that the only hope remaining was that the true Catholics of Chartres might 'rise up against their "politic" fellow-citizens, and bury their daggers in their bodies.' The declamations against the 'politics,' who were increasing in number, and consisted chiefly of the more respectable part of the community, now became perfectly fearful. Boucher, preaching Lent at St Germain l'Auxerrois, said: 'Qu'il fallait tout tuer,' and that 'it was quite time to put the hand to the sickle and exterminate those of the parliament and others.' The Duke of Mayenne, terrified and unable to resist the blind fury of the clergy, sent letters of *cachet* to several of the magistrates, ordering them to quit Paris as a measure of precaution. The preachers, supposing it was a measure of vengeance, openly praised

the duke, but at the same time they excited the populace to *continue* these insufficient proscriptions. After the surrender of Chartres, Bishop Rose declared from the pulpit that *une saignée de Saint Barthélemy* was necessary, and that they must cut the throat of the disease. Commolet declared that 'the death of the "politics" was the life of the Catholics.' Aubry proclaimed, equally from the pulpit, that he was ready to march first to the slaughter. Cueilly said he wished they would lay violent hands on every one they saw laugh. And Guincestre expressed the wish that they would throw into the river all who inquired after news. These atrocities showed that the moderate party was gaining strength; but, although many were disgusted with such excesses, they were more than ever obliged to attend at the sermons, for their absence was taken as a proof of their being 'politics,' and they were in danger of being marked out for murder and pillage.

The magistracy of Paris became next the object of attack, because they presented a powerful impediment to the sanguinary designs of the preachers. Boucher, Rose, and Aubry, were the most intemperate in their abuse of this body. The court of parliament acquitted a gentleman named Brigard, who held the office of *procureur du roi de l'Hôtel de Ville*, unjustly accused of treason. The preachers set up a universal cry from their pulpits that the whole court ought to be thrown into prison. Aubry went so far as to point out one of them named Tardif, who dwelt in his parish, as a traitor, and said that under pretence of playing at bowls, he held in his garden secret meetings for the subversion of their cause. Pelletier exclaimed from the pulpit, that as they could not have justice from the court, it was time to make use of their knives. The preachers and others of the council of the Union met, and chose a secret council of ten, which, after several preliminary consultations, met in the night of the 14th of November, at the house of Pelletier, who, as we have just seen, had spoken of knives, and was curé of St. Jacques-la-Boucherie, and it was there resolved that the president Brisson, though a zealous liguier, with the counsellors Tardif and Larcher, should be put to death. At seven o'clock in the morning, the preachers and their satellites were up in arms, and Brisson and Larcher were seized at once, carried to the Châtelet, and there slaughtered without any form of judgment. Hamilton, the curé of St. Cosme, with a party of priests, went to the house of Tardif, and finding him ill, they dragged him from his bed of sickness, carried him to the place where the others

had just been killed, and hanged him without even the intervention of the ordinary executioner. The preachers then proceeded to seize upon the governing power, expelled all they disliked from their offices, and made out a list of forty-four persons to compose a *chambre ardente*, or court of inquisition, a sort of revolutionary tribunal, which was to have power of life and death over the persons of the Parisians. Next, preparations were made for a general proscription; and each in his own quarter drew up lists, which they called *papiers rouges*, containing the names of all the 'politics,' marked with the letters C, D, or P, which signified the fate to which each was destined, *chassé, dagué, or pendu*. This horrible design was only adjourned because the Spanish and Italian troops, which formed the garrison of Paris, refused to lend their hands to it, and it was entirely quashed by the vigorous and timely interference of the duke of Mayenne, who, hearing that the preachers were determined to brave his authority, hastened to Paris with his army, where he dissolved the council of the union, gave the municipal offices to 'politics,' and condemned to death nine of the council which had procured the death of Brisson. Four only were executed, and even this might have served as a salutary check upon the sanguinary disposition of the clergy, had not Mayenne relapsed almost immediately into his ordinary weakness of character. Boucher was the leader of the seditious attacks which were now made upon Mayenne from the pulpit, and by his extraordinary violence earned for himself the popular title of the king of the Ligue. The four victims of Mayenne's just anger were cried up as martyrs, and during the whole of the year 1592, the pulpits groaned with maledictions against every authority which offered any impediment to the designs of those who had possession of them.

The preachers, mortified at the ill success of their attempt to establish a sacerdotal democracy in the place of a king, turned more and more towards the king of Spain, who coveted the throne of France for one of his own family, and who paid them liberally for their support. The period which intervened between this and the calling together of the States for the election of a king, in 1593, offers only a sickening repetition of the same scenes which we have already described. The preachers feared more and more the 'politics,' as the expectations of the conversion of Henri IV. to the Catholic faith became more substantial, and they were proportionately intemperate in their declamations. They had now long acted the part of masters, and they were furious at the slight-

est prospect of losing ground which they could only retain during the absence of a power to control them; and they had compromised themselves far too much to hope for indulgence, unless from a king who should owe his crown entirely to their efforts. In fact, they feared more from the king as a catholic, than they did while he remained a huguenot. Pelletier publicly excommunicated all his parishioners who should speak of peace, or of 'receiving the Béarnois returning to mass;' and he declared that he would refuse Christian burial to any who should hold the least communication, even in trade, with the 'politics' 'whose blood,' he said, 'ought to stain the pavement.' Feuardent told his congregation that he was sure that Henri IV. would be struck with thunder from heaven, and that they need not be uneasy about him. Boucher said that the king's successes had been procured through magic, and when Henri was slightly wounded in the battle or skirmish of Aumale, he had the assurance to tell his hearers that 'his flesh, or rather his carrion, had been entered, but not deeply, on account of the charms which had been discovered upon his person.' The absurdity of accusations like these, after they had been repeated so often, gradually weakened the influence of the oratorical dictature they had so long exercised, and their sermons began evidently to have less effect. This was seen on many occasions. One day, Commelet, seeing three persons leave the church while he was preaching, cried out to the people to go after those 'politics' and see who they were; a few months before, this would have been the signal for a massacre, whereas now the auditors laughed and remained in their places. Aubry declared that all the 'politics' were irrevocably damned, yet he avowed with sorrow that he believed if any one would rip open many in his parish, they would 'find a great Béarnois in their bellies.' The same preacher, in his sermon on the 9th of August, 1592, declared that he abandoned the houses of all the 'politics' in his parish to the mob for pillage; but the mob not only did not pillage them, but satirical answers to his threats were placarded on the walls. In the same manner, when he pointed to them the master of requests, Tronson and his family, then present at his sermon, as worthy to be all thrown into the river, they remained quietly in their places, and no one touched them. But it was impossible to say how long such forbearance might last; and personalities like these, which were now more common than ever, obliged people from fear to make an outward show of zeal by being regular attendants at the sermons. The

time was not yet arrived when it would be safe to offer the preachers any open resistance.

As the time fixed for the meeting of the States approached, this event, which was never very palatable to the preachers, but looked upon only as a thing which could not be avoided, added new fuel to the flame. Several of them, hitherto distinguished by their violence, began to think it safest to moderate their language; but others, as their apprehensions increased, only became the more intemperate. The doctrine of royalty set up at this time and under these circumstances, by the clergy of France, is expressed in the following words of a treatise of Pigenat: 'The power of reigning, in spite of all claim of succession, comes from God, who, *by the clamours of the people*, declares the person who it is his will shall command as king. *Vox populi, vox Dei.*' The 'clamours of the people' were at this time regulated by the voice of the preachers, who now attempted to influence the deputies by their menacing language, in the same manner that a short time before they had overawed the magistrates. Commelet, discoursing on the words of the gospel, 'the boat agitated by the tempest,' quoted St. Ambrose as an authority for stating that Judas was in that boat, which led him to observe, that among the deputies there was not one Judas, but twenty, nay, thirty,—'you will know them by their votes!' he cried, 'and now, my friends, rush boldly upon them, strangle them for me, for they are all bad.' The declamations against Henri IV. continued unabated. Commelet and others celebrated anew the praises of Jacques Clement the regicide, and called aloud for some one to follow his 'blessed' example, declaring that it was indifferent whether it should be a monk or a layman, for even one of the very scum of the people would in such a case be sure of Paradise. Not long after this, Pierre Barrière attempted to assassinate the king. Before he started on this mission, he went to consult the curé Aubry, who received him in the most friendly manner, embraced him, gave him to drink, and then, speaking to a Jesuit who was present with him, he said, 'It would be a good deed, and without doubt he would gain a great glory in Paradise.'

The venality of the preachers became more apparent as the end of their reign approached. All their chiefs received pensions from Spain, and some of them had even the effrontery to boast of it in the pulpit; but they often turned and varied, as the chances of success leaned towards this pretender or the other. M. Labitte justly observes, that 'the language of the preachers responded to

the vehemence and violence of ambitions. The abrupt turnings about of parties, opinions relinquished and then suddenly taken up again, the inextricable complications of intrigues, translate themselves in the pulpit. How are we to explain the useless violence of many of these paid orators? To understand the diversity of their words, would require to know the diversity of their little interests of every day. We might imagine ourselves in the clubs of 1793; we find here already the same grossness of language. When one party gains the chances, when its influence increases, it is absolved. Glory to the faction which can triumph, shame to it if it is vanquished. It is a melancholy page in the history of the French clergy, a melancholy spectacle in the history of human morality.' At the very time the States were aiming at peace, the more violent preachers still continued to urge the people to take up arms. Aubry shouted vehemently from his pulpit, 'La paix! hé! pauvre peuple, pensez-y; ne l'endurons point, mes amis! plus-tot mourir. Prenons les armes, ce sont armes de Dieu . . . Un bon Ligeur (et je vous déclare que je le suis et que je y marcherai le premier) vaincra toujours trois et quatre politiques. . . Qui frappe le premier a l'avantage.' Such fanatical exhortations as this still kept the populace in the interests of the clergy. On the 12th of May, 1593, the anniversary of the Barricades, when Henri III. was driven out of Paris, Boucher, preaching on the occasion, praised that day's work as *La plus belle qui fut jamais au monde*, and speaking of Henri IV., he said, 'ce n'est pas à tel boueux, bon à jeter au tombereau, que le trône appartient, quoi qu'en puissent dire les larrons, paillards, et boulgres.' These expressions were aimed at the deputies of the States,—at the whole body of the hated and feared 'politics.' Aubry, on another occasion, said in his sermon, 'if our princes agree to a peace, let them take care of themselves. They are but men. There are still some good friars in Paris who will fight against it, and all the good Catholics will die rather than endure it. I would let them drag me to the river and throw me in a sack into the water, before I would ever consent to it. If they come to that, there will be plenty of blood shed;' he added, 'we must poignard the "politics" . . if I had as much force as I have courage, I would kill them myself . . . I offer myself to be your standard-bearer . . . The pope's legate has promised to die with us.' Such was the language of the preachers amid the deliberations of the States, and the intrigues of the parties who hoped to influence them.

The sudden and unaccountable falling off

of Bishop Rose from the interests of the King of Spain did much towards ruining the projects of that monarch, and joined with the other differences of opinion which arose in the assembly, caused it to be dissolved without coming to an election. Several of the preachers, among whom was the too celebrated Guincestre, deserted their party, and went over to Henri IV. The public announcement of Henri's conversion to the Catholic faith gave the final blow to the Ligue. But the preachers held out to the last; and the pulpits of Paris became more than ever the arena of political strife. Boucher preached a series of sermons on the *simulée conversion* of the king, which were afterwards printed and spread abroad, and were admirably well calculated to sustain the drooping hopes of his party. They consist chiefly of a mass of calumnious declamations against the king and his friends, and their aim is to prove not only his unworthiness of the throne, but the nullity of his conversion. Another intemperate priest, named Porthaise, preached against the *simulée conversion* in the church of Poitiers, and he imitated Boucher in committing his sermon to print. In other parts of the country, as at Amiens, at Lyons, at Dijon, similar doctrines were preached, and with equal violence. At the latter place, on the 20th of March, 1594, a Jesuit named Christophe, having wearied his audience with his 'atrocious' calumnies against the king, a peasant called out to him, that he would be better employed in preaching the gospel. This interruption was the signal for a violent uproar, the congregation thrust the preacher out of the church, and he was only saved from worse treatment by the promise of one of the magistrates to commit him to prison. It was clear that a reaction in favour of the royalists was beginning to show itself.

As they saw the chances that Henri of Navarre would succeed to the crown become greater, the preachers began anew to talk of murder and slaughter, as the only means by which the Holy Union could be effectively supported, and as things perfectly justifiable when approved by the church. Their notions of justice were indeed sufficiently pliable, when questions arose between them and those who were not of their party. A cutler, named Gaillardin, a fanatic Liguier, struck a poor cobbler with his dagger, and wounded him severely, because he had uttered some words which savoured of royalism. The Jesuit Commelet, as well as the curé Garin, preached in favour of the assailant, and declared that the only thing to be regretted was, that his victim had escaped alive. When the assassin received encour-

agement like this, the injured man, as a matter of course, received no kind of satisfaction. The Duke of Mayenne, who was fat and somewhat indolent, disgusted with the conduct of the clergy, had complained to the pope's legate of the unbearable license of the preachers; so far from their being effectually checked, Commelin in his next sermon marked him out as an object for the knife, exclaiming, 'There wants an Aod for the pig, for the effeminate man with the great belly (you understand whom I mean)!' The doctrine of canonical murder had truly made strange progress. Aubry sustained that the king's conversion was of no avail, for the pope himself could not absolve him. Cueilley declared that the pope had sworn he would never receive into the church 'that goat of a Béarnois,' and he asserted that there was an army of 30,000 men ready to come to the assistance of the Union. The prior of the Carmelites, Simon Fillieul, assured his audience that if the Béarnois 'had drunk all the blessed water of our lady'(!) there would still be room to doubt the sincerity of his conversion: he compared him to Judas betraying his Lord with a kiss; and said it was to be hoped that some *good lady Judith* would shortly save France by a *coup du ciel*. This was the expression which had before been applied by the preachers to the murder of Henri III., by Jacques Clement; the allusion, on the present occasion, was to attempts made by some of the more unscrupulous of their party to persuade Henri's mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées, to murder her lover. At the end of August, 1598, a Jesuit, in one of the pulpits of Paris, exclaimed, 'It is a blasphemy to think that the pope will absolve the Béarnois; if an angel should descend from heaven, and say to me, receive him, I should look upon the message with suspicion.' Five months later, a monk proclaimed, 'that people should sharpen their poignards, for there was need of a circumcision.' Indeed they all began to be convinced that a murder only could keep Henri IV. from the throne; and in the chance that some one, excited by their clamours, would commit this murder, they placed their last hopes.

The monk Garin was now the most violent and the most indefatigable of the preachers. He was the boldest apologist of the tyrannical anarchy of the old council, which had governed in the more flourishing days of the Ligue, and in his fury against the Duke of Mayenne, for suppressing that body, and overthrowing Boucher's project of a *chambre ardente* and its attendant proscriptions, he vomited against the general of the Ligue every description of abuse and imprecation,

going so far as to say that 'A spindle would be more suitable to this fat pig than a sword.' Garin attacked with equal license of language the parliament and the magistrates; and there was no power now in Paris to restrain or punish him. Once, addressing the judges, he said, 'He who would give you your due, would cause you all to be hanged; there is not one among you who does not well deserve it You shall have the rope one of these days, and shall all be dragged to Montfaucon.' When people first talked of the king's conversion, Garin made his congregation recite a prayer to God, begging that he would not permit the pope to give absolution to the Béarnois. When this conversion was made public, he cried out from his pulpit, 'We must not be down-hearted perhaps there will soon be found some honest man to kill the Béarnois. We have already been delivered once by the hand of *un pauvre petit innocent*.' The sermons of Garin sometimes lasted three hours and a half. Few, comparatively, of his auditors were present at them by free choice, but they were intimidated by his tone and language, and did not yet dare to keep away.

It was evident now that Paris could not long remain in its present condition. The better classes of society throughout the kingdom were becoming royalists, and the clergy and the mob were left to support one another. The Duke of Nemours, governor of the city, left his post and retired into the Lyonnais, where he fell into the power of the royalists. Mayenne himself hurried to Soissons, to join the Spanish army, which was to assemble there; but before his departure, perceiving well that no legitimate and reasonable authority could at present be sustained in the capital, and that a revolutionary organization alone could there hold up the cause of the Ligue, he restored the old council of clergy and bourgeois, and Brissac, the willing slave of the preachers in all their deeds of violence, was appointed commander of the garrison of Paris. This was, in fact, leaving the preachers to take care of themselves; and when Mayenne quitted the city, on the 6th of March, 1594, they again assumed their old characters, and, finding themselves masters, appointed Boucher president of their council, who at once declared that the pope had not the power to absolve the Béarnois, and revived the courage and appetite of his brethren, by his extensive dreams of proscriptions. In Paris, the church was now literally militant. The curés Hamilton and Pelletier not only carried large quantities of arms and munitions into their own houses, but they also placed large stores in the Convent

of the Cordeliers. Hamilton never went out of his house without being accompanied by a troop of rabble, who brandished their pikes and arquebusses as they went along the streets; he performed the service of the mass armed in a cuirass, and he even baptized a child in full congregation, without troubling himself to take off his armour. Garin also armed his convent, and he boasted to the populace, that he had 2000 monks under his orders. On the 10th of March, he recommended from the pulpit, that the gates of the city should be closed, and that the populace should run to their arms and slay all the 'politics.' The effect of this avowed project of a new St. Barthélemy was to put the royalists on their guard. The Governor Brissac, who had ever figured among the most intemperate of his party, had many sins to pardon, and he was consulting his own interests, and providing for his own safety, by treating secretly with the king for the delivery of Paris. The preachers had some intimation or suspicion of what was going on, and they denounced him from the pulpit; which rendered it still more necessary for his safety, that he should lose no time in completing his treason. Garin again encouraged his friends to hope that some one might be induced to deliver them by a murder. On the 13th of March, he declared in a sermon, that they ought to ennoble the family of Jacques Clement, and, in alluding to the king, he made one last despairing exclamation, that 'They must make away with this man also; it would be a very holy, heroic, and praiseworthy deed, which would assure Paradise to the perpetrator, and would merit for him the place nearest to the person of God.' Bishop Rose also acted his part to the last. On the 20th of March, he announced from the pulpit of the church of St. André-des-Arcs, that he was going to preach a whole week 'to complete the process of the Béarnois.' On the morrow, the 21st of March, he began this series of sermons, in presence of the Cardinal of Plaisance, and promised to prove, in his sermon the next day, 'That the Prince of Navarre was a bastard, and unworthy to succeed to the crown of France.' This sermon was not preached, for in the morning (the 22d March, 1594), Henri IV. was in possession of Paris.

It is hardly necessary for us to follow M. Labitte, in tracing the subsequent history of the various preachers who cut so melancholy a figure in the extraordinary events we have been very briefly narrating. When the king entered Paris, the inhabitants showed clearly by their joy, that latterly their submission to their masters had been only the effect of fear, and that the popularity of the

turbulent clergy was at an end. The preachers were in general terror-struck; but some of the more fanatical retired in arms to the *quartier Latin*, the district of the University, and there joining with the captain of the parish of St. Jacques, an obstinate Liguier, resolved to hold out to the last. Hamilton with a pertuisane in his hand, went to arrest them, but it was too late. Forty of the more violent curés, among whom was Boucher, saved themselves by accompanying the soldiers of the Spanish garrison in their retreat. Garin also attempted to make his escape with the garrison, in the disguise of a Spaniard, but not succeeding, he was found a day or two afterwards concealed in the garret of a house in the Rue St. Denis: he threw himself at the feet of the men who discovered him, begged them in the most suppliant manner not to kill him, and swore, that if need were he was ready to preach the eulogy of the king. Henri IV. had pity on his cowardice, and merely banished him from Paris, and his name does not appear again in history. Aubry and Cueilley showed more courage, and had the audacity to preach against the king a day or two after he was master of his capital; yet the royal clemency was extended even to them, and they, with Hamilton, Rose, Pelletier, the prior of the Carmelites—Simon Fillieul, and a considerable number of others, were banished from Paris. Of most of them we hear no more—they appear to have passed their days in obscurity, perhaps in poverty. A few devoted the remainder of their lives to literary pursuits. Fillieul, after a short absence, received his pardon, and returned to Paris. Pelletier showed his gratitude for the leniency he had experienced, by a farewell sermon to his parishioners, in which he praised with warmth the clemency and generosity of their king. Boucher and some of those who escaped with the Spaniards, retired to Flanders, and there continued to publish incendiary writings against Henri IV. Boucher was subsequently made Canon of Tournay; besides a host of other pamphlets, he published, in 1595, a treatise in justification of the new attempt at regicide by Jean Châtel; he declaimed bitterly against the edict of Nantes; and continued to publish his opinions long after Henri of Navarre had quitted the scene, for he died at a very advanced age, so late as 1646, fifty-five years after the entry of Henri into Paris. Rose fled from Paris to the abbey of Val de Beaumont sur Oise; but, although the king extended his generosity to him so far as to allow him to retain his bishopric of Senlis, he was perpetually involved in one seditious practice or another, and remained

all his life an object of suspicion to the government. The general agitation, however, gradually subsided, and the sermons of the clergy lost their political character. But Henri never secured the attachment of the church; his moderation was not agreeable to the taste of the Catholics of that age, whose vengeance was persevering and implacable; after escaping from the murderous arm of Jean Châtel, and being exposed to several other attempts, the king fell at last, in 1611, by that of the Jesuit Ravallac. The fanaticism of the Ligue lived only after the Ligue itself was extinct.

Such is the melancholy picture of a country conquered by its clergy; and it is no more than may at any time happen with a priesthood which lays claim to infallibility and political superiority over the laity, like that of the church of Rome. It is a history worthy of serious contemplation even in our own times. But let us not forget, above all, that our forefathers were watching with painful anxiety every phase of this, to them, fearfully tragic story. Their faith and peace were equally at stake. Spanish money was as actively employed against Elizabeth, as against Henri III. or Henri IV. The knife of the assassin had doubtless been more than once prepared for her. Hundreds of cunning Jesuits and wily preachers, educated expressly for the purpose, were sent into this country in disguise, and were busily engaged in sowing, in private, the same seditious principles. A Ligue was prepared for England, if it had succeeded in France. Let us not, then, judge too rashly the statesmen, who, in condemning Mary of Scotland, thought that the death of an ambitious woman, a Guise by her mother's blood, a ready instrument in the hands of her family, was necessary for the safety of their country. The designs in which she partook were those of the Spaniard, the pope, and the house of Lorraine; and when she manifested her zeal for the establishment of the Catholic church and the overthrow of heretics, it was to be done by means such as those employed on the continent by Spain, and the pope, and the Guises.* It is thus that, at certain pe-

riods to understand our own history it is necessary that we should have something more than a superficial knowledge of that of the surrounding nations.

ART. V.—1. *Bibliothèque de Mémoires relatifs à l'histoire de France pendant le 18me Siècle.* Vols. 1 and 2. 8vo. 1846. Didot.

2. *The Miscellany of the Spalding Club.* Vols. I., II. Aberdeen. Printed for the Club. 1840–2. 4to.

3. *Auto-biography of Sir Simonds D'Ewes.* London. 1845. 2 vols. 8vo.

'THE study of records and other exotic monuments of antiquity,' says Sir Simonds d'Ewes, 'is the most ravishing and satisfying of all the parts of human knowledge. And, indeed, without excusing for a moment those unhappy persons, who, like D'Ewes himself, are perpetually poring over trivial facts, of which they cannot discern either the causes or the bearings, it must be frankly allowed that there are few things less 'ravishing' or less satisfactory than that sort of regular history which long passed current; exhibiting, no doubt, the more striking results of the passions or the virtues of persons in eminent station, and recording the transactions of a nation in its collective capacity; but telling little of its past existence; not disclosing the nicer shades of its moral and social progress, scarcely touching upon the private life of those dignified persons, whose public acts it records, and not attempting to show in the least what ordinary men and women were doing and thinking, what they believed, what they loved, what they hated, how they lived, or how they died. And yet that which is thought, and said, and felt, is as real history, and, at least, as important to be known, as that which is visibly done by man to man. The written memorials, public and private, from which the dignified conventional 'history' is constructed, almost invariably contain more of the spirit of times gone by, than the history itself; but they are rarely capable of being woven into a continuous narrative, and, therefore, the historian often fancies himself compelled to reject them, though they become more valuable than ever, in an age when national peculiarities are vanishing so rapidly.'

The French have always been celebrated for their abundant details of ancient life, and the recent commencement of a republication of ancient memoirs, shows the high value they set upon this branch of know-

* It is somewhat singular that the Ambassador of Scotland—without doubt, Mary's old ambassador, the bishop of Glasgow—appears as an active Liguier. We learn from Lestoile that at the beginning of the siege, in 1590, he was in Paris, and he is mentioned among the *seigneurs* of the Ligue. 'Le Mercredi douzieme de May, les seigneurs se rendirent chez M. le Duc de Nemours, sçavoir, le Legat, l'Ambassadeur d'Espagne, celui d'Ecosse, le Cardinal de Gondi, l'Archevêque de Lyon, et plusieurs du corps du Parlement, déliberèrent de donner volontairement de l'argent pour payer les soldats et autres.'

ledge. The appearance, too, of the 'Grands Jours de Clermont,' which we lately noticed (an important work, and strongly illustrative of the ultimate causes of the revolution), suggests the hope that much valuable information may yet be derived from similar sources. And the other publications, whose titles are prefixed to this article, are merely two among many proofs that Europe is alive to the importance of this subject.

In America, a considerable taste for the study of antiquity has lately appeared, and it is not long since general interest was excited by the publication of the witch trials at Salem, among the early settlers, who carried out from the mother country very strong opinions and feelings on the subject, which may in some degree be illustrated by reference to the publications of the Spalding Club. Witches indeed have played an important part in their time, and it is impossible to say that they invariably misemployed their power; since among the records of the Court of Chancery (in the reign of Henry VI., if we recollect aright), there is a bill which states that the art had been exercised by a certain man upon an attorney who had conducted a lawsuit successfully against him. The attorney, therefore, prays the chancellor to restrain the defendant, by the injunction of the court, from practising witchcraft upon him. It is doubtful whether lawyers have ever partaken largely of the popular feeling on the subject of witchcraft, though they have failed to oppose it with vigour. Sir George Mackenzie, the celebrated lord-advocate of the days of Charles II., though he asserts that the existence of witches is not to be doubted, exhibits no disposition to exaggerate their powers, or those of their master.

'The devil,' says Sir George Mackenzie, 'cannot transform one species into another, as a woman into a cat, for else he behoved to annihilate some of the substance of the woman, or create some more substance to the cat, the one being much more than the other; and the devil can neither annihilate or create, nor could he make the shapes return, *nam non datur regressus à privatione ad habitum*.' This opinion, however, does by no means hold true of the women and cats of Scotland in the days immediately succeeding the Reformation, when the public, being peculiarly sharp-set for the detection of the subtlest processes of satanic agency, ascertained to its entire satisfaction that the whole land was enchanted; that the shapes of women and cats (to say nothing of dogs, hares, and conies) were, under certain influences, interchangeable at pleasure; while evil spirits hopped about in the like-

ness of magpies, scratched and bit as cats, lowed as calves, bleated as lambs, or pranced as chargers. Our admiration is not more due to the proverbial acuteness which enabled the people of Scotland to arrive at these great truths, than to the energy with which they gave effect to their convictions.

With regard to the general history of this popular delusion, little remains to be learnt, but the strange details, preserved with curious minuteness in the documents printed by the Spalding Club, impart a painful reality to these transactions, which seem more and more incredible and absurd, in proportion to their undoubted and lamentable certainty. It appears that in the town of Aberdeen alone, twenty-four or twenty-five persons were burnt for the crime of witchcraft in the spring of 1597, and there are various notices of others who had suffered previously. The persons accused were generally placed in irons, and confined in the vaults under the town church, and sometimes lay in prison for six months or a year before they were brought for trial. Their judges were the sheriffs, and the magistrates of the town acted under a special commission.

Public curiosity having been strongly excited upon this subject, the unfortunate witches were eagerly resorted to during their confinement, and they are alleged in many instances to have communicated their evil arts to persons consulting them through the bars of their prisons. It seems reasonably clear, that many of them affected (as some persons still do) to use charms, and were desirous of acquiring the influence which a necromantic reputation never failed to confer; but the long imprisonment, and the variety of mental and bodily torments to which they were subjected, generally produced in the end any kind of confession which was desired; or if an acknowledgment of guilt could not be extorted from them, witnesses were always ready to support any charge whatever. The confession of Andrew Man (himself a witch, and known as a witch-trier of such exquisite skill, that he had no difficulty in pronouncing, upon examination, not only whether the person accused was a practitioner of witchcraft, but also how long he or she had been so) affords an example of the delusions under which those unfortunate persons laboured, or of the impressions which they wished to convey to others. It appears, that when he was a young boy, the devil, his master, came to his mother's house, in the likeness and shape of a woman called the Queen of Elphen, and promised that he should know all things, and should help and cure all sorts of sickness short of actual death, and that

he should fare well, yet (with the ill luck invariably attendant upon such gifts) should have to beg his bread before he died, 'as *Thomas Rymour* did.' When he grew up, he became a regular votary of the Black Art. By his witchcraft and sorcery, he was enabled to effect various cures, both of people and of cattle. In one case the disease was transferred to a cat, which instantly died. A certain spirit, whom he termed *Christsonday*, and supposed to be an angel, and God's godson, although he is at variance with God (but whom the accusers knew from excellent private information to be the devil), came to him in likeness of a fair angel, clad in white clothes, and said that he was an angel, and bade him put his trust in him, and call him his lord and king, and marked him on the third finger. Moreover the Queen of Elphen 'has a grip of all the craft,' but *Christsonday* is the good man, and has all power under God. 'He' (Andrew) 'knows sundry dead men in their company, and the king that died in Flowdown, and *Thomas Rymour* [both of whom died mysteriously, and left their fate to be related in different ways by popular tradition] are there.' Upon the rood day in harvest in the current year, which fell on a Wednesday, he saw *Christsonday* come out of the snow, in likeness of a stallion. The Queen of Elphen was there, and others with her, riding upon white hackneys;* and if he had been allowed to have kept the convention on All-hallow even last, he would have told of all those who should have been in company with them. The elves have shapes and clothes like men, and they will have fair covered tables, and they are but shadows, yet are 'starker' [stronger] than men,† and they have playing and dancing when they please, and the queen is very pleasant, and can be old and young when she pleases, and she makes any one king whom she pleases. The elves will make one appear to be in a fair chamber, and yet he will find himself in a moss on the morn; they will appear to have candles, and lights, and swords,

which are nothing else but dead grass and straws; yet he, Andrew, is not afraid to go among them, and has associated with them all his days. At the day of judgment, the fire will burn the water and the earth, and shall make all plain, and *Christsonday* will be the notary to accuse every man, and will be cast into the fire, because he deceives worldly men.

The charges of witchcraft generally relate to some alleged practising against the health of men, or cattle, or the growth of crops, and there is a remarkable uniformity in the description of the sickness caused by witches, which seems to indicate the prevalence of violent fever and ague. To cure, was as dangerous as to cause disease. In some cases the imputations are so childishly absurd, that we are lost in amazement at their being entertained.

Thus, against one woman it is alleged, and proved, that one night, while her husband was lying in bed, and she dressing, a cat came in upon the husband, and cried 'wall-awa!' (a mode of expression not very unusual among the cat kind) and worried one of her own kittens; whereupon he slew the cat, and immediately thereafter both his horse and his dog ran mad. And as a proof that this woman's sons and daughters are 'quick ganging devils,' it is stated (in the son's indictment) that on the day of the mother's trial, there came to the father's house an evil spirit, in likeness of a magpie, and struck the youngest daughter out of the house, and would have plucked out her eyes and destroyed her, had not the neighbours in the street come in and 'dang' that foul spirit forth from the house, and closed both doors and windows on her. A second attack was made upon the girl the same day, by an evil spirit, in likeness of a *kae*, but the neighbours again interposed, and by their earnest prayers to God expelled the demon. And these things are considered to be evident tokens and demonstrations, seen and known to all the world, that there is none of their father's house free from the devil's service, but all are his subject slaves. In another case it is alleged, but not proved, that a certain man going home at eleven o'clock in a winter night, found the woman accused, or a devil in her likeness, sitting on a stone; when she gaped and 'glowered' upon him, and vomited fiery brands out of her mouth, which frightened him so much, that he became sick, and was forced to go back again, instead of proceeding to his own house. *Ellen Gray* was indicted as a notorious witch and sorcerer, because during all the preceding year she was seen going with one *Mergie*, her consort (who had since fled);

* "In olde dayes of the king Artour,
Of which that Bretons speken great honour,
All was this land full-filled of faerie;
The Elf-queene, with hire joly compaignie,
Danced full oft in many a grene mede.
This was the old opinion as I rede;
I speke of many hundred yeres ago;
But now can no man see non elves mo."

The Wife of Bath's Tale.

† "Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl, duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end."

Milton, P. Allegro.

one in the likeness of a dog, the other in the likeness of a cat, betwixt her house and that of Mergie.

It is impossible to imagine any transaction of life into which sorcery might not enter. Thus, in the case of Helen Fraser, it happened that a married man found his affection violently and extraordinarily drawn away from his wife, to a certain widow, for whom he had been sowing corn (and in whose house Helen Fraser was residing), there having always been great love between him and his wife theretofore, and no breach of love, or discord, falling out or intervening on either side : which thing the country supposed and spake to be brought about by the unlawful labours of the said Helen. This was testified *by the false husband himself*, and Helen Fraser was convicted. Against another woman it was a charge that she, by her witchcraft, caused George Barclay 'to marry a poor hussy, whereat all men wondered, seeing he was a man so good like and rich, and came of honest parents, and she an ugly harlot quean, come of so base degree, and who had since *depauperat* both.' The devil appeared to his servants, sometimes as an aged man, bearded (an 'old white-bearded Satan') with a white gown and a 'thrummit' hat ; sometimes as a black man, a lamb, a calf, a horse ; sometimes he rose from the ground in the midst of his worshippers, in the shape of a black beast, waxing larger by degrees. He loved to display himself in assemblies of witches, to receive their homage, to commend the fare they offered him, and to promote their mirth by the exercise of his musical talent ; a notion admirably illustrated by Burns in *Tain o'Shanter*. It was, of course, a heinous act of witchcraft to take part (as many persons confessed they had done) in these orgies.

Thomas Leyis was accused of having come upon Halloween about midnight, accompanied by his mother (since burnt) and many other sorcerers and witches, to the market and fish-cross of Aberdeen, under the conduct and guiding of the devil, present with them all in company, playing before them on *his kind of instruments*, when they all danced about both the said crosses and the meal market, a long space of time ; in which devil's dance the said Thomas was foremost, and led the ring, and *dang* (struck) Katherine Mitchell, because she spoiled the dance, and ran not so fast about as the rest. This was testified by the said Katherine Mitchell, who was present with them at the time foresaid, dancing with the devil. In the margin of the indictment is written, 'Provin ;' and Thomas Leyis was burnt. He is said to have confessed his guilt, and to

have named his accomplices. This dance is noticed in several other indictments : in that of a woman, who was also burnt, we read that in the said dance she was the ringleader next to Thomas Leyis, and because the devil played not so melodiously and well as she wished, she took his instrument out of his mouth, then took him on the chops therewith, and played herself thereon to the whole company ; and it was proved that they were, accompanied by their devilish companions and faction, transformed, some into hares, some into cats, and some in other similitudes. There were dances of the same kind on Halloween in several places. At a grey stone at the foot of the hill of Cragleauche, nine persons were, under the conduct of their master the devil, dancing in a ring, and he played melodiously upon an instrument, albeit invisible to them. Margaret Bane, who was burnt for taking part in this revel, confessed that the devil was there in the likeness of a beast, and caused them all to worship him. Christian Mitchell confessed, that three years before her trial, on the Rood-day, early in the morning, she and certain other witches, her devilish adherents, conversed upon St. Katherine's Hill, in Aberdeen, and there, under the conduct of Satan, present with them, playing before them on his form of instruments, they all danced a devilish dance, riding on trees, for a long space.

Persons merely suspected of witchcraft were frequently branded on the cheek, and banished from the town. But the sentence pronounced upon actual convicted witches generally was either that they should be 'wirreit,' i. e., strangled, 'at the stake till they were dead,' and should then be burnt ; or 'that they should be had out of the town and burnt to ashes.' It does not appear that they were actually burnt alive. The editors of the Spalding Club Miscellany have preserved an account of

"The debursements made by the comptar, at command and by virtue of the ordinance of the Provost, Bailies and Council, in the burning and sustentation of the witches.

	£	s.	d.
"Imprimis for burying Suppak, who died in prison	0	6	8
Item for trailing Manteith through the street of the town in a cart, who hanged herself in prison, and for cart hire and burying her	0	10	0
Jonett Wischart and Isabel Cocker.			
Item for twenty loads of peats to burn them	0	40	0
Item for a boll of coals	0	23	0
Item for 4 tar barrels	0	26	8
Item for fire and iron barrels	0	16	8
Item for a stake and dressing it	0	16	0
Item for 4 fathom of tow	0	4	0

Item for carrying the peats, coals,
and barrels to the Hill . 0 13 4
Item to *Jon Justice* (Jack Ketch,
Anglicè) for their execution . 0 13 4
Thomas Leis.

Item, the 23d of February, for peats,
tar-barrels, fire and coals, to burn
the said Thomas, and to Jon Jus-
tice for his fee in executing him . 3 13 4."

William Dun, Dean of Guild, was excused the payment of a sum of money due from him to the town, because he had shown faithfulness in the discharge of his duty, and, besides that, had taken extraordinary pains in the burning of the great number of witches burnt that year, as well as in other official business. All this is exceedingly revolting, and we are tempted to exclaim against the barbarity and ignorance of the age and nation. Yet the age is not solely to blame, since Sir George Mackenzie, nearly 106 years later, observes,* That there are witches, divines cannot doubt, since the word of God hath ordained that no witch shall live; nor lawyers in Scotland, seeing our law ordains it to be punished; nor was the nation only in fault; for the English parliament, by a statute of James I. (drawn with such absurd minuteness, that, well known as it is, it deserves to be repeated) enacted that it should be a capital felony 'to use, practise, or exercise invocation or conjuration of any evil and wicked spirit, or to consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil or wicked spirit, to or for any intent or purpose, or to take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of his, her, or their grave, or any other place where the dead body resteth, or the skin, bone, or any part of a dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charme, or enchantment; or to use, practise, or exercise any witchcraft, enchantment, charm, or sorcery, whereby any person should be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed, in his or her body, or any part thereof.' This statute but too well represented the prevailing views on the subject; and with reference to them, and also to the opinion of King James, who has been supposed to have been an early and zealous persecutor of witches, it may be worth while to cite a letter of Howell's written in London in 1647, fifty years after the witch trials at Aberdeen. After stating various cases of undoubted sorcery practised on the continent, Howell says:

"But we need not cross the sea for examples of this kind; we have too many (God wot) at home; King James a great while was loth to believe there were witches, but that which happened to my Lord Francis of Rutland's children convinced him; who were bewitched by an old

woman that was servant at Belvoir Castle, but being displeased, she contracted with the devil (who conversed with her in the form of a cat whom she called Rutterkin) to make away those children, out of mere malignity and thirst of revenge.

"But since the beginning of these unnatural wars, there may be a cloud of witnesses produced for the proof of this black tenet; for within the compass of two years near upon 300 witches were arraigned, and the major part executed, in Essex and Suffolk only: Scotland swarms with them now more than ever, and persons of good quality executed daily." And in a previous letter of 1646, after Charing Cross and the other crosses which stood in various parts of London had been removed (to the great scandal of all but the puritans), and a great change effected in all outward appearances and symbols, he says, "The devil may walk freely up and down the streets of London now, for there is not a cross to fright him anywhere; and it seems he never was so busy in any country upon earth, for there have been more witches arraigned and executed here lately, than ever were in this island since the creation."

In thinking of the cruel treatment of these unfortunate people, we must not forget that the age was a harsh one. Even to a much later period, the Scotch criminal law* was very strict, especially against the poor; and was enforced, when enforced at all, with great severity. In the law of theft, there was a curious gradation of punishment. Thus, it is said, if a thief be taken with bread worth a farthing, and from one farthing to four, he should be scourged: for four farthings, he should be put in the jogs and banished; from four to eight, he should lose an ear; and if the same thief be hereafter taken with eight pennies, he should be hanged; but if any thief should be taken with thirty-two pennies and a farthing, he may be hanged. And we find† that upon the 25th of July, 1623, two fellows, called Raith and Deane, are ordained to be hanged, for no greater offence than breaking into gardens and stealing bee-hives, and sybows or young onions. Much, however, was left to the discretion of the judges, who could, for instance, in cases of false swearing or forgery, order the guilty person to be banished, to be scourged, or to have his tongue pierced, according to their view of his case. In one case, a gentleman was only imprisoned for forgery, because he was ingenuous (*i. e.*, of good family) and in necessity; though other forgers, about the same period, were capitally punished. Torture was allowed, but judges could not torture children under fourteen, or very old persons. This exemption was in some coun-

* See Sir G. Mackenzie on Criminal Law.

† Arnot's Criminal Trials.

tries extended to women, sick persons, and such as had been eminent in any nation for learning, or other arts. 'But,' says Sir George Mackenzie, 'all this is arbitrary among us!' a too significant observation. Surely it is to this period that we must assign the story, which represents a judge to have been so much amused at the varying emotions expressed in a suitor's countenance, during the pleading of a cause, that he proposed to 'decern against him, and see how he would look then.'

But to return to earlier times. The crown was so feeble, and the great nobility so strong, that no man could be safe without the protection of some powerful lord. To obtain this protection, almost every landowner connected himself with some feudal chief, by a bond of Manrent, by which he obliged himself, in terms, to become man and servant to his protector, in peace and war (with the nominal exception of his allegiance to the crown), to ride and go with him when required, to warn him of any harm intended against him, to advise him faithfully, and to keep his secrets.

The leading nobility, again, entered into bonds of friendship among themselves, agreeing to stand by each other in all actions, quarrels, questions, and debates whatsoever; and that if it should happen that they, or any of them, should be pursued, molested, or troubled in person or estate, by any person or persons whatsoever, in that case all would take part in resisting such proceedings, against all persons except the king; an exception not always practically observed.*

Individuals thus protected could bid defiance to all attempts to enforce the law by any orderly and peaceful process. But persons who did not come in to stand their trial on any criminal charge, were liable to Letters of Fire and Sword; that is, to a commission, directed to the most deadly enemies of the accused, and charging the commissioners to convocate the lieges in arms, and to seek, take and imprison, and in case of resistance or hostile opposition to pursue to death, the parties accused; and if the latter, in their defence, should happen to flee to strengths or houses, then the commissioners were empowered to besiege the strengths or houses, to raze, fire, and use all kinds of force and warlike engines that could be had for winning thereof, and apprehending the rebels and their accomplices; and if in pursuit of the rebels and their accomplices, or

in such sieges, there should happen (which, after this hint, was not unlikely to happen) fire-raising, mutilation, slaughter, destruction of corn or goods, or other *inconveniences*, it was declared that the same should not be imputed as a crime or offence to the commissioners or the persons aiding them.

This commission might seem stringent enough, and fully equal to any emergency, especially as it was usually granted to persons interested in executing it, and sometimes even issued against parties who had never been cited to appear; and it was the chief instrument employed in the ordinary government of the Highlands; but in the Miscellany of the Spalding Club we find a document, in comparison with which the ordinary Letters of Fire and Sword appear a friendly, benignant, and paternal communication.

The Clan Chattan (a numerous race, comprising various septs, which, though differing in name, were allied in blood, and agreed to a great extent in their armorial bearings, and especially in bearing the mountain cat as their common crest) occupied the central Highlands of the counties of Kincardine, Aberdeen, Moray, Banff, and Inverness. This wild tribe, having quarrelled with the Earl of Moray and his dependants, invaded the lowland parts of Morayshire, and ravaged the country; and, in particular (according to the statements in the document about to be quoted), they went to the lands of James Dunbar, of Tarbert, in the Bray of Moray, and were there guilty of fire-raising, slew six men and two women, and maimed other five men, and made great pillage of cattle, sheep, horses, goats, swine, &c., whereupon the Earl of Moray obtained, in 1528, the king's letters commanding the Earl of Moray, lieutenant, 'to pass upon the Clan Chattan and Badenoch, *for to destroy them aluthertie*.'

These dreadful letters state that the king and his council (this was under the dominion of the Douglasses, during the minority of James V.), advisedly considering the great harms and contemptions done by the Clan Chattan and their assisters against the common weal, have determined to make *utter extermination and destruction* of all that clan, their assisters and part-takers. They command the Earl of Moray, as lieutenant of the north, and the sheriffs of the northern counties, to go up in full force, in military array, upon the Clan Chattan, and invade them to their utter destruction, by slaughter, burning, drowning, and other ways, and to leave no creature living in that clan, except priests, women, and children. The destroyers are to take to themselves, for their pains,

* Many bonds of this sort, as well as bonds of Manrent, are to be found in the publications of the Spalding Club.

all the goods of the Clan Chattan which they can seize; and are promised in addition a reward from the king for good service. All who take part with the Clan Chattan are to be treated like them; and not only are the persons executing this decree to be free from all question in respect of the intended invasions, slaughters, burning, taking of goods, and other mischiefs done to the Clan Chattan or their assisters; but all sharpness done, and to be done upon them, shall be deemed to be lawfully and righteously done. The women and children of the clan are to be taken to the coast, where ships shall be provided at the public expense, to sail with them forth of the realm, and land with them in Jesland, Zealand, or Norway, because (oh! exquisite tenderness of the royal mercy!) it were inhumanity (!) to put hands in the blood of women and children.

The Earl of Moray,* having provided himself with this commission, assembled an army, and surprised the Clan Chattan. He took about 200 of them, together with William the brother of Hector Macintosh, who had commanded in the incursions. They were all hanged; and William, after his death, was quartered, and his head was fastened upon a pole at Dyke, in Morayshire. His quarters were sent to Elgin, Forres, Aberdeen, and Inverness, there to be set up for an example to others. Not one man of all the 200 could be induced to confess where Hector was, though life was severally promised to every one of them upon this condition, as they were led along to the gallows. Their faith was so true, that they could not be persuaded, either by fair means, or by any terror of death, to betray their captain. Thus were these gallant and true-hearted men destroyed by a stretch of tyrannical wickedness not surpassed in history.

Innumerable were the deeds of violence and bloodshed everywhere in those days. Many such acts, public and private, are confusedly chronicled in a sort of rambling diary and obituary kept by one Cullen, Vicar of Aberdeen.† Thus (not to mention the conflicts among the great nobles at court), on the 10th of October, 1571, the field of Tulliangus was stricken, between Adam Gordon and Arthur Forbes brother to Lord Forbes, where the said Arthur was slain, with sundry others of his kin: on the other side, John Gordon, of Buckie, with divers hurt on both sides. On the 20th day of the succeeding month, the field of Craibstaine was

stricken by John Master, of Forbes, and Adam Gordon, brother to Lord Huntly, where the said John lost the field, and was taken, and sundry of his kin and friends slain, to the number on both sides of threescore, or thereby; and good Duncan Forbes slain the said day. Gilbert Knowis, elder, Burgess of Aberdeen, was slain by James Gordon, brother to the Laird of Abergeldy, at the causeway end, going to the Cross, on the 1st of December, 1574. Gilbert Knowis, his son, also was slain on the same day, by the said James, having in company with him William Davidson, Burgess of Aberdeen. Among the many other private murders which Cullen mentions, we find that John Wishart, cordwainer, was slain by James Paterson, hangman of Aberdeen; and the said James hanged, and his head set on the port, therefor. But slayers and slain were generally people of condition, and in such cases we do not perceive that any punishment was inflicted.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew is especially noticed: 'On the 24th day of August, in the year of God 1572 years, Jasper Cullen (as the chronologer thinks proper to style Coligny), great admiral of France, was cruelly murdered in Paris, under colour of friendship, at the king of Navarre's bridal, and under night, by the most cursed king of France, Monsieur his brother, and by the device of the pope, cardinals, bishops, abbots, priors, monks, friars, canons, priests, nuns, and whole rabble of that devilish sort of Papists, devised at the Council of Trent, whose cruel murder we pray God to revenge. So be it.'

The country gentlemen appear to have been very glad to serve the offices of provost and bailie, and the borough equally glad to secure their assistance. There was even some struggle for the supremacy in town politics, and a conflict between the open and the close system of elections. Moreover there was a sort of aristocracy among the citizens themselves, consisting of those who were of 'the old blood of the town.' A deficiency in this kind of gentility was apt to be made matter of reproach against persons in high office. Thus, when Mr. Alexander Jaffray was chosen provost, many held cheap both the man and the election, as he was not of 'the old blood of the town,' but the grandson of a baxter (baker); 'and, therefore, was set down in the provost's deass, before his entering, ane baken pye to sermon:*' but he had the good sense to take no notice of the indignity.

* See Sir R. Gordon's *History of the House of Sutherland*.

† *Spalding Miscellany*, vol. ii.

* *Spalding's History of the Troubles*.

The ancient acts of the Scottish parliament contain interesting notices of what was passing in public and in private life. They evince great solicitude for the public defence. All classes are to be prepared with arms according to their degree; and in order to promote skill in archery (the great accomplishment of the English yeoman and the vital want of the Scotch, by which they frequently suffered in war), the old Scottish games of foot-ball, and golf, are actually prohibited, and the regular practice of archery is commanded in every parish. It is ordered that there shall be made at each parish church a pair of butts, and that shooting shall be practised every Sunday; that each man shall shoot six shots at least, and those who do not come to shoot, shall be fined two-pence a piece, for the archers to drink. There is abundant evidence that the country was extremely poor and unsettled. Lepers formed a numerous class, and they are ordered to remain (except at stated times) at their hospitals and other places without the boroughs. Statute after statute enjoins the king's justices to take inquisition of sornars, *i. e.* persons who forcibly took up their quarters in the houses of others;—bards (Oh Helicon!), masterful or sturdy beggars, and feigned fools; and either to banish them the country, or to send them to the king's prison. If sornars or masterful beggars have any property, it is to be applied to their support in prison as long as it lasts; their ears are then to be nailed to the trone, or some tree, and cut off; after which they are to be banished, and, if found again, to be hanged. No direction is given as to the property of bards; probably because the law did not contemplate the possibility of their having any. Copyright, apparently, had not acquired any great value.

Familiar as we are with the early extinction of wolves in England, it is startling to find the Scottish legislature providing in the fifteenth century that wolves' whelps should be hunted by every baron, four times a year, or as often as a wolf appeared; any man who failed to go to the hunt was liable to a fine, while he who brought in the head of a wolf or a fox was entitled to a reward, for the crime of vulpicide, so justly odious in the nineteenth century, was actually encouraged in the dark ages! All birds of prey are to be slain, in order that wild-fowl may be preserved; not for sporting, but 'for the sustenance of man': partridges, plovers, grey hens, and moor-cocks, are not to be taken with any manner of instrument from the beginning of Lent until August, and a penalty is fixed for the killing of hares or conies in snow time. The preservation of salmon was

also most anxiously provided for; and we have heard of an enactment that the openings in all cruives should be wide enough for a sow (dimensions not stated) to turn in without touching either side with snout or tail! Absenteeism was common, owing to the concentration of estates in a few hands, a process which many of the great families continually carried on, by every kind of fraud and oppression. Proprietors are, therefore, required to repair their castles and manor-houses, and to occupy them either in person or by their friends, so that the produce of the estate may be spent upon it. The planting of trees and hedges, and even the sowing of broom, are from time to time commanded, with an anxiety which shows that little deference was paid to the injunction.

It was hardly to be supposed that in such a state of society it could be thought necessary to enact laws to restrain excess in personal expenditure; yet so it was; for all rude governments fall into the error of attempting to govern too much; and at a time when the law was not strong enough to give anything like safety to life or property,* all persons except noblemen and their heirs were forbidden to wear embroidery, pearls, or bullion, under pain of escheat of the 'array' to the king. And in another act† the lords of parliament, after declaring that the realm in each state is greatly impoverished through sumptuous clothing, both of men and women ('Tis pride that pulls the country down,' says the old ballad; and so thought that economical sovereign King Stephen, when he complained of his tailor's charges), proceeds to lay down a vestimentary code with edifying minuteness. People in boroughs, living by merchandise (with the exception of persons in dignity, as aldermen, bailies, and other good men who are of the council of the town, and their wives), are not to wear cloths of silk, or costly scarlet in gowns, or expensive furs; and the men are directed (a difficult, if not impossible task) to make their wives and daughters be habilitemented according to their estate; that is to say, on their heads short curches with little hoods, such as are used in Flanders, England, and other countries. As to gowns, it is commanded that no woman wear 'tails' of unbecoming length, nor gowns furred under, except on holidays.

These rules are prescribed not only to burgesses, but also to poor gentlemen and their wives, living in the country, and having less than a certain income. Workpeople

* A. D. 1429.

† A. D. 1457.

are restricted on workdays to clothes of grey and white, and on holidays to light blue, green, and red; and the women's churches must be of their own making, and not exceeding the price of forty-pence the ell, and no woman is to come to kirk or market with her face muzzled or covered, so that she may not be known, under pain of escheat of the church! The clergy are forbidden to use robes and furred gowns, with the exception of persons 'constitute in dignity' in cathedral or college kirk, persons spending 200 marks a year, great nobles, and doctors. These regulations are to be obeyed under pain of the escheat of the habit. It is to be feared, however, that they were not much attended to, for even in the article of 'tails' it appears that in the time of James IV. the utmost lawlessness prevailed—since Dunbar speaks of the ladies' trains as

"Sic foul tails, to sweep the causeway clean;"

and it may be doubted whether the practice has ever yet been brought into conformity with the law. The dainties of the table in Dunbar's time, are noticed by him as follows. He wishes for the king's return from his penance at Linlithgow.

"To eat swan, crane, partridge, and plover,
And every fish that swims in river;
To drink with us the new fresh wine
That grew upon the river of Rhine;
Fresh fragrant clarets out of France,
Of Angers, and of Orleans."

It was not till a much later period, that the word claret became restricted to the wines of Bordeaux. There were savans about the court in those days, and, in particular, a native of Lombardy,* who caused the king to believe, that he, by his chemical skill, would make fine gold of other metal, which science he called the Quintessence, whereupon the king made great cost, but all in vain! That age aspired, like our own, to the accomplishment of flying, for the king, having despatched an embassy to France on the 27th of September, 1507, the Lombard philosopher took in hand to fly with wings, and to be in France before the ambassadors. And to that effect, he caused a pair of wings to be made of feathers, which being fastened upon him, he flew off the Castle of Stirling, but shortly fell to the ground, and broke his thighbone. This accident he ascribed, not to any imperfection in his theory, but to the circumstance that there were some hen-feathers in the wings, which naturally yearn-

ed for and coveted the dunghill, and not the skies. In this attempt, it seems he imitated one Bladud, King of England, who, as histories mention, decked himself in feathers, and presumed to fly in the air, but falling on the temple of Apollo, broke his neck.

A very lofty theoretical view was taken at first of the conscientious obligations of an advocate. Advocates and for-speakers in temporal court pleading, and also the parties that they plead for, if they be plaintiffs, are ordered,* before they be heard in any cause, to swear that they believe the cause they are to plead is good and lawful; and if the principal party be absent, the advocate must swear in his stead, according to the sentiments contained in the following 'metres:'

"Illud juretur, quod lis sibi justa videtur,
Et si quæretur, verum non inficietur;
Nil permittetur, nec falsa probatio detur;
Ut lis tardetur, dilatio nulla petetur."

It is directed by the same parliament, that when a man wished to appeal against a sentence, he was *not* to use strong language, but '*only* to say that the doom is false, stinking, and rotten in itself.' It is to be observed, with reference to modern habits of speech upon similar subjects, that this license is only given by the statute where the decision is subject to appeal. But indeed the phraseology of those days of chivalry and romance was rather energetic. The language of the legislature itself is on one occasion a little to the north side of civil towards the King of England. 'And because it is verily trusted and supposed that the revare (robber) Edward [IV.] calling himself King of England, through burning avarice, and for false reif (rapine) and conquest, not-dreading God, nor the effusion of Christian blood, nor having respect or remembrance that he was obliged and sworn to have kept the truce, but postponing the bond of his loyalty and honor that he should have had, is absolutely set to continue in the way that he has moved and begun, and by all his power tends and shapes to invade and destroy, and, in so far as he may, to conquest this realm,' the three estates grant to King James III. supplies for the defence of his kingdom. King Edward, after this, could scarcely inform his parliament 'that he continued to receive from all foreign powers assurances of their friendly disposition.'

It appears from the following act of parliament,† which is no doubt familiarly known to Lord Campbell, the reformer of the law of libel, that, at a later period, the licentious-

* See Bishop Lealey's History.

* Statute of 1429.

† 1551.

ness of the press, and its free discussion of questions, sacred and profane, alarmed and irritated the priesthood and the government :

‘Inasmuch as there are divers printers in this realm who daily and continually print books concerning the Faith, ballads, songs, blasphemations, rhymes as well of churchmen as of temporal persons, and tragedies as well in the Latin as in the English tongue ; not seen, viewed, and considered by the superiors, and tending to the defamation and slander of the lieges of the realm ; to put a stop to such inconveniences, it is ordained that no printer presume to print any books, ballads, songs, blasphemations, rhymes, or tragedies, either in the Latin or the English tongue, in time to come, until the same be seen, viewed, and examined by some wise and discreet persons, deputed thereunto by the ordinaries, and thereafter a licence had and obtained from our sovereign lady,* by the lord governor, for printing such books ; under pain of confiscation of all the printer’s goods, and banishing him from the realm for ever.’

Alas for all sovereign ladies, and alas for all lords governors ! the doom was gone forth—it was too late to interfere with the publication of ‘books, ballads, songs, blasphemations, rhymes, and tragedies ;’ that fierce contest of pen and tongue, and hand and heart, had begun, by which Scotland was so long to be distracted, and which was to exhibit such wonderful traits of good and evil, and to develop so remarkably the character of her people. Of the extent to which the spirit of theological discussion pervaded society during this great struggle, an amusing instance is given in one of Howell’s letters, written from Edinburgh in 1639, during the sitting of the General Assembly :

“The bishops are all gone to wrack, and they have had but a sorry funeral ; the very name is grown so contemptible, that a black dog, if he have any white marks about him, is called Bishop. Our Lord of Canterbury is grown here so odious, that they call him commonly in the pulpit, ‘The priest of Baal,’ and ‘the son of Belial.’

“I’ll tell your lordship of a passage which happened lately in my lodging, which is a tavern : I had sent for a shoemaker to make me a pair of boots, and my landlord, who is a pert, smart man, brought up a chopin of white wine (and for this particular there are better French wines here than in England, and cheaper ; for they are but at a groat a quart, and it is a crime of a high nature to mingle or sophisticate any wine here). Over this chopin of white wine, my vintner and shoemaker fell into a hot dispute about bishops. The shoemaker grew very furious, and called them ‘the firebrands of hell, the panders of the whore of Babylon, and the instruments of the devil,’ and

that ‘they were of his institution, not of God’s.’ [In short he had ‘a quarrel with episcopacy altogether.’] My vintner took him up smartly, and said, ‘Hold neighbour there, do you not know as I, that Titus and Timothy were bishops ? that our Saviour is entitled the bishop of our souls ? that the word bishop is as frequently mentioned in Scripture, as the name pastor, elder, or deacon ? then why do you inveigh so bitterly against them ?’ The shoemaker answered, ‘I know the name and office to be good, but they have abused it.’ My vintner replies, ‘Well then, you are a shoemaker by your profession, imagine that you, or a hundred, or a thousand, or a hundred thousand of your trade should play the knaves, and sell calfskin leather boots for neat’s leather, or do other cheats ; must we therefore go barefoot ? must the gentle craft of shoemakers fall therefore to the ground ? It is the fault of the men, not of the calling.’ The shoemaker was so gruelled at this that he was put to his *last*, for he had not a word more to say ; so my vintner got the day.”

The tone and temper of the Assembly of 1638 are strikingly depicted in ‘Gordon’s History of Scots Affairs,’ printed by the Spalding Club :

“How soon the Commissioner was gone, candles were brought into the Church ; and the moderator began for to exhort the members of the Assembly that since kings were Christ’s subjects, no members of that meeting should suffer themselves either for fear of or favour to any man for to be reduced from the obedience to Christ’s commands in the least ; that now they were to rely upon Christ’s immediate presidency amongst them, whom from the very beginning of their business they had found going favourably along with them ; that Christ bids all expect that things shall come for the best to those who commit themselves to him for their guide ; that they needed not for to be discouraged, for any blocks that should be cast into their way, specially with those whereby it was manifestly discovered how prejudicial this work they were about was to the kingdom of *Satan and of Antichrist*, as also how acceptable it was to Christ, the general of this combat, for to rebuild the ruins of his beloved Zion.”

This was spoken in 1638, not in 1843, by Covenanters, not by non-intrusionists. We are not disposed to argue the questions then or now under discussion, which, indeed, are vitally different from each other ; but it is impossible not to observe how closely the style of the Covenanters has of late been imitated ; with what quiet assurance it is still assumed that the regulations of an infallible assembly are equivalent to immediate declarations of divine will, and that opposition can only proceed from the worst agency and the worst motives.

The recent troubles of the presbytery of Strathbogie are well known. It is odd to find their predecessors two centuries ago in a very similar dilemma. Gordon says that

* Mary, then in France.

'after the rising of the assembly, the two commissioners for the presbytery of Strathbogie went to the king's commissioner, humbly desiring his grace to tell them what they should do, they being cast in two extremes, betwixt disobedience to the king's command, and the members of the assembly, who were resolved all to sit, with whom they would gladly concur, if they thought the hazard were not great to follow.'

But let us touch no longer upon controversial matters. It will be remembered that the feudal sovereigns seldom had much money at their disposal, and that their only means of exercising any extensive hospitality was by putting in force their rights of purveyance and levying contributions on their loyal subjects and vassals. Accordingly, King James VI., his marriage being concluded, writes to the Laird of Arbuthnot on the 'penult' day of August, 1589, stating his hourly expectation of the arrival of his queen, and the necessity of receiving her, as his ambassador had been received in Denmark, with honourable entertainment. To this end he throws himself upon the good will of his loving subjects, and earnestly desires the laird to send him, in aid of the honourable charges to be made in this action, such quantity of fat beef and mutton, wild fowl, and venison, or other stuff, meet for the purpose, as he could possibly provide or furnish of his own, or procure from others. The royal feast, however, did not take place so soon as was expected; for King James's single and solitary act of gallantry, his voyage to Norway, placed him at the mercy of the northern storms, raised 'by the conspiracies of witches and such devilish dragons' (several of whom were executed for this crime), which detained him for a whole winter. He consoled himself by a free participation in Scandinavian merry-making, as we learn from his famous letter of promise to Sir Alexander Lindsay, which is dated 'from the Castle of Croneburg, where we are drinking and *driving over* in the auld manner.' [Dunbar says in *The Tua maryit wemen and the Wedo*, 'Thus *drave* they *over* that dear night with dances full noble.'] But on his return to Scotland, he again addresses the Laird of Arbuthnot, on the 11th of May, 1590, as hungrily as ever; and requests him, since the voyage has been prosperous, and the day of the queen's coronation is approaching, to bring up 'such support of stuff and provision' as the laird had already got, or was able to get, according to the king's former letters and requests; and to make true report, by writing, of every man's forwardness and good will in this behalf.

Nothing, probably, that ever wore a crown was addressed with more outward forms of

reverence than the 'most dread sovereign' King James; and the following letter from his chancellor, the Earl of Dunfermline, displays a thorough acquaintance with his learned tasks and the other peculiarities of his character, which, however, were more in accordance with the prevailing habits of the age, than we are wont to imagine.

"Most sacred Sovereign,

"I crave your majesty's favour that it may be lawful to me to give entry to this letter, with some report of the antiquity. I think to a man that has delighted all his days in letters, writing to the most learned and wise king in the world, it cannot be imputed to great amiss, albeit some memory of learning be intermixed therein. I read that Marcus Scaurus, a man of great renown among the Romans, *florente republica*, being accused by Quintus Varius of a very odious crime, that he should have received money from the King Mithridates for to betray the affairs of Rome: after his accuser had deduced all arguments and probations he could devise, he used no other defence but this, *Quintus Varius ait, Marcum regia pecunia corruptum, rempublicam prodere voluisse. Marcus Scaurus huic culpæ affinem esse negat; utri magis credendum putatis?* Which defence was followed with the acclamations of the whole people, condemning the accuser as a calumniator and a liar, and acknowledging the defender's undoubted virtue and honesty. Master John Forbes, a condemned traitor for his rebellious and seditious convecticles, holden as general assemblies against your majesty's authority and command, accuses your majesty's chancellor to have given advice, counsel, or consent to the holding of the said mutinous assembly. Your majesty's chancellor says it is a manifest lie, and if it might stand with his honour and dignity of his place to enter in contestation with such a condemned traitor, could clearly verify the same. Master John Forbes and all his colleagues abides still at the maintenance and justification of that their assembly, as a godly and lawful proceeding. Your majesty's chancellor, by his public letters, discharged and countermanded the said assembly; he has since condemned the said assembly as a seditious and unlawful deed, and all the partakers and maintainers of the same as mutinous and seditious persons. Your sacred majesty has to judge which of those two is most worthy of credit. Further, I think not needful to trouble your majesty in this matter, but some information I have sent to Mr. Alexander Hay, which it may please your highness to accept and hear of, when best leisure from more weighty affairs may permit the same. So most humbly taking my leave, and praying the eternal God long to preserve your majesty in all felicity, I rest,

"Your sacred majesty's most humble and obedient subject and servitour,
Dunfermline."

"Edr., 25 May, 1606.

It is well known that persons in high station were in many cases most carefully educated. The Earl of Gowrie, who perished in that fatal mêlée in his castle at Perth, the

victim probably of his own vindictive ambition, had lately returned from the continent, rich in all the learning and accomplishments of Europe. The Earl of Aboyne, son of the Marquis of Huntly, has left lines sufficiently graceful and sprightly, of which a specimen follows.

EARL OF ABOYNE'S LINES.*

1.

"It's not thy beauty nor thy wit,
That did my heart obtain;
For none of these could conquer yet
Either my breast or braine;
And if you'll not prove kind to me,
Yet true as heretofore,
Your slave henceforth I'll scorn to be,
Nor doat upon you more!"

* * * *

4.

"Think not my fancy to o'ercome
By proving thus unkind,
Nor soothing smile, nor seeming frown,
Can satisfy my mind."

* * * *

6.

"I mean to love and not to doat,
I'll love for love again;
And, if ye say ye love me not,
I'll laugh at your disdain!
If you'll be loving, I'll be kind,
And still I'll constant be;
And, if the time does change your mind,
I'll change as soon as ye!"

A very favourable account is given of the Chancellor Dunfermline, in a little piece of autobiography by his brother-in-law, John second Earl of Perth.† The 'chancellor,' he says, 'was instructed with most virtues, learned, and heroic qualities, as having spent a great part of his youth in the best towns of Italy and France, where all good literature was professed. A man most meek, just, and wise, deserving greater commendation than paper can contain.'

The Earl of Perth's account of his own life possesses that interest which a minute and naturally written record of occurrences, and, still more, of thoughts, must always in time acquire. He was originally a younger brother. Special care was taken of the education of the eldest, James, Master of Drummond, who was sent to France for his education, like all Scotchmen of condition; and who turned out very well. John was all this time little regarded, and was sent to the school of Dunblaine, where he was but carelessly looked to for seven or eight years,

his teachers being ignorant persons, 'using their slavish discipline, conform to their own humours, teaching Ramus his grammar unprofitable.' After two years spent in Edinburgh at college, he obtained leave to go to France upon a very mean allowance. This was in his nineteenth year, in the end of 1603. After a very tedious voyage he made his way to Bordeaux, where he met with his countryman, Monsieur Balfour, principal of the college, and a great mathematician, who used him kindly, and with whom he remained three years, and more. He then went to Toulouse, a fair city, and stayed in company with Monsieur Cadan, or Kid, a learned doctor in the laws, and with Monsieur Red, a doctor in physic. For nearly a year he frequented the public lectures on the laws, not understanding anything else, nor having any friend who could inform him how the world went; so that he saw many things, but observed little; for though he always was in good company, yet his companions were unfit for managing affairs, as being mere scholars, and not caring for anything else. At length he went, in 1609, to Paris, 'where more was to be seen than in all France else, by reason of the king and court's abiding there with all that great dependence.' In the next spring, Henry IV. perished by the hand of Ravallac, in the midst of his warlike preparations, and Drummond in the same year returned home, where he soon after succeeded his brother in the earldom. The estate was but small, yet by the help of friends and honest management, it proved better than was expected. At that time the Highland district where he lived was much disquieted by the Macgregors, and he exerted himself against them. 'One of the clan,' he says, 'for reasons known to himself, alleging that his comrades and followers were to betray him, was content to take the advantage and let them fall into the hands of justice. The plot was cunningly contrived, and six of that number were killed upon the ground, where I with certain friends was present. Three were taken, and one escaped, besides Robin (the traitor) and his man. This execution raised great speeches in the country, and made many acknowledge that these troubles were put to an end, wherewith King James himself was well pleased for the time.' After this not very glorious exploit the earl married, and lived an easy life, but lost his wife after a few years. He sent his two eldest sons to France, Dr. Olipher being their governor: his daughters were bred with his sister, the Countess of Roxburgh, sometimes at home, and then at court, till they were married. He says that

* Published in the Spalding Club Miscellany.

† Spalding Miscellany, vol. ii.

"Though all men were then quiet, yet wanted we not our own particular grievances; sometimes for one cause, and sometimes for another; so that in this life no man with reason can propose rest or security for himself, vexation of spirit and vanity often molesting us. I had much difficulty in settling of differences among friends and neighbours, to keep marches right [the ancient and modern source of discord in Scotland: Dandie Dinmont's plea is familiar to our readers] whereupon there arose cumber and debates. I sold some lands and bought others for commodity of our house, and lived reasonably well, according to the times, without debosh or drinking, by diet, an intolerable fault, and too much approved in this unhappy age. Happy are they who can eschew it in time, with other enorme vices whatsoever!"

He then laments the king's dethronement, and the ruin and confusion of the country, and he concludes by complaining that he had been severely fined, and his son subjected to a long imprisonment, and that only for a visit made by the son to his cousin Montrose? Montrose, however, was not such a man that the usurping government could well set down the visit to the score of cousinship only.

'No contentment had I all this while, but continual losses either at home or abroad; so that in *præsentia*, *annum agens septuagesimum tertium*, *senectutis malis quasi fractus*, *portum exoptans*, *requiem in Christo sempiternam exspecto*, 20 June, 1657.' He died five years afterwards, having survived the Restoration.

It is to be regretted that the Earl of Perth did not give us any of the details of rural life, or notice the changes which he must have witnessed in his long and not uncreditable life. We are more fortunate in this respect at a later period. We learn from the reminiscences of Sir Archibald Grant, of Monymusk, in Aberdeenshire, that in his early days, soon after the Union, husbandry and manufactures were in low esteem. Turnips in fields, for cattle, grown by the Earl of Rothes and a very few others, were wondered at; wheat was almost confined to East Lothian; enclosures few, and planting very little; no repair of roads; all bad, and very few wheel carriages; no coach, chariot, or chaise, and few carts to the north of Tay. Colonel Middleton was the first person who used carts or wagons at Aberdeen; and he and Sir Archibald were the first to the north of Tay who had hay, except a very little at Gordon Castle. Mr. Lockhart of Carnwath, the author of the memoirs, was the first who attempted raising or feeding cattle to size. A Mrs. Miller was the first who attempted thread or fine linen; and the Miss Walkenshaws the first who succeeded; these manufactures were first established about Glasgow and Renfrew, by which, and other industry,

those towns made rapid increase; Edinburgh and most other towns having at that time but little retail trade. Aberdeen was then poor and small, having some Dutch and French trade, by salmon, and stockings, and serges, and plaiding; it had the first use of tea, then very scarce, and little used at Edinburgh; it supplied Edinburgh with French wines, where, notwithstanding the town duties, it sold in retail in and from taverns, at tenpence per choppin, or English quart. Few families, except dealers, had it in cask for use; it was generally sent in from taverns, which were then much used. Table and body linen were seldom shifted, and were but coarse, except for extraordinary occasions; moving necks and sleeves of better kinds being then used by the upper classes of society. Many wooden, mud, and thatched houses were to be found within the gates at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen; few houses of any better kind stood without the gates. [It should be mentioned, however, that a letter in the 'Spalding Miscellany,' dated so early as 1693, speaks of a design at Edinburgh to cast a bridge of stone over the North Loch, to build on the other side, and to enclose the new taken-in ground with a wall, and extend the city privileges to the enclosure.] The churches, abbeys, castles, and all large stone edifices, the existence of which might be thought inconsistent with a state of poverty and depression, are said by Sir Archibald to have been reared 'by foreign contributions, or the slavery and want of other employ of the people, and all in friendship aiding each other.' Nobles and chiefs he thinks were tyrants under the old Scottish government, and so, by their means, were the kings. He remarks, that after the union of the crowns, before that of the nations, the privy council was tyrannical, and neither fixed property nor liberty existed. He states in conclusion, that 'all improvements of security, husbandry, manufactures, commerce, or police, are since 1707, with which literature in any extensive degree, except school jargon, hath kept pace.' Sir Archibald Grant's account of his own paternal estate, is exceedingly important (the county of Aberdeen, in which it is situated, was by no means behind the greater part of Scotland). 'By the indulgence of a very worthy father, I was allowed, 1716, though then very young, to begin to enclose, and plant, and provide, and prepare nurseries. At that time, there was not one acre upon the whole estate enclosed, nor any timber upon it, but a few elm, sycamore, and ash, about a small kitchen-garden adjoining to the house, and some straggling trees at some of the farm-yards, with a small copse-wood not enclosed, and dwarfish, and browsed by sheep and cattle. All the farms ill-disposed

and mixed ; different persons having alternate ridges ; not one wheel carriage on the estate, nor indeed any one road that would allow it, and the rent about 600*l.* sterling per annum ; grain and services converted to money. The house was an old castle, with battlements, and six different roofs, of various heights and directions, confusedly and inconveniently combined, and all rotten, with two wings, more modern, of two stories only ; the half of windows of the higher rising above the roofs, with granaries, stables, and houses for all cattle and of the vermin attending them close adjoining, and with the heath and moor reaching in angles or goushets to the gate, and much heath near, and what land near was in culture belonged to the farms, by which their cattle and dung were always at the door. The whole land raised and uneven, and full of stones, many of them very large, of a hard iron quality, and all the ridges crooked in shape of an S, and very high and full of noxious weeds, and poor, being worn out by culture, without proper manure or tillage. Much of the land and moor near the house, poor and boggy ; the rivulet that runs before the house in pits and shallow streams, often varying channels, with banks always ragged and broken. The people poor, ignorant, and slothful, and ingrained enemies to planting, enclosing, or any improvements or cleanliness ; no keeping of sheep, or cattle, or roads, but four months when oats and beans, which was the only sorts of their grain, was on the ground. The farm-houses, and even corn-mills, and manse and school, all poor, dirty huts, pulled in pieces for manure, or fell of themselves, almost each alternate year. Peter the First of Russia had more trouble to conquer the barbarous habits of his subjects, than in all the other great improvements he made.

It is stated in 'Burt's Letters from the Highlands,' written previous to the Forty-Five, that the further north you go, the smaller the cattle are. At the present day, among the largest and finest fat cattle in the London market are those which come direct by steam from the north of Scotland. The learned and intelligent editors of the 'Spalding Miscellany' observe that

"The judicious measures adopted by Sir Archibald Grant for the improvement of his estate are in nothing more observable than the noble masses of plantations, which, under his fostering care, arose on hill and dale. The appearance of the country must have been wonderfully changed for the better as these woods advanced. Indeed, it is difficult now to conceive that bleakness of which Sir Archibald complains ; and among the many thousands of acres of wood which were planted by this indefatigable improver, there are

trees of a size so gigantic, that few, if any, can be found to equal them in Scotland."

Sir Archibald's account of the carriages and roads receives some countenance from Lord Lovat's account* of a journey from Inverness to Edinburgh in 1740, twenty-four years later.

"I came off on Wednesday, the 30th of July, from my own house, dined at your sister's, and did not halt at Inverness, but came all night to Corribrough, with Evan Baillie and Duncan Fraser, and my chariot did very well. I brought my wheelwright with me the length of Avimore, in case of accidents, and there I parted with him, because he declared that my chariot would go safe enough to London ; but I was not eight miles from the place, when, on the plain road, the axletree of the hind wheels broke in two, so that my girls were forced to go on bare horses behind footmen, and I was obliged to ride myself, though I was very tender, and the day very cold. I came with that equipage to Ruthven late at night, and my chariot was pulled there by force of men, where I got an English wheelwright and a smith, who wrought two days mending my chariot ; and after paying very dear for their work and for my quarters two nights, I was not gone four miles from Ruthven, when it broke again, so that I was in a miserable condition till I came to Dalnakeardach, where my honest land'ord, Charles McGlassian, told me, that the Duke of Athol had two as good workmen at Blair as were in the kingdom, and that I would get my chariot as well mended there as at London. Accordingly, I went there and stayed a night, and got my chariot very well mended by a good wright and good smith. I thought then I was pretty secure till I came to this place. I was storm-stayed two days at Castle Drummond by the most tempestuous weather of wind and rain that I ever remember to see. The Duchess of Perth, and Lady Mary Drummond, were excessively kind and civil to my daughters, and to me ; and sent their chamberlain to conduct me to Dunblaine, who happened to be very useful to us that day ; for I was not three miles gone from Castle Drummond, when the axletree of my fore-wheels broke in two in the midst of the hill, betwixt Drummond and the Bridge of Erdock, and we were forced to sit in the hill with a boisterous day, till chamberlain Drummond was so kind as to go down to the Strath, and bring wrights, and carts, and smiths, to our assistance, who dragged us to the plain, where we were forced to stay five or six hours, till there was a new axletree made ; so that it was dark night before we came to Dunblaine, which is but eight miles from Castle Drummond ; and we were all much fatigued. The next day we came to Lithgow, and the day after that we arrived here, so that we were twelve days on our journey by our misfortunes, which was seven days more than ordinary."

This truly disastrous journey was under-

* *Miscellany*, published by the Spalding Club, vol. ii.

taken, not only for the purpose of executing an entail of the Lovat estate on which 'my Lord Grange had laboured for three years, till he could say that it was one of the best entails in Scotland,' but also with a political object. Lord Lovat, known in England for the audacity of his death, and long remembered in Scotland as having practised, in various situations in life, every iniquity which each successive stage admitted of, was at this time the tyrant of the north, and, aged as he was, expected to receive a great increase of dignity and power, as Duke of Fraser and Lieutenant of the North, whenever the House of Stuart should be restored. But, in the meantime, he was regarded with great suspicion by the government, and he felt desirous to secure himself by joining one of the great political connections of the day. His letters to his cousin, Fraser of Inverlochy, explain the game he was playing, and strongly mark the craft and violence of his character. The Earl of Ilay, brother of the Duke of Argyle, was in effect minister for Scotland under Sir Robert Walpole; to his levee, therefore, Lovat repaired, but Lord Ilay received him coldly, and after the first greeting, allowed him to remain several days unnoticed, and intimated, when he at length granted an audience, that the prime minister had intelligence from abroad of his correspondence with the Pretender; and notwithstanding that Lovat 'answered with a little warmth, that those stories were but damned calumnies and lies, and that I did not for many years write a letter beyond sea; *which indeed is true*' yet Lord Ilay did not say a word of politics to him, and they did not meet again. The Duke of Argyle, on the other hand, who was in opposition, saw Lord Lovat frequently, and so won his heart, that the latter declares he would rather serve that worthy great man without fee or reward, than others with fee and reward; and although when he came to Edinburgh he was not determined to dispose absolutely of himself for some time, yet, when he found the Duke of Argyle at the head of the greatest, the richest, and the most powerful families in the kingdom, openly proclaiming and owning in the face of the sun, that he and they were resolved in any event to recover the liberty of their country, enslaved by a wicked minister, his heart and inclination warmed very much to that side; and being at the same time discouraged and cast off by the government, from whom he found that he had nothing to expect, he would at once have joined the country interest, 'which he always loved.'

It appears, however, that he had great difficulties to encounter, as he was regarded

with avowed enmity and suspicion by the leaders of the party, the heads of the great houses of Hamilton, Montrose, Buccleuch, Queensberry, Roxburgh, Tweeddale, Annandale, Aberdeen, and Marchmont. He considered, however, that if he could but effect a cordial union with them, it would make his family a leading family on all occasions for the future; so, after many serious thoughts and mature deliberations he resolved to join himself to the great body of the nobility of Scotland, provided they would receive him as their faithful brother and friend. The junction was negotiated by Lovat's cousin and faithful friend, Lord Grange, who had belaboured so long at his entail (the judge who spirited away his own wife to St. Kilda, because she threatened to betray his Jacobite intrigues); and though some of the party, at first, could hardly believe his intelligence, yet when they were convinced of the truth, they received Lovat very readily, and he writes to his cousin, in great delight, 'that he is now embarked over head and ears with the noble army of the patriots (most of whom were Whigs and Revolutioners), so that he thinks that by God's help he had done the greatest possible service to his son and family, which he hopes will redound to the interest, honour, and glory of his kindred.' As an earnest of his good-will to the great men who had received him with open arms, he told them that he would not only give them his vote, but that he hoped to gain them the shire of Inverness, by choosing his cousin, the Laird of Macleod, as member. This election then being his affair more than Macleod's, he begins to create votes with the utmost zeal and activity. 'I wish with all my heart,' he says, 'I had made you, and Strichen, and Faralane, barons two years ago; I would not be so much troubled as I am now about the election of Inverness. It was the fault of my damned lawyers that it was not done. However, I am resolved that the Lord Lovat shall be always master of the shire of Inverness in time to come. I have signed, a fortnight ago, a disposition to Strichen, to you, and to Faralane, to be barons of the shire, and your charters will be expedited in February.'

The Laird of Grant was at the head of the opposite interest in the county, and Lovat tells, with great glee, a disparaging story of him.

"The Laird of Grant and Dalrachany, and one or two more, having drunk a hearty bottle, Grant received a letter by express from the Earl of Murray; and after reading it, he said that it was an impertinent, insolent letter; and Dalrachany, thinking to mitigate and soften the laird, said that there were some things in that letter

that were not so much amiss. Upon which the laird called him rogue and rascal, and took up his hand, as some say, with a cane, and gave Dalrachany a blow. Dalrachany got up, and told him that *he would suffer that blow from him as his chief*, but that he would not suffer the second blow of any subject; and the laird, redoubling his blow, Dalrachany engaged with him, and took him by the collar, and endeavouring to throw him down, he tore the laird's coat, waistcoat, and shirt, down to his breeches; and when he threw him down, he thrashed him most heartily, till the laird roared and cried. Upon which Lady Margaret that was in the next room, came in, and seeing her husband in that pickle, she roared and cried, and was so frightened that her head turned, and is since delirious."

In the great contest in which he was now engaged, Lord Lovat met with an unexpected defection, which roused him to unextinguishable wrath and indignation. He naturally thought himself, he says, very sure of all his own clan, the Frasers, 'and particularly of Fairfield, whom you know I always treated like a brother, and his lady like my sister. But' (alas for the falsehood and ingratitude of man!)

"He took his journey by Castle Grant, and for a promise that the laird made him of an ensigny to his son, the poor, covetous, narrow, greedy wretch has renounced his chief and his kindred, and forgot all the favours that I did him. When he came to this town, he came to my house with the same affectionate behaviour that he used to have, and with the greatest protestations of friendship, and I received him with open arms, and thought I was very sure of him, since McLeod had writ to me, that he swore to him that he never would do anything contrary to his chief's inclinations; and that Thomas of Gortuleg, who is my baillie and chamberlain, and chief trustee in that country, whom I sent about to speak privately with my friends in favour of McLeod, had writ to me that Fairfield desired him twice to acquaint me that when he came up to Edinburgh he would be absolutely determined by me as to the election. But I was surprised that, some days before he went away, having come here with his cousin, Mr. Cumming, the minister, who I believe has likewise poisoned him very much, for he is a sworn creature of my Lord Ilay's, who made him professor of church history in this university [Edinburgh], he then discovered himself to be an unnatural traitor, an infamous deserter, and an ungrateful wretch to me, his chief, who have done him such signal services. And if I never had done him any other service but getting him one of the best ladies in the world, your worthy sister, to be his wife (which cost me both pains and expense), who had borne him good children, he should be hanged for deserting of me to serve any Grant that ever was born, or any Scotsman. William Fraser, my doer, having told me that the Laird of Grant had promised him an ensign's commission for his son, providing that he would vote for his father, and that he believed if I

would secure an ensign's commission for his son, that he never would vote for the Laird of Grant, this made me resolve to speak to him before his cousin, Mr. Cumming, and my doer, William Fraser. I told Fairfield that I was far from desiring his loss or any hurt to his family; that since the Laird of Grant promised him an ensign's commission for his son, that I would do better. Grant's promise was precarious, but that, that moment, before his cousin, Mr. Cumming, I would give him my bond for 500*l.* sterling, obliging myself to get his son an ensign's commission in two months, or to give him the full value of it in money to buy it for his son. He then *most insolently and villainously* (we do not remember to have met with so strong a moral denunciation of the villainy of refusing a bribe) told me that he could not accept of it, that he was under previous engagements to the Laird of Grant, and that he must keep them. I own that put me in some passion, and told him, with some warmth, that which he said was impossible, because I had a letter in my pocket from the Laird of McLeod, wherein, he says that Fairfield swore to him that he never would do anything against his chief's inclinations. I took it out of my pocket and showed it to Mr. Cumming, which stunned him very much. I told him that Gortuleg likewise wrote to me that he desired him twice to acquaint me, that when he came up to Edinburgh, that he would be entirely determined by me. The gentleman was so insolent as to tell them that both these letters were false. I told him that he durst not say so to the gentlemen that wrote them, who were men of honour and integrity, and I bade him go to the devil, and call himself a Grant, and live in Strathspey; that I would resent his behaviour as far as I could by law. I doubt not but Fairfield will tell all this to the Laird of Grant, and that Mr. Cumming will write it to the Earl of Ilay, his patron, so I may expect all the resentment that they are capable of; and so he went away. Mr. Cumming and William Fraser seemed very much concerned for his behaviour." Their morality probably was shocked. But instead of wishing any evil to Fairfield (except that he is determined immediately to enforce a certain old claim of considerable amount against his estate), the meek and patient chief is only solicitous for the personal safety of his mutinous clansman.

"All my fear at present is, that my cousin Gortuleg, who certainly is the prettiest fellow of my kindred in the Highlands [and who was also his 'baillie and chamberlain, and chief trustee'], will fall foul of Fairfield, who, I believe, is stout, which is the only good quality that I can imagine he has; and in all events if they fight, Fairfield is undone, for if Gortuleg kills him there is an end of him; or if he kills Gortuleg, the universe cannot save his life if he stays in this island; for Gortuleg has four cousin-germans, the most bold and desperate fellows of the whole name, who would take off Fairfield's head at the cross of Inverness, if they were to be hanged for it next morning. I know them well, for they have been very troublesome to me by their bloody duels. I beg you ten thousand pardons, my dear cousin, for this very long letter; but I entreat you seriously consider of all that is in it, and after mature deliberation, I beg

you may send an express to your sister, and write to her and to Fairfield, what you think proper upon the subject of this letter."

Again—

"There is no man that has betrayed, deserted, and forsaken his chief and his kindred, but the ungrateful renegade Fairfield. If my information from Inverness, from honest men there, holds true, he is as mad as even his brother Jonathan, or John was. But I do assure you it is not him that I regret, though he was drowned in the river of Ness, or in Lockmurrie, *where it is said his brother Jonathan was drowned; by which he saved his portion*; for [observe Lovat's conscientiousness!], when great narrowness and greed are joined together in one man, and come to a height with him, there is no crime but that man is capable of. A little money, or an advantage to his private interest, would not only make him sell all mankind, but Christ Jesus, if he was again upon earth; for he has no belief in God, nor in a future being. My great concern is for your dear sister, who is one of the best women in the world, and for her children, for they must be all ruined by this madman's villainous behaviour; and if it had not been for my *positive and express orders*, he had been cut in pieces before now, for it is impossible to express the zeal and the violence with which he is hated by all the kindred. But, besides that I could never allow a drop of the *Fraser's* blood to be shed, of those very men that were contriving to take away my life, I know that the meddling with him now would wrong our affair, and if an Arabian killed him, it would be called *my deed*. But I hope to live long enough to see him chastised with as great a punishment as death would be to him at present.

"If I thought that the miserable wretch could be retrieved, I would beg of you to go and see your sister for a day or two, and try what you and she can do with him; but as he is an ignorant, obstinate blockhead, as most madmen are," &c., &c. . . . "Upon reflection, I am afraid I must put you to the trouble and expense of going for two or three days to Inverness, to see what you can do with that obstinate, greedy brute; and if you and your sister cannot retrieve him and bring him back to his *duty*, I humbly beg that you may wash your hands of him; for I am very certain that you'll never put him in balance with me; and when you abandon him I shall leave him to the resentment of his kindred, which *I am afraid* will be fatal to him." [It would seem, however, that Fairfield was quite irreclaimable, for it is stated, somewhat later, that] "Fairfield is the only renegade of the lordship of Lovat, to the great dishonour of the clan. Duke Hamilton, and several other lords, asked me, *in a joking way*, whether that fellow that has deserted his chief and his clan is still alive or not. I answered that he was, *by my precise and express orders*, and I said but what was true."

And this is the man full of moral sayings, pious and patriotic sentiments—the man who talks of 'belief in God, and a future being,' who could console himself in the pangs of

gout by repeating Buchanan's Translation of the First Psalm, 'Felix ille animi, quem non de tramite recto,' &c.—the man who laid his grey head on the block with 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!'

When a great chief, like Lord Lovat, could think, and write thus, it is not surprising that humbler persons continued to despise 'King George's laws,' and we need wonder the less at their rising so readily against him, when we consider how very little they enjoyed of that protection of life and property which constitutes the chief claim of a government upon the allegiances of its subjects. Where there is no protection, attachment cannot exist. The inhabitants of the Highlands generally, and of the country adjacent to them, were grievously oppressed by gangs of lawless thieves and robbers, inhabitants of the remote Highlands, who stole or openly carried off their horses and cows; and as Badenoch, in particular, lay near the seats of those ruffians, great numbers of its inhabitants had been entirely ruined and reduced to beggary. The gentlemen of that district made several attempts to obviate this evil by a watch kept up at their own expense, but they could not support a sufficient force for their protection. Feeling the absolute want of that security which the government was too negligent to afford them, they held a general meeting, and applied to Macpherson of Cluny,* Lovat's son-in-law, but a man of a very different character. Cluny told them that unless his majesty would protect them, he saw no means for their relief, but one, viz., a subscription of all the suffering districts towards making a sufficient fund for setting up a strong watch for the mutual security of all; the fund to be paid to one *undertaker*, and the undertaker to become liable for the losses of all contributors. Cluny himself became undertaker, though the fund was very small. He set out his watch on the 22d of May, 1744, all picked men, and stationed them to watch night and day at all the passes and inlets used by the robbers, and to intercept, seize, and imprison the villains, not suffering them on any pretext to pass or repass, even to or from the districts which were not included in the league. The thieves finding themselves intercepted by land, began to convey the stolen cattle in boats across Loch Ness, but Cluny set guards on all the ferries, he recovered and restored the cattle of persons living far beyond the bounds of his district, and he reduced the robbers to such straits that they proposed in vain to give him

* See Account of Cluny's Watch, Spalding Miscellany, vol. ii.

security for the safety of his own country of Badenoch, if he would give up being concerned for any other district. In short he acted strictly upon the *theory* of the old black-mail system, which had never been practically adhered to before. This species of engagement, says Sir Walter Scott,* was often undertaken by persons like Rob Roy,† who prosecuted the trade of a freebooter, and was in the habit of stealing at least as many cattle as he was the means of recovering. But Cluny pursued the plain and honourable system expressed in the letter of his contract, and by actually securing and bringing to justice the malefactors who committed the depredations, he broke up the greater part of the numerous gangs of robbers in the shires of Inverness and Aberdeen. So much was this the case, that when a clergyman began a sermon on the heinous nature of theft, an old Highlander of the audience replied that he might forbear treating of the subject, since Cluny with his broadsword had done more to check it than all the ministers in the Highlands could do by their sermons.

Gibbon mentions‡ a valiant tribe of Caledonia, the Attacotti, who are accused by an eye-witness of delighting in the taste of human flesh, and of whom it is said in the scandalous chronicles of the times, that when they hunted the woods for prey, they attacked the shepherd rather than his flock. 'If,' he continues, 'in the neighbourhood of the commercial and literary town of Glasgow, a race of cannibals has really existed, we may contemplate in the period of the Scottish history, the opposite extremes of savage and civilized life. Such reflections tend to enlarge the circle of our ideas, and to encourage the pleasing hope, that New Zealand may produce, in some future age, the Hume of the southern hemisphere.' We will not speculate upon the literary destinies of the New Zealanders, nor can we bring in contrast, like the great historian, the two extreme points of the national existence of Scotland. But so far as materials serve, we have ventured to glance along the stream of time: exhibiting at intervals some of those detached specimens of Scottish life from which its general spirit may be inferred; stating some of the original evidence upon which the reader may found that unwritten

history, that systematic historical belief, which is gradually constructed by a thinking mind, which matures itself insensibly in the understanding, and exercises, unperceived, a control over the feelings, long after dates and names, and all the mere scaffolding of history have been, not perhaps forgotten, but dismissed from the mind. How many days would we not give for the privilege of living but a day in each century that has gone by, and testing the progress, physical and moral, of a whole nation! During many ages, the progress of Scotland was tardy enough; there was less difference than might have been looked for between the country for which the early Jameses legislated, and the country which Sir Archibald Grant recollected; between the men of Cullen's day, and the men whose excesses were prompted by Lovat, or repressed by Cluny. But within the last hundred years how rapid has been the national advancement! The brown heath has become green, and the barren hill waves with foliage; nor have the inhabitants been without their share of moral and social improvement. May their course ever be onwards.

ART. VI.—*Modern Painters; their superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters proved by Examples of the True, the Beautiful, and the Intellectual, from the Works of Modern Artists, especially from those of J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A.* By a GRADUATE OF OXFORD. Second Edition. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1844. 8vo. pp. lxxxiii., 423.

Modern Painters. Vol. II. containing Part III. Sections 1 & 2. Of the Imaginative and Theoretic Faculties By a GRADUATE OF OXFORD. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1846. Small 4to. pp. 217.

WHAT is the mission of art? Who has best fulfilled it? Such are the questions mooted in the Oxford Graduate's two volumes; and although we cannot think that he has supplied the complete and satisfactory answer which he professes to give, it must be allowed that he has treated a comparatively unexplored field of inquiry with uncommon ability. That the public interest in art has greatly advanced, is attested by the publication of such a work; still more by the fact that it has had a large circulation. The first volume has reached its second edition, and a third edition is in preparation. That a work of two volumes, extending to the

* Prose Works, vol. xxvi., p. 103.

† Though justice compels us to adopt Sir Walter's remark, we mean no disrespect to Rob Roy, who was an eminent patron of historical literature, as appears by his name being on the original list of subscribers for Spottiswoode's History.

‡ Chap. 25.

length of more than seven hundred pages, should be read from beginning to end with ready interest, is a proof of the ability with which it is executed. Much also, no doubt, is to be imputed to the subjects—Nature and Art. They have indeed been discussed before in volumes that lie neglected on the shelves, but discussed in that vague and unprecise manner, which presents no distinct ideas, and leads to no definite conclusions. The vigorous essays which Fuseli published under the name of lectures, the more polished and didactic effusions of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the verbose and excursive observations of Mengs, obtain but a feeble hold of the mind, because the writers failed to describe or define the works of art, or the qualities of those works which they undertook to discuss. Nature may be said never to appear in their pages except in the shape of an indirect allusion, scarcely so visible or tangible as a shadow. The dry technicalities of Lionardo da Vinci, like so many receipts in a cookery-book, are more interesting, because they do grapple with the palpable realities of nature and the mechanism of art. In the Oxford Graduate's pages both come before the reader; not always, we think, in the case of art, without many a twist and forced construction; but still the picture, whatever it is, however the writer may choose to warp it in his version, is there before you in the text as plainly as though it were engraved. Reading his words, your eye wanders over the broad and bright expanse of nature; you see its plains, its waters, its mountains rising up abruptly before you, or looming in the distance; while each smaller object is in turn brought close, so that you may scrutinize the minutest trait. These written pictures serve as illustrations for an eager and flowing strain of argument or advocacy, and you are carried from beginning to end of the volumes by alternate feelings of interest and curiosity, or your oppugnancy is piqued by special pleading as ingenious as it is perverse.

The book has grown in importance as well as bulk, since the writer began it—nay, since the publication of the first volume. That opened with these words, the first passage of the Introduction—'The work now laid before the public originated in indignation at the shallow and false criticisms of the periodicals of the day, on the works of the great living artist to whom it principally refers. It was intended to be a short pamphlet.' It has swelled to a thick volume, and instead of being a controversy advocating the merits of a particular painter, it has grown to be a work on art at large. Its scope, as the reader will see, is vast; it is elaborated with the greatest minuteness of

detail; and makes no small pretensions in point of precision. 'What I have asserted throughout the work,' says the writer, 'I have endeavoured to ground altogether on demonstrations, which must stand or fall by their own strength, and which ought to involve no more reference to authority or character than a demonstration in Euclid.' His demonstration, however, falls far short of mathematical exactness.

What is the mission of Art? Will it not suffice that art is, and is beautiful! Do we need any more vindication for it than what we see? Are we bound to justify it, any more than to justify the existence of a beautiful woman, or to apologize for the growth of a beautiful flower? Perhaps not, didactically. The Oxford Graduate rationally and eloquently condemns the modern bigotry which will be content with nothing that cannot be proved subservient to some utility. Yet, he it is, who craves for art a special use; and would, if we rightly construe his meaning, almost go so far as to make it didactic—a mere vehicle for a particular kind of sermon! And it is curious, that much of his own book, by no means the best portion, partakes largely of the sermon style. When he is at a loss for definite ideas, he takes refuge in a curious kind of sermonizing, to which we shall hereafter refer. 'Painting or Art generally,' he says, 'as such, with all its technicalities, difficulties, and particular ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as a vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing.' 'Thought,' he makes the 'end all,' almost the 'be all' of painting. 'No weight, nor mass, nor beauty of execution,' can outweigh one grain or fragment of thought. 'Three pen-strokes of Raffaello are a greater and better picture than the most finished work that ever Carlo Dolce polished into inanity.' The thought, according to the Oxford Graduate, is the first and greatest thing in a picture, insomuch that the painter, whose picture conveys a thought, 'acquires an intellectual superiority which no power of the draughtsman or the artist could ever wrest from him.' We might say in passing, that a man who has fine thoughts, yet is unable to express them properly on canvass, is a fine thinker, but not a fine painter, and that as we are at present discussing the art of painting, we must consider the picture before the intention, or the subject latent in the artist's mind. But the writer supplies us with what he considers to be a specimen of 'thought':

"The principal object in the foreground of Turner's 'Building of Carthage' is a group of children sailing toy boats. The exquisite choice

of this incident, as expressive of the ruling passion, which was to be the source of the future greatness, in preference to the tumult of busy stonemasons or arming soldiers, is quite as appreciable when it is told as when it is seen.—It has nothing to do with the technicalities of painting; a scratch of the pen would have conveyed the idea spoken to the intellect, as much as the elaborate realizations of colour. Such a thought as this is something above all art: it is epic poetry of the highest order."

To us it appears fantastical and trivial. A group of children may sail toy boats in places by no means maritime, as we have seen them doing in the Cockney Arcadia of Hampstead Heath. But supposing that the thought were of so exalted a nature, the passage seems to prove too much. The thought is independent of the picture in this instance, no doubt; the picture therefore is surplusage; and that great epic poet, Mr. Turner, has merely wasted his time in elaborating a picture which is needless—that is to say, to express a thought to which the Oxford Graduate has done full justice in a dozen lines.

Painting then, according to our author, is a language; it possesses the mind by means of a peculiar influence, and it may be referred, he says, to five distinct heads, which 'include all the sources of pleasure derivable from art.'

"1. Ideas of Power.—The perception or conception of the mental or bodily powers by which the work has been produced.

"2. Ideas of Imitation.—The perception that the thing produced resembles something else.

"3. Ideas of Truth.—The perception of faithfulness in a statement of facts by the thing produced.

"4. Ideas of Beauty.—The perception of beauty, either in the thing produced, or in what it suggests or resembles.

"5. Ideas of Relation.—The perception of intellectual relations, in the thing produced, or in what it suggests or resembles."

But our author is haunted by conscientious doubts 'whether art has ever, except in its earliest and rudest stages, possessed anything like an efficient moral influence on mankind.' 'It appears to me that a rude symbol is often more efficient than a refined one in the teaching of art; and that as pictures rise in rank as works of art, they are regarded with less devotion, and more curiosity.' What has hitherto been accomplished by the painters of landscape, he condemns for its 'utter inutility.'

"No moral end has been answered, no permanent good effected, by any of their works. They may have amused the intellect, or exercised the

ingenuity, but they never have spoken to the heart. Landscape art has never taught us one deep or holy lesson; it has not recorded that which is fleeting, nor penetrated that which is hidden, nor interpreted that which was obscure; it has never made us feel the wonder, nor the power, nor the glory, of the universe; it has not prompted to devotion, nor touched with awe; its power to move and exalt the heart has been fatally abused, and perished in the abusing. That which ought to have been a witness to the omnipotence of God has become an exhibition of the dexterity of man, and that which should have lifted our thoughts to the throne of the Deity has encumbered them with the inventions of his creatures." * * * * "And I assert with sorrow that all hitherto done in landscape by those commonly received as masters, has never prompted one holy thought in the minds of nations. It has begun and ended in exhibiting the dexterities of individuals and conventionalities of systems; filling the world with the honour of Claude and Salvator, it has never once tended to the honour of God."

These passages, and more of the same kind, form the basis of the Oxford Graduate's theory respecting the morale of art. According to him a picture is a moral essay, tending to the glory of God, and the instruction of man: such with him is the nature and end of art; and in various passages is to be found the idea, if indeed it is not somewhere distinctly asserted, that Christianity is essential to true art. Of course, as art is thus made the handmaid of religion, true art can only tend on true religion. This idea we should say is derived rather from the 'Whole Duty of Man,' than from the consideration of art itself; it rather expounds what the Oxford Graduate thinks art ought to be, that what art is found to be, from an analysis of it as it exists, or even from an analysis of its inherent capacities. Not, indeed, that we would deny moral influences to art, but our author's process of evolving it seems to be inverted. If painting, especially landscape-painting, were merely a reflex of the outward world, the world of existences, it would teach its lesson: it re-duplicates the ideas derivable from those existences, it excites the sympathy to which nature impels us, for physical as well as moral objects; seizes them in their transitory aspect, preserves them from our maturer and more perfect deliberation, strengthens and develops that which has been called 'natural religion.' It does so, not by any indirect or secondary process, through the assertion of some proposition or 'thought,' which may be separately stated in words and is independent of the picture, but simply by a direct presentment of those same objects which would induce the same train of feeling in nature; only that in nature we are disturbed by the effects of the other senses,

and do not retain an object to contemplate it at our will. There may be also something resembling the process of assimilation in the fact that these natural objects have been, as it were humanized, by being rendered works of art.

If art reflects nature, it must be natural, it must be true. What is truth? 'It is not,' says the Oxford Graduate, 'deceptive imitation;' and if we properly collect the gist of his argument, which is scattered over many pages, it amounts to this: Art is a reflex of nature, but works with very restricted means in the matter of light and shade. The scale in nature extends by an infinite gradation from the intolerable brilliancy of the sun, to the unfathomable dark which is absolute negation of all light. In art it extends from white or yellow paint, which would look black against the sun, down to black paint, which reflects so much light as to be very many degrees removed from absolute negation. In respect of form, too, its details are so infinite in number, as to baffle not merely the copyist, but the observer. Of these the artist, unable to follow the complex infinitude, selects such as are most important, or best suited to his purpose. Much also depends on the capacity of the senses. The varying focus of the eye makes us perceive with distinctness only a part of the objects within range of view. If we arrange it, for instance, to look at near objects, those at a distance become indistinct, and *vice versâ*. From such causes, a very imperfect approach to truth may deceive the sense; and the less educated the eye, the more easily is it deceived; because it does not perceive those omitted traits which would distinguish the counterfeit from the original; for 'observe, we require, to produce the effect of imitation, only so many and such ideas of truth as the senses are usually cognizant of.' But working by these imperfect means, the consummation of skill is to suggest those traits which convey the most characteristic idea of the object to be represented, and to translate it with the justest proportion of analogy into the more restricted material at the command of the painter. Particular truths, he says, counter to the general idea, are more important than general ones, as being most characteristic of the subject:

"It is self-evident that when we are painting or describing anything, those truths must be the most important which are most characteristic of what is to be told or represented. Now that which is first and most broadly characteristic of a thing is that which distinguishes its genus, or which makes it what it is. For instance, that which makes drapery be drapery, is not its being made of silk or worsted or flax, for things are

made of all these which are not drapery, but the ideas peculiar to drapery, the properties which, when inherent in a thing, make it drapery, are extension, non-elastic flexibility, unity and comparative thinness. Everything which has these properties, a waterfall, for instance, if united and extended, or a net of weeds over a wall, is drapery, as much as silk or woollen stuff is. So that these ideas separate drapery in our minds from everything else; they are peculiarly characteristic of it, and therefore are the most important group of ideas connected with it; and so with everything else, that which makes the thing what it is, is the most important idea, or group of ideas connected with the thing. But as this idea must necessarily be common to all individuals of the species it belongs to, it is a general idea with respect to that species; while other ideas, which are not characteristic of the species, and are therefore in reality general (as black or white are terms applicable to more things than drapery), are yet particular with respect to that species, being predicable only of certain individuals of it. Hence it is carelessly and falsely said that general ideas are more important than particular ones; carelessly and falsely, I say, because the so-called general idea is important, not because it is common to all the individuals of that species, but because it separates that species from everything else. It is the distinctiveness, not the universality of the truth, which renders it important. And the so-called particular idea is unimportant, not because it is not predicable of the whole species, but because it is predicable of things out of that species. It is not its individuality, but its generality which renders it unimportant. So then, truths are important just in proportion as they are characteristic, and are valuable, primarily, as they separate the species from all other created things; secondarily, as they separate the individuals of that species from one another: thus 'silken' or 'woollen' are unimportant ideas with respect to drapery, because they neither separate the species from other things, nor even the individuals of that species from one another, since though not common to the whole of it, they are common to indefinite numbers of it; but the particular folds into which any piece of drapery may happen to fall, being different in many particulars from those into which any other piece of drapery will fall, are expressive not only of the characters of the species (flexibility, non-elasticity, &c.), but of individuality and definite character in the case immediately observed, and are consequently most important and necessary ideas. So in a man, to be short-legged or long-nosed or anything else of accidental quality, does not distinguish him from other short-legged or long-nosed animals, but the important truths respecting a man are, first, the marked development of that distinctive organization which separates him as man from other animals, and secondly that group of qualities which distinguish the individual from all other men, which make him Paul or Judas, Newton or Shakespeare."

In the comparison of the ancient and modern painters, the Oxford Graduate's plan is this: he closely examines and describes the traits of nature itself, and this is done with

great acuteness of observation. He next refers to the works of the old landscape-painters; accusing them, with few partial exceptions, of an utter want of fidelity. Then he refers to the works of the modern landscape-painters, dwelling with great length and minuteness on those of Turner. Speaking generally of the old masters, he expressly states that by that term he intends to refer 'only to Claude, Jasper Poussin, Salvator Rosa, Cuypp, Berghem, Ruysdael, Hobbima, and Teniers (in his landscapes), Paul Potter, Canaletti, and the various Van somethings and Bach somethings, more especially and malignantly those who have libelled the sea.' In this manner he treats 'Truth of Tone,' 'Truth of Colour,' 'Truth of Chiaroscuro,' 'Truth of Space,' 'First as dependent on the focus of the eye,' and secondly as its appearance is dependent on the power of the eye; 'Truth of the open sky,' 'Of the clouds,' 'The earth,' namely, its general structure, central mountains, inferior mountains, 'foreground,' including analytical descriptions of the minuter trees, the earth, rock, and so forth; 'Truth of water,' and 'Truth of vegetation,' with minute mention of foliage, bark, structure of trees, &c.

His chapters on the painting of water are a characteristic and forcible specimen of the book. 'What shall we compare,' he exclaims, 'to this mighty, this universal element for glory and for beauty? or how shall we try to follow its eternal changefulness of feeling? It is like trying to paint the soul!' The author would find it very difficult to discover such very distinct and visible characteristics for the soul, as he has described in water. He begins by stating a few of the constant and most important laws which regulate the appearance of water under all circumstances, and are demonstrable from the mechanical properties of water and light:

"I. Nothing can hinder water from being a reflecting medium, but dry dust or filth of some kind on its surface. Dirty water, if the foul matter be dissolved or suspended in the liquid, reflects just as clearly and sharply as pure water, only the image is coloured by the hue of the mixed matter, and becomes comparatively brown or dark.*

* Brown, as in the case of mountain waters coloured by morasses; or dark, as in lowland estuaries fouled with fine soluble mud. If the foul water be insoluble, as when streams are charged with sand or yellow alluvial soil, the reflection is pale and nearly destroyed by its prevalent colour, beneath the eye, while it remains clear at a distance from the eye. For full explanation of this and other phenomena of water, especially of rule vii., vide *Ripplingille's Artist's and Amateur's Magazine*, for November, 1843.

"II. If water be rippled, the side of every ripple next to us reflects a piece of the sky, and the side of every ripple farthest from us reflects a piece of the opposite shore, or of whatever objects may be beyond the ripple. But as we soon lose sight of the farther sides of the ripples on the retiring surface, the whole rippled space will then be reflective of the sky only. Thus, where calm distant water receives reflections of high shores, every extent of rippled surface appears as a bright line interrupting that reflection with the colour of the sky.

"III. When a ripple or swell is seen at such an angle as to afford a view of its farthest side, it carries the reflection of objects farther down than calm water would. Therefore all motion in water elongates reflections, and throws them into confused vertical lines.

"IV. Rippled water, of which we can see the farther side of the waves, will reflect a perpendicular line clearly, a bit of its length being given on the side of each wave, and easily joined by the eye. But if the line slope, its reflection will be excessively confused and disjointed; and if horizontal, nearly invisible.

"V. Every reflection is the image in reverse of just so much of the objects beside the water, as we could see if we were placed as much under the level of the water, as we are actually above it. If an object be so far back from the bank, that if we were five feet under the water level we could not see it over the bank, then, standing five feet above the water, we shall not be able to see its image under the reflected bank.

"VI. But if the object subtend the proper angle for reflection, it does not matter how great its distance may be. The image of a mountain fifty miles off is as clear, in proportion to the clearness of the mountain itself, as the image of a stone on the beach, in proportion to the clearness of the stone itself.

"VII. There is no shadow on clean water. Every darkness on it is reflection, not shadow. If it have rich colouring matter suspended in it, or a dusty surface, it will take shadow, and where it has itself a positive colour, as in the sea, it will take something like shadows in distant effect, but never near. Those parts of the sea which appear bright in the sunshine, as opposed to other parts, are composed of waves of which every one conveys to the eye a little image of the sun, but which are not themselves illumined in doing so, for the light on the wave depends on your position, and moves as you move; it cannot therefore be positive light on the object, for you will not get the light to move off the trunk of a tree because you move away from it. The horizontal lines, therefore, cast by clouds on the sea, are not shadows, but reflections. Optical effects of great complication take place by means of refraction and mirage, but it may be taken for granted that if ever there is a real shadow, it is cast on mist, and not on water. And on clear water, near the eye, there never can be even the appearance of a shadow, except a delicate tint on the foam, or transmitted through the body of the water, as through air."

By these rules are tested the paintings of the ancients, beginning with Canaletti.

"He almost always covers the whole space of it with one monotonous ripple, composed of a coat of well chosen, but perfectly opaque and smooth sea-green, covered with a certain number, I cannot state the exact average, but it varies from three hundred and fifty to four hundred and upwards, according to the extent of canvases to be covered, of white concave touches, which are very properly symbolical of ripple. On the water so prepared, he fixes his gondolas in very good perspective, and thus far, no objection is to be made to the whole arrangement. But a gondola, as everybody knows, is a very long shallow boat, little raised above the water except at the extremities, but having a vertical beak, and rowed by two men, or sometimes only one, *standing*. Consequently, wherever the water is rippled, as by Canaletti, we have, by our fourth rule, only a broken and indistinct image of the horizontal and oblique lines of the gondola, but a tolerably clear one of the vertical beak, and the figures, shooting down a long way under or along the water. What does Canaletti give us? A clear, dark, unbroken reflection of the whole boat, *except* the beak and the figure, which cast none at all. A worthy beginning!

"Next, as the canal retires back from the eye, Canaletti very properly and geometrically diminishes the size of his ripples, until he arrives at an even field of apparently smooth water. Now, by our second rule, this rippling water as it retires should show more and more of the reflection of the sky above it, and less and less of that of objects beyond it, until, at two or three hundred yards down the canal, the whole field of water should be one even grey or blue, the colour of the sky, receiving no reflections whatever of other objects. What does Canaletti do? Exactly in proportion as he retires, he displays *more* and *more* of the reflections of objects, and less and less of the sky, until, three hundred yards away, all the houses are reflected as clear and sharp as in a quiet lake. Exemplary Canaletti!

"Observe, I do not suppose Canaletti, frequently as he must have been afloat on these canals, to have been ignorant of their every-day appearance. I believe him to be a shameless assenter of whatever was most convenient to him."

"If it be remembered that every one of the surfaces of those multitudinous ripples is in nature a mirror which catches, according to its position, either the image of the sky or of the silver beaks of the gondolas, or of their black bodies and scarlet draperies, or of the white marbles, or the green sea-weed on the low stones, it cannot but be felt that those waves would have something more of colour upon them than that opaque dead green. (Green they are by their own nature, but it is a transparent and emerald hue, mixing itself with the thousand reflected tints without overpowering the weakest of them, and thus, in every one of those individual waves, the truths of colour are contradicted by Canaletti by the thousand, not less fatally, though, of course, less demonstrably, than in the broad cases presented by his general arrangement."

"Let us look at a piece of calm water, by Vanderveelde, such as that marked 113 in the Dulwich Gallery. * * * * *

"The near boat casts its image with great fidelity, which being unprolonged downwards, informs us that the calm is perfect. But what is that underneath the vessel on the right? A grey shade, descending like smoke a little way below the hull, not of the colour of the hull, having no drawing nor detail in any part of it, and breaking off immediately, leaving the masts and sails totally unrecorded in the water. We have here two kinds of falsehood. First, while the ship is nearly as clear as the boats, the reflection of the ship is a mere mist. This is false by Rule VI. Had the ship been misty, its shadow might have been so; not otherwise. Secondly, the reflection of the hull would in nature have been as deep as the hull is high (or, had there been the slightest swell on the water, deeper), and the masts and sails would all have been rendered with fidelity, especially their vertical lines. Nothing could by any possibility have prevented their being so, but so much swell on the sea as would have prolonged the hull indefinitely. Hence both the colour and the form of Vanderveelde's reflection are impossible."

Cuyp is convicted of casting half a dozen reflections from one object in the picture, marked 83 at Dulwich; Paul Potter of casting no reflections from half-a-dozen objects, in 176. There is a general onslaught on the Dutch painters.

"The men who could allow themselves to lay a coal-black shadow upon what never takes any shadow at all, and whose feelings were not hurt by the sight of falsehood so distinct, and recoiled not at the shade themselves had made, can be little worthy of credit in anything that they do or assert. Then their foam is either deposited in spherical and tubular concretions, opaque and unbroken, on the surface of the waves, or else, the more common case, it is merely the whiteness of the wave shaded gradually off as if it were the light side of a spherical object, of course representing every breaker as crested, not with spray, but with a puff of smoke. Neither let it be supposed that in so doing, they had any intention of representing the vaporous spray taken off wild waves by violent wind. That magnificent effect only takes place on large breakers, and has no appearance of smoke except at a little distance; seen near, it is dust. But the Dutch painters cap every little cutting ripple with smoke, evidently intending it for foam, and evidently thus representing it because they had not sufficient power over the brush to produce the broken effect of real spray. Their seas, in consequence, have neither frangibility nor brilliancy."

Finally :

"Claude and Ruysdael, then, may be considered as the only two men among the old masters, who could paint anything like water in extended spaces or in action. The great mass of the landscape-painters, though they sometimes succeeded in the imitation of a pond or a gutter, display, wherever they have space or opportunity to do so,

want of feeling in every effort, and want of knowledge in every line."

The modern painters are examined with equal minuteness; but first nature is again referred to. This is a masterly piece of description.

"Stand for half an hour beside the fall of Schaffhausen, on the north side where the rapids are long, and watch how the vault of water first bends, unbroken, in pure, polished velocity, over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract, covering them with a dome of crystal twenty feet thick—so swift that its motion is unseen except when a foam globe from above darts over it like a falling star; and how the trees are lighted above it under all their leaves, at the instant that it breaks into foam; and how all the hollows of that foam burn with green fire like so much shattering chrysoprase; and how, ever and anon, startling you with its white flash, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall, like a rocket bursting in the wind and driven away in dust, filling the air with light; and how, through the curdling wreaths of the restless, crashing abyss below, the blue of the water, paled by the foam in its body, shows purer than the sky through white rain-cloud, while the shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine, hiding itself at last among the thick golden leaves which toss to and fro in sympathy with the wild water, their dripping masses lifted at intervals, like sheaves of loaded corn, by some stronger gush from the cataract, and bowed again upon the mossy rocks as its roar dies away; the dew gushing from their thick branches through drooping clusters of emerald herbage, and sparkling in white threads along the dark rocks of the shore, feeding the lichens which chase and chequer them with purple and silver. I believe, when you have stood by this for half an hour, you will have discovered that there is something more in nature than has been given by Ruysdael."

Then the modern artists are reviewed.

"J. D. Harding is, I think, of all men living,* and therefore certainly of all who ever have lived, the greatest master in the *drawing* of running water. I do not know what Stanfield would do; I have never seen an important piece of torrent drawn by him; but I believe even he could scarcely contend with the magnificent *abandon* of Harding's brush. There is perhaps nothing which tells more in the drawing of water than decisive and swift execution; for, in a rapid touch the hand naturally falls into the very curve of projection which is the absolute truth, while in slow finish, all precision of curve and character is certain to be lost, except under the hand of an unusually powerful master. But Harding has both knowledge and velocity, and the fall of his

torrents is beyond praise; impatient, chafing, substantial, shattering, crystalline, and capricious; full of various forms, yet all apparently instantaneous and accidental, nothing conventional, nothing dependent upon parallel lines or radiating curves; all broken up and dashed to pieces over the irregular rock, and yet all in unity of motion. The colour also of his *falling* and bright water is very perfect; but in the dark and level parts of his torrents he has taken up a bad grey, which has hurt some of his best pictures. His grey in shadows under rocks or dark reflections is admirable; but it is when the stream is in full light, and unaffected by reflections in distance, that he gets wrong. We believe that the fault is in a want of expression of darkness in the colour, making it appear like a positive hue of the water, for which it is much too dead and cold."

Copley Fielding has painted in all his life only one sea; 'all the rest are duplicates,' but the one is true and impressive.

"The works of Stanfield evidently, and at all times, proceed from the hand of a man who has both thorough knowledge of his subject, and thorough acquaintance with all the means and principles of art. We never criticise them, because we feel, the moment we look carefully at the drawing of any single wave, that the knowledge possessed by the master is much greater than our own, and therefore believe that if anything offends us in any part of the work, it is nearly certain to be our fault, and not the painter's. The local colour of Stanfield's sea is singularly true and powerful, and entirely independent of any tricks of chiaroscuro. He will carry a mighty wave up against the sky, and make its whole body dark and substantial against the distant light, using all the while nothing more than chaste and unexaggerated local colour to gain the relief. His surface is at once lustrous, transparent, and accurate to a hair's-breadth in every curve; and he is entirely independent of dark skies, deep blues, driving spray, or any other means of concealing want of form, or atoning for it. He fears no difficulty, desires no assistance, takes his sea in open daylight, under general sunshine, and paints the *element* in its pure colour and complete forms. But we almost wish that he were less powerful, and more interesting; or that he were a little less Diogenes-like, and did not scorn all that he does not want."

A whole chapter is devoted to 'Water as painted by Turner;' but still with constant reference to nature:

"I believe it is a result of the experience of all artists, that it is the easiest thing in the world to give a certain degree of depth and transparency to water; but that it is next thing to impossible, to give a full impression of surface. If no reflection be given—a ripple being supposed—the water looks like lead: if reflection be given, it in nine cases out of ten looks *morbidly* clear and deep, so that we always go down *into* it, even when the artist most wishes us to glide *over* it. Now, this difficulty arises from the very same

* "Turner is an exception to all rules; and whenever I speak generally, he is to be considered as such."

circumstance which occasions the frequent failure in the effect of the best drawn foregrounds, noticed in Section II., Chapter III., the change, namely, of focus necessary in the eye in order to receive rays of light coming from different distances. Go to the edge of a pond, in a perfectly calm day, at some place where there is duck-weed floating on the surface—not thick, but a leaf here and there. Now, you may either see in the water the reflection of the sky, or you may see the duck-weed; but you cannot, by any effort, see both together. If you look for the reflection, you will be sensible of a sudden change or effort in the eye, by which it adapts itself to the reception of the rays which have come all the way from the clouds, have struck on the water, and so been sent up again to the eye. The focus you adopt is one fit for great distance; and, accordingly, you will feel that you are looking down a great way under the water, while the leaves of the duck-weed, though they lie upon the water at the very spot on which you are gazing so intently, are felt only as a vague, uncertain interruption, causing a little confusion in the image below, but entirely indistinguishable as leaves, and even their colour unknown and unperceived. Unless you think of them, you will not even feel that anything interrupts your sight, so excessively slight is their effect. If, on the other hand, you make up your mind to look for the leaves of the duck-weed, you will perceive an instantaneous change in the effort of the eye, by which it becomes adapted to receive near rays—those which have only come from the surface of the pond. You will then see the delicate leaves of the duck-weed with perfect clearness, and in vivid green; but while you do so, you will be able to perceive nothing of the reflections in the very water on which they float—nothing but a vague flashing and melting of light and dark hues, without form or meaning, which, to investigate, or find out what they mean or are, you must quit your hold of the duck-weed and plunge down.

“Hence it appears, that whenever we see plain reflections of comparatively distant objects, in near water, we cannot possibly see the surface, and *vice versa*; so that when in a painting we give the reflections, with the same clearness with which they are visible in nature, we pre-suppose the effort of the eye to look under the surface, and, of course, destroy the surface and make everybody inclined to cry out—the moment they come before the picture—‘Dear me, what excessively clear water!’ when, perhaps, in a low-land study, clearness is not a quality which the artist has particularly wished to attain, but which he has found himself forced into by his reflections, in spite of himself. And the reason of this effect of clearness appearing preternatural is, that people are not in the habit of looking at water with the distant focus adapted to the reflections, unless by particular effort. We invariably, under ordinary circumstances, use the surface focus, and, in consequence, receive nothing more than a vague and confused impression of the reflected colours and lines, however clearly, calmly, and vigorously all may be defined underneath, if we choose to look for them. We do not look for them, but glide along over the surface, catching only playing light and capricious colour, for evidence of reflection, except where we come

to images of objects close to the surface, which the surface focus is of course adapted to receive; and these we see clearly, as of the weeds on the shore, or of sticks rising out of the water, &c. Hence, the right and natural effect of water is only to be rendered by giving the reflections of the *margin* clear and distinct (so clear they usually are in nature, that it is impossible to tell where the water begins); but the moment we touch the reflection of distant objects, as of high trees or clouds, that instant we must become vague and uncertain in drawing, and though vivid in colour and light, as the object itself, quite indistinct in form and feature. And now we see wherein the peculiar glory of Turner’s water-drawing consists; for it is to him only that we can look for the rendering of these high and difficult truths. If we take such a piece of water as that in the foreground of his *château of Prince Albert*, the first impression from it is—‘What a wide surface!’ We glide over it a quarter of a mile into the picture before we know where we are, and yet the water is as calm and crystalline as a mirror; but we are not allowed to tumble into it, and grasp for breath as we go down,—we are kept upon the surface, though that surface is flashing and radiant with every hue of cloud, and sun, and sky, and foliage. But the secret is in the drawing of these reflections. We cannot tell when we look at them and for them what they mean. They have all character, and are evidently reflections of something definite and determined; but yet they are all uncertain and inexplicable; playing colour and palpitating shade, which, though we recognize in an instant for images of something, and feel that the water is bright, and lovely, and calm, we cannot penetrate nor interpret: we are not allowed to go down to them, and we repose, as we should in nature, upon the lustre of the level surface. It is in this power of saying everything and yet saying nothing too plainly, that the perfection of art here, as in all other cases, consists.”

These illustrations are carried out at considerable length.

We will take another illustration on the Oxford Graduate’s plan of comparison from the chapter of the Truth of Space.

“First, then, it is to be noticed, that the eye, like any other lens, must have its focus altered, in order to convey a distinct image of objects at different distances; so that it is totally impossible to see distinctly, at the same moment, two objects, one of which is much farther off than another. Of this, any one may convince himself in an instant. Look at the bars of your window-frame, so as to get a clear image of their lines and form, and you cannot, while your eye is fixed on them, perceive anything but the most indistinct and shadowy images of whatever objects may be visible beyond. But fix your eyes on those objects, so as to see them clearly, and though they are just beyond and apparently beside the window-frame, that frame will only be felt or seen as a vague, flitting, obscure interruption to whatever is perceived beyond it. A little attention directed to this fact will con-

vince every one of its universality, and prove beyond dispute that objects at unequal distances cannot be seen together, not from the intervention of air or mist, but from the impossibility of the rays proceeding from both, converging to the same focus, so that the whole impression, either of one or the other, must necessarily be confused, indistinct and inadequate.

"But, be it observed (and I have only to request that whatever I say may be tested by immediate experiment), the difference of focus necessary is greatest within the first five hundred yards, and therefore, though it is totally impossible to see an object ten yards from the eye, and one a quarter of a mile beyond it at the same moment, it is perfectly possible to see one a quarter of a mile off, and one five miles beyond it, at the same moment; the consequence of this is, practically, that in a real landscape, we can see the whole what would be called the middle distance and distance together, with facility and clearness; but while we do so we can see nothing in the foreground beyond a vague and indistinct arrangement of lines and colours; and that if, on the contrary, we look at any foreground object, so as to receive a distinct impression of it, the distance and middle distance become all disorder and mystery.

"And therefore, if in a painting our foreground is anything, our distance must be nothing, and *vice versa*; for if we represent our near and distant objects as giving both at once that distinct image to the eye, which we receive in nature from each, when we look at them separately;* and if we distinguish them from each other only by the air-tone, and indistinctness dependent on positive distance, we violate one of the most essential principles of nature, we represent that as seen at once which can only be seen by two separate acts of seeing, and tell a falsehood as gross as if we had represented four sides of a cubic object visible together.

"Now, to this fact and principle, no landscape-painter of the old school, as far as I remember, ever paid the slightest attention. Finishing their foregrounds clearly and sharply, and with vigorous impression on the eye, giving even the leaves of their bushes and grass with perfect edge and shape, they proceeded into the distance with equal attention to what they could see of its details—they gave all that the eye can perceive in a dis-

tance, when it is fully and entirely devoted to it, and therefore, though masters of aerial tone, though employing every expedient that art could supply to conceal the intersection of lines, though caricaturing the force and shadow of near objects to throw them close upon the eye, they *never* succeeded in truly representing space."

There is one exception, in the landscapes of Rubens; who with respect to distinctness has sunk the distance in favour of the foreground: which is exemplified by the picture of his own Villa in the National Gallery.

"Titian, Claude, or Poussin, it matters not, however scientifically opposed in colour, however exquisitely mellowed and removed in tone, however vigorously relieved with violent shade, all will look flat canvass beside this truthful, melting, abundant, limitless distance of Rubens. But it was reserved for modern art to take even a bolder step in the pursuit of truth. To sink the distance for the foreground was comparatively easy; but it implied the partial destruction of exactly that part of the landscape which is most interesting, most dignified, and most varied; of all in fact, except the mere leafage and stone under the spectator's feet. Turner introduced a new era in landscape art, by showing that the foreground might be sunk for the distance, and that it was possible to express immediate proximity to the spectator, without giving anything like completeness to the forms of the near objects. This is not done by slurred or soft lines, observe (always the sign of vice in art*), but by a decisive imperfection, a firm, but partial assertion of form, which the eye feels indeed to be close home to it, and yet cannot rest upon, nor cling to, nor entirely understand, and from which it is driven away of necessity, to those parts of distance on which it is intended to repose. And this principle, originated by Turner, though fully carried out by him only, has yet been acted on with judgment and success by several less powerful artists of the English school. Some six years ago, the brown moorland fore-

* "This incapacity of the eye must not be confounded with its inability to comprehend a large portion of lateral space at once. We indeed can see, at any one moment, little more than one point, the objects beside it being confused and indistinct; but we need pay no attention to this in art, because we can see just as little of the picture as we can of the landscape without turning the eye, and hence any slurring or confusing of one part of it, laterally, more than another, is not founded on any truth of nature, but is an expedient of the artist—and often an excellent and desirable one—to make the eye rest when he wishes it. But as the touch expressive of a distant object is as near upon the canvass as that expressive of a near one, both are seen distinctly and with the same focus of the eye, and hence an immediate contradiction of nature results, unless one or other be given with an artificial and increasing indistinctness, expressive of the appearance peculiar to the unadapted focus."

* "That is to say, if they are systematically and constantly used. Soft and melting lines are necessary in some places, as, for instance, in the important and striking parts of the outline of an object which turns gradually, so as to have a large flat surface under the eye just when it becomes relieved against space, and so wherever thick mist is to be expressed, or very intense light; but in general, and as a principle of art, lines ought to be made tender by graduation and change as they proceed, not by slurring. The hardest line in the world will not be painful, if it be managed as nature manages it, by pronouncing one part and losing another, and keeping the whole in a perpetual state of transition. Michael Angelo's lines are as near perfection as mortal work can be; distinguished, on the one hand, from the hardness and sharpness of Perugino and the early Italians, but far more, on the other, from the vicious slurring and softness which Murillo falls into when he wishes to be fine. A hard line is only an imperfection, but a slurred one is commonly a falsehood. The artist whose fault is hardness may be on the road to excellence—he whose fault is softness *must* be on the road to ruin."

grounds of Copley Fielding were very instructive in this respect."

"But it is in Turner only that we see a bold and decisive choice of the distance and middle distance, as his great object of attention; and by him only that the foreground is united and adapted to it, not by any want of drawing, or coarseness, or carelessness of execution, but by the most precise and beautiful indication or suggestion of just so much of even the minutest forms as the eye can see when its focus is not adapted to them. And herein is another reason for the vigour and wholeness of the effect of Turner's works at any distance; while those of almost all other artists are sure to lose space as soon as we lose sight of the details.

"And now we see the reason for the singular, and to the ignorant in art, the offensive execution of Turner's figures. I do not mean to assert that there is any reason whatsoever for *bad* drawing (though in landscape it matters exceedingly little); but that there is both reason and necessity for that *want* of drawing which gives even the nearest figures round balls with four pink spots in them instead of faces, and four dashes of the brush instead of hands and feet; for it is totally impossible that if the eye be adapted to receive the rays proceeding from the utmost distance, and some partial impression from all the distances, it should be capable of perceiving more of the forms and features of near figures than Turner gives. And how absolutely necessary to the faithful representation of space this indecision really is, might be proved with the utmost ease by any one who had veneration enough for the artist to sacrifice one of his pictures to his fame; who would take some one of his works in which the figures were most incomplete, and have them painted in by Goodall, or any of our delicate and first-rate figure painters, absolutely preserving every colour and shade of Turner's group, so as not to lose one atom of the composition, but giving eyes for the pink spots, and feet for the white ones. Let the picture be so exhibited in the Academy, and even novices in art would feel at a glance that its truth of space was gone, that every one of its beauties and harmonies had undergone decomposition, that it was now a grammatical solecism, a painting of impossibilities, a thing to torture the eye, and offend the mind.

"The laborious completeness of the figures and foregrounds of the old masters, then, far from being a source of distance and space, is evidently destructive of both. It may perhaps be desirable on other grounds; it may be beautiful and necessary to the ideal of landscape. I assert at present nothing to the contrary; I assert merely, that it is mathematically demonstrable to be untrue."

We see the extent to which the Oxford Graduate is prepared to exalt that one painter whose extravagances have perplexed the British public. The writer never distinctly and satisfactorily grapples with the painter's eccentricities. He alludes to them sometimes; but upon the whole he may be said, in the true spirit of an advocate, to have sunk the bad part of his client's case; and

with some, perhaps unconscious, cunning, he prepares, earlier in the book, a kind of apology for those unmentioned extravagances.

"Art, in its second and highest aim [the exposition of thought], is not an appeal to constant animal feelings, but an expression and awakening of individual thought: it is therefore as various and as extended in its efforts as the compass and grasp of the directing mind." * * *

"The simple statement of the truths of nature must in itself be pleasing to every order of mind; because every truth of nature is more or less beautiful; and if there be just and right selection of the more important of these truths—based, as above explained, on feelings and desires common to all mankind—the facts so selected must, in some degree, be delightful to all, and their value appreciable by all: more or less, indeed, as their senses and instinct have been rendered more or less acute and accurate by use and study; but in some degree by all, and in the same way by all. But the highest art, being based on sensations of peculiar minds, sensations occurring to *them* only at particular times, and to a plurality of mankind perhaps never, and being expressive of thoughts which could only rise out of a mass of the most extended knowledge, and of dispositions modified in a thousand ways by peculiarity of intellect—can only be met and understood by persons having some sort of sympathy with the high and solitary minds which produced it—sympathy only to be felt by minds in some degree high and solitary themselves. He alone can appreciate the art, who could comprehend the conversation of the painter, and share in his emotion, in moments of his most fiery passion and most original thought. And whereas the true meaning and end of his art must thus be sealed to thousands, or misunderstood by them; so also, as he is sometimes obliged, in working out his own peculiar end, to set at defiance those constant laws which have arisen out of our lower and changeless desires, that whose purpose is unseen, is frequently in its means and parts displeasing."

This is very sophistical, and begs the question; and the same sophistry lurks in several other passages where the writer apologetically but instinctively alludes to Turner's extravagance. For example, he describes, most eloquently, a glorious sunset, to which even Turner's pictures would look cold, and then he remarks:

"The concurrence of circumstances necessary to produce the sunsets of which I speak, does not take place above five or six times in a summer, and then only for a space of from five to ten minutes, just as the sun reaches the horizon. Considering how seldom people think of looking for a sunset at all, and how seldom, if they do, they are in a position from which it can be fully seen, the chances that their attention should be awake, and their position favourable, during these few flying instants of the year, is almost as nothing. What can the citizen, who can see only the red light on the canvass of the wagon at the end of

the street, and the crimson colour of the bricks of his neighbour's chimney, know of the flood of fire which deluges the sky from the horizon to the zenith? What can even the quiet inhabitant of English lowlands, whose scene for the manifestation of the fire of heaven is limited to the tops of hayricks, and the rooks' nests in the old elm-trees, know of the mighty passages of splendour which are tossed from Alp to Alp over the azure of a thousand miles of champaign? Even granting the constant vigour of observation, and supposing the possession of such impossible knowledge, it needs but a moment's reflection to prove how incapable the memory is of retaining for any time the distinct image of the sources even of its most vivid impression.

"Suppose, where the 'Napoleon' hung in the Academy last year, there could have been left, instead, an opening in the wall, and through that opening, in the midst of the obscurity of the dim room and the smoke-laden atmosphere, there could suddenly have been poured the full glory of a tropical sunset, reverberated from the sea; how would you have shrunk, blinded, from its scarlet and intolerable lightnings! What picture in the room would not have been blackness after it? And why then do you blame Turner because he dazzles you? Does not the falsehood rest with those who do *not*? There was not one hue in this whole picture which was not far below what nature would have used in the same circumstances, nor was there one inharmonious or at variance with the rest;—the stormy blood-red of the horizon, the scarlet of the breaking sunlight, the rich crimson browns of the wet and illumined seaweed, the pure gold and purple of the upper sky, and, shed through it all, the deep passage of solemn blue, where the cold moonlight fell on one pensive spot of the limitless shore—all were given with harmony as perfect as their colour was intense; and if, instead of passing, as I doubt not you did, in the hurry of your unreflecting prejudice, you had paused but so much as one quarter of an hour before the picture, you would have found the sense of air and space blended with every line, and breathing in every cloud, and every colour instinct and radiant with visible, glowing, absorbing light.

"It is observed, however, in general, that wherever, in brilliant effects of this kind, we approach to anything like a true statement of nature's colour, there must yet be a distinct difference in the impression we convey, because we cannot approach her *light*."

"But the painter who really loves nature will not, on this account, give you a faded and feeble image, which indeed may appear to you to be right, because your feelings can detect no discrepancy in its parts, but which he knows to derive its apparent truth from a systematized falsehood. No; he will make you understand and feel that art *cannot* imitate nature—that where it appears to do so, it must malign her, and mock her. He will give you, or state to you such truths as are in his power, completely and perfectly; and those which he cannot give, he will leave to your imagination. If you are acquainted with nature, you will know all he has given to be true, and you will supply from your memory and from your heart that light which he can-

not give. If you are unacquainted with nature, seek elsewhere for whatever may happen to satisfy your feelings; but do not talk about truth."

In all this there is a great deal of truth: the Oxford Graduate has not only a quick eye for nature, but also a searching intellect, which sharpens his sense, and enables him to turn every passing observation to account. Much, also, of what he says respecting his favourite artist is true: Turner has, like his panegyrist, perceived many broad distinctions in nature, many nice traits which have escaped duller apprehensions, and he has recorded them with a masterly hand. Such may especially be said of the many vignettes which are scattered in books. Those in Rogers's 'Italy,' to which the Oxford Graduate so often refers, are admirable specimens; and of the 'Liber Studiorum' it has been well observed that it should change titles with Claude's 'Liber Veritatis.' But our author appears to us to be wilfully and perversely blind to great and glaring defects in the painter; defects originating perhaps in negative qualities, but becoming positive stains on his genius, and converting many works into absurdities so extravagant, that no language applied to them by the press has been too severe, either in ridicule or condemnation. Turner falls short in the great quality which the Oxford Graduate makes the keystone of all others, that of 'moderation,' 'a self-restraining liberty.' He is the slave of crotchets, and of fantastical ambitions to achieve manifest impossibilities. It may almost be said of him, that he attempts to paint, not objects seen by the light of day, but sunlight itself. Like the ancient king who mocked thunder by driving his chariot over a brazen bridge, Turner aspires to make the light of day out of pigment. He wants a sense of the important distinction between the possible and the impossible. To these moral deficiencies he must add that grievous technical one, an inadequate sense of form; and it is well known that a sense of form is necessary, not merely to describe the substantial shape of objects, but also to define the shapes of lights, shadows, and reflections. All the pictures which he has exhibited this year at the Royal Academy are gross instances of the falsehood into which such deficiencies betray him. There is a pair which he pleases to call, 'Going to the Ball—San Martino,' and 'Returning from the Ball—Saint Martha;' though what relation these glistening visions of fog have with dancing does not appear. The titles which Mr. Turner confers upon his pictures, indeed, indicate some strange morbid incoherency of mind.

The Oxford Graduate praises him for his 'thought': the region of thought appears to us precisely the one in which he is most at sea. The subject is the remotest thing that the pictures would suggest to you. Sometimes, even when it is declared by the catalogue, you cannot discover in what part of the picture it is represented. You may see one design, for instance, called 'Romeo and Juliet,' and can find neither Romeo nor Juliet. This year there is a picture called 'Another fish! Hurrah for the Whaler Erebus!' though where the fish may be—which is the whaler Erebus—or what the whole picture is about, you cannot discover: you may guess, but you could not make affidavit about it. What kind of understanding can that be, which, hovering on the borders of thought, and undertaking to illustrate it in visible objects, shall so far stray from its purpose, that, even when you are told the intention of the work, you cannot discover the remotest connection between the picture and the subject?

But let us test the pictures of this year by some of the most obvious rules of optics. There is, indeed, something almost humiliating in seriously discussing productions which certainly would go far to influence the verdict of a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*. The Oxford Graduate, as we have seen, insists upon the necessity of making some portion of the scene represented in a picture indistinct, in order that the eye may rest with more fullness of satisfaction, as it does in nature, upon the particular part intended for the focus of view. The observation does justice to his ingenuity: it is true of nature; it is not true of Turner's pictures, or at least, we will say of those now under consideration. Take these two about the Ball for instance; in neither of them is there a single object that is distinct in form or in anything else. It is all indeterminate. It is a bright glare, something like what swims before the eyes when you are fainting from loss of blood. In one of them there is a string of what we presume to be boats; but they might be sedan chairs, or bread baskets, for anything that you can predicate of the form. They stand in the foreground, and almost form the cardinal point of the picture. Presuming, however, that they constitute merely that foreground which you are to overlook in order to find distinctness and brilliancy in the middle and extreme distance, you do look so beyond, and there you find, in crude undigested pigment, some few dizzy forms struggling to emerge from a sickly glare. What those forms are you cannot tell. The holy appellation in the title makes you pre-

sume that the painter may have been dreaming over a church; but church there is none that you can determine by any positive evidence. In the picture about the 'Whaler Erebus' there is a very curious phenomenon. Underneath one end of a boat (we cannot with confidence call it either stem or stern), there is a dab of bright yellow, the meaning of which is perfectly unintelligible. It defies the most industrious gazing. Of course it is not the local colour of the boat; perhaps it is meant as a reflection of sunlight. But then, if we can in the smallest degree construe the upper part of the picture, the sun is too far back to admit of a reflection from an object which is almost between the luminary and the spectator, so that there should be shadow where we see this dab of yellow. Yet if it is not the sunlight it can be nothing: wherever the sun is, then, the artist, we must presume, has meant this for a reflection of brightness. We all know, however, that reflections upon water, or upon any surface sufficiently shining to reflect the full yellow colour of the sun-light, must be sharp and definite in form. They may be broken, indeed, by unevenness on the surface; a ripple on the water may distort the disc of the sun into a hundred little angular fragments: and the wet planks of a boat would also split up or multiply the effigy into many shapes elongated horizontally. There is no such character in this presumed reflection under the end of the whale boat. The reflection on the boat and the reflection on the water are rubbed together in one vague, cloudy, powdery dab, like chrome yellow imperfectly moistened and rubbed round and round with the thumb upon dry paper.

The Oxford Graduate justifies the vague forms with which Turner peoples his strange scenes. The excuse might serve if the forms were really kept out of the principal sight, were really collateral objects which you only glanced at by the bye, without distinctly seeing them; the sight being fixed on some other object. Such, however, is not the case. In a monstrous mass of pigment stirred about, with lines traced here and there, as though a child had been spoiling and disfiguring some sketch just begun, which the painter calls 'Undine giving the ring to Massaniello, Fisherman of Naples' (!) the figure of Undine is the central object and the most defined. Though it is drawn in flat outline, with some reddish lines not unlike a metallic ink, and in a style that would have disgraced an Egyptian monument, you cannot, to see the picture at all, go so far, but what that preposterous outline

stares you in the face. It is not a mere negation of form,—it is a schoolboy's scrawl, coarse and incompetent.

These pictures are not without a certain power, the admiration of which you can understand. In the 'Whaler Erebus' there is a hazy atmosphere into which you look through a kind of circular halo, such as you may see on some days when the cold seems to have consolidated the misty air, and the eye makes for itself a path through mist to the blue beyond, without quite reaching it. In all the pictures, as in all that come from the painter's hand, there is undoubtedly great 'brilliancy of colour'; that is to say, the actual hue belonging, severally or collectively, to the pigments themselves, is set forth by the juxtaposition or mixture with great skill, so that each seems to shine with the fullest force natural to it. There is some skill in that, especially when carried to the surprising extent of Turner's painting; but it is not copying nature, nor adding to nature, nor doing anything else with nature, or imagination, or true art.

The Oxford Graduate says that the uneducated sense cannot detect the nicer traits of nature, or of its reflex art; and that is true. But on the other hand, however broadly and vaguely, the public apprehension does instinctively recognize general truths in art. The highest intellects, and the common multitudinous sense of the people in all countries, ratify each other's judgments. A whole audience at the theatre will feel the right points in a play, though it may take the acutest and most vigorous understanding to pitch upon them critically and pronounce distinct judgment. The immortal writers of a nation are kept immortal by the love for them which the whole people preserve. It is not by persuasion, or forced criticism in books, which indeed are little read, that the world has been persuaded to confer immortality on great painters or great musicians. The judgment of whole nations evolved through ages is too vast a thing, too indeterminate in its medium, to be grasped and twisted at will. It must grow up of itself; and it is therefore as independent a decision as you can well arrive at. The feeling, which is the raw material of that decision, is now seen to be repelled by Turner's pictures. No persuasions can alter that judgment; no praise of special qualities which he may be allowed to possess, can avail for any purpose but to mingle exasperation with pity that so much ability should be wasted. He has drawn the judgment on himself by his own conduct; he has defied common sense, and common sense revolts at his works.

It is to be lamented that the Oxford Graduate should have been dazzled by the fantastic lights of this eccentric painter. He is a man of so much good faith, so valuable as an observer of nature, as a teacher in art, that we cannot see him wandering in pursuit of the *ignis fatuus* without regret. Let him, indeed, discover what he can in Turner, and use that painter for his illustrations as he will; but while, with scarcely an exception,—for one or two rare words of condemnation are no sufficient caveat,—he advances the painter as the great exemplar, those whom he might teach will be deceived; betrayed either into mistaking the madness of Turner for sober truth; or, revolting from such a specimen, will dismiss the teacher as utterly unworthy of attention: that, undoubtedly he is not.

In his second volume he is emancipated from these specialities. A graver sense of his vocation seems to have grown upon him. He speaks, we think, in a tone of maturer judgment and greater modesty; is less bent upon making out a case for a client, than on extracting the principles of art. Thus he announces his new mission:

"It is not now to distinguish between disputed degrees of ability in individuals, or agreeableness in canvasses, it is not now to expose the ignorance or defend the principles of party or person. It is to summon the moral energies of the nation to a forgotten duty, to display the use, force, and function of a great body of neglected sympathies and desires, and to elevate to its healthy and beneficial operation that art which, being altogether addressed to them, rises or falls with their variableness of vigour,—now leading them with Tyrtæan fire, now singing them to sleep with baby murmurs."

Even from this short specimen it may be gathered that the Oxford Graduate has grown more lofty in his language. The greater part of the second volume is theoretical; it therefore deals less in the precise observation of nature in which the writer is so happy. He is by no means so well able to grapple with abstract reasoning, or to bind himself to the one path of logical sequence, and his argument is a great deal more marred by dogmatic assumption and sermonizing apostrophes. He still assumes art to be nothing but an auxiliary to the Church and to the Religious Tract Society. 'Man's use and function,' he says '(and let him who will not grant me this follow me no further, for this I propose always to assume), is to be a witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness.' He vehemently denounces those men who 'insolently

call themselves utilitarians,' and who speak 'as if houses, and land, and food, and raiment, were alone useful.'

"This Nebuchadnezzar curse, that sends us to grass like oxen, seems to follow, but too closely, on the excess or continuance of national power and peace. In the perplexities of nations, in their struggles for existence, in their infancy, their impotence, or even their disorganization, they have higher hopes and nobler passions. Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of the salvation, the grateful heart; out of the endurance, the fortitude; out of the deliverance, the faith; but now when they have learned to live under providence of laws, and with decency and justice of regard for each other; and when they have done away with violent and external sources of suffering, worse evils seem arising out of their rest, evils that vex less and mortify more, that suck the blood though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart though they do not torture it. And deep though the causes of thankfulness must be to every people at peace with others and at unity in itself, there are causes of fear also, a fear greater than of sword and sedition, that dependence on God may be forgotten because the bread is given and the water sure, that gratitude to him may cease because his constancy of protection has taken the semblance of a natural law, that heavenly hope may grow faint amidst the full fruition of the world, that Selfishness may take place of undemanded devotion, compassion be lost in vain-glory, and love in dissimulation,* that enervation may succeed to strength, apathy to patience, and the noise of jesting words and foulness of dark thoughts, to the earnest purity of the girded loins and the burning lamp. About the river of human life there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine; the iris colours its agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which so long as they are torrent-tossed, and thunder-stricken, maintain their majesty, but when the stream is silent, and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them and the lichen to feed on them, and are ploughed down into dust.

"And though I believe that we have salt enough of ardent and holy mind amongst us to keep us in some measure from this moral decay, yet the signs of it must be watched with anxiety, in all matters however trivial, in all directions however distant."

The second volume may be designated as an analysis of Beauty, in which also the writer includes the Sublime. It contains much valuable matter, the whole of which may be traced to that part of the argument that the writer has drawn from the direct contemplation of real things; learning from them, and from them alone, by the aid of an acute and cultivated perception, their proper and intimate significance. The indifferent portion, as in the case of the previous vol-

ume, but perhaps more obviously, consists of such part as the author has derived from assumptions as to what art ought to be, or ought to teach, and this part of the book it is which is shadowy and unsubstantial in its nature, hazy or turgid in style. The two portions are so distinct, although frequently crossing each other, that you might suppose them to be read by the author in different tones of voice; one in the tone of a person explaining some novel and favourite theory, with earnestness, but with the moderate and rational manner of an intellectual man in congenial society; the other in a tone of voice resembling the mechanical solemnity and eloquence of the pulpit. The better portion however is so valuable, that the reader readily accepts the book as it stands. It is, like the previous one, a valuable contribution to the theory of art.

According to the writer, Beauty is something which depends upon an instinct of moral perception. 'I wholly deny,' he says, 'that the impressions of Beauty are in any way sensual—they are neither sensual, nor intellectual, but moral.' The faculty receiving them he designates the theoretic faculty, from the Greek *theoria*: he objects to the term *æsthetic* as indicating sensuous feeling. Of course men receive impressions through their senses; but, according to our author, the senses are of different ranks, superior and inferior. The inferior senses may be distinguished by this test, that in respect of their unlimited use man may be said to be intemperate; but that in respect of the higher senses indulgence cannot be called criminal or intemperate. The inferior pleasures, upon prolongation, are self-destructive, and destructive also to life; they are incapable of existing continually with other delights or perfections of the system. There is another test: their proper function is to subserve life as instruments of our preservation. Such are taste and smell; of which the pleasure can only be artificially, and under high penalty, prolonged. But the higher pleasures, 'the pleasures of sight and hearing, are given as gifts; they answer not any purpose of mere existence, for the distinction of all that is useful or dangerous might be made, and often is made by the eye, without its receiving the slightest pleasure of sight.' This is a very gross assumption; but let it pass.

"Herein, then, we find very sufficient ground for the higher estimation of these delights, first, in their being eternal and inexhaustible, and secondly, in their being evidently no means or instrument of life, but an object of life. Now in whatever is an object of life, in whatever may be

* Rom. xii. 9.

infinitely and for itself desired, we may be sure there is something of divine, for God will not make anything an object of life to his creatures which does not point to, or partake of, Himself. And so, though we were to regard the pleasures of sight merely as the highest of sensual pleasures, and though they were of rare occurrence, and, when occurring, isolated and imperfect, there would still be a supernatural character about them, owing to their permanence and self-sufficiency, where no other sensual pleasures are permanent and self-sufficient. But when, instead of being scattered, interrupted or chance-distributed, they are gathered together, and so arranged to enhance each other as by chance they could not be, there is caused by them not only a feeling of strong affection towards the object in which they exist, but a perception of purpose and adaptation of it to our desires; a perception, therefore, of the immediate operation of the Intelligence which so formed us, and so feeds us.

"Out of which perception arise Joy, Admiration, Gratitude.

"Now the mere animal consciousness of the pleasantness I call *Æsthesis*; but the exulting, reverent and grateful perception of it I call *Theoria*. For this, and this only, is the full comprehension and contemplation of the Beautiful as a gift of God, a gift not necessary to our being, but added to and elevating it, and twofold, first of the desire, and secondly of the thing desired."

"As it is necessary to the existence of an idea of beauty, that the sensual pleasure which may be its basis, should be accompanied first with joy, then with love of the object, then with the perception of kindness in a superior intelligence, finally with thankfulness and veneration towards that intelligence itself, and as no idea can be at all considered as in any way an idea of Beauty, until it be made up of these emotions, any more than we can be said to have an idea of a letter of which we perceive the perfume and the fair writing, without understanding the contents of it, nor intent of it; and as these emotions are in no way resultant from, nor attainable by, any operation of the Intellect, it is evident that the sensation of beauty is not sensual on the one hand, nor is it intellectual on the other, but is dependent on a pure, right, and open state of the heart, both for its truth and for its intensity, insomuch that even the right after action of the Intellect upon facts of beauty so apprehended, is dependent on the acuteness of the heart feeling about them, and thus the apostolic words come true, in this minor respect as in all others, that men are alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in them, having the Understanding darkened because of the hardness of their hearts, and so being past feeling, give themselves up to lasciviousness; for we do indeed see constantly that men having naturally acute perceptions of the Beautiful, yet not receiving it with a pure heart, nor into their hearts at all, never comprehend it, nor receive good from it, but make it a mere minister to their desires, and accompaniment and seasoning of lower sensual pleasures, until all their emotions take the same earthly stamp, and the sense of beauty sinks into the servant of lust."

The rude and uneducated senses, how-

ever, are not true in their impressions; repeated trial and experience are necessary to arrive at principles in some sort common to all. But, if we rightly understand the author, those principles once attained, a 'true verdict' is elicited, and a final 'authority' is thenceforth established. There seems to us to be a great fallacy in this position. It may be said of every impression of the sense that it contains a truth. No doubt, cultivation of the sense attains to further truth; but perhaps at no stage can it be declared that the truth so attained is final. The Oxford Graduate takes for an illustration, the sense of the palate, which at first perceives only coarse and violent qualities: but from experience 'acquires greater subtlety and delicacy of discrimination, perceiving in both agreeable or disagreeable qualities at first unnoticed, which, on continued experience, will probably become more influential than the first impressions; and whatever this final verdict may be, it is felt by the person who gives it, and received by others, as a more correct one than the first.' The object of this analogy is to take the business of judicial decision out of the ignoble vulgar, and to repose it in trust with the initiated few, thus establishing an authority. But, we say, the finality cannot at any time be predicated. No doubt taste changes; and therefore a second verdict may be fuller than the first. But it is not more absolutely correct or finally true than the first, or the third than the second, and so on; each has a truth in it, each successive one more truth; but none is perfect. The error usually lies in asserting a partial verdict as if it were complete. To predicate of an orange that its colour is golden is true; to say also that its taste is acid is more true. We advance in truth when we add predications that it is sweet, that the sweet is agreeable; that there is bitter in the skin. At each state the verdict has been incomplete, but has been true, so far as it went. Even where the original verdict is reversed, the process is not different. We say, for instance, that a green fig is sickly; which is true; for to the unaccustomed palate it produces sensations of nausea. We say, secondly, that it is luscious; but that is not more true than the former assertion. Discrimination of taste, in fact, is the result not only of instant perception, but also of comparative knowledge, which adds to the estimate. You might even extend the verdict on the orange by saying that its bitter is wholesome; that its seeds will reproduce the plant, and so forth, and those predications are substantial additions to our own judgment on the orange; but at no point,

unless you have exhausted the whole evidence of knowledge that can be brought to bear upon the fruit, have you attained what can be called a final verdict ; at no point can your 'authority' be so complete as to overbear and supersede the growth of floating opinion. It is necessary to make this reservation, because 'authority,' like some other assumptions, enters by implication, or directly, largely into the Oxford Graduate's work. Authority is *primâ facie* evidence of what the author calls the verdict, to stand in lieu of experience until that be acquired, but no longer.

Putting these things together, as the Chinese say, the Oxford Graduate's position seems to be this. The sense of Beauty does not consist in the sensuous perceptions, neither is it worked out by an operation of the intellect regarding fitness for the purposes of utility, nor does it depend upon ideas of association. The senses are the mediums for perceiving it, and therefore it is necessary that the senses be trained, or they will convey false conclusions. But having trained the senses or the sensuous perceptions, we are enabled to pronounce upon what is good, and to deliver a verdict on the Beautiful. When we are in that state, and the higher, permanent, or self-sufficient pleasures of sense are perceived and are 'gathered together, and so arranged as to enhance each other, as by chance they could not be,' they incite 'the perception of the immediate operation of the intelligence which formed us ;' out of that perception arise joy, admiration, and gratitude—gratitude, namely, to the Omnipotent, for the benefit vouchsafed. This definition, if so it can be called, seems to imply that a sense of the Beautiful must depend, in part, upon a knowledge of the true religion, and therefore to imply that none can have a sense of the Beautiful but Christians ; indeed, the writer almost says as much. Without true religious faith, the 'sense of Beauty sinks into the servant of the lust'—the sense of Beauty is degraded. So says the author. It may be so. What we are now considering, however, is not the proper function of the sense of Beauty, but its essence ; and the phrase just quoted is tantamount to an admission, that, although without the true faith, the sense of Beauty may be degraded, it still exists, to endure that degradation ; which would upturn the whole argument.

But we will not rest the question upon separate phrases. It may be doubted whether the world waited for a sense of the Beautiful until the Christian dispensation ; whether it is not a much more primitive thing ; one, ruder or more cultivated, inhe-

rent in human nature. For the same reason the author is no doubt right in denying that the sense of Beauty is based on complex intellectual operations or critical ideas as to fitness or association. He is right, no doubt, in regarding it as instinctive ; wrong, we think, in complicating it with other sentiments ; for, indeed, all instinctive sentiments are perfectly simple. The instinct of appetite—as that, for example, of a child for food, is a perfectly simple feeling, and goes direct to its object. It is true, too, we think, that Beauty moves in us sensations of joy, admiration, and kindness ; sentiments which need no very profound explanation. Admiration is a feeling that always accompanies a sense of goodness in any object when it exceeds the level ratio of that object as it is commonly presented to us. Joy is a feeling that accompanies every agreeable condition of the senses. The feeling of kindness, perhaps, may need a little more consideration ; though it is undoubtedly moved by the aspect of Beauty.

It is to be observed, that the author continually uses the word 'pleasure ;' one which is objectionable, because it is frequently applied to trivial and inferior classes of satisfaction, and it is also of a far too small and limited meaning for the present purpose. To be pleased is a special condition of mind produced by particular gratifications. There is another condition which may be said to be permanent with the mind, so long as existence is something else than a burden. The sense of life, for reasons purely instinctive, and perfectly inexplicable to us, is in itself a source of happiness ; one so constant, generally so level and so quiescent, that it is apt to escape our attention. Also, be it observed, we are not apt to take special note of anything which is thoroughly and intimately incorporated with ourselves ; we need, as it were, some separate standing-place, in order to view the thing contemplated subjectively ; the subjective process is an acquired and not an intuitive operation of the mind. That which conduces to our existence, which produces happiness, we call 'good ;' and from the perception of goodness, of whatever form or shape, we derive the sense of happiness. The sense of our own existence, and the sense of the world of existences about us, are so thoroughly intertwined with each other, that it is absolutely impossible to separate them. We desire instinctively to exist, and that instinct, sometimes called the instinct of self-preservation, is usually accounted the strongest by which we are influenced. We desire to exist in ourselves ; we are made happy by existence ; our sense of happiness is increased by the

consciousness of the world of existences of which we form an inseparable part so long as our contemplation endures; and thus anything which presents to us existence in a state of felicitous perfection, excites in us that instinctive sense of goodness which produces happiness, makes us feel admiration and joy. It also urges us to embrace that happy and perfect thing,—to add its happiness as an augmentative to our own; nay, if possible, to incorporate ourselves with it. This is a state of feeling to which we may apply the term kindness, affection, or love; and as beauty tends in itself to produce that feeling, so it may be said, that that feeling can never exist without some sense of beauty, even though the imperfect vocabulary of language may pronounce the object beloved to be 'not beautiful.' According to this view, the sense of beauty is a sense of existence presented in some very perfect shape; an idea which is far simpler and more primitive than that of fitness of function, association of ideas, or ethical dogma; though it may be said to include within itself the basis of all those.

This view, too, explains some apparent discrepancies in the perception of beauty. It explains why the Negress, to us repulsive, is beautiful to the Negro; for she is to him that type of perfect existence which an European Venus is to us. It explains why some things repulsive at first view, are beautiful on scrutiny. A dead body presents an idea of destruction, the reverse of existence, and there is nothing from which we revolt with more horror. We scrutinize its structure, and we are struck with the 'beauty' of the parts: they present to us, indeed, most forcibly, the means of existence.

The Oxford Graduate reckons two kinds of Beauty—what he calls 'Typical Beauty,' and 'Vital Beauty.' Typical Beauty consists in the external qualities of bodies, which are instinctively perceived to be Beautiful, and which he thinks he has 'shown to be in some sort typical of the Divine attributes; wherefore he calls it 'typical.' Vital Beauty consists in 'the appearance of felicitous fulfilment of function in living things, more especially of the joyful and right exertion of perfect life in man.' His analogy between the elements of Typical Beauty and the Divine attributes is forced and fantastical. He treats the several kinds in separate chapters under these heads:—'Infinity, or the type of Divine Incomprehensibility' (in which consists the beauty of vague and indeterminate things, curves, gradations of shade, unlimited vastness, &c.); 'Unity, or the type of Divine Comprehensiveness;'

'Repose, or the type of Divine Permanence;'
'Symmetry, or the type of Divine Justice;'
'Purity, or the type of Divine Energy;'
'Moderation, or the type of Government by Law'—'which is the girdle of Beauty.' Purity is made out to be the type of Divine Energy, because impurity is a term suggested by the human sense of Decay, or interference with organic function.

As a specimen of this portion may be taken, in brief, the idea evolved in the chapter on unity. There are various kinds of unity—'subjectional unity,' where different things are subjected to one influence; 'original unity,' where different things, like the branches of trees, and the petals of flowers, spring from the same origin; 'unity of sequence,' where many links are necessary to one chain—'in spiritual creatures it is their own constant building up by true knowledge and continuous reasoning to higher perfection, and the singleness, the straightforwardness of their tendencies to more complete communion with God; and there is the unity of membership or essential unity, 'which is the uniting of things separately perfect into a perfect whole.' Unity cannot exist between things similar to each other, unless they are united by a third, different from both; thus, two similar things, the arms, are united by a third different, the trunk, forming one perfect body. Out of the necessity of this unity arises that of variety; which is not pleasing in itself, but becomes so, as a means of harmony:

"Receiving variety only as that which accomplishes unity, or makes it perceived, its operation is found to be very precious, both in that which I have called Unity of Subjection, and Unity of Sequence, as well as in Unity of Membership; for although things in all respects the same may, indeed, be subjected to one influence, yet the power of the influence, and their obedience to it, is best seen by varied operation of it on their individual differences, as in clouds and waves there is a glorious unity of rolling, wrought out by the wild and wonderful differences of their absolute forms, which, if taken away, would leave in them only multitudinous and petty repetition, instead of the majestic oneness of shared passion. And so in the waves and clouds of human multitude when they are filled with one thought, as we find frequently in the works of the early Italian men of earnest purpose, who despising, or happily ignorant of, the sophistications of theories, and the proprieties of composition, indicated by perfect similarity of action and gesture on the one hand, and by the infinite and truthful variation of expression on the other, the most sublime strength, because the most absorbing unity, of multitudinous passion that ever human heart conceived."
* * * "The same great feeling occurs throughout the works of the serious men, though most intensely in Angelico, and it is well to compare

with it the vileness and falseness of all that succeeded, when men had begun to bring to the cross foot their systems instead of their sorrow."

In Unity of Sequence, variety is exemplified by the melodies of music; 'wherein by the differences of the notes, they are connected with each other in certain pleasant relations. This connection, taking place in quantities, is proportion.'

Vital Beauty, the appearance of felicitous fulfilment of function in living things, is thus introduced :

"I have already noticed the example of very pure and high typical beauty which is to be found in the lines and gradations of unsullied snow : if, passing to the edge of a sheet of it, upon the lower Alps, early in May, we find, as we are nearly sure to find, two or three little round openings pierced in it, and through these emergent, a slender, pensive, fragile flower,* whose small, dark, purple-fringed bell hangs down and shudders over the icy cleft that it has cloven, as if partly wondering at its own recent grave, and partly dying of very fatigue after its hard won victory ; we shall be, or we ought to be, moved by a totally different impression of loveliness from that which we receive among the dead ice and the idle clouds. There is now uttered to us a call for sympathy, now offered to us an image of moral purpose and achievement, which, however unconscious or senseless the creature may indeed be that so seems to call, cannot be heard without affection, nor contemplated without worship, by any of us whose heart is rightly tuned, or whose mind is clearly and surely sighted." * * *

"Its first perfection, therefore, relating to Vital Beauty, is the kindness and unselfish fulness of heart, which receives the utmost amount of pleasure from the happiness of all things. Of which in high degree the heart of man is incapable ; neither what intense enjoyment the angels may have in all that they see of things that move and live, and in the part they take in the shedding of God's kindness upon them, can we know or conceive : only in proportion as we draw near to God, and are made in measure like unto him, can we increase this our possession of charity, of which the entire essence is in God only."

The changes are rung on the fulfilment of function, in vegetation, in animals, and in man. But in respect of principles, the whole of this portion, beyond the first enunciation, is very vague and unsubstantial. It includes, however, many valuable observations drawn from nature ; especially those on the fallacy that the Ideal is something abstract and different from nature, instead of being the perfection of actual forms, from the study of which it is to be deduced.

The sublime we have said is included by the writer in Beauty ; and properly so. His

Typical Beauty is to a great extent intended as a substitute for it. Burke's idea that the sense of the Sublime is based in dread is well confuted.

"The fact is that sublimity is not a specific term—not a term descriptive of the effect of a particular class of ideas. Anything which elevates the mind is sublime, and elevation of mind is produced by the contemplation of greatness of any kind ; but chiefly, of course, by the greatness of the noblest things. Sublimity is therefore only another word for the effect of greatness upon the feelings. Greatness of matter, space, power, virtue, or beauty, are thus all sublime ; and there is perhaps no desirable quality of a work of art, which in its perfection is not in some way or degree sublime.

"I am fully prepared to allow of much ingenuity in Burke's theory of the sublime, as connected with self-preservation. There are few things so great as death ; and there is perhaps nothing which banishes all littleness of thought and feeling in an equal degree with its contemplation. Everything, therefore, which in any way points to it, and, therefore, most dangers and powers over which we have little control, are in some degree sublime. But it is not the fear, observe, but the contemplation of death ; not the instinctive shudder and struggle of self-preservation, but the deliberate measurement of the vast doom, which are really great or sublime in feeling. It is not while we shrink, but while we defy, that we receive or convey the highest conceptions of the fate. There is no sublimity in the agony of terror."

"I take the widest possible ground of investigation, that sublimity is found wherever anything elevates the mind ; that is, wherever it contemplates anything above itself, and perceives it to be so."

This is too general to serve any purpose. The adjective 'Sublime' surely has some separate meaning, which Burke aimed at defining, though we think he failed. He regarded it as antithetical to Beauty : the Oxford graduate would wipe it out of the vocabulary, or allow it only a very general use in the study, not of natural objects, but of the human mind. Both appear to us to be wrong. Sublimity we take to be a quality as distinct as the having a name in the vocabulary can make it ; but we do not agree with Burke in ascribing it to a sense of dread. In a broad sense, in the 'sublimest' sense, nothing that we observe in the universe can be pronounced bad or destructive, save by a narrow assumption which has reference simply to our own finite nature and limited observation. That which destroys the individual does but work the preservation of the universal : fruits are destroyed to feed animals : whole generations of creatures perish that others may live—whole races die, as we find in the volume of theology, and help to build up a new sur-

* Soldinella Alpina.

face of the globe, for more perfect races. But although the sense of individual destruction may deeply impress the mind, undoubtedly the predominant sense here is one of power and permanency, of immortality. Does not this explain our admiring sense of the sublime? Our feeling may be thus explained: although the vast [the sublime] agencies of the universe crush and destroy the individual, they keep up for ever the immortal universe in which we live: we are proportionately impressed by the greatness of the interests at stake, we feel a gratitude proportionate to the vastness of the beneficent results; although our individual and small interest is nullified. This feeling is thoroughly unselfish; it therefore exalts us in our own estimation. We feel that we, petty men as we are, sympathize with the universal; and we also, magnanimous, great, and of sublime aspirations, can set aside our own small interests. Nature acts with the concurrent approval of man; whose sense of his own magnanimity exalts him to a companionship with immortal beneficence.

A large section of the book is devoted to an analysis of imagination, which fails in distinctness; yet it is valuable for insisting on the fact that imagination is not something distinct and opposed to truth, but is the intuitive perception of truth; also for some useful distinctions between Imagination and Fancy, and for some illustrations of the mode in which the mind operates under the process of composition. Where the author deals with practical working he is usually happy. It is still where he gets into theoretical analysis that he appears to us most liable to error.

We think that he might have made a valuable addition to this portion of his work, by adding a more emphatic and substantial assertion of the fact, that the quality of Imagination is necessary to the painter, even in the most humble 'walks of art.' No picture can be well painted without the active exertion of the imagination: it is for the want of it that mere mechanical copying fails to catch the traits of life; because the most salient and characteristic traits of vitality never remain sufficiently long before the observation to suffer the mechanical process of copying. The mere copyist always imitates something else in which those highly characteristic but fugitive traits have disappeared. This, like most essential truths, is true of all arts as well as painting. Our meaning will be best explained by a physical illustration. In every muscular action, especially in that which is vigorous and sudden, it will be observed that the greatest contraction of the muscle takes place im-

mediately before the action is perceived. Thus, in the action of walking, the most vigorous contraction of the muscles named glutei will be perceived, by resting the hand behind the hip, to occur immediately before the reaction of the leg; that most vigorous contraction of the muscle subsides immediately into a minor action, while the act of retracting the leg is continued. These sharp and vigorous contractions of the muscle endure only for an instant of time. In the same way, on any sudden demand for attention, any sudden emotion of surprise, the eyelids are vigorously opened and constrained. They cannot be retained so above a few seconds, for not only does the strain become painful to the eyeball, but the muscles lose the energy necessary for that sharp and vigorous action. The painter must learn these actions entirely from observation on subjects in a state of *bonâ fide* activity: he never sees them in the model which he sets before him to copy. Could the model produce them for a moment, the thing would be gone before the painter could turn his eye to the canvass; and no reward would enable the hireling to reproduce the effect many times in succession. The artist, therefore, who trusts slavishly to his model, who copies that modified and secondary action of the muscles, which is more susceptible of being permanently sustained, not only fails to impart perfect truth to his figures, but actually asserts falsehood. He places his men and women under circumstances which require the most sudden and vigorous action of the muscles—running for instance—but throws the muscles merely into the secondary state of excitement: he undertakes to make designs of startling events, but gives to his eyes a fixed stare instead of that sudden glance which is seen and gone in an instant. Hence in the vast majority of inferior artists, especially in the English school, that want of real vitality which is their curse. Of course, the power of catching these fugitive traits implies great readiness and fulness of observation, retentive memory for the particular class of facts, the power of recalling them by force of imagination, and perfect mastery of hand in drawing. The excessive rarity with which our artists see the figure in a naked state, excepting in the shape of inanimate models, is, no doubt, a fearful difficulty in their way.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the power of imagination upon which we insist, is necessary solely in inventive pictures; it is no less needed in portraiture. The traits which impart vitality—the glance of the eye in the sudden turn to look at you—the fixing of the mouth—the breathing of

the nostril—the contour of the cheek harmonizing with the features, the action of the limbs, the posture of the whole body; all have disappeared by the time the ‘sitter’ is comfortably placed. The artist can copy from his ‘sitter’ no more than the general forms and the position of the features; the nicer traits of vitality must be caught from observation, retained in the mind of the artist, and impressed upon the canvass from memory. The general form of the ‘sitter,’ indeed, may be traced upon the canvass by the process of copying; but the perfect figure must be brought out by the process of imagination. The artist must imagine the original, not as he sees him sit before him, but as he has seen him in an animated condition; and that imagined figure, not the sleepy creature before him, must be the figure in his picture.

We are now in a condition to understand what is the nature of art—what is the mission of art. Nature in art is the seizing and collecting those traits which are essential to the particular subject in hand. In the case of an historical picture, the essentials are the traits of the predominant passions concerned in the event. Commonly the landscape and other accessories are not essentials, but merely form the *situs in quo*. They may be given by the process rather of representation, than of copying. It will suffice, though they fall negatively far short of perfect imitations, if they do not contain positive contradictions to truth or possibility in reference to the function which they have to perform in the picture; for instance, a stone pillar, which has to support a roof, must be perpendicular, must look of sufficient strength to support that roof; but it does not much matter whether it exactly imitate marble or any other kind of substance, so that it be of sufficient solidity for its purpose. As you come nearer, however, to the immediate agents under the influence of the passion, you must have more perfection: the human forms must be more developed and more complete in their parts; and to avoid abrupt transitions, the dresses of the forms, though less elaborated, must also be more marked out than the remoter accessories. These rules will be well illustrated by the simplest of all great paintings, those of Raphael.

In other kinds of painting of course the application of the rule varies: in landscape, for instance, the chief attention will be turned to the natural objects; the figures will sink to the position of accessories. To draw attention to them by too great elaboration or prominence, or to draw attention by the same means to the mere accessories of ar-

chitecture and foliage in an historical design, would derogate from the concentrated unity of the picture. The natural in art, therefore, is not the making a perfect transcript of all the objects which in nature might be included in the view circumscribed by the frame, but in the seizing on those vital traits which are essential to the main action of the piece.

The mission of art is to fulfil the same function with beauty in nature. It reflects external existences, retains those which are transitory for our slower view, impresses the consciousness of them more emphatically upon the perception, seals the sense of existence, of goodness. It enhances, then, our happiness by the same direct means as that in which it is enhanced by the sense of existence itself. To see a beautiful form illustrated by Titian; an exalted sentiment illustrated by Raphael; or a fine landscape by Ruysdael, raises the same sentiments in us that the objects would themselves excite in nature, with this difference: the same things in nature might be attended by circumstances that would disturb us, and deprive us of the proper and deliberate observation. In the case of landscape the sense of sight would be divided by the sense of hearing; in the case of the nobler sentiment our own emotions might prevent a complete perception of the picture; and other subjects than picturesque beauty might disturb the attention in the presence of Titian's lady. Painting retains to us such spectacles for deliberate and undisturbed contemplation. The effect is no doubt enhanced, too, by some reference to the skill of the human being who executed it.

The sight of beauty, or of those things which elevate the mind, begets congenial feelings on the part of the observers. Familiarity with graceful aspects tends sympathetically to induce graceful action, and graceful habits of action tend to induce, by an inverse process, the graceful habits of mind from which in part they originate: in part we say, for grace is partly physical. He who is familiar with art, therefore, in its highest and best aspect, as a reflex of nature, will be a happier and a better man.

Such we take to be a very rude and hasty sketch of the theory of art. We cannot think that the Oxford Graduate has fully developed it; but we are prepared emphatically to declare that his work is the most valuable contribution towards a proper view of painting, its purpose and means, that has come within our knowledge. Probably he printed too soon; but we cannot regret that he did so, since the comparatively trivial motive that first spurred him, seems

to have urged him far forward in the path of much usefulness.

His third volume, we are given to understand, is to elucidate his views by copious references to the works of the great masters, and is to be illustrated by engravings; and the first volume is to be reprinted to be uniform with the other two. To that we have no objection; but we still hope some day to see a work of larger scope and maturer execution from the same hand.

By the bye, we should like to know what lights the Oxford Graduate draws from photography.

ART. VII.—1. *Der Legitime und die Republikaner* (The Legitimate and the Republicans). 2 vols. Zurich. 1833.

2. *Transatlantische Reiseskizzen und Christophus Bärenhäuter* (Transatlantic Travelling Sketches). 2 vols. Zurich. 1834.

3. *Der Virey und die Aristocraten* (The Viceroy and the Aristocracy, or Mexico in the year 1812). 3 vols. Zurich. 1835.

4. *Lebensbilder aus beiden Hemisphären* (Pictures of Life in both Hemispheres), 1st and 2d Vols. Zurich. 1835.

5. The same. Volumes 4 to 6, being the continuation of Transatlantic Travelling Sketches. Zurich. 1835-7.

6. *Neue Land und See Bilder* (New Pictures by Land and by Sea, being the continuation of 1st and 2d Volumes of *Lebensbilder aus beiden Hemisphären*). 4 vols. Zurich. 1839-40.

7. *Das Cajüten Buch* (The Cabin Book, or National Characteristics). 2 vols. 1841.

8. *Süden und Norden* (South and North). 3 vols. Stuttgart. 1842-3.

It does not occur to the great Coromantee monarch to whom a cunning slave-dealer presents a pinchbeck watch in exchange for a string of his sable subjects, to stickle at the material or mechanism of the trinket. His highness, although ignorant of Dent and Geneva, may have some vague suspicion that better timepieces are producible, and that he is 'selling off' his ebony at an 'enormous sacrifice;' but other buyers offer no better, and he, therefore, wisely, though unwittingly, follows Sancho's advice, takes what he can get, and is thankful. Verily the good English public represent King Sambo, whilst the authors who attempt, through the medium of fiction, to portray the peculiarities of American life and character, resemble

not a little, the wily slave-dealer. Like him, our crafty scribes present their counterfeits to purchasers who have no means of detecting their value or testing their alloy: like him they receive a fancy price for metal that is not sterling, although, fortunately for them, accepted as sterling, for want of the real material wherewith to compare it.

Who are the American writers under whose guidance we have humbly adopted such views as we have of Transatlantic life? Passing over at once the amiable and accomplished Washington Irving, whose delightful pen has been busier with the Old World than with the New, whose sympathies, social as well as literary, are strongly European, and whose sketches, graceful and touching as they are, can hardly be said to illustrate the character of his countrymen—the foremost worthy that occurs to us—unquestionably the first that would present himself—is Mr. Fenimore Cooper, the author of the 'Pilot,' the American Sir Walter. Now we have never begrudged Mr. Cooper the flattering designation claimed for him by his nation, so long as the novelist has kept us afloat. As a writer of nautical romance, Mr. Cooper demands our highest respect. He was the founder of the style: he has rarely been equalled in it, certainly never surpassed. We cannot say that his sea manoeuvres are approved by Napier—we believe they are ridiculed by the marines: we care not a rope's end for his misnaming of sails and cables; we will even suffer him to steer his frigates in defiance of precedent and possibility. All that is essential for the landsman is found, and in abundance, in his books of the sea: the nautical character which cannot be mistaken—the romance of ocean life which cannot fail to charm. His sailors are alive with vigour. You do not doubt for a moment that such men have been and are, and that they live, speak, and act, as the master teaches you. But strange as it may sound to the good believers in the 'Wept of the Wish-ton-wish,' to the gentle and tender mourners of the fate of the 'Last of the Mohicans,' Mr. Cooper resigns all right to the mantle of the Great Magician of the North, the moment he forsakes the tarry jacket to wander with rifle and moccasined feet beneath the shade of the forest and through the waving herbage of the prairie. Not that he ever did wander—save in print—not that he ever did study the denizens of the backwoods whom he undertakes to depict, save in the seclusion of his study, and under the influence of poetic dreams and sweet hallucinations. The Indians of these American novels, sentimental and well-behaved as the Indians of the

* Better known in this country as Charles Sealsfield.—*Am. Pub.*

theatre, are not the savages of nature which travellers have found and faithfully described. Trappers and hunters, notoriously the wildest and most reckless of the white Americans, rivalling and often surpassing their red associates in ferocity and a spirit of hatred and rebellion to the laws, are not the mild, heroic, docile creatures whom Mr. Cooper has established in the circulating libraries. Mr. Cooper knows that they are not. He acknowledges as much when he subjects his raw material to the discipline he has been accustomed to exercise on ship-board. Without that discipline the *dramatis personæ* would have been too shocking and offensive for the public gaze. But the quarter-deck goes somewhat too far into the backwoods, when respect for rank, and for the distinctions of society, is attributed to men who never recognized but to despise such fictitious superiority. What thoughtful reader following Natty Bumpo, Mr. Cooper's favourite hero, through all his various phases of hunter, pioneer, and trapper, can escape the recurring suspicion that Natty, interesting though he be, had no existence beyond the mind and creative fancy of the artist? Either we have been strangely misled by what we have hitherto deemed authentic accounts, or the Leatherstocking is no type of a class, no reality, but a mere creature of the imagination; more manly and agreeable, but not less spurious than the maudlin savages of Chateaubriand. Nurtured in the woods, the very child of freedom, with the wide forest before him, and his unerring rifle for his companion, what American hunter ever submitted with the laudable patience of friend Bumpo, to imprisonment, the stocks, and fifty similar indignities? What native of the half-horse, half-alligator state of Kentucky so admirably disciplined as Paul the Beehunter, that well-drilled sergeant of marines, anxiously anticipating every beck and nod of the captain? But we cannot afford to dwell further upon the discrepancies of Mr. Cooper; we have said enough to show that, although he may be read with amusement, he must be followed with caution, and listened to without implicit faith. Another successful writer, Dr. Bird, uses a broad rough pencil, and his delineations have both nature and truth. The productions of Dr. Bird are not generally known in this country, although one of them, almost universally read—we mean "Nick of the Woods,"—will not easily be forgotten. It contains two characters which, to our thinking, have never been approached by Cooper; Ralph Stackpole, the horse-stealer, and Nick himself, a Quaker, who, having witnessed the massacre of his wife and

children by a party of savages, doffs his coat, abjures his creed, and becomes the Indians' most inveterate persecutor. The majority of Neale's novels are mere heavy rhapsodies; Mrs. Clavers' sketches of settlers' life are pleasing and probably correct as far as they go; Haliburton has handled with admirable skill that transatlantic cockney, the Yankee; but Yankees, although often erroneously considered by Englishmen to be the staple human produce of America, constitute in fact but a small fraction of the population of the United States, which are inhabited by races of men exhibiting differences of character, feelings, and interest, as great as any that exist between Scotchman and Irishman, Yorkshireman and Londoner. As to the English authors who have laid the scene of their novels in America, they are but feeble imitators of Cooper, comic caricaturists, or unfair assailants of a country and people whom they have approached with prejudice or with insufficient opportunities for observation and judgment. We confess, that as a class, we do but slightly esteem them,

It is our present object to introduce to our readers an author little known in this country, and whose vivid pictures of America and Americans are, as we believe, the most successful that have yet been penned. During the last dozen years there have appeared in Germany a series of tales and sketches of striking character, and exhibiting genius of a high order. Strange to say, at a period when German, Swedish, and even Russian literature are so generally ransacked, by our diligent translators, of their more choice productions, no portion of this series, with the exception of a few brief but well-selected fragments in the pages of a leading monthly periodical,* have been as yet done into English, at least in England. The Americans, it would appear, have long since discovered and worked the rich vein. 'With the German public,' says the author referred to, in the preface to a second, and in some instances, a third edition of his works, now publishing, 'my books have made their way but gradually. In America their success has been very great, and they have been published in every form; in volumes, numbers, newspapers. I have now before me whole basketsful of American periodicals, all more or less filled with criticisms of my writings, some loading me with praise as boundless as undeserved, others indulging in censure, and even in malicious abuse, equally exaggerated and unmerited.' We ourselves have long been well acquainted with

* 'Blackwood's Magazine.'

these works in their original German garb, but we have never, although we have looked out for them, met with any of the American translations, and we incline to believe that none of them have come to this country, unless casually, in a traveller's portmanteau, or in a file of newspapers.

The intimate knowledge of American manners, feelings, and tone of conversation, the frequent use of English words and phrases, invariably well applied, although sometimes misspelt by German printers, and the author's occasional and happy adoption of an English or American idiom, have apparently, and not unnaturally, led some to suppose and assert that these books were originally written in English, and that the German version was a translation. This we find expressly denied in the preface already quoted, which commences with the author's thanks to the public of Germany for their hospitable reception of a stranger who came amongst them, as he says, in veritable Yankee fashion, seeking a new market for his produce. With the exception, he proceeds to say, of a portion of the 'Legitimate and the Republican,' published in English some twenty years ago in Philadelphia—but totally altered and reconstructed in its German dress—of one short chapter of the 'Travelling Sketches' that first saw the light in an American newspaper, the whole of his books are original German works. The 'Travelling Sketches' were all first written in English, but published in German alone; the 'Viceroy and the Aristocracy,' perhaps the most thoroughly and essentially German, in idiom and construction, of all his works, was *composed*, we are told, in English, but printed in the German language only.

Rare accomplishment, thus to handle with equal facility two of the most difficult languages current in Europe, and to write indifferently in one or the other books of first-rate ability; and satisfactory would it be to trace the career and intellectual education of one thus highly gifted. This we regret our inability to do. Two years ago we could not have told even the name of this clever author; it was dimly guessed at in Germany, but probably was unknown to any but his publishers and, perhaps, his own immediate circle. It is to-day only that he discards the shield of anonymous authorship. 'I could wish,' he says, in the preface above cited, 'to continue, in humble imitation of the great Walter Scott, Washington Irving, and others, anonymously to contribute my mite to the fund of literature, but I yield to the well-founded entreaties of my publishers, who fear the piracy that might be facilitated

by further concealment.' And accordingly, he signs himself Charles Sealsfield, but denies us, what we would gladly have received, further information concerning his career since and previously to his taking up the pen. Thus we remain in ignorance, save through indirect channels, of the circumstances under which he acquired his vast fund of information and his thorough knowledge of the German tongue. Regarding his country, our data are rather more positive, for we have seen a letter from one of his various publishers, in which he is styled a 'North American, long resident in Switzerland.' Of the latter country we know that he is at present an inhabitant. We have also been told by a respectable German, professing to be personally acquainted with Mr. Sealsfield, that that gentleman has been a planter in Louisiana, the scene of some of his books; and the same authority expressed his belief that he was not an American by birth, but a native of an English sea-port town. We would fain claim a man of his talents for a countryman, but the disfavour and dislike shown in various parts of his works to English character and institutions, forbid the supposition, and compel us to reject the information.

In Germany, still more than in England, owing to the prodigious number of books annually published, readers find it necessary to be guided in their choice by the names of authors and publishers, and the opinions of reviewers, and, the art of puffery being less extensively developed and ingeniously practised there than here, they are enabled to do so with less risk of deception. Published anonymously, Mr. Sealsfield's first work attracted comparatively little notice, until subsequent productions of the same skilful pen forcibly drew attention to the writings of a man who had struck out for himself a new path in German literature. But his second book, the 'Travelling Sketches,' was too remarkable for freshness, character, and vivacity of style, to pass even partially unnoticed, and all the best reviews were at once loud in its praise. 'These Sketches,' said a writer in 'Brockhaus' Literarische Unterhaltung's Blätter for 1834, 'give us more information about America than all the tours and travels of Europeans put together.' 'A very simple circumstance,'—this from 'Gersdorf's Repertorium of German Literature'—'the journey of a young bachelor through various provinces of the United States, affords an opportunity of depicting, in light but striking outlines, without exaggeration either of merits or defects, the institutions of the country, the various shades of difference in provincial character,

political views, and private interests, as well as the peculiarities of classes and individuals, such as are nowhere to be found but amidst the motley population of North America.'

These and similar opinions were universally expressed by the better class of German critics, and were soon echoed by numerous readers. The fame of the 'Sketches' reached to Paris, and the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' for April, 1835, thus referred to them:

'Here is a writer who has no pretension to stand at the head of German literature, for all manner of reasons, one of which is that he lives in America. Notwithstanding that, his pictures of life and society are true to nature and abound in *esprit*; one recognizes the practical man, employing with much skill the "humour" peculiar to the north. And then, he is no partizan; he is certainly a little proud of his quality of citizen of the United States, and pities us Europeans for continuing to languish under tyrants about whom most of us trouble our heads very little; but for all that he holds his transatlantic country tolerably cheap.'

We could not have summed up more briefly than by these extracts from reviews of high standing in their respective countries, our own opinion of the book in question, and, with some slight shades of difference, which will hereafter appear, of the four much more compendious volumes, by which the author, stimulated, as he tells us, by public applause, was subsequently induced to lengthen it.

Wearisomely didactic or childishly trifling as, with some few honourable exceptions, the present race of German fiction writers unquestionably are, there is little to astonish in the favourable reception which the two little volumes of 'Travelling Sketches' found at the hands of the German public. From the dull mass their fresh and sparkling pages stood out in bright relief, like flowers amongst faggots, and were, in truth, water to the thirsty soul. A certain novelty of form also had its charm. Not aspiring to the dignity of a regular novel, the 'Sketches' consist of a series of short papers, traversed by a slight connecting thread, growing thicker and binding them closer as the book advances. The plot, if it can be styled one, is most inartificial. A young Virginian bachelor of aristocratic tendencies—for America that is to say—has left his plantation in care of an overseer, and been on a tour to the northern states of the union, hoping to bring back a fair and amiable helpmate to cheer his solitude on the thinly-peopled banks of the Red River. After more than one disappointment,

he has attached himself to a New York coquette, on whom he has long danced attendance, not without encouragement, but without positive acceptance. At the moment of anticipated success, our author takes up his history, and shows poor Howard jilted by the young lady for a man twice his age, but four times as wealthy. Disgusted and heart-sore, he leaves New York in company with his friend Richards. Their journey is the pretext for introducing more portraiture of American life and manners; Yankee traders, Alabama orators, the fun and frolic of a backwoods election; all traced with a free pen, and with a *naïveté* and slyness of humour that often reminds us of Washington Irving. At the house of Richards, the susceptible Howard again falls half in love, but he has arrived rather too late, and the object of his flame departs as the affianced of Ralph Doughby, a mad Kentuckian, who cuts an important figure in the continuation of the 'Sketches.' Soon afterwards Howard overhears part of a conversation between Richards and his wife, a *smart* young lady from the Yankee capital of Boston. It serves to inform him that his last courtship has purposely been embarrassed and impeded. Richards is his debtor for a sum of eight thousand dollars, and he, and especially Mrs. Richards, feared that on the occasion of his marriage with a lady who, although pretty, was portionless, he might have need of the money. These slight incidents give opportunities for the display of much character.

Crossed in his loves, and deceived by his friend, it is in no good humour that Howard goes on board a Red River steamer to return home. On the boat he falls in with a Creole family, a father and two daughters, whose lands are within a few hours' steaming of his own—near neighbours in Louisiana. Monsieur Menou succeeds, in spite of his young fellow-planter's irritated and inaccessible mood, in striking up an acquaintance. An extract or two will best give an idea of the easy natural manner in which Mr. Sealsfield places before the reader his pictures of American scenery, feelings, and modes of life. The steamer stops to take in firing.

" 'Monsieur, voilà votre terre,' said the Creole pointing to the shore. I looked through the window and saw that he was right. Whilst chattering with the young ladies, hours and miles had passed almost unperceived. During my absence, my overseer has established a wood-store for steamers. One improvement, at least. And there is Mr. Bleaks in person. The Creole seems disposed to accompany me to the house. I cannot prevent it, but hope he will not be so exceedingly kind. Nothing more terrible than such a visit

when one has been for years absent from house and home. The *lares* and *penates* of a bachelor are the most careless of all deities.

" 'Mister Bleaks,' said I, approaching that worthy, who, in his red flannel shirt, calico inexpressibles, and straw hat, did not appear to trouble himself much about the arrival of his employer; 'will you be so good as to have the gig and luggage brought on shore?'

" 'Ah, Mr. Howard,' said the man, 'is it you? Didn't expect you so soon.'

" 'Nevertheless, I trust I am not unwelcome,' replied I, a little displeased at his thorough Pennsylvanian dryness.

" 'You've surely not come alone?' continued he in the same tone. 'Are you?' said he, measuring me with a side-glance. 'Thought you'd have brought us a dozen blackies; we want them.'

" 'Est-il permis, monsieur?' said the Creole, taking my hand and pointing to the house.

" 'And the steamer?' said I, in a tone that would have told any one only moderately versed in physiognomy or psychology, that his presence was really superfluous.

" 'Oh, that will keep,' replied he, smiling. What could I do? I was fain to take the strange creature to my house, unwillingly though I did it. It was a frightful spectacle, an abomination of desolation. Everything looked so decaying, so neglected and spoiled,—far worse than I had anticipated. Of the garden fence but a few fragments remained, and the pigs were routing in the parterres. And the house! God help me! Not a pane in the windows; the frames stuffed with old rags, remnants of men's breeches and women's gowns. I could not expect to find groves of orange and citron trees; I had not planted them; but this!—no; it was really too bad. Every picture that is not a fresco must have its shady side, but here all was shade—night. Not a creature to be seen as we wind our way through the mouldering tree-trunks that encumber the ground. At last we stumble upon something living; a trio of black monsters wallowing in the mud, with Marius and Sylla; half a shirt on their bodies, and dirty as only the children of men can be. The apes stare at us with their rolling eyes, and then gallop away behind the house. * * * In-doors, instead of sofas and chairs, the drawing room was piled with Mexican cotton seed; in one corner old blankets, in another a washing-tub. The other rooms were in still worse plight; Bangor, the negro, had established himself in my sleeping apartment, whence the mosquito-curtains had disappeared, having probably been found useful by Mrs. Bleaks. Heartily disgusted, I hurried from this scene of disorder."

Monsieur Menou proposes that Howard should accompany him home for a time, and offers to send his son to set things to rights. Howard thoughtlessly accepts, and is returning to the steamer, when his five-and-twenty negroes come howling about him and exhibit their backs, scarred and cut by the whip. Shocked and indignant, he retracts his over-hasty acceptance of the Creole's invitation, resolves to remain where he is and to see justice done to the ill-treated negroes. The

steamer has departed, when, to his great surprise and annoyance, he finds M. Menou again at his elbow. The officious but kind-hearted man insists on remaining to give him his advice and assistance.

"My poor negroes and negresses wept and laughed for joy; the children hung about their parents; all eyes were fixed upon me with an expectant gaze. I ordered them to go to their huts, whence I would send for them as I wanted them.

" 'Damn the blackies!' cried Mr. Bleaks, as they walked away: 'it's long since they tasted the whip.'

"I did not answer, but, signing to him to leave me, desired old Sybil to call Beppo and Mirza.

" 'This looks like an examination,' snarled the overseer. 'If so, I shall be present.'

" 'None of your impudence, Mr. Bleaks,' said I. 'Take yourself off, and wait my orders.'

" 'And none of your fine airs,' retorted he. 'We are in a free country, and you've no nigger before you.'

"This was too insolent. 'Mr. Bleaks,' said I, with as much coolness as I could command, 'I discharge you from my employment. Your engagement is till the first of July. You shall be paid up to that date.'

" 'Not a foot will I set over the threshold till I have received my salary, and expenses, and advances,' replied the man drily.

" 'Bring me your accounts,' cried I. My blood began to boil. The man called through the window to his wife, who came in. They exchanged a few words, and she went away. I had just opened my trunk and glanced over some letters and receipts when she re-appeared with the account-books, and took her station with arms akimbo in the middle of the floor. Her husband walked very leisurely into the next room, fetched a couple of chairs, and the pair seated themselves. Truly our beloved liberty has much that is cursedly disagreeable."

Long absent from home, and inattentive to his affairs, Howard does not even attempt to detect numerous wilful errors in the books of his overseer, who accounts to him but for a small portion of the real produce of the plantation. The Creole steps in to the rescue, and Bleaks, convicted of fraud, is kept prisoner in his house till he can be transferred to the custody of the authorities.

" 'But, my dear Mr. Menou,' said I, as we sat at dinner and he uncorked a second bottle of some excellent chambertin, which the worthy man had not forgotten to bring on shore with him, 'whence comes it that you show me such unmerited sympathy?'

" 'Ah!' replied he, half-smiling, half-serious; 'you citizen aristocrats, in your proud, stiff, republican egotism, may have difficulty to understand that. You think only of yourselves, and look down upon us Creoles and upon the rest of the world as beings of an inferior race. We do not forget ourselves, but we also think of our

neighbours. Your affairs, both of the heart and as regards your temporal goods, are well known to me, and you see that I make a good use of the knowledge.

"I pressed his hand heartily, and in silence.

" 'We are not particularly fond of you northern gentlemen,' continued he, 'but you are an exception. You have a dash of the French *élourderie*, and a good deal of our generosity.'

"I could not help smiling at this sketch of my character.

"The next morning brought young Menou, an active, sensible youth of twenty. The day passed in an inspection of the plantation, and in a few hours the young man had acquired my full confidence. I recommended my people to his care, and that evening his father and myself went on board the 'Ploughboy' steamer.

"The good Creole had behaved to me like a Christian. When the boat stopped before the house of the justice of the peace, who was just going to bed, and I went on shore to explain the reasons of my application for Mr. Bleaks' arrest, the worthy functionary accosted me with this *naïve* confession:—

" 'I saw it all, my dear Mr. Howard,' said he, 'as clear as sun-light; saw every bale that they stole from you, or tried to steal.'

" 'But, in Heaven's name, man!' I exclaimed, 'Why did you let it go on?'

" 'No business of mine, friend,' was his dry reply.

" 'You might, at any rate, have informed my lawyer.'

" 'No business of mine,' was again the answer; and then, fixing his eyes hard upon me, he began a sort of lecture for which I was totally unprepared. 'Yes, yes,' he said, pushing his night-cap over his left ear, 'you young gentlemen come out of the north with your dozen blackies, hand over your couple of thousand dollars to the county, and then fancy you have nothing to do but to play the absentee, and that you honour us greatly by allowing us to collect your dollars and bank-notes and send them to you to spend in the country. I could almost be sorry, Mr. Howard, that you didn't come six months later.'

" 'And so leave the rogue time to make off with his booty.'

" 'He had worked for it, at any rate, and has wife and children, and has been useful to the county and the country.'

" 'The devil!' cried I. 'For a justice of peace, you have certainly a singular code.'

" 'Made neither by Bony nor Livingston,' replied the man earnestly, 'but not the less patriotic.'

Doubtless, no untrue or over-coloured picture of the state of feeling in the more newly-settled districts of America, on a point of vital importance. Such opinions, in spite of their abstract immorality, must find many proselytes in countries to whose prosperity and progress the principle of absenteeism, once introduced and acted upon, would be certain destruction. Howard digests Squire Turnip's reproof as best he may, and conti-

nues his journey to the Menou plantation. There he falls in with Santa Anna, then in exile in consequence of one of the frequently occurring Mexican revolutions. An accident at a nocturnal hunting party is the means of revealing to Howard, what he had previously in no way suspected, that he is an object of affectionate interest to Menou's younger daughter. The love passages are naturally and delicately treated, and the book concludes with a journey to New Orleans, and the marriage of Howard and Louise Menou.

After the lapse of nearly two years, and the publication of two books on other subjects, Mr. Sealsfield again brought upon the scene the personages of his 'Travelling Sketches.' This was done in the third volume of the 'Lebensbilder,' which also bears the second title of 'Ralph Doughby's Wedding Trip.' In opposition to what is too often the case in continuations, this volume is, if anything, superior to the preceding ones. The personages are more numerous, the incidents more striking, the texture less slight; more pains have obviously been taken, and greater finish has been given, but without detriment to freshness. The scene of nearly the whole volume, as compendious as the two of 'Travelling Sketches,' passes on board Mississippi and Red River steamboats; but, notwithstanding the narrow stage whereon the actors move, there is infinite variety in their performance. Mr. Sealsfield takes up Howard exactly where he left him, on his wedding-day, when, in company with his bride and her friends, and with Richards, whom he has met in New Orleans and forgiven, he sets out for the Red River. A graphic description is given of the company on board the steamboat.

"Truly the night-piece was no bad one. On the boundary line between quarter-deck and fore-castle, at equal distance from stem and stern, stood a group of men of such varied and strange appearance as it would be useless to seek in any other country than America. Every western state and territory had, as it seemed, sent its contingent to our steamer. Suckers from Illinois and Badgers from the lead mines of Missouri; Wolverines from Michigan and Buckeyes from Ohio; Redhorses from old Kentuck and Hunters from Oregon, stood in strange medley before us, and in garbs which, seen by the torch-light, lent a sort of antediluvian aspect to their gigantic forms. One had a hunting shirt of blue and white-striped calico, giving to its wearer, on account of his extraordinary breadth of shoulder, the appearance of a wandering feather-bed; another was distinguished by a new straw-hat, which looked about as well above his bronzed countenance as their Chinese roofs do upon our summer-houses. Winnebago wampum belts and Cherokee moccasins, doublets of tanned and untanned

deer-hide, New York coats, and red and blue jackets, composed altogether a sample of our national costume than which nothing could be more picturesque. In the centre of the crowd stood a person bearing no bad resemblance to Master Reynard when he crept out of his earth and saw the merry hunters filing joyously past him; a truly interesting Yankee specimen, with his look of earnest rebuke, his forehead plaited into innumerable wrinkles, his sparkling red-grey eye apparently fixed but yet continually rolling, now glancing at the backwoodsmen, and then at his boxes of goods; his lips tightly compressed, his whole attitude rendering it doubtful whether he was about to preach, or sing, or play the schoolmaster. The man might be thirty years of age, but was dry as leather; he had a roll of chewing-tobacco in one hand, and in the other a bunch of silk ribands, abstracted, apparently, from a chest that stood before him, half open, and disclosing the motley articles of a pedlar's trade. Beside this chest were two others, and near to one of these lay a howling negro, scratching by turns his right shoulder and his left foot, but according to all appearance still in no danger of departing this life. The Yankee raised his hand, and motioned to the noisy black to be silent, and as he did so his countenance assumed that stiff, earnest, and yet drolly cunning expression which betrays these double-distilled Hebrews, and serves as a warning to these southlanders whose good dollars they are plotting to obtain, in a quasi-legal manner, in barter for their northern equivalents."

The scene of which this is the opening is richly comic, and as good as any part of 'Sam Slick.' The negro is a decoy-duck, bribed by the Yankee pedlar to exhibit in his own person, the miraculous effects of a certain Palmyra ointment, which wonder-working remedy is speedily in demand amongst the backwoodsmen. The discovery of its real ingredients, and of the bad quality of many other of the pedlar's wares, his punishment, their destruction, but, above all, his puffing address in their praise, and flattery of the buyers, make up a most diverting and characteristic chapter. Ralph Doughby now comes upon the scene. He is the type of the Kentuckian, impetuous, reckless, warm-hearted; risking his neck for the pleasure of doing so, giving pain to no one intentionally, but to many through thoughtlessness, a hard drinker but no drunkard, a violent democrat, but nevertheless possessing some of the instincts and feelings of a gentleman. His *entrée en scène* is quite in character; he gets half-drowned when coming on board, and after shifting his clothes and swallowing a tumbler of toddy, sits down with his friends Howard and Richards to tell them his misfortunes. He has been sent to the right about by his lady-love, a stiff, chilly, Yankee damsel, on account of certain wild exploits of which he was guilty whilst

accompanying her and her father to New York. He describes his adventures during the journey, amongst others a steamboat race, which he promoted, in spite of the terrors and entreaties of his intended bride and father-in-law, and which was near terminating in bursting of boilers—a common catastrophe on American rivers. The account of the race is perfect in its way. We would willingly extract it, but it is too long, and too good to mutilate. Doughby's account of courtship in Kentucky, and of the causes and manner of his emigration, may serve to give a notion of the Kentucky style of narrative:

"'Had just returned from the Seminole war, and was eighteen years old, when I became acquainted with Peggy, a darling little thing, as delicate as fresh butter and as sweet as honey. It was corn-husking time, and I told her about the Indian war, and how we had bivouacked and the rest of it, and she listened to it all, and in less than a fortnight I was in love over head and ears. Was, as I said, just eighteen—she sixteen. For her sake I could have whipped a whole wigwam full of Seminoles, that could I, by jingo! Several months passed, and I thought I was getting on well with her, and kept sneakin' about her like a wolf round a flock of sheep, or a sentry round the watch-fire when we were out against the Indians, but she said neither no nor yes. One evening, however, she said to me,

"'Ralph,' says she, 'you are really a deal too wild.'

"'What!' cried I, 'Peggy, I too wild! you should see old Hickory, that's the man you may call wild.'

"'Ralph,' says she, 'indeed you are too wild, rough as a bear, and you drink too much whiskey!'

"'Monongahela, Peggy, genuine Monongahela, and why should I not drink it since God lets it grow?' Peggy,' says I, 'genuine Monongahela, and all paid for, owe no man a cent; have got six niggers, as stout niggers as you'll find in old Kentucky, and a thousand dollars cash besides, that my father left me, and a trifle over, and if you'll say the word we'll be man and wife.'

"'Ralph,' says she, 'you are quite too wild, drink too much; will see about it in eight days, will think about it, and you may come and ask me in eight days, and no sooner.'

"I was obliged to do her will and wait the eight days, as restless as if I had Spanish pepper rubbed into me, and when they were past I went down to Peggy's house, and whom do you think I found there? Asa Dumbler, sitting arm-in-arm with Peggy before the kitchen-fire, and when he saw me he laughed in my face, and Peggy laughed too. I had half a mind to leather him by way of a wedding present. I couldn't get her out of my head for ever so long, but at last my brother said to me,

"'Let the girl be, Ralph,' said he, 'if she meant to have you, she wouldn't let Asa come sparking about her, she's only making a fool of you.'

"And I thought to myself, Joe's right about that. And so says Joe,

" 'Ralph,' says he, 'you'd be doing a better thing if you made your niggers knock up a flat-boat; you've a couple of hundred casks of meal, and Indian corn, and hams, and cider, and apples; the articles will fetch good prices in Louisiana.'

" 'Hallo, Joe,' says I, 'reckon that's a good notion: the Cumberland's rising, and I'll be off; old Kentuck is reg'lar spoil for me; will down the Mississippi, and see what the folks do in Louisiana.' No sooner said than done. Of boards and beams I had plenty; in three weeks I had knocked up a flat-boat, as solid as ever floated. Loaded my two hundred casks of flour, a few hundred hams, maize, and cider, and the rest of it; took my half-dozen niggers and a couple of horses, which neighbour Snapper let me have on commission, and down the Cumberland into the Ohio and the slimy Mississipp. a thousand miles and more. Fine trees, beautiful bottoms, capital soil, thought I; but too much water, too low for you, Doughby, you like dry land. But when I got down to Natchez and the Walnut-hills, and again saw something like mountains, it pleased me better. At Natchez I got rid of a hundred casks and as many hams, and at Woodville of the rest of my cargo, and the boat into the bargain; looked about in the neighborhood and found a bit of land that just suited; two thousand acres, five dollars an acre, five years term. Hallo, Ralph, thought I, that's the thing for you. Two thousand dollars a year to pay—the devil's in it if you can't manage that. So I struck the bargain, gave a thousand dollars down, and went back to Cumberland river with the Louisville steamer; built another flat-boat, and put on it the rest of my plunder and as much meal as I could get, and a dozen horses which I afterwards sold at famous prices, and went down again to Woodville, and built, and cleared, and planted, and soon forgot the Pollys and Peggys, and all the rest of them. And now there I am, and well-established.'

" And well established he was, as any man on the Mississippi, and the eight years he had spent there did him honour. His six negroes had increased to more than forty, his wilderness had become a respectable plantation, his cotton was sought after; not only was his land free of debt, but he had already a handsome sum in the planter's bank, and sent off every year his hundred and fifty bales 'prime cotton.'

The madcap Doughby runs away, after a few hours' acquaintance, with Howard's sister-in-law, who prefers him to a sickly, yellow-visaged Creole, to whom her father has promised her, and to whom, greatly against her will, she is about to be united. The Creole fires a pistol at Doughby, who is slightly wounded, but for sole revenge contents himself with shaking his disappointed rival nearly out of his senses. The father's forgiveness is with some difficulty obtained, and before the close of the book the wild Kentuckian bachelor is seen to settle down into a comparatively steady benedict.

In the three following volumes, which, under the title of 'Planter Life,' and 'Nathan, the Squatter Regulator,' close the se-

ries, there is scarcely any plot and comparatively little incident. They are not travels, or novels, or essays, but a mixture of all three; literally what they profess to be, pictures of life, crowded with figures, and displaying the author's opinions on a variety of subjects. They are evidently the result of a long residence in Louisiana, and thorough acquaintance with the men and manners of that state. Negro and Creole life, the hardships and difficulties of the French emigrants who took refuge in America when driven from their country by the revolution, the encroachments of the early American settlers, who, whilst Louisiana was yet a Spanish colony, came and squatted themselves upon her territory, and neither would nor could be expelled by the feeble government of the province; in turn, and in attractive style, all these matters are touched upon. Negro peculiarities, the treatment and condition of the slaves, receive a large share of attention, and the reasoning on the subject shows both good sense and impartiality. Our author is no abolitionist, at least in the vulgar sense of the term, as implying a partisan of prompt and indiscriminate manumission. Without defending the principle of slavery, measures that would suddenly exonerate from immediate control, and from the actual necessity of labour, an immense black population, idle and sensual by nature, may well be deprecated. Such measures would be perilous to the property and even to the lives of thousands of families. Mr. Sealsfield does not profess to put forward his own opinions on these subjects, although it may without much difficulty be seen to which side they lean. His exposition of slavery in the Southern States is conveyed chiefly by sketches and exemplifications of negro character, by dialogues and arguments between Creole slaveholders and French abolitionists. No attempt is made to dissimulate the fact, that many of the vices which render the slaves unfit for liberty and for the enjoyment of civil rights, are the result of their unhappy condition. Like all oppressed races, they are cunning and deceitful, rarely susceptible of gratitude for kind treatment, and indeed—a bad trait, this, in their character—they for the most part are least to be trusted when best treated. By fear, rather than by love, must these unfortunates be ruled, and of the means of inspiring the former feeling a cruel abuse is but too frequently made.

It would have satisfied the ambition of most writers, especially in days when few novelists put more into their books than is essential to gain a lukewarm acceptance at the hands of publishers and public, to suc-

ceed in sketching, and placing in a framework which, although slight and inartificial, is highly agreeable, the distinguishing features of transatlantic life and character. Few, we believe, would have striven to do more, and whilst amusing and interesting their readers, to advocate principles which they held for true and holy. The absence not only of a healthy, but of any strongly marked tendency, is a prevalent vice of the novelists of the day. A tolerable plot, dramatic situation, a succession of incident, is considered abundant stock in trade for a three volume novel by the majority of authors who flourish, or it were better said, who vegetate, in this fifth decennium of the nineteenth century. In Mr. Sealsfield's writings, on the contrary, are to be traced an under current of thought, and the endeavour to propagate certain political and social ideas; and although we can rarely chime in with his views or believe in their possible accomplishment, we admit the energy and ability of his advocacy. A fervent republican, he seeks to convince the world of the superiority of the American form of government over all others. We believe that his success will be very moderate, that he will find few proselytes amongst the reflecting classes of our European populations, and we foresee the downfall, although not, perhaps, in his lifetime, of the cherished institutions in whose endurance he places so fervent a faith. His Utopian visions melt into thinnest air when opposed to the experience of centuries; and the very country in which he has now elected his abode, the last remaining European republic, existing but by sufferance and rent by internal discords, might serve as a beacon to warn him of the instability of democracy. A French reviewer, already quoted, says that whilst looking down with pity upon European slaves and tyrants, Mr. Sealsfield still holds his transatlantic country tolerably cheap. We think differently. Although wedded to republicanism, Mr. Sealsfield, as a man of strong natural sense and penetration, cannot remain blind to certain disadvantages and inconveniences, the result of the system he upholds; and his sense of these he occasionally, and, as we believe, quite unconsciously, allows to ooze out in his writings. His marked blame and disapproval of European institutions are, on the other hand, expressed in language as energetic as it is often amusing and sometimes exaggerated. England and France are the only countries of which he takes much notice by name. He was doubtless obliged to respect German censorship, and as to the other nations of Europe, he must look upon them as poor benighted

slaves, whose day of liberation is yet far distant. Some of his sketches of European national character and qualities are hit off with great spirit and fun. The following may serve as an example. It is a fragment of a sort of journal, written, or supposed to be, previously to the French revolution of 1830, and soon after a terrific hurricane that has ravaged cotton fields and plantations and swept away houses on the banks of the Red River.

"Papa Menou is gone to his plantation with my two French guests; nor am I sorry for it, as regards the latter. They are restless fellows, these Frenchmen, and thorough cowards. During the storm they were so faint-hearted, lost their presence of mind so completely, that they were fain to take refuge behind the negresses, who made merry, not a little, at their expense; but the next day they were again heroes, and would have conducted the Italian campaigns better than Napoleon himself. Whilst we bustled about with our hands full of work, they stood and talked politics, and that with a decision that would have done honour to the first lord of the English treasury in a financial debate. That might have been borne, but, oh! the perpetual gesticulation, waving of hands, and stamping of feet, and knitting of brows, during these discussions. It seemed as if another revolution of '89 were about to break out, or that a brace of Mexican bandits were about to fly at your throat. Now their hands were stuck theatrically in their sides, then their eyes flashed, their fists were clenched, their attitudes became heroic, and the stamping and declamation redoubled. All that is unbearable; diametrically opposed to our notions of the gentleman. And yet they are both of good birth, descendants of historical families; but the gentlemanly dignity whereof the foundation is a consciousness of being a power in the state, the feeling of independence is wanting. The true gentleman should always be alike, never lose his composure, but show as calm and unruffled a front to the storm as to the soft breath of the north-western breeze. The friendly visitor, and the sheriff who bears a warrant for his arrest, should be received by him with the same composed demeanour. But of this, one necessary condition is an assured political and social position, which the Frenchman has not yet got, and will find it difficult ever to achieve. His Habeas-corpus Act has left the broken walls of the Bastille only to take refuge in the Conciergerie and La Force, and the very consciousness of his precarious position renders him discontented, turbulent, and peevish. The character of the true gentleman can flourish but amongst an entirely free people, and in monarchical-aristocratical states it will be found to exist only in the very highest classes."—*Lebensbilder*, vol. iv., pp. 116.

There is much in the habit of danger. Many a brave seaman, for whom the fire-vomiting flanks of an enemy's frigate have no terrors, would feel extremely shy and

nervous on a high-mettled hunter, at the tail of a Leicestershire pack, and with a bull-fence country before him. Mr. Sealsfield's Frenchmen may have been first-rate fellows at a charge of bayonets, notwithstanding that they were so sadly disconcerted by his Louisianian hurricane, which, according to his own showing, was an awful exhibition. Earthquakes and hurricanes are exceptional cases. We do not, however, understand him seriously to impeach the courage of the French as a nation; and if he did so, we must totally differ with him. But his assertion that the character of the true gentleman is to be met with only in a free country, by which he evidently, as the passages we have put into italics clearly show, understands a republic, is to us both novel and diverting. We have certainly not been accustomed to seek in American character that happy blending of chivalrous honour, dignified tone, and engaging manners, which is considered to constitute the gentleman *par excellence*. Neither the conduct of the United States as a nation, nor the specimens of their population whom we have had opportunities of observing, have forced upon us the conviction that democracy is a good cradle of gentlemanly feelings and manners. The time may perhaps come when we shall acquire that conviction. We shall be happy to see it arrive.

Numerous and various in their nature have been the books on Mexico written and published within the last twenty years, and to several of the most worthy, reference was made a few months ago, in the pages of this Review. Residents and travellers, diplomats and men of science, have in turn given us valuable information concerning the condition, politics, and prospects of the most extensive and important of Spanish American states; the revolution has had no unworthy historian in Robinson; Mexican society, habits, vices, and virtues, have been anatomised in their minutest details by the clever pen of an accomplished and intelligent Scotchwoman. But to no English writer has it occurred to make the terrible and extraordinary scenes of the Mexican revolution the ground-work of an historical romance. Yet where could there be a finer field for the highest class of fiction, than the uprising of a people who for three centuries had groaned under the most cruel tyranny; a tyranny unparalleled, perhaps, in the history of the world? The sanguinary traditions of the great Marquis, who, from the most exemplary motives, as one of his historians insinuates, converted into shambles the flowery plains and stately cities of ancient Mexico, descended through many generations to the latest inheritors of his

power, and in the nineteenth century a Calleja was found, ready to vie for cruelty with the Cortes of the sixteenth. It was reserved for Mr. Sealsfield, doubly qualified by an intimate acquaintance with the country and its people, and by the possession of extraordinary descriptive powers, to throw into the form of a romance the terrible annals of the struggle for Mexican independence, and at the same time to give to the European public the most striking picture of Mexican life and manners with which we are acquainted. Never were we more deeply interested and more strongly impressed by any book, than by the 'Viceroy and the Aristocracy,' and we should be accused of exaggeration did we here record the meed of praise which we believe it to deserve. The author's previous works had not prepared us for this one. Written, for the most part, in the light, sketchy style of which we have given specimens, they had not led us to expect from the same hand a production of such extraordinary power as this Mexican romance. Before entering further upon its merits, let us briefly glance at the state of Mexico in the year 1812, the period which Mr. Sealsfield has, with peculiar felicity, selected for his story.

Accelerated by the premature discovery of the plot, which was betrayed by a conspirator upon his death-bed, the first revolutionary outbreak in Mexico, in the autumn of 1810, was confined, with few and unimportant exceptions, to the Indians and coloured population. A large number of influential Creoles, implicated, and who were to have taken a leading part, in the insurrection, alarmed at its premature development, drew back in time, and the insurgent army, which speedily amounted to upwards of a hundred thousand men, undisciplined, and in great part unarmed, saw itself deprived of those best able to direct its operations and check its excesses. The parish priest, Hidalgo, who first gave the signal of revolt, and lighted up the flame destined to consume him, was incompetent to guide or control the motley mass of insurgents, who, infuriated by a long series of oppressions and cruelties, swept through the land like raging madmen, indiscriminately exterminating both Spaniards and Creoles. The latter, for the most part well disposed to the revolution, saw themselves compelled, for their own preservation, to side with those against whom they would willingly have drawn the sword: they united with the Spaniards to repress a revolt, which, had it succeeded, would have annihilated the white population, and thrown the government of the country into the hands of the Indians and castes. The rebellion was suppressed; the fearful retribution exercised by

the conquerors may be read in the pages of Robinson and others, who have been taxed with exaggeration, but to whose narratives persons acquainted with the inherent cruelty of the Spanish character, and with the unscrupulous and sanguinary nature of Spanish colonial administrations, will perhaps see little reason for refusing implicit credit. The victims of fury and revenge were reckoned by tens of thousands; at last the tiger was glutted, and then the relative position of the three parties in Mexico was this. The Spaniards, still cherishing feelings of hatred against all who had dared to assail their hitherto undisputed rule, looked with suspicion and dislike upon the Creoles, who, they well knew, would far rather, had circumstances permitted, have sided against, than with them. They considered them as traitors in intention, if not in deed, and treated them with greater contempt and contumely than before. The Creoles, or at least the more enlightened and patriotic of their number, to whom decorations and *títulos de Castilla* were insufficient baits to become partisans of the Spaniards, watched the march of events, and worked in silence and darkness towards one great end, the increase of their power and influence in the army and the country, by which alone, as they justly considered, could a revolution be brought about that should establish Creole supremacy. The Indians and castes, momentarily stunned by the terrible chastisement inflicted on them, were yet far from abandoning the game as lost, and numerous parties of insurgents still kept up a desultory warfare with the Spanish troops. Learning wisdom from experience, they watched and waited, avoiding decisive actions, and maintaining through their leaders an active correspondence with Creole noblemen of patriot opinions. It is whilst this was the state of parties, during the carnival of 1812, and when the principal insurgent leader, Morelos, had approached to within a few leagues of the city of Mexico, that Mr. Sealsfield opens his romance of the 'Viceroy and the Aristocracy.' The latter are the Creole nobles, the former is Vanegas, a Spanish grandee of the first class and captain-general of the royal armies. Whilst opposed to the French in the Peninsula, this officer had lost, rather, it was affirmed, by treachery than through lack of courage and ability, the two important actions of Cuenca and Almonacid. Of a highly influential family, and allied with others still more weighty and important, his military treason or misfortune had not prevented his receiving from the Cortes a nomination to the Viceroyalty of Mexico, one of the most valuable and

coveted posts in the gift of the Kings of Spain. In this new capacity he displayed considerable talent, and it was in great part owing to his energetic measures that the revolution had been crushed. But he had to struggle with difficulties unknown to his predecessors. His nomination was from the Cortes only, Spain being then, practically speaking, kingless; and the peculiar sanctity and *prestige* which the royal sanction usually gave to the Viceroy was wanting. Unimportant though this circumstance may seem, it had weight with the Spanish nobility and officials in Mexico, and Vanegas found it necessary to court and conciliate the Creoles, in order occasionally to throw them into the balance as a check upon his own countrymen.

The principal personages in the romance are Vanegas and his family, especially his sister-in-law, a worldly beauty, ambitious and intriguing; the Count St. Jago, an enlightened and high-hearted Creole nobleman, and Vicente Guerero, a muleteer, who by his talents and ardent patriotism has risen to be an influential chief of the insurgents. The characters are all admirably worked out, well-drawn, and consistent. The scenes in which Guerero figures are amongst the most interesting. We may instance the first two chapters of the book, than which we know not where to look for anything more strikingly original. During the carnival, Guerero ventures in disguise into the city of Mexico, and causes to be performed a sort of double *sotie* or masquerade, in the first part of which is figured forth the wretched condition of the Mexican people, writhing beneath the vampire-like oppression of Spain.

"It was a party of twelve persons, fantastically attired in the costumes of the various Indian tribes, and who were grouped round a *carro*, or two-wheeled cart, in so picturesque a manner that it was easily seen they followed the direction of some intelligent head. The Indians were in mourning, and acted as pall-bearers: upon the cart itself were two figures, in whom the attributes of the ghastly and the comic were so strangely blended as to inspire the beholder with mingled feelings of curiosity and horror. One of the figures lay stretched at full length upon the car; it was a torso, from whose breast, and from the stumps of its mutilated limbs, blood was continually dropping, which, as fast as it fell, was greedily licked up by figures masked and disguised as Spaniards. There still seemed to be life in the victim, for it groaned and gave out hollow tones, and struggled, but in vain, to shake off the monster that crouched like a vampire upon its body and dug its tiger claws into its breast. The monster was as strange to behold as the sufferer. It had the cowl and the gloomy countenance of a well-fed Dominican monk; on one side of it was

a blazing torch, on the other a yelling hound; its head was covered with a brass basin, intended probably to represent the barber helmet of Cervantes' knight. Above this helm waved a pair of wings, not unlike those which the fancy of old heralds has bestowed upon the griffin; the back ended in the tail of the coyote, or Mexican wolf, and the claws with which the monster ripped up the torso's breast were those of a caguar."

A plain enough allegory, but lest any should not seize it, Guerero appears masked in the street where it is exhibited, and gives a commentary on it, in the witty and popular style likely to take with the crowds of the lower orders—amongst whom, however, are many Creoles—who throng to the strange spectacle. Suddenly, from a far distant balcony, resounds the cry of '*Vigilancia!*' '*Vigilancia!*' is echoed from mouth to mouth. '*Vigilancia!*' repeats Guerero, 'thanks, señoras y señores,' and with a bow and a smile he disappears. The crowd close round the cart, and when the alguazils arrive, a few fragments of wood and paste-board are all that remain of the pageant.

From the street the daring partisan goes to the Trespana coffee-house, then thronged with revellers, and makes his way into a room where a party of young Creole nobles are playing *monté*. Before them he causes to be performed a comedy of a refined nature, more likely to appeal to their tastes and feelings than the grim drama enacted in the street. Its object is to expose the vices and weakness of Ferdinand VII., and to convince the Creoles of his unworthiness to reign over them. We are grievously tempted to extract, but must resist for want of space. The performance is near its close when it is interrupted by the alguazils. The actors escape, but the young noblemen find themselves deeply compromised by having witnessed this treasonable exhibition, and are condemned, as a punishment for their offence, to serve in the army. Amongst them is Manuel, Count St. Jago's nephew, who is in love with the viceroy's sister-in-law; and he, being Spanish in his sympathies, chooses to go to Spain and serve against the French rather than enter the Mexican army under Calleja. His adventures upon his journey to the coast are such, however, as to compromise him to the rebel cause. He falls in with Guerero, from whose lips he receives an animated account of Hidalgo's insurrection, its rise, progress, and suppression. Mr. Sealsfield has based this account, and most of the strictly historical parts of his book, upon the works of Robinson and Mier, but he introduces many details, gathered probably during his own visit to Mexico, and his nervous style gives the charm of novelty

to the whole. A fight in the mountains between a squadron of Spanish dragoons and a party of half-armed patriots, terminates in the defeat of the former, to whom the Indians show no quarter. Don Manuel, who, by the warmth of his indignation at the cruelty of the Spaniards, has been betrayed into using his arms against them, endeavours to stop the carnage.

"It was in vain: his voice was drowned by the cries of fury of the Indians. At that moment the vesper bells of Cholula were heard to ring, and those of the villages of the plain chimed in with a harmony indescribably soothing.

" '*Ave Maria!*' murmured the Indians. '*Ave Maria!*' repeated Metises and Zambos; and all, friends and foes, let their blood-dripping hands fall, sank their wild and furious glances to the earth, and, whilst they mechanically seized and kissed the medallions of the Virgin of Guadalupe that hung around their necks, they commenced praying in loud monotonous tones, '*Ave Maria! audi nos peccadores!*'

"And, as though the sound of the bells were commands from on high, these furious men bowed their heads, uplifted and folded their hands, and, kneeling upon the carcases of their slain foes, implored, in humble formula, forgiveness for themselves and for their enemies.

"Over valley and plain the shades of evening had spread themselves; in the barrancas it was already night; but the mountains of the Sierra Madre still glowed in flame colour, the majestic, snow-covered peaks blazing, like mighty beacons, in unspeakable glory and splendour. Suddenly flocks of vultures and eagles arose and drew near, their hoarse cries mingling with the groans of the dying and sobs of the wounded, and completing the horrible sublimity of the scene. The last note of the bells tolled out: the Indians arose, gazed at each other for a moment in lowering silence, and then, without a word, threw themselves upon the remaining Spaniards with a rage and rapidity that seemed scarcely human. In a few seconds not one of the dragoons drew the breath of life. To a man they had been strangled and stabbed by their vindictive and pitiless foes."

Even from such brief scraps as these may be gathered evidence of great power, both picturesque and dramatic. We do not propose to go into further details of the plot of the '*Viceroy*,' which can hardly be said to be brought to a wind-up, excepting as regards certain political manœuvres of Count St. Jago, crowned with complete success. But the common forms of romance writing, the *obligato* deaths and marriages at the close of a third volume, may well be dispensed with in this instance. We have here far better than the ordinary routine of storytelling—a living and moving panorama of Mexico passes before our eyes as we turn these pages. The luxury and lavish magnifi-

cence of the Spanish rulers, their gilt abodes, and pride of birth, and inexpressible contempt and loathing for the coloured races, or *gente irrazionale*, as they called them, the fawning subserviency of some of the Creoles, the brooding impatience of their yoke which others felt, but rarely dared to show; the stubborn, dogged half-breeds; the Indians, gentle and submissive, till spurred by inhuman cruelties to an outbreak of desperate ferocity; the *Leperos*, lazzaroni of the New World, half-naked, and for the most part imbecile, sunk in squalor, filth and misery; such are a portion of the figures whom Mr. Sealsfield displays upon his well-filled and vivid canvass. Nor is he less successful in his delineation of inanimate nature. From the 'Viceroy,' and from his other Mexican book, 'South and North,' we have gathered a clearer notion of the scenery and configuration of the country, its lakes and mountains, forests and barrancas, than we had obtained from all the works we had previously read on the subject. But of this more hereafter. We pause to make a final extract of a scene upon the Paseo Nuevo, or public promenade of the city of Mexico. The Paseo, a double alley of poplars, extending from the south-western extremity of the capital to the bridge over the Chalco canal, a distance of a couple of miles, is crowded with the carriages of the Creole ladies, with pedestrians and horsemen. A group of the latter, consisting of Spanish officers, have halted by the side of the road, and are indulging in loud and insolent comments on the appearance of the ladies.

"*Carajo!*" suddenly exclaimed one of the black-bearded crew, a fiery little ensign, as he gave his horse the spur, and galloped after a coach containing two ladies, one of whom, judging from the graceful outline of her elegantly dressed form, possessed no ordinary attractions. The young officer's sudden movement drew the attention of his comrades and of the public, and both began, although after a very different fashion, to make their remarks upon it.

"*Demonio!*" cried the officers.

"*Abajo!*" 'shame!' muttered the crowd, in low, deep tones.

"*Adelante, Lopez!*" cried several officers.

"*Viva el conquistador!*" shouted others, encouragingly.

"*By my soul, bold as a Navarrese!*" exclaimed one.

"*Say, rather, saucy as an Andalusian,*" replied another, 'for Don Lopez Matanza has the honour to be a born Andalusian.'

"*From the country which the archangel Gabriel himself visited,*" laughed a third.

"This witty conversation was suddenly interrupted by a loud scream of indignation and terror proceeding from the carriage in which the two ladies sat, and to which the ensign had gal-

loped up with all the external gallantry of a Spaniard, and the insolence of a privileged profligate. For one moment a stillness like that of death reigned in the Paseo, whilst thousands of heads were turned, and thousands of necks stretched out, in the direction whence the cry came, and then, as the cause gradually became known, the carriages all stopped, and riders and walkers galloped and pressed in hundreds round the coach whose occupant had been outraged. In an instant the presumptuous officer was surrounded by an innumerable throng, forming a compact mass round him and the carriage. At the same time a murmur arose which at first had a character of timidity, but soon became louder and more threatening. As yet no hand had been lifted against the audacious insulter of Mexican womanhood, when suddenly the terrible words, 'Down with the tyrant!' echoed through the crowd. A hundred hands were raised, and the unfortunate ensign disappeared from off his horse. The other officers, who had come up in all haste, in vain endeavoured with drawn swords to force their way to their comrade.

"*Senoria, for the mother of God's sake!*" exclaimed an old Spanish hidalgo to a colonel, who stood a little apart, absorbed in the contemplation of a brilliant phaeton, which now rapidly ascended the Paseo, and apparently unmindful of what had passed—'*Senoria!*' screamed the hidalgo, 'only think what insolence! One of your officers, the very honourable Ensign Don Lopez Matanza, of the regiment of Saragossa, as I believe, condescended to favour the Señorita Zuniga with his attentions, and to offer her a salutation which any countess in Mexico should feel honoured to receive, and the shameless girl—'

"*By my soul, Don Abasalo Agostino Pinto, you are a fool!*" replied the colonel, spurring his horse, and dashing into the thick of the crowd, which at the same moment divided, in order to give passage to the phaeton and its four Andalusian horses, and to escape the swords of the six life-guardsmen who preceded the vehicle.—Strangely enough, a few seconds saw the crowd dispersed in wonderful order and silence in the side alleys, and the viceregal equipage was able to draw up unimpeded beside the carriage in which the insulted ladies sat.

"*What is all this?*" inquired one of two ladies who occupied the phaeton.

"*A piece of gallantry carried rather too far, as I understand,*" replied the colonel, 'and of which my ensign, Don Lopez Matanza, has been guilty.'

"*We are inexpressibly grieved, dear señoras,*" continued the lady, in melodious, but somewhat imperious tones, 'and entreat you for a while to consider our carriage as yours.' And whilst she leaned over with enchanting grace towards the ladies, two richly liveried attendants lifted the terrified and half fainting Creole out of her coach, and placed her in the phaeton beside their mistress, who bowed to the officers, and then, with the gracious smile of a queen, continued her progress along the Paseo.

"For a moment the eyes of the colonel followed the proud beauty, and then turned their gaze upon the Creoles, who again rode, drove, and walked about as if nothing in the least unusual had occurred.

"'Strange! upon my honour,' said he to his neighbour; 'but where is Ensign Don Lopez Matanza? Don Martinez, you will take away his sword for three days. Where is Ensign Don Lopez Matanza?'" repeated the colonel in a louder tone. He had disappeared, and his horse with him.

"'Where is Don Lopez Matanza?'" exclaimed all the officers.

"'Seek him behind the fountain,' cried voices in the distance.

"'Jesus Maria!' *Todos diablos!* '*Santa Virgen!*' shouted and screamed the officers.

"The unlucky Spaniard lay behind the fountain, stone dead, his breast pierced with numerous stiletto thrusts. Certain blue marks upon his throat plainly told that he had first been strangled and then stabbed.

"'They have twisted his neck like a young hound,'" cried Don Pinto.

"'Señores,' said the colonel, softly and gravely, 'our brother has sought his fate. These despised Creoles begin to discover their shame. Beware of quickening their perceptions.'

"'Madre de Dios!'" murmured a captain, 'in broad bright daylight, and in the face of thousands, they have throttled him like a dog!'

"'Such deeds alarm me,' said the colonel, 'they are sparks which may easily grow into a blaze. Once more, señores—prudence!'

"A picket of troops that had been stationed a thousand paces off, on the bridge over the Chalco canal, now came up; the colonel gave the necessary orders, and, after seeing the corpse laid upon a bier formed of muskets, rode down the Paseo. The other officers followed the body of their murdered comrade."

We have spoken of Mr. Sealsfield's writings in terms of very high praise, and reflection does not induce us to retract one syllable of the commendation bestowed. Maturely considered, our verdict is that he is one of the most remarkable writers of his class now living. His works are invaluable acquisitions to German literature, both on account of their intrinsic worth and interest, and as likely to stimulate a fresher and more natural tone amongst the present school of German novelists. He deals in the real and true, not in mysticism and sickly sentiment. Whilst lauding the merits of his writing, we are not however blind to their defects. The former are, a deep knowledge of human nature, character skilfully drawn, dialogue spirited and dramatic, description of a high order, incidents agreeable and often striking. His failings are an utter negligence in the carrying out of his plots, occasional inconsistencies and omissions, such as writers of the present day rarely hazard, and, in some instances, wildness and incoherency of style. At times he seems to throw the reins upon the neck of his imagination, which carries him Heaven knows where, but certainly far beyond the ken of his read-

er. This is especially the case in his last publication, 'South and North,' a narrative of an adventurous ramble through Mexico, accomplished by a party of Americans. We refer the reader to the seventeenth chapter for a fine sample of the powerfully rhapsodical. The travellers bivouac in a swamp, and are attacked by the mosquito fever. The chapter was written, we should think, during a paroxysm of that distressing malady, or under the influence of a pipe of opium. But this same book, although extravagant and of little interest as a whole, contains passages as fine as anything that Mr. Sealsfield has written or that we have read. He is never more happy than in the description of scenery. It is easy to babble about green fields, and the merest scribblers reckon thereupon for filling up considerable portions of their drowy post octavos, but between such babbling and the vivid picturesqueness, strength of diction, and happiness of expression, which place a fine landscape, an aboriginal forest, the incalculable vegetable luxuriance of a Texian prairie, or the tropical glories of a Mexican barranca, before the reader's eyes in the mellow, sunny colouring of a Claude, or with the savage boldness of a Salvator, lies a chasm both deep and wide. Let us see on which side of the gulf Mr. Sealsfield stands. Hear him describe a sunrise in Southern Mexico:

"'Wrapped in our mantles, we watched the last stars that yet lingered palely in the heavens. Suddenly the eastern sky grew light, and a bright point appeared, like a falling star floating between heaven and earth—but yet no star, its hue was too ruddy. We still gazed in silence, when a second fiery spot showed itself in the neighbourhood of the first, which now grew and increased, and became like a flaming tongue, licking round the silver summits of the snow-crowned hills, and then descending, as the flames in a burning village creep from roof to walls. And as we looked, five, ten, twenty mountain peaks became bathed in the same rosy fire, which spread with lightning swiftness, like a banner of flames, from hill-top to hill-top. Scarce five minutes had elapsed since the high mountains, wrapped in their dull pale shroud of snow, had shown dim and frosty in the distance, and now both they and their smaller brethren flamed forth like mighty beacons or lava-streaming volcanoes, bringing to our minds, in all its living truth, the word of Him who said, 'Let there be light, and there was light.' Above, all was bright and glorious day; below, gloomy sullen night. Here and there floods of radiance were poured in through the clefts of the mountains, and where they penetrated, a strange contest ensued. The shades of darkness seemed to live, and move, and engage in desperate struggle with the intrusive sunbeams that broke and dispersed them, chasing them up the wooded heights, and rending them asunder like cobwebs, so that suddenly and as by enchant-

ment were disclosed the deep indigo blue of the tamarinds and chicazopotes, lower down, the bright green of the sugar fields, lower still, the darker tints of the nopal gardens, then the ultramarine and gold, and green, and white, and bright yellow of the orange and citron groves, and finally the lofty fan and date palms, and the splendid banana, all covered with millions of dew-drops that glittered and sparkled like countless diamonds and rubies."—*Süden und Norden*, vol. i., p. 177.

And further on :

"From out of the distant background the silver dome of the star of Mexican mountains towered into the heavens, one vast field of frosted silver, detaching itself from the deep azure of the sky as from a dark blue ocean. More to the right, but nearer, the cliffs of the Senpoaltepec, with their granite terraces, and gables, and towers, rose in fantastic groups to a height of twelve thousand feet. But at the foot of this mighty world of snow and mountain, swimming in all the colours of the rainbow, were hedges of banana and palm, dividing sugar, and cotton, and nopal fields, sprinkled with citron, and orange, and fig trees of gigantic height, twice as high as our northern oaks; every tree a hothouse, a pyramid, a huge nosegay, covered to the distance of a hundred feet from the ground, with flowers and blossoms, with dendrobiums, paulinias, bignonias, and convolvulus. And then pomegranate gardens, and chicazopotes, and chimoyas, and strawberry trees; the whole valley one vast garden, but such a garden as no northern imagination could even faintly picture."—*Süden und Norden*, vol. i., p. 210.

Yet one more extract of a similar class :

"This valley of Oaxaca has about the same right to be styled a valley that our Alleghanys would have to be called bottoms. We should call it a chain of mountains, although here it is looked upon as a valley, in comparison with the far higher mountains that rise out of it and surround it as with a frame. And truly a magnificent frame they are, with their varieties of light, and shade, and colour, here looking like dead gold, then like the same metal in a state of fiery solution, and then again darkening into a deep, rich, golden bronze. Below, the bright and dark green, and crimson and purple, and violet and yellow, and azure and dazzling white of myriads of flowers, and the prodigious palms, far more than a hundred feet high, their majestic turbans rising like sultans' heads above the luxuriant tree and vegetable world! And then the mahogany trees, the chicazopotes, and in the barrancas the candelabra-like cactus, and higher up the knotted and majestic live oak. A perpetual change of plants, trees, and temperature. For five hours have we ridden, and have changed our climate nearly as often, passing from the *tierra templada*, the temperate zone, into the *tierra caliente* and *muy caliente*, the hot and torrid. Just now we are roasted with heat, the sweat bursting from every pore, as we move through an entirely new

world of plants and animals. Borax, and man-groves, and ferns as lofty as trees, and trees like church towers, springing out of the aboriginal forest far higher even than the colossal mahogany. And then the exotic animals that we see around us—black tigers—we have stumbled upon at least a dozen of the cowardly, sneaking brutes—and iguanas, three feet long, and squirrels twice as large as those in the States, and ocelots, and wild boars, and coyotes—although these latter are to be found everywhere—and grinning apes of every size and species. And yonder, standing out white and bright from the deep-blue heavens and bronze-coloured rocks, is the village of Quidricovi."—*Süden und Norden*, vol. ii., p. 184.

Similar passages abound in the book whence these are taken. Allowing for the disadvantage of a translation, and the difficulty of rendering the full richness of the original German, they will be admitted to display great descriptive power, as well as a keen perception and poetical appreciation of the beauties of external nature.

The most conspicuous feature in the 'Cabin-book,' which, as the name hints, contains a string of stories told in the cabin of a steamer, is an animated account of the Texian revolution, its causes, progress, and ultimate triumph. Mr. Sealsfield's narrative of battles and marches could not be more graphic had he himself taken share in them. We know not whether this was the case, although from his evidently erratic and adventurous propensities we should not be surprised to learn that he had made the campaign, and that those are his own adventures that he puts into the mouth of a young American settler in Texas. After a very few skirmishes, the steady courage and terrible marksmanship of the Texians seem to have inspired their antagonists with a wholesome terror, and although the exultation of the former at their early and easy successes was soon damped by their terrible reverses at the forts of Goliad and the Alamo—where thirteen hundred men, the flower of the Texian army, were sacrificed—the prudence of Houston and the tenacity of his soldiers again changed the fortune of the war, and the final victory of San Jacinto and capture of Santa Anna established the independence of Texas. Conquerors and their partisans do not willingly detract from the merit of their achievements by taxing the vanquished with utter cowardice and incapacity, and Mr. Sealsfield extols the desperate courage displayed by a portion of the Mexicans in the above-named battle, which was, in fact, a surprise, followed, as we have always understood, and as other writers on the subject have asserted, by the instantaneous and panic flight of the whole of Santa

Anna's army. On the other hand, he gives some laughable instances of their poltroonery in previous encounters, when opposed but to a tithe of their numbers. 'The Dons, although numerically and in discipline far superior to the backwoodsmen pitted against them, who had little notion of military tactics, and fought, for the most part, each man 'on his own book,' yet laboured under some disadvantages. Not the least of these appears to have been the quality of their ammunition. Charcoal-dust cartridges, and muskets 'made to sell,' both proceeding, we are told, from British manufactures, were picked up and curiously examined by the Texians after a fight upon the banks of the Salado, during which they had had reason to feel astonished at their own seemingly miraculous invulnerability to a heavy fire. And as the Mexicans, out of respect for the superior qualities of their opponents' weapons, usually fired at extreme musket-range, and sometimes a trifle beyond, it is no wonder that the Texian loss was reckoned by units, when that on the other side amounted to hundreds.* The cavalry, whose sabres, upon the level prairie, ought to have told with terrible effect against the irregular array of the Texians, behaved with conspicuous cowardice, and when they were brought up to a charge their officers were picked off, and the men retired in confusion.

"We saw the officers furiously gesticulating, brandishing their sabres, and torturing their horses with the spur, till the irritated animals reared and plunged, and sprang into the air, all four feet off the ground. It is fair to say, that the officers showed far more pluck than we had given them credit for. Two squadrons had charged us, and lost two-thirds of their officers; but those who had been spared, nothing daunted by their comrades' fall, used every exertion again to bring their men to the scratch. At last there appeared a chance of their accomplishing it, in a most original and thoroughly Mexican manner. They rode on alone for about a hundred yards, then stopped and looked back at their men, as much as to say, 'Thus far you may come with

whole skins.' Then they galloped back again, and tried to get the men on. Each repetition of this manœuvre brought the reluctant dragoons thirty or forty paces forward, when they again halted as by common consent. Again the officers scampered forward, and then back to their squadrons to persuade them to a further advance. And in this way these valiant fighting men were lured to within a hundred and fifty yards of our position."

But only to be again repulsed and completely routed. Considering that Mexican horsemen, especially those of Santa Fé and Louis Potosi, are perhaps the finest in the world, and that their sabre blades, albeit not forged at Damascus or Toledo, could not be liable to the same objections as the Brumma-gem cartridges, such pusillanimity on the part of disciplined masses, when opposed in the open field to a mere handful of riders, is truly inconceivable. We should suspect high colouring, but for the corroborative evidence afforded by other accounts of the war. The military virtues of the Mexicans appear to be limited to prancing on parades, issuing proclamations ridiculously bombastic, and asserting defeats to be victories, with an audacity of lying unparalleled even in the annals of bulletins. However superior their numbers, the only battles they can hope to gain are those in which they shall be opposed to greater cowards than themselves. Such it would probably not be easy to find.

To-day, when the United States are attempting to vindicate, by the glittering but hollow argument of the sword, their unjustifiable aggression upon a neighbour's territory, details of the contest for Texian independence acquire fresh interest. They afford data whence to judge of the probable duration and issue of the present struggle. Not that such data are in reality wanted. 'There needs no ghost to tell us' that the degenerate descendants of Spaniards and Indians can never be a match for the powerful offshoots of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Mexican troops, it is said, have improved during the last few years in discipline and equipment, their cavalry are notoriously first-rate horsemen, and the army they can at once bring into the field far out-numbers the disposable force of their opponents. But all these advantages avail not against the cool resolute courage of the Americans.* It

* "The loss of the Mexicans (during the siege and capture by the Texians of St. Antonio de Bexar, in December, 1835) consisted in 740 dead, a few men slightly wounded, who marched away with General Cos, and a large number whose hurts were severe, and who remained behind under care of our surgeons. Our loss amounted to six dead, twenty-nine wounded who went into hospital, and a few others who were not sufficiently hurt to prevent their going into quarters in the town. The disproportion is so enormous as to be almost incredible, but in most of the actions of that war, the killed of the Mexicans were to those of the Texians as one hundred to one."—H. Ehrenberg's *Fahrt-ten und Schicksale eines Deutschen in Texas*, pp. 73.

* Since this was written, intelligence from America has abundantly confirmed these opinions. With advantages of numbers and position that would have enabled men possessed of the slightest courage and conduct to annihilate or capture the whole of General Taylor's army, the Mexicans have allowed themselves to be ignominiously beaten and

seems the destiny of the Spanish-American nations, who all in their turn have displayed bravery and soldiership when fighting for independence, to sink, that once obtained, into thorough dastards, incapable of standing their ground against any foreign foe, and retaining but just sufficient courage to cut each other's throats in domestic broils and squabbles. The Mexicans are evidently unable to hold their own, and if the United States, as a nation, choose it, and supposing always that Europe would permit such dismemberment, other provinces of Mexico might with little difficulty be absorbed into the Union. Doubtless, the mountains and climate would bother the Yankees; it would take time to habituate an Anglo-American population to Mexican fevers and temperature; but the swamps and miasmata and agues of Louisiana and Florida, are no bad preparation for those of more southerly latitudes. Moreover, the love of change and desire to keep moving, would, we believe, reconcile American squatters to the climate of Tartarus itself. For it is not by direct attacks and open hostilities that Brother Jonathan prosecutes his schemes of conquest and aggrandizement, but by the slower and surer plan that has already succeeded in Texas. Emigration to the coveted province is encouraged, and goes on till the settlers think themselves strong enough to refuse obedience to the laws of the country where they have been unsuspectingly allowed to establish themselves. If force is made use of to subdue the turbulent intruders, they set up a howl of outraged liberty, and shout across the frontier to their kin and cousins; then men and arms are forthwith sent to assist them in dispossessing the tyrants, who dare to assert their right to their own. This was the case with Texas; this would have been the case, forty years ago, with Louisiana, had not its cession by the Spaniards to the French, and its sale by the latter to the United States, rendered such arbitrary violence unnecessary. But the plan was in a forward state. American agents were at work, and American squatters were daily building their block-houses upon Louisianian territory, block-houses which they sturdily defended when the feeble government of the colony strove to dispossess them. Mr. Sealsfield is a zealous defender of the encroaching and restless spirit that causes the Americans to overstep, on all sides, the limits of their vast territory, as the scum of a foaming beverage over-

flows the brim of a cup which it does not one quarter fill. We find one Nathan, a squatter in Louisiana during the Spanish dominion, demonstrating, more to his own satisfaction than to ours, the propriety of such inundations. He compares Louisiana to a fertile field, the scanty American settlers to seed-corn, and the Spanish government to the heavy clods of earth that overlay and encumber the latter. But the seeds are too mighty for the clods, which in the course of nature are broken through, and dispersed, and annihilated. Were there, then, no fields left in the States, where seedy gentlemen might plant themselves without plucking up a neighbour's landmark? Doubtless there were, and are, but it is convenient to have a rubbish-heap, out of one's own limits, where worthless or noxious matters may be thrown. And after a while, the gentlemen who, having been guilty of fraudulent bankruptcy, or forgery, or of bowie-knifing a newspaper editor, have run the country, and wandered into Texas or some other frontier district, declare themselves patriots, horribly oppressed and ill-treated, and implore assistance to enable them to keep the land they have unlawfully usurped. Unfortunately, Mr. Nathan finally shows that it is no abstract love of humanity, no philosophical desire that the most fruitful territory should be peopled by the most industrious races, that had induced him to pitch his tent in Louisiana, and bully the poor-spirited Spaniards and Creoles. When the province is made over to the United States, whose authorities take possession and proceed to a regular distribution and sale of the lands, he levants into Texas, to seek a country where there are no sheriffs and no laws. We can easily understand such characters having a wholesome dread of a sheriff, or, at least, of his delegate. 'Who would have to do with the law?' says Nathan's son. 'Better to cope with Spanish musketeers than with the law.' And therefore Nathan, a good type of his class, having done what he could towards wresting Louisiana from its owners, moves forward, a staunch pioneer, to recommence the game west of the Sabine. 'Liberty and Property,' we understand, is a favourite rallying cry of the Americans. We presume it to mean their own liberty, and other people's property. But they may some day find that so nefarious a maxim cannot, under all circumstances, be acted upon with impunity.

dislodged. Greater impotency and cowardice was never displayed, even by the generals and soldiers of Mexico.

- ART. VIII.—1. *A. B. da Costa Cabral. Apontamentos Historicos.* 8vo. Lisboa, 1844, 2 tom.
2. *Portugal. Recordações do Anno 1842. Pelo Principe Lichnowsky. Traducido do Allemão.* 12mo. Lisboa, 1844.
3. *Hanlem, Haje, e Al Manhã.* 12mo. Lisboa, 1842.
4. *Algumas Considerações Politicas.* 12mo. Lisboa, 1844.
5. *Costa Cabral em Relevo.* 12mo. Lisboa, 1844.
6. *Discurso de Senr. Deputado Manuel Passos.* 12mo. Lisboa, 1845.
7. *Quadro Politico Historico e Biographico do Parlamento de 1842.* 12mo. Lisboa, 1846.

THE publications above referred to, are calculated to cause some mistrust in the nature of those organic changes which have taken place in the Peninsula, during the last quarter of a century. We rise from the perusal of them pained, and bewildered in our opinions with respect to the advantages of constitutional government—or at least of constitutional government as administered in Spain and Portugal of late years. We inquire after the condition of the people, their material interests, the state of religion, of commerce, and of agriculture, of letters and of arts: and we do not find that any of those things have been bettered by the changes that have taken place in the form of government.

Are we to infer then, that absolute government is better than representative? Before we come to that conclusion, it would be well to ascertain the nature of the governments, called representative, which have existed in the Peninsula since 1820; and it may be, we shall find that representation in all of them was 'a mockery, a delusion, and a snare,' a privilege, monopolized by one class, and that the worst class of all, namely, the *employés* (*empleados, empregados publicos*).

The history of the late administration in Portugal affords a striking example of the *burla* which scheming politicians make of constitutional liberty, and, what is well worthy of observation, the facilities for prevarication and malversation in office, which the system, miscalled representative, affords to men of unclean hands and of loose principles in official situations. Western Europe has offered no parallel in recent times for the bare-faced effrontery with which official peculation and venality have been practised during the last four years in Portugal, where it was not one individual alone of a ministry, but the majority of its members, who made either stock-jobbing, or contract selling, or

patronage vending, the great business of their public lives; and notwithstanding the notoriety of such practices, carried on year after year, they enjoyed the favour of the court up to the latest moment, to an extent unequalled by any former administration.

In the minority of Louis XV. there was a state of things in France, which somewhat resembled that lately existing in Portugal. The revenues of the state were eaten up by speculating scheming ministers and subordinate officials. Immense fortunes were suddenly acquired, and commensurate injuries inflicted on the public service. The speculating ministers pulled admirably together, never differing about public measures; but in private they watched narrowly each other's gains, and were evidently connected politically for one object only—the promotion of their private interests. In the desperate disorder of the finances, the young sovereign found it difficult to get his wants supplied. When he called on Fouquet, the Intendant of Finance, for money, the latter was wont to reply, 'Sire, the exchequer is exhausted, but perhaps his eminence the cardinal will lend you what you want.' The riches of Fouquet, however, were then daily augmenting, and he could well afford to accommodate his sovereign, which he frequently did, without troubling the cardinal, while the national resources were becoming daily more exhausted.

In like manner in Portugal, the credit of the late minister of finance stood so much higher than that of the government, that he has often had occasion to endorse bills of the treasury for the public service, which without his personal security would have been worthless. He had a large stake in the funds, and was interested in the maintenance of public credit. But men who accumulate wealth suddenly are often smitten with an infatuation fatal to its preservation. The very means that were taken to uphold public credit, while malversation existed in every department of the state over which the Cabrals had any control, were ruinous to the treasury, and tended to bring about a state of things, when it would require a legislature made up of government employés to impose, and an army in every province to collect, the amount of taxes rendered necessary by the vices of the administration.

Fouquet, at the time we have referred to, was investing largely his governmental gains in lands and houses. The account then given of his doings would serve, with slight modifications, for those of the Cabrals. Fouquet, in 1661, had fitted up, at a cost of eighteen millions of franks, a sumptuous chateau, in which he entertained the whole

French court, at a magnificent fête, the splendour of which was the admiration of his royal and noble guests, well acquainted though they were with the late humble circumstances of the intendant. But here the parallel ceases. The palace building, castle buying, wealth amassing, court banqueting of the Cabrals, all tended to the consolidation of their power. On the other hand, the young sovereign of France, though he had not much gratitude, as a guest, had some understanding of his position as a sovereign, of his dignity, and of his duty to the state. In the course of a fortnight after the banquet, the intendant was not only in disgrace, but in a prison. He was arrested the 5th of September following, and the only cause assigned for the royal displeasure was the extravagance and ostentation, unsuited to the legitimate resources of a servant of the crown, which had been displayed at the entertainments referred to. He was sent to the Bastille, tried and found guilty of peculation and malversation in office, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. He died in a fortress on the frontier, after a confinement of eighteen years. His official accomplices were made to disgorge the plundered wealth of the state into the treasury, the amount of which spoil was enormous. Such of them as had bought houses, palaces, or lands, were deprived of their ill-gotten acquisitions. Wherever they were found they were seized and prosecuted.

Peculators in Portugal are more fortunate, they make purses, they maintain power by means of the repute of riches, no matter how acquired, and when they can make no more, or the nation can bear no more oppression, they retain the spoil, and pass for men of energy and ability; or, if the outcry against them is very strong, they have only to go over the bar of Lisbon, and all their accounts with the nation are settled. They go out of office with all the honours of a war for wealth, with flying colours, bag and baggage, their titles and *títulos*, orders and *inscriptions* in the fives and fours, and the highest favour of their gracious sovereign.

At the expiration of four years the despotism of the Cabrals over Portugal broke down.

This government sprang out of a rebellion planned by a disgraced employé, the elder Cabral (Joze Bernado da Silva Cabral) in 1842, and executed by the younger brother, Antonio da Costa Cabral (then Minister of Justice), who set the novel example of abandoning his portfolio, to upset the government of which he was a member.

Joze Bernado Cabral had been a zealous

partisan of Dom Miguel's, had proclaimed him at Nellas, and adhered to his fortunes *till his fall*. Then he passed over to the triumphant side, sent in a written declaration of his loyalty to the queen, and had the ability to persuade Dom Pedro, that all through the reign of Dom Miguel he had been in secret a well-wisher of the cause of the young queen.

He had sent in a similar memorial to the judicial Miguelite authorities of Oporto, when Dom Miguel seized on the crown in 1828, setting forth his absolute principles. This official document, formally attested by the judicial authorities of Oporto, with its accompanying depositions bearing witness to the anti-constitutional principles of Dom Joze, exists to this day, and is of undisputed authority. The memorial, dated 18 August, 1828, is to the following effect:

"The advocate bachelor, Joze Bernado da Silva Cabral, in the court of Relação, of Oporto, &c., &c., states, firstly, that the supplicant was always a pure royalist, a friend of the altar and the throne, and so much so, that, in 1823, he was the first, when the Senhor Dom Miguel stood forth, who raised the cry of fidelity, in Nellas, in the council of Senhorim. Secondly, that the supplicant neither intervened, nor could intervene in any way in the revolution of the 16th of May, in the present year (in favour of the queen).

"The supplicant entreats to be permitted to justify his statements with the necessary proofs," &c., &c.

Then follow the attestations, officially registered, of several persons as to Dom Joze's loyalty to Dom Miguel, 'his great attachment to the magnanimous monarch Dom Miguel,' in the words of one of them.

Dom Joze, soon after he had become a liberal, was appointed to a magisterial office in Oporto, and an event happened in the meantime, which caused an unpleasant impression against the new liberal. An old Miguelite canon (Guimaraes), who had remained in Oporto, and was reputed a very wealthy man, had concealed in his house a very large sum of money, information of which had been communicated to the authorities. The seizure of this old man and his *suspicious property* was entrusted to Dom Joze, and it was made by his agents. An unaccountable loss amounting to about 500*l.*, took place between the period of the seizure of the property and its being deposited in the hands of the authorities. The money found, amounted to twenty contos. Explanations were called for, and none satisfactory were given. Dom Joze was dismissed from the magistracy by Dom Pedro, the 13th of April, 1833.

The decree for his dismissal is to this effect :—

"It is my pleasure, in the name of the Queen, to exonerate the Advocate Joze de Bernado Silva Cabral from the office of magistrate, pro tempore (*juiz do crime*), of the barrier of St. Catherine, to which he was nominated the 13th of February last. Dated 13th of April, 1833.

"(Signed), Dom Pedro, Duke of Braganza. (Countersigned), Joze da Silva Carvalho."—*Chron. Constit. of Oporto*, No. 95.

In the month of July following, he contrived to obtain an inferior employment, namely, that of corregidor of the barrier of the Roçio in Lisbon. He was not long in office, however, before he was again in trouble, on account of his zeal against suspected priests possessed of property.

In October, 1833, legal proceedings were instituted against him on a charge which may be comprehended from the following extracts from two official documents pertaining to the preliminary proceedings in this case, viz., the *Relação agravado*, or supplication addressed to Dom Pedro, and the *acórdão*, or report of the judges of *Relação*, signed by four of them. The former is to this effect :

"Senhor A. J. Oliveira da Silva complains to your majesty against the corregidor of the district of the Roçio, Joze Bernado da Silva Cabral, for the acts committed by him respecting the sequestration and embezzlement of the effects of the beneficed clergyman, Oliveira da Silva Cardoza, on the 28th of September last."

Divested of the jargon of the law, it goes on to state :

"That the clergyman Da Silva was a peaceable man, much over seventy years of age, who, on account of infirmities, was unable to quit his house. He was reputed a man possessed of much ready money, precious stones, and rarities, and had formed a museum of the latter which was well known to be visited by all strangers who arrived in Portugal. The repute of these riches and precious objects caused his misfortune, for it was supposed that *they might even exceed in value those of the Canon Guimaraens of the city of Oporto*. On the 7th of September, without any regard for his advanced age and heavy infirmities, he was dragged from his house, and with his servant thrown into a dungeon of the Limoeiro gaol : and this was done without any legal forms, for the subsequent process showed that there had been no depositions against him till the 19th and 20th of September, twelve or thirteen days after his arrest, and the seizure of all his property. The effects were first illegally placed in deposit with an officer of justice, Manuel da Passos Machado, called a proprietor of land, one of the officers who conducted the clergyman to gaol !!!"

It is only to be added that if the effects described in the inventory attached to the sequester were the only objects which composed the museum of this clergyman, foreigners could have had little to admire in it, and the idea was false that was formed of its riches. The 29th of April, 1834, the Judge Disembargador of the Regent Cardoza pronounced a sentence in favour of the suppliant, against the Corregidor Dom Joze, thereby confirming the allegations of the former, which were as follows: that Dom Joze had come to the house of the deceased clergyman, accompanied by a large posse of his agents, to take cognizance of the various embezzlements effected there during the imprisonment of the deceased, and while the property was under charge of his depository ; and that instead of taking the necessary steps, his inquiries of the suppliant were, if his relative was not of an unsound mind, which suppliant denied there were any grounds for supposing to be the case, whereas he believed that the object of the corregidor was only to nullify the accusation made to him.

Another later judicial document, the evidence of the servant of the deceased, taken 23d of May, 1834, details a number of facts, on which he grounds his profound conviction —*that the imprisonment of the deceased priest had been concerted in order to admit of those robberies being made which were abetted by the corregidor*. That a certain lame bachelor of law was the assistant of the corregidor in all the proceedings against his master, the chief agent in breaking open all the locks of his cabinet, &c. That his old master was a very retired man, treating only of the matters of his house, and never meddling in politics. That a *compadre* of deceased, of the name of Cabral, was the person that concocted the scheme against his master, and had made the denunciation against him and his property.

It appears by another document, that, on the 17th of September, the Corregidor of the Roçio consented to his prisoner's removal to his own house on bail, having a sentinel posted in sight of his house, and at his expense.

The indulgence was of little worth, for the fear occasioned by these proceedings, and the sufferings of his confinement, so affected this old infirm man that he died on the 21st of September, fourteen days after his unjust arrest by Senhor Joze Cabral. A decree was then issued that the sequester should subsist notwithstanding the death of the culprit.

The *Accordão* of the four judges declares that the plaintiff was wronged by the Corregi-

dor of the Roçio on both the grounds stated by the former; for it was manifest the defendant had acted without legal process with respect to the sequester, and on a charge of disaffection attempted to be supported against the deceased, which never could be considered as bringing him within the description of persons specified in the decree of the 30th of the preceding August. For these and other reasons the judges gave their decision in favour of the plaintiff on the 14th of October, 1833. 'It was clear the process in itself was faulty, the sequester untenable, and consequently the proceeding a wrong.'

This scandalous act of malversation and oppression, the imprisonment of an old sickly man of seventy years of age, on a trumped up charge of disaffection to the state, the plunder of his property, and the terrifying to death of the old man, who was the victim of this atrocious conspiracy, went unpunished. Nay, in a few years its commission was no impediment to the perpetrators filling the highest offices of the state.

This dismissed officer was subsequently appointed by the Queen to the high posts of Civil Governor of Lisbon, and one of the Lords of the Treasury; in February, 1846, he was made a Councillor of State, and Minister of Justice and Religion, by her present majesty, or rather her majesty was compelled by her Minister of the Interior, the brother of Dom Joze, to appoint him, nay, even two months ago, to delegate to him powers of a regal kind, with authority over all officers in the kingdom, civil and military. This energetic gentleman gained an entire ascendancy over those high and influential persons at the palace who take upon themselves the gravest responsibilities of the state, with very weak judgments for guidance or control in any serious emergencies.

The new court favourite was cried up by all the organs and agents of government as a man of extraordinary energy and talent; but though endowed with good abilities he was totally destitute of prudence, full of ungovernable violence, ever eagerly bent on gain, and singularly heedless of public opinion with respect to the means of acquiring it.

The younger brother, Antonio Bernado da Costa Cabral, was born at Algodres in Beira Alta in 1803. His father, though in humble circumstances, contrived to educate his sons at the university of Coimbra. Antonio and his brother Joze were brought up to the legal profession; both possessed talents, great energy and activity, ambition, and an utter want of principle. Antonio was appointed to a magisterial situation in Penella in the time of the Regency of Dom Pedro, after

having emigrated and resided during Dom Miguel's reign in Belgium. On his return he enrolled himself in the battalion of students, and attached himself to the Minister of Dom Pedro, Silva Carvalho, whose servant he became in all servile obsequiousness. He obtained from him the appointment of Judge of the *Relação* of the Azores. There he was elected a deputy for St. Michaels, and in 1836 he commenced his political career in Portugal, as a furious democratic member of a revolutionary club called the Camilla Club, composed of men of known violent opinions. He contributed largely to effect the revolution of 1836, which set aside the charter of Dom Pedro of 1826, and rose to office on the tumultuous waves of that revolution.

For perfidy to all parties, there appears to be nothing like his conduct to be met with in the career of any living politician. He was not long in the Cortes before he declared himself against his patron, Silva Carvalho, whom eight years later he turned out of his place of president of the Supreme Tribunal of Justice. The cause of this hostility was a fraternal one: Carvalho would not reappoint his dismissed brother Joze to the magistracy. He next attached himself to an influential public man, Vieira de Castro, by whose aid he got returned for a continental place, which was then a very important matter to him. Not long afterwards he became the persecutor to the death of this same Vieira Castro.

It was after he had entered the Cortes a second time that he became the favourite demagogue of a revolutionary party, and was the idol of that club whose frenzy extended even to plans of assassination, nay of regicide; plans deliberately laid before it by Senhor Antonio Cabral. The Marat of Lisbon, however, was destined to be converted into something between a Richelieu and a Law of South Sea celebrity. He was brought into the ministry by Bomfim, and was the bitter enemy of the Cartistas (especially of the Marshals Terceira and Saldanha, in their rebellion of 1837), intrigued against Bomfim, by whom he had been brought into the ministry, heated the public mind against the government, and eventually, when the people proceeded to violence, had them mowed down by the military. A considerable number of his former democratic associates of the arsenal faction were slaughtered in the Roçio-square in Lisbon. Ministry after ministry was formed and broke down. Senhor Antonio Cabral had the art to embroil his colleagues, and was especially active and successful in his intrigues against every public man by whom he had been brought into notice, or in anywise benefited.

It is needless to say that his enemies were numerous; but in proportion as he grew unpopular with his friends and the public, he became a favourite at court.

Having as usual betrayed his latest benefactor, Bomfim, on the 7th of March, 1838, and caused his fall (just as he had ousted his friend Soares Caldeira from his office in the police, and placed himself in his stead) his political ascendancy was no longer a matter of doubt. Thus far successful he turned altogether against his old democratic associates, and showed no mercy to them when they attempted to carry out even the least reprehensible of his own doctrines. Some of his lessons were indeed of a very atrocious kind, if the accounts, not of two or three, but of several of his confidential friends err not. On one occasion he is said to have counselled the members of the Camilla Club to make away with three public men, the Count Bomfim, Julio Sanches, and the Baron Ribeira Sabrosa. 'It would be easy,' he said, 'to make an entrance into the house of the first-named of these persons by the window from a neighbouring wall; the house of the second could be got into by the roof, which was low and easily reached; and that of the third was to be entered by buying the tenant of the first story, and from the window of it passing to the second.' This ingenious device, however, was too atrocious for his associates, and was not put into practice. The only motive for planning it was, that those liberals did not go far enough in their liberalism, for the fervid patriotism of this red-hot demagogue of 1836.

In his parliamentary and ministerial career, he mingled too much of his passions with his public proceedings, petty animosities guided his politics, his acts of justice even had the air of measures of revenge. His influence at court, especially over the king, became strong—strong enough for him in 1842 to hazard a revolution without apprehending the consequences of treason. He had, for his encouragement, the high example of his majesty in 1837, when his horses were put at the disposition of the two marshals, then in rebellion against the queen's government. He left his ministerial post to make a revolution, to upset the constitution of 1838, and re-establish the Charter of Dom Pedro which he had helped to abolish in 1836. He succeeded; his new ministerial reign began in February, 1842, and it lasted upwards of four years. *In that period he suspended the constitution three times, and caused the queen to affix her signature thirteen times to ordinances in violation of the written charter which is the fundamental law of the state.*

These things were looked upon at the court, and by the majority of the Cortes, as

acts of energy not quite formal, indeed, but expedient; the acts of a strong ministry that had the army at its back—that sustained order and public credit. The energy beyond the law brought law and order, however, into disrepute; a revolt took place in 1843, and the strong government had great difficulty in putting it down. The finances, from the day this minister came into power, became more and more embarrassed. The stocks, however, were supported for the time being, but by ruinous means—by an organized system of loan making, anticipation of revenue, and stock-jobbing operations carried on with monopolist companies of capitalists created expressly for dealings with government, and contracts with it of an exclusive kind—for which in several instances enormous sums, in what is called *empenhas*, were paid to two individuals of the government (the Cabrals). Venality had reached such a pitch, that the prices of contracts became familiar topics. The tobacco, the soap, the powder, and the road contracts were regularly bought and sold in this manner; and sums were paid for them varying in amount from twenty to fifty contos, that is, from 4500*l.* to 12,250*l.* sterling each. Nay, in one instance 100 contos were offered for a contract, and refused as too small a sum.

The terrible evil of this great public immorality was that officials in subordinate situations took advantage of the notoriety of this fact to obtain money from applicants for places. The disposal of offices, in the provinces especially, became a source of great emolument. The applicant usually deposited a sum of money varying from half a conto to one or two contos, in the hands of a third party, a certain shopkeeper, generally of the Cabral party, living in the *Rocio*. The greater portion of this money in all probability went into the hands of the subordinates; but the disbursers were left to presume that if not all, at least the greater portion, went into the hands of the minister, or his brother and colleague. These suspicions, well or ill-founded, acquired unfortunately strong confirmation from the sudden possession of great wealth on the part of the two ministers. In 1842, when Antonio Cabral came into power, he was in indigent circumstances, his salary being his only means of subsistence, as he himself publicly declared in the Cortes. His brother was still worse off then, but now both are rich, possessed of lands, houses, and public securities. The ex-minister of the interior is the proprietor of a castle at Thomar, a palace in Lisbon, and all the luxurious requisites of a vast establishment.

The creation of the bubble companies, the

nature of the terms entered into with the public contractors, the necessary expenses of a government bayoneted up by a large military force, increased heavily the charges on the treasury (in four years they exceeded the revenue by 8000 contos). It was necessary not only to increase taxation, but to create new places, payable by fees, for the unfortunate supporters of government, especially for those by whose agency the late elections had been carried at the point of the bayonet, and at a large expense both of blood and money. Hence came into operation the new system of taxation and the health law, the immediate cause of the recent rebellion. It is to be observed that the law in question was one of the thirteen signal violations of the charter, inasmuch as it was enacted, not by the legislature, but by royal ordinance, during one of the periods of the acknowledged dictatorship of Senhor Costa Cabral.

The men who bought their places in the provinces, or obtained them for such services as we have alluded to, thought only of turning them to the best account in the shortest possible time; for everybody of common sense foresaw the result of this regime of violence and venality. It was not in the nature of things that it could last. The very hottest of the partisans of the Cabrals hated them for acquiring so much of the public spoil in so short a time. There was no consideration, they thought, for the wants of other public *employés* just as hungry as themselves. In short, the greediness of gain of the Cabrals, and especially of the elder brother, became an object of envious emulation on the part of their followers, and a calamity to the country at large. The principal odium, perhaps somewhat unjustly, fell on the minister of the interior, the Count Thomar. There was no second opinion entertained of him in any class or any quarter—

"Agioteur adroit, ministre sans moyen,
De rien il fit de l'or et d'un royaume—rien."

The president of the Council of Ministers and minister-of-war, the Duke of Terceira, a soldier of fortune, or rather a fortunate soldier, thought it consistent with his honour to sit in the same cabinet with two such colleagues; and incapable himself of making money 'by any indirection,' he satisfied his conscience by maintaining the Cabrals in power without ever affording their integrity a good word in private. The duke is not the wisest man in the world, nor the most wealthy, but he needs money, and loves to live well, and so long as he got 'pintos' for his honourable services, it mattered not to

him how or whence they came. He rendered the queen good service, and has had the rare felicity of experiencing gratitude for his adhesion to the cause of the Restoration. The duke has the merit of having more than once checked his colleagues in headlong courses of violence against their political opponents.

The Minister of the Marine, Senhor Falcão, like the Duke of Terceira, came into power with the reputation of an honest man. He was a very poor one, the son of a sail-maker of Lisbon, and had risen suddenly from a very humble position. He filled the situation of a clerk for many years in a merchant's office in Lisbon, obtained a clerkship in the marine department, rose to the rank in it of *official mayor*, and eventually to that of minister. With his 750*l.* a year salary he has, however, contrived to purchase a palace and a small estate, and to keep a handsome equipage.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Senhor Castro, has never been charged with venality. His political virtue is of a very easy kind, however. He has never opposed his colleagues in any acts of violence or illegality, but has continually lent himself to the deception practised on the public by fraudulent expositions of the state of the finances, and has used his official station for private speculations in the funds, which have been moderately fortunate. This gentleman, a few years ago, kept a small retail shop in Oporto. He is a man of some talent, a great deal of astuteness and flexibility of principle.

His colleague of the finance department, Count Tojal, the son of a physician of Dom John VI., is one of those public men of easy virtue, who never themselves commit any egregious acts of bare-faced venality and corruption, but who wink at their commission while they pursue their own less flagitious schemes for acquiring riches. The count is possessed of considerable wealth. About twenty years ago, as plain John Oliveira, a wine-merchant and afterwards a stock-broker, not very successful, he was well known in London and on the stock-exchange. He came into office with some property inherited from his uncles, it is said, to the extent of 30,000*l.* He is now possessed of upwards of *three hundred and forty thousand pounds* invested in the Portuguese stock of the foreign debt, besides capital to a considerable extent invested in the spoil of the church and in a manufacture of paper. All this property, with the exception of the first sum mentioned, was made during the last four years by successful operations, for example, the purchase of 'paper' claims on

the treasury for salary discounted by him, and lucky hits in the funds which his official position afforded him the opportunities of making. It fortunately happened for the creditors that the interests of the finance minister were for a time identified with theirs. But it was only for a time, and a very short one, though the count laboured hard to convince them it would be for a long period. Men of great cunning and eagerness to amass riches frequently deceive themselves, practise on the credulity of others, and end by becoming the dupes of their own artifices. This, in all probability, has been the case of the Count Tojal.

Such are the men who have exercised despotic power over Portugal, and by the rapacity and tyranny of their government have brought that country to its present alarming condition of open rebellion and impending bankruptcy. Their course has been a continued career of illegality, and wanton wickedness in their manifold violations of the charter. No previous ministry had ever such strong and sincere support from the court; no representations against it were listened to. The king, who acts for the sovereign as he is directed to do by his former tutor and present councillor, the German Dietz, seems to have thrown himself and the interests of the crown wholly into the hands of the Cabrals.

It is a matter of general notoriety that the king came to Portugal accompanied by this German gentleman, and has retained him in the palace ever since. Strong objections were raised to this foreigner remaining in the country, and about the person of the king, exercising great influence, and entertaining very strong feelings of dislike to the Portuguese nation, which he took little trouble to conceal, and still stronger dislike to the form of government given to the nation by the father of the sovereign. He occupied no ostensibly political situation at court, but he discharged the duties of a councillor to the king, a tutor to the young princes, and an intendant of the palace, in which situation, every action of the queen, even to the most trifling affair of the household, was watched, meddled with, and controlled by this German favourite. The interference of this foreigner in all the concerns of the court, but more especially in all important matters of state, exasperated the Portuguese; their press loudly inveighed against it, and the cry was echoed by political men of all parties, with the exception of the Cabrals. The fact of the education of the young princes, in a country in which the Catholic religion is by law the religion of the state, being committed to a foreigner of a different religion, af-

forded likewise grounds of complaint; but all such complaints have been treated with contempt by the court, and no wonder, for over it Mr. Dietz, the German, virtually reigns. It has ever been a weakness of the Braganza family, to allow themselves to be governed by menials; but it is something novel for the favourite to be a foreigner, in this country above all others, where strangers are received with so much jealousy.

ART. IX.—*Revue des Deux Mondes*. 1845-6.

IN the five successive numbers of the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' beginning on the 15th of November last, there appeared, under the title of '*Le Cadet de Colobrières*,' the first of a promised series of tales about the old convents of Paris, from the pen of Madame Charles Reybaud. Though we are diligent, and generally prompt readers of our clever Parisian contemporary, yet it was not until a considerable time after all the five *livraisons*, containing this story, had been in our possession, that we sat down unwillingly and despondingly to its perusal. Much unpleasant experience had taught us, in fact, to look with aversion on all French fictions published bit by bit in periodicals—a prejudice which those who are best acquainted with *feuilleton* literature will perhaps excuse, as one to which they themselves would have been apt to yield on a like occasion. If any of our readers have done so with regard to '*Le Cadet de Colobrières*,' and passed unheeded that beautiful creation of a woman's genius, we entreat them to correct their mistake without delay; for an egregious mistake it certainly is to put Madame Reybaud in the same category with the very best of the *feuilletonists*. Judging her from the work before us, she is as much superior to the cleverest of them all, Dumas, as Miss Austin's novels are to Mrs. Gore's, or in other words, as the truth and simplicity of genius are to the most ingenious artifices of mere talent. Of all modern French writers Mérimée appears to us the one with whom Madame Reybaud may be best compared. Both of them are distinguished for admirable skill in the choice and co-ordination of their materials, and for that consummate graphic art which produces the most distinct and life-like effects within the narrowest canvass; we rest with complete satisfaction on their delineations; we feel that they are adequate and true, free from all false glare and distortion, and that there is in them not one superfluous

line, not one touch but is fitly subservient to the general effect of the picture. In the use of dialogue, Madame Reybaud is scarcely equal to M^{lle}rimée, who, indeed, surpasses most writers of the age in the dramatic exposition of character, besides which his style in general is recognized by French critics as a model of purity and grace. Madame Reybaud, on the other hand, has an immense advantage over him in the depth and tenderness of her womanly feelings. The brilliant author of 'Colombo,' 'Charles IX.,' and 'Carmen,' seems to us to put forth his keen powers of observation simply for the pleasure of the exercise. His critical dissection of human impulses is exquisitely subtle and exact, yet there is something in the coolness of the operator, with which in secret we are not quite content. Such masterly knowledge of his subject, combined with so much apparent indifference to it, except as a matter of curiosity, affects us with a disagreeable sense of irony; and while we admire, our hearts do not warm towards the shrewd, cold observer of the passions, frailties, follies, and sufferings of his fellow-men. An impression directly the reverse of this results from the perusal of the 'Cadet of Colobrières,' a work which in every line bears token that it is the offspring of a spirit as quick and genial in its sympathies, as in judgment it is calm, large, and discerning.

Instead of laying before our readers the mere dry bones of the story, in the way of an epitome, we think it better to give them a specimen of its general tone in one long unbroken extract. Fortunately we find one exactly suited to our purpose in the very beginning of the tale, which contains not only the germ of all the rest, but likewise an episode complete within itself, and of singular beauty:—

"A short league from the French frontier, on the high-road to Italy, and near the point where the Var divides Provence from the county of Nice, are seen the ruins of an old castle, surrounded by a landscape of stern and rugged aspect. The façade is yet standing, and seems as if backed against the deep blue sky that shines through its large windows. A massive tower, of more ancient architecture than the rest of the building, rises above the other remains; and from its embattled summit, which time has but slightly breached, protrudes a blackish point, not unlike an ordinary lightning conductor; this is the iron socket of the flag-staff that formerly sustained the seigniorial banner. The hill, crowned by these ruins, is scantily clad with an aromatic vegetation that would gladden the heart of a botanist; for the rare species of plants, whose drowsy odours the wind often spreads over the whole country-side and for many leagues out to sea, thrive well on the rocky soil that would not nurture a grain of wheat.

"It is now some three-quarters of a century since the castle and the lands around it belonged to a worthy nobleman, the Baron de Colobrières, descended on the female side from an old Italian house that reckoned in its genealogy twenty cardinals and one pope. His paternal ancestry was not less illustrious, and went back to what might be called the fabulous ages of Provençal aristocracy. Notwithstanding this high descent, Baron Mathieu de Colobrières was anything but an opulent lord. His armorial bearings were a thistle, vert, springing from a tower, fenestrated and masoned, sables,—a truly expressive cognizance, for the sterility of the baronial lands was proverbial, and it was a common saying in the country, 'Colobrières' husbandry, sheaves of thistles and fields of stones.' The baron's ancestors having, by little and little, bartered away all their seigniorial rights, there remained to their descendant nothing but the manor and the adjacent lands, which yielded an exceedingly slender revenue. There was not one among the clowns, who doffed their hats as they passed the lordly escutcheon carved above the castle-gate, who would have consented to farm the barony.

"The poor lord of Colobrières had espoused a young lady as noble, and still poorer than himself, who brought him for her whole fortune some hundred crowns' worth of jewels and trinkets. Heaven superabundantly blessed their union. Fourteen children issued from it, and waxed in stature and comeliness almost by the bounty of the sky alone, like the wild plants of their rocky domain. The revenues of the fief of Colobrières barely provided the family's daily bread; for everything else they had to make up by dint of industry and frugality. The baroness had never had any newer gown than her bridal robe, but dressed herself and her children in garments made out of the antique bed-furniture of the castle. The hereditary tapestries were converted to the young gentlemen's use; and the young ladies wore, in the shape of petticoats and bodices, the curtains embroidered by ancestral hands.

"The castle of Colobrières was like a hive that every year threw off the swarms it could no longer feed or shelter. As the elder children grew up, they departed successively to seek their sustenance elsewhere. The baron was too thoroughly penetrated with a sense of what was due to his rank, to suffer any of his children to derogate from their birth. Notwithstanding the penury to which they were reduced, not one of them forgot what bequeathed his blood: seven sons became monks, or entered the king's service, and five daughters put on the robe of the order of Notre Dame de la Misericorde, into which young ladies of quality were received without dowry. Of so numerous a progeny there at last remained in the castle only the two youngest, a son and a daughter, whom the baron used to call with a sigh the props of his age.

"Gaston de Colobrières, or, as he was called by the people of the country, the cadet of Colobrières, was a handsome young man of five-and-twenty, an intrepid sportsman, high-spirited, but shy withal, so that he would look another way if he chanced to meet a country-girl on his path. This rustic Hippolytus was continually roaming, with his gun on his shoulder, over the lands of

the barony, which were fertile only in game. In this way he turned the estate to the best account, for were it not for the game he brought home every day, the inhabitants of the castle would have been reduced almost to dry bread for their four meals.

"The baron's youngest daughter, Mademoiselle Anastasie, was a handsome brunette, with a pale and pensive cast of countenance. She had magnificent black hair, and eyes whose dark pupils shone with a changeful light through their long fringes. Her hands were small and delicate; and teeth of pearly lustre were seen with the least smile that parted her rosy lips. And yet it had never entered the head of any one in her little world to think her pretty. On Sunday, when she went to hear mass in a neighbouring village, the bumpkins used to look at her as she passed without the least admiration. Her father, indeed, admitted that she had about her a certain air that betokened the young lady of quality; but her mother remarked with sorrow the pale gipsy complexion that tarnished her, as it were, and would rather have seen her cheeks glowing with red and white. She herself had no suspicion of her own beauty, and had never been instigated by her mirror to harbour the least thought of pride or coquetry.

"The life led in the castle of Colobrières was one of the narrowest and most monotonous routine. The gentry of the neighbourhood did not seek the society of the baron, who, for his part, had no wish that they should be witnesses of his proud poverty; and the only intercourse kept up by the family consisted in the weekly visits of a good priest, who had been for thirty years curé of a village not far from Colobrières. Of yore the lords of Colobrières had had pages and squires, and there was even among the apartments in the castle one which was still called the hall of the guards; but in the period of its decay, of which we are now speaking, the whole retinue consisted of an old lacquais, who entirely neglected the duties of the pantry and the ante-chamber to devote himself to the culture of the kitchen-garden, and of a servant-girl, named Madeleine Panozon, and surnamed *La Rousse*, whose business would have been light enough, if it embraced only the cooking department in the mansion of M. le Baron; but, besides this, the stout girl did all the work of the household, and assisted Madame la Baronne to spin the thread for the family linen.

"The architecture of the château of Colobrières belonged to various periods. The large tower that formed, as it were, the nucleus of the whole, was in the Roman style, massive, square, and with circularly arched openings; the buildings round it dated from the *renaissance*. A Colobrières, captain of a company of adventurers, having served with success in the great Italian wars, and been present at the sack of Rome, returned home from his campaigns with a large booty. He renovated his ancestral manor, held high court in it with a number of boon companions, and died, bequeathing to his heirs nothing but the handsome mansion he had erected, and its valuable pictures and furniture. At the period of our story, the modern structures round the old keep were already greatly dilapidated; the furniture was sadly worn, and had, in a great

measure, disappeared in passing through the hands of five or six generations; and there actually remained of the antique splendour of the Colobrières only a few waifs and strays, now looked on as relics, such as a trunk inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, in which the baron kept his archives, a clock with musical bells, and six silver spoons and forks engraved with the Colobrières arms. No repairs had been made for some fifty years in the roof or in the outer wood-work; so that the windows were for the most part unglazed and without shutters, and the rain had rotted the floors. The rooms on the first floor were no longer inhabitable, and the family resided in the arched rooms of the ground-floor, the temperature of which was nearly that of a cellar, warm in winter, and cool in the height of summer.

"The chapel was in a state of utter dilapidation, and for many a year the Colobrières family had gone to a neighbouring village to hear mass. This was a great mortification to the baroness, who had never indulged more than one ambitious dream in her life, viz., that of possessing some fifty crowns with which she might repair the chapel, and have mass celebrated in it on Sundays and holidays by some Minorite friar, whom she would afterwards invite to dinner; but there was no likelihood that the baron's finances could ever suffice for such an outlay, and the good lady submitted with as much resignation as she could to this hard privation. Every Sunday, whether it rained or shone, the family set out on foot in a certain costume that varied little with the change of seasons. The baron wore an old reddish-brown coat, still decent, but bearing proofs of its long service in the equivocal lustre of the seams. His stockings of rockspun silk, drawing without a wrinkle over a leg that must once have been shapely enough, descended into large shoes with buckles, and his napless three-cornered hat greatly needed to be handled with extreme caution. Madame de Colobrières accompanied him in a skirt of *gros-de-Tour*, somewhat faded, with a taffety mantle that dated from her marriage. Their children had no other adornment than their good looks. The young man wore a serge-coat, and a coarse felt hat like the peasants; the young lady had a brown cotton frock, a kerchief of sprigged muslin, and a little hat set on the crown of her head, and under which her hair was gathered back from her face. The only change made at long intervals in this costume was, that the hat had sometimes a new riband. Hard as it must have been to feel the constant pinching of such narrow means—a hundred times more difficult to endure than naked and avowed poverty—still a sort of permanent serenity prevailed in the Colobrières family, and their mutual concord was never disturbed. The young people especially led a life unruffled by vain longings and anxious forethought, contenting themselves with the little they had, and never repining over the decay of their fortune and their house.

"One Whitmonday, after mass, whilst the baroness and her children were returning to the castle, the baron loitered awhile in the village market-place, where some itinerant merchants had set up their booths. It was the grand holiday time of that part of the country, and the mer-

chants were doing a brisk business with their latten rings, pinchbeck crosses, and glass chaplets. The baron bought an ell of riband for his daughter, cheapened a *chifarcani* gown, sighed, and did not buy it. After dinner that day he did not leave the table immediately, as was his custom, to take his siesta, but remained in his chair leaning back with his eyes fixed in deep reflection. Gaston and his sister had stolen out noiselessly, thinking that their parents were dozing on either side of the table.

"Instead of sleeping the baron was half whistling between his teeth, which in him was a token of deep cogitation, and tapping alternately his plate and his empty glass. The baroness soon yielded to the influence of this music; her eyes closed, and she fell asleep in the effort to guess what it could be that her husband was thinking of so intensely. After half an hour's silence the baron heaved an explosive sigh, looked up at the ceiling, and said,

"I heard news to-day of Agathe de Colobrières."

"Eh—what—I beg your pardon: did you speak?" ejaculated the baroness, jumping up in her chair, and staring at her husband in bewildered surprise.

"I say," replied the baron, coldly, "that a pedlar in the fair told me news of Agathe de Colobrières."

"Holy Virgin! and what did he tell you?"

"Things I was far from expecting, certainly. Agatha has had more good luck than she deserved. In the first place that man, her husband, that Maragnon is dead."

"The old lady crossed herself."

"Next," continued the baron, "he has left a very large fortune."

"Are there children?" inquired the baroness, trembling with emotion.

"There have been several; but of all that hopeful lineage of the Maragnons there remains but one girl."

"And the merchant that told you this saw Agathe, perhaps?"

"He did; and she told him that if she dared she would send her compliments to me."

"Poor woman!" murmured Madame de Colobrières.

"Send me her compliments, indeed; I would not have received them!" cried the baron, striking the table with his fist. "Wretch that she is! she dares still to utter the name of Colobrières! She! Madame Maragnon!"

"She thinks of us! She loves us still," murmured the baroness.

"What does that matter to you, madam?" replied the baron, indignantly. "What is there in common at present between us and that woman? I am really vexed with myself that I mentioned the subject to you."

"With these words he rose and hurried from the room, as if to cut short the conversation. The baroness remained alone in deep thought. For thirty years the name of Agathe de Colobrières had not been breathed in her presence. It was forbidden to speak of her in that castle where she was born, and neither Gaston nor his young sister was aware even of her existence. And yet she was near akin to them; she was the Baron de Colobrières' own sister—his only sister.

"Thirty years before, Mademoiselle de Colobrières was residing in the paternal mansion, which she had never quitted. She was approaching the mature age of maidenhood. She was no longer a delicate bud sheltering timidly beneath the foliage, but a splendid, full-blown rose, whose fragrant petals would be scattered by the first breath of wind. This beautiful girl belonged to a house too poor, too noble, and too proud to make it feasible, even in thought, to find a husband for her. It was decided that she should enter a convent; but as she had no vocation for the monastic life, she temporized and remained in the castle even after the death of her parents and her brother's marriage.

"Still it was a settled thing that she was to be a nun, and she never conceived the thought of saying no, perhaps because she could see no chance of escaping her lot: only she would fall at times into fits of deep dejection, and weep in the baroness's presence without ever divulging the cause of her tears. The family was augmenting every year. The castellan of Colobrières had already six children, and poor Agathe felt plainly she must depart and make room for those little ones. Neither the baron nor his wife pressed her to fulfil her resolution; but her entrance into the convent was considered as near at hand, and was talked of every day.

"While things were in this state, it happened that some itinerant merchants presented themselves one evening at the gate of the castle. The weather was frightful; the rain, which had fallen in torrents, had broken up the roads, and the poor travellers could not reach the village, where they would have found shelter and a place to lie down. The baron generously opened his door to them, which was really all the kindness he was able to bestow upon them. They took up their quarters in an empty hall not far from the stable, where they sheltered their baggage mules, and made their arrangements for passing the night there. The baroness had seen their arrival from her window, and said soon after to her sister-in-law:

"I should like to lay out five or six francs with these merchants. The children's things are made up for the season; but you and I—it is mortifying to be obliged to go to mass with our plain hats and our *fichus de lisard*. You in particular, my dear, are sadly in want of a new kerchief."

"What would be the good of it, sister?" replied Mademoiselle de Colobrières with a sigh, "I should not have long to wear it; I shall soon have no more need of such things."

"Never mind," said the baroness; and casting a stealthy glance at her husband, who was dozing at the table with his nose on an old book of noble families of which he every evening read a few lines, she added in a lower tone, "I have saved a few fifteen sous pieces, and will put them into your hands; but be sure your brother does not know anything of the matter. By and by, when we are gone to our bed-room, do you go to these merchants and buy what you think best."

"So saying she went to the cupboard in which she kept her most valuable hoards, fetched from it a rather limp-looking little purse of leather, and gave it to Mademoiselle de Colobrières.

"There are six livres fifteen sous in it," she

said. 'Mind you go cleverly to work with these people. Besides your kerchief and our ribands try to get two ells of Italian gauze, to make us *capelines*, and some green taffety to cover our parasols. You will very likely have to do with Jews, so be on your guard. In short, I rely on you to lay out the money discreetly.'

"'Make your mind easy, sister,' said Agathe, taking the purse with a faint smile. 'Look, there's my brother opening his eyes and turning over a page of his book; take him away if you wish me to go quickly and make your purchases.'

"The baron and his wife soon retired to their large chamber, the broken windows of which let in a sharp little breeze that put out the lights. Mademoiselle de Colobrières likewise withdrew to her little bed-room. It lay at the extremity of a suite of very large rooms, and had formerly been the oratory of the ladies of the castle. The ceiling was adorned with cherubims' heads encompassed with garlands, and with their outspread wings meeting one another, and the shield, with the thistle, vert, springing from a tower, masoned, sable, figured proudly in every direction. A cross of exquisite workmanship, but with its delicate inlaying much impaired, was fixed over a worm-eaten prayer-desk, from the angles of which protruded broken-nosed visages of saints. The scanty bed, laid on tressels, and covered with a huge counterpane of faded silk, stood opposite a table, the only drawer of which contained all the worldly possessions of Agathe de Colobrières, that is to say, her slender wardrobe, some devotional books, and a little enameled gold cross that had been her mother's. The poor young lady had hardly ever in her life handled coined metal, and she could not have added a farthing to the store amassed by the baroness. As she entered the room she threw the purse on the table, sat down pensively, and thought of all things that money procures, and of the omnipotence of that vile and precious form of matter. For her, money was the realization of all her longings and her chimeras; it was happiness, liberty! She took up the purse and shook it, whispering to herself with a long-drawn sigh, 'If I had twenty or thirty thousand of these little pieces how happy should all be here! I would have the castle repaired; we should all have new dresses every season. The store-rooms should be well stocked—there should never be any uneasy thought for the morrow; there would be something to give to the poor, and I should not enter the convent. But I have nothing—nothing—and I cannot work to earn my bread. I must go where the good God in his mercy will provide me with food and raiment.'

"She opened the purse and turned out its contents on her palm; then after looking on them for a moment she closed her hand upon the coin, and said bitterly, 'What is this in comparison with the wants of this house? It is a drop of water on a burnt soil. If this money were mine I would not spend it, but cast it to the first poor creature that stopped at the castle gate.' The clock struck nine at this moment, Agathe thought it was time to discharge her commission. Too proud and well bred to think even for a moment of going down alone to the itinerant

merchants, she went into the children's room, and gently wakened the eldest girl, who was her god-daughter and her favourite. The little girl was soon ready; her aunt took her by the hand, and both went away together with noiseless steps.

"The hall in which the merchants were quartered was a very large room, that still retained some traces of its original state. Many a gay and splendid banquet it had doubtless witnessed of yore; here and there on the panels was still to be seen a cornucopia entwined with garlands of roses; and heads of satyrs, laughing from ear to ear, projected from each corner of the tall chimney-piece, the casing of which was adorned with a figure of Bacchus, sculptured in high relief, and surrounded by all the attributes of the jolly god. But all trace of furniture had vanished from this banquet hall, where no revels had been held for more than a century; the carpets had given place to the green moss, that invested the marble slabs of the floor, and spiders had woven filmy curtains before the half-broken windows. The temporary occupants of this dismantled hall had arranged themselves in it with the peculiar adroitness of men accustomed to long travelling and scant accommodation. They had contrived to make an extemporaneous suite of furniture out of their goods; two chests, placed together and covered with a green cloth, served for a table; some bales did service for chairs, and a tolerable light was afforded by one of those large canvass lanterns which wagoners hang by night from the pole of the wagon.

"Agathe de Colobrières tapped at the door, and entered, holding her niece with one hand, whilst the other was plunged into the depths of the pocket in which she carried the baroness's savings. Had she been about to present herself thus before persons of her own quality, she would have experienced an insurmountable embarrassment, and would have been very awkward and confused; but she felt no difficulty in accosting these low people; and slightly bending her head she said merely, 'Good evening. May I trouble you to let me see your goods?'

"The itinerant merchant rose from his seat in some surprise at the appearance of the handsome young lady, who had paused in the middle of the room, and stood waiting with an air of quiet self-possession and modest dignity, until he should display his stock. Though dressed in a shabby druggist gown she had the bearing of a princess, and the pride of her race was legible on her broad open front. The merchant bowed respectfully, and said, as he pushed forward one of the bales that served instead of chairs, 'Be pleased to take a seat, madame. Had you sent for me I should have obeyed your orders. I will instantly unpack the laces and silks, the best things in my assortment.'—'Show me your kerchiefs and ribands,' said Agathe, seating herself and taking the child on her lap, who was beginning to gaze curiously around her. Mademoiselle de Colobrières herself, too, began to observe with some surprise the various objects in the room. The bales of merchandize were regularly piled up at one end, and behind the screen made by them lay the sleeping figure of a man rolled up in his travelling cloak. His silver spurs shone in the faint light, and his gun rested against the wall

within reach of his hand. This measure of precaution was probably occasioned by the bad state of the locks and fastenings in the castle, and by the important amount of specie and negotiable paper in a valise that stood on the table. The merchant had, apparently, been arranging his accounts at the moment Agathe entered. A morocco leather portfolio, the pages of which were full of figures, lay open beside the valise, and from the latter there had escaped handfuls of six-livre pieces mingled with louis d'or. The owner of this wealth was a man still young and of pleasing appearance; he did not appear superior to his condition in language and manners, but there was a certain intelligence and decision in his countenance that stood him instead of high breeding. With an indifferent air he thrust back into the valise all that fine coin, the sight of which astonished Agathe, and began to unfold his handkerchiefs and ribands. Never had Mademoiselle Colobrières seen such magnificent fabrics; there were Smyrna crapes, and Indian satins brocaded with flowers, butterflies and birds, and ribands of all colours interwoven with gold and silver. The little girl cried out in ecstasy at the sight of these fine things; while Agathe looked on them in silence with a bewildered eye, and was rather embarrassed how to declare that they were all too handsome for her. The merchant apparently did not guess the cause of her hesitation, for he said, pushing aside the boxes he had opened, 'I think I can show you something still better.'

"Pray, do not trouble yourself to search further," said Agathe, with a sigh, as she took out her little purse; 'I only want a very plain handkerchief; something simple and cheap. All these things are too elegant.'

"Pardon me, madame la baronne, nothing can be elegant enough for you," replied the merchant, politely.

"I am not Madame Colobrières," said Agathe, blushing, 'I am her sister-in-law. It would not be becoming for a young lady to wear such sumptuous things.'

"Oh, do, do, aunt, dress yourself out fine for once!" exclaimed the child; 'you have never done so, nor we either.'

"People who live all the year round in the country have no need of so much dress," interposed Mademoiselle de Colobrières, hastily, in hopes to put a stop to the child's prattle; but the little creature was too much excited by the splendid things the merchant continued to place before her, and she went on with unchecked volubility:

"But indeed, indeed we ought to buy all these things, and then Nanon, the exciseman's daughter, would not give herself such airs at mass when she struts before our bench with her gingham frock and her *coiffe à papillon*. We should have new clothes like her, instead of being obliged to mend our Sunday clothes every Saturday.'

Agathe coloured deeply, and with much confusion of manner rebuked the little girl's loquacity; but almost instantly overcoming the natural weakness of her pride, she put aside the glistening silks with one hand, and with the other she laid her light purse on the table, saying in a tone of melancholy dignity: 'We are not rich; here is all I can lay out with you at present.'

"Never mind, mademoiselle," was the merchant's eager reply; 'do me the honour to choose whatever you may please to require; you will pay me another time.'

Agathe shook her head; but the merchant persisted: 'You can discharge this little debt in a year, if convenient to you, mademoiselle; I shall be here again by that time.'

"When that time comes I shall not be here," said Mademoiselle de Colobrières, sadly. 'No finery is needed where I am going, but a black woollen gown to be worn all the year, and a veil that is never changed.'

"You are going into a convent, mademoiselle?" said the merchant, with a guarded expression of surprise and interest.

"Yes, ere long; and really," she continued in the same sad and resigned tone, 'I have no need of such things as you have shown me. Oblige me by letting me see the plainest goods you have.'

The merchant went to a bale at the end of the room to comply with her wishes, and while he was unpacking it, Agathe amused herself with looking over the goods strewed before her. Among them lay a portfolio of tolerably good engravings, which she began to examine with some curiosity. Most of them represented polite pastoral scenes, in which plump cupids and enamoured deities sported with dainty shepherdesses and innocent swains bedizened with pink ribands; but among these idyllic compositions there was one that made a deep impression on Mademoiselle de Colobrières. The artist, seized with a tragic inspiration, had depicted a scene of monastic life in all its horrors. In a damp vault, scarcely lighted by an expiring lamp, a nun lay stretched on her bed of straw. She was dying immured in the *pace*, and her wasted hands and dim eyes were raised to heaven with an indescribable expression. Like the prophet king she seemed crying out from those depths in a hopeless appeal to the divine mercy.

Agathe gazed in dismay on this dismal image. All the latent repugnance of her soul for the monastic life, all her loathing for the vows she was about to pronounce, were suddenly and violently aroused; she let the engraving fall on her lap and burst into tears. Just at that moment the merchant came back from the other end of the room. A glance at the engraving explained to him the cause of this outbreak of grief, and he said with evident emotion, 'You are going into a convent, mademoiselle? It is a terrible step, if you are not led to it by a strong vocation. Pardon me if I venture to offer an opinion on what concerns you, but I cannot help thinking you will commit a crime against yourself in thus entering the grave alive. The time will come, perhaps, when you will bitterly regret such a step.'

"Regret it! I do so already!" cried Mademoiselle de Colobrières, whose long pent feelings now broke forth uncontrollably; 'I loathe a convent life, and look forward with dread to the future; but I must submit to my fate.'

"You have a father or a mother who insists on this sacrifice?"

"No, my parents are dead."

"Indeed? Then who constrains you?"

"Necessity," replied Agathe, bitterly. 'A

nunnery is the only asylum on earth for a poor maiden of noble blood, and in such an asylum most of the females of our family have been immured in the prime of life. It has long been the custom of the Colobrières to sacrifice us thus, since their fortune has ceased to be adequate to the maintenance of their rank. Oh, why does not God, to whom we are devoted in spite of ourselves, why does he not take us from the cradle, when our innocent hearts are as yet bound by no ties to this world ?

"Whilst Agathe spoke thus, looking up to heaven with her beautiful eyes filled with tears, the merchant gazed on her with a singular expression of countenance. The man was really superior to his vulgar condition ; his was one of those prompt and decisive natures, which, by dint of resolute will and daring shrewdness, carry themselves triumphantly through the most difficult circumstances. Such were the qualities to which Pierre Maragnon already owed a fortune acquired in hazardous speculations. As he gazed on the beautiful and high-born lady who now bent her tearful eyes to the ground, and seemed abashed at having suffered a stranger to be the witness of her unguarded emotion and the confidant of her secret sorrows, Pierre Maragnon felt that the moment might be decisive of the future destiny of them both. A thought, extravagant almost to wildness, flashed upon his mind. With the same quick tact that he exercised in all his dealings, he calculated the chances of the matter before him ; they appeared favourable, and he dared to conceive a hope, a project ; viz., that he would carry off Mademoiselle de Colobrières, and marry her, he, Pierre Maragnon ! To any one who could have seen into the mind of Agathe at that moment, such an idea would have seemed the height of presumption and folly. The poor young lady did not even take any notice of him who was gazing with such deep scrutiny upon her beautiful downcast countenance. In the eyes of the indigent daughter of the barons of Colobrières, a merchant, a *roturier*, was not a man ; and the good-will with which she deigned to regard Pierre Maragnon was of a kind, perhaps, more mortifying to its object than would have been mere indifference. The first necessary step was to bring down that instinctive pride of hers, and annihilate her inveterate prejudice by a direct and undisguised attack ; and this Pierre Maragnon resolved to do, at the risk of incurring the displeasure of Agathe upon the first word he uttered.

" 'You will think me very forward, mademoiselle,' he said, in a grave, respectful tone ; 'but as I have spoken my mind as to your situation, I think it my duty also to give you this advice. Make up your mind to endure anything, rather than enter a convent. You cannot remain with your family ; they are too poor to keep you ; well, then, leave them and go live elsewhere. Work, if it be necessary ; it is neither a disgrace nor even a misfortune. Is not constant toil, with freedom, better than a life of sloth, cloistered within four walls, whence you can never come out, alive or dead ?'

" 'That is true,' replied Mademoiselle de Colobrières, surprised, but not offended at such language. 'If I could renounce my nobility and my name, my course would be taken to-morrow—at

once. I would go and live, no matter where, by the labour of my hands, rather than become a nun.'

" 'And what prevents you, mademoiselle ?' said Pierre Maragnon, boldly. 'It needs only a slight effort of courage, and you may descend from that rank which imposes so terrible a sacrifice upon you, and become a *petite bourgeoisie*. You have no other refuge than the convent, because you are too poor to marry a man of your own quality ; but a roturier would think himself fortunate to wed you without a dowry.'

" 'A man of no birth would never dare to ask me in marriage,' replied Agathe, naively.

" 'The situation in which you are placed may prompt some one to make so bold,' said the merchant in a tone of peculiar meaning, and looking her steadily in the face.

"She understood him. The blood rushed into her cheeks : her eyes flashed with pride, perhaps with indignation ; but this involuntary movement of the blood subsided immediately ; she made no answer, and remained thoughtful. Pierre Maragnon deemed his triumph certain when he saw her ponder thus. Concealing his joy, and the very strong feeling that was already taking possession of his soul, he began again to descant on the fate of those who become nuns without any special vocation. Though his youth and his good looks might have inspired him with a certain degree of confidence, he had the good sense not to make trial of any vulgar means of seduction ; he said not a word of what was passing in his heart, but keeping within due control the admiration, mingled with respect and tenderness, with which the beauty of Agathe had at once impressed him, he applied himself to discussing the possibility of a marriage between a wealthy roturier and the descendant of an illustrious and utterly ruined family. He set forth his own position in precise terms ; it was prosperous. An orphan from his childhood, he owed to his own active exertions a fortune ten times the fee-simple value of the castle and estates of Colobrières. Agathe hearkened, confused, and tempted, not by her heart, but by her reason, which told her that after all it would be better to become the wife of the merchant, than to be shut up for the rest of her days in a nunnery.

"The little girl had fallen asleep on the lap of her young aunt. All was hushed in the old manor. The castellan of Colobrières, far from suspecting the affront with which he was threatened, was fast asleep beside his wife, and dreamt of finding under the head of his bed a fine bag of crowns, with which he had the castle repaired, and bought himself a new coat. Mademoiselle de Colobrières and Pierre Maragnon had full leisure to confer together, and when the clock struck midnight, their interview was not yet ended. Agathe nevertheless had not made up her mind. The longer she reflected, the more she felt the importance of the consent or refusal she was about to pronounce. Pale, oppressed, and trembling, she kept silence, or replied only in monosyllables mingled with sighs, to the pressing arguments with which Pierre Maragnon strove to fix her wavering purpose. But in the course of this long conference he had made immense progress. Mademoiselle de Colobrières was insensibly coming to treat him as an equal, and more

than once she called him Monsieur. At last, unable as yet to decide, she said :

"In the perturbation into which all this has thrown me, monsieur, I cannot come to any decision. I want to be alone, to collect my thoughts, and pray to God before I give you an answer. It is now late in the night, and you go away in the morning ; well then, as soon as the first streak of dawn appears yonder, behind the hills, my resolution will have been taken. If I do not return to meet you, quit this castle immediately, for I shall have resigned myself to my lot."

"She rose, and Pierre Maragnon replied submissively, but with deep feeling, 'Your weal or woe are in your own hands, mademoiselle ; may Heaven inspire you, and bring you hither again to-morrow morning.'

"Agathe took the sleeping child in her arms and slowly left the room. She had to traverse part of the castle to reach her chamber. The silence of night, and the pale moonbeams falling on the disjointed floors, imparted to those vast and long uninhabited halls a sad and desolate aspect that sank with a chill weight on her spirits. She gazed long around her, as if to confirm to herself the total ruin of her house, and passed onwards, pondering on the haughty penury of her family, and the painful contrast between such pinching indigence and the high nobility of descent, which was her sole and woeful dower. On entering her little chamber, she laid the child on the bed, and sat down pensively before the prayer-desk. Her lamp, which she had left burning, shed but a flickering light on the blackened wood carvings that projected from the sombre face of the walls. The ticking of the invisible death-watch was heard loudly amid the deep stillness, as the creature pursued its slow work of destruction on the elaborately sculptured oak and walnut. Other slight sounds occasionally interrupted the noise made by the insect, as the hungry mice, running about behind the wainscot, brought down the damp crumbling mortar of the old walls. It was near the end of October ; the approach of winter already made itself felt, and as the night advanced, a chiller air entered through the dilapidated windows, and made Agathe shiver. The poor girl had sunk on her knees and wished to pray ; but whilst her heart sought to lift itself up towards God, her mind was lost in an endless maze of thought. Like all persons who are hurried along by no passion or intense feeling, she vacillated in fear and doubt between the two alternatives before her, and dreaded that whatever her choice might be she should repent of it on the morrow. Had she found more sympathy and tenderness in those around her, family affection would have prevailed in that hour of crisis, and she would have bethought her of the affliction and shame which a *mésalliance* would cast on her house. But the baron took no great interest in her fate, all his stock of affectionate feelings being engrossed by the little prattlers whose numbers grew with every year. When all his pretty brood was gambolling about him, he used to fall into a reverie, like the woodman in the tale of Little Poucet, and calculate how much more easily he should rear his bantlings when he should have got rid of poor Agathe. The baroness was a good soul, but her distressed condition rendered

her selfish, and forced her upon a system of ways and means, which, in any one of a less kindly nature, would have degenerated into sordid scheming. Mademoiselle de Colobrières plainly felt all this, and it was this humiliating and painful certainty, that made her contemplate without dread the rage and indignation of her kindred, when they should have received the astounding intelligence of her marriage. Still, however, she wavered ; and as often happens in the most important circumstances of life, it was a trifling incident that fixed her decision. Whilst she was immersed in her distracting thoughts, and was observing with alarm the faint twilight that already began to steal upon the horizon, the child moved uneasily on the bed and sighed in some unpleasant dream. Agathe went to her, raised her gently on the pillow, and kissed her soft cheeks, bathing them with tears. This woke the child, who instinctively put her arm round her aunt's neck, muttering, 'Show me all you bought last night of the merchant, aunt.'

"I did not buy anything," said Agathe. 'Come, my dear, go to sleep. Or shall I take you back to the other room, to your brothers and sisters ?'

"No, I will stay where I am," said the child, looking round her ; 'mamma promised me this room should be mine, because I am the eldest.'

"Ha ! and she told you you should have it soon ?"

"Immediately, when you are gone to the nunnery," said the child, with the naïf selfishness which children carry into all their little schemes.

"To the nunnery !—I will not go !—and I leave you my chamber, Euphémie," said Mademoiselle de Colobrières starting up.

"The child sank back on the pillow, and was asleep again in a moment. Agathe took from the drawer, that contained her all, her little enamelled cross and her prayer book, opened her door softly, traversed the castle with firm and rapid steps, and went down into the court-yard. Pierre Maragnon had been waiting since the first glimpse of daybreak, with his eyes bent on the great door. Doubtless he had trembled in his soul at the thought that it would not open again, for his pale and haggard looks told of an anxious night. At the sight of Mademoiselle de Colobrières he grew still paler, and then the blood rushed from his heart to his head with a revulsion of pride and joy ; but instantly overcoming his violent emotion, he advanced and said quietly with as much respect as though he were addressing a queen, 'Mademoiselle, we are just about to start if you please : in four hours you will be in Antibes, and you will then let me know your further commands.'

"I am ready, monsieur," said Agathe, in a low voice, modestly but firmly ; 'but instead of going direct to Antibes, we must pass through the village of St. Peyre, and stop there an hour.'

"The mules were already laden, and the two men who had charge of them had drawn them up in line outside the castle yard. A tall young man, the same whom Agathe had seen asleep, with his gun in reach of his hand, on the preceding evening, was in the saddle keeping discreetly out of earshot ; his likeness to Pierre Maragnon told plainly that they were of the same blood and bore the same name. At a sign from the merchant

the little caravan began to march. Agathe was still in the hall, looking at a heap of silks, laces, and other goods, neatly arranged on the sill in the deep recess of a window. Over all these fine things, and placed in a manner to strike the eye at once, was a paper, on which was written: From Mademoiselle de Colobrières. The little purse containing the six livres fifteen sous, the baroness's savings, lay under the paper. 'It is your wedding present, mademoiselle; I have taken the liberty of making it in your name,' said the merchant.

"The poor children will have new clothes for once in their lives!" murmured Agathe, thanking Pierre Maragnon with a look. Then she said, hurriedly, 'Let us begone.'

"The merchant led up his saddle horse, a powerful animal, fit to carry the four sons of Aymon, placed Mademoiselle Colobrières on the croupe, mounted, and set off at a round trot. The caravan was already out of sight beyond a turn of the road, but the tramp of the mules and the tinkling of their bells were audible.

"When they reached the foot of the hill, and before they entered the tortuous road leading away from Colobrières, Agathe turned back and looked her last on the castle of her fathers. It was a look full of sorrow and fondness that poignantly bespoke all the feelings of her soul. 'Farewell!' she mentally ejaculated, 'farewell noble abode, whence poverty expels me! Had I been allowed to pass my cheerless existence within the shelter of those ruined walls—had I been left a little place by my father's hearth, and a right to sit at the scanty table where I should not, perhaps, have always found my daily bread, I would not have forsaken my family and renounced my name.'

"Her tears flowed silently as she thought thus; she wiped them away with one hand, whilst the other instinctively clung to Pierre Maragnon's arm, with a close and timorous grasp. The merchant, proud as a monarch, rode with head erect and a glad heart, thinking of the happiness and the honour that awaited him. Once out of sight of the castle of Colobrières he put his horse to a walk, and took the liberty to ask Agathe if she had any particular purpose in going to St. Peyre.

"The purpose of being married to you this very day," was her reply.

"The heart of Pierre Maragnon thrilled at the words. In his ecstasy he was near raising to his lips the small hand that grasped his green ratteen sleeve; but checking himself, he only replied in the most respectful tone: 'I durst not have taken it upon me to press you on this subject, mademoiselle; and yet I felt that the most proper course you could take was not to postpone the honour you intend to do me; your determination delights me. If you please, we will allow my people to proceed slowly, and we will ride on before them.'

"Yes," said Agathe, 'that is well thought of; we should be at St. Peyre before the hour of mass.'

"The merchant set spurs to his horse, and turning off from the road, rode across the fields, by which means he had soon outstripped the caravan, which was proceeding steadily in a sunken way, so deep that ill-disposed persons might have lain there in ambush. Agathe, frightened a little

by the brisk pace of the horse, drew up her small feet under her petticoat, and clung with both arms to her companion, who at that moment looked not unlike Pierre of Provence carrying off the fair Maguelone.

"It was about seven in the morning when the young couple arrived in front of the church of St. Peyre. The sacristan had already rung the first matin bell, but the village population were in the fields, and there were only two or three old men about the church, basking in the sun. The merchant fastened his horse to the palings of the priest's little garden, and accompanied Mademoiselle de Colobrières into the church, where both knelt down at the entrance of the lonely nave. Agathe, then making a sign to Pierre Maragnon to wait for her, went into the sacristy, where she found the curé putting on his robes, assisted by the lad who was to aid in the performance of the mass. He was a young priest, tolerably well-read; a man of tolerant piety and great virtue. Occasionally, in visiting his parishioners, he had called at the castle of Colobrières, and Agathe was well known to him.

"The blessing of heaven be on you, mademoiselle," he exclaimed, as Agathe advanced to him pale and trembling. 'Has anything untoward happened at Colobrières?'

"No, Monsieur le Curé," she replied, 'it is myself the matter concerns, and I am come to beg you will hear my confession immediately.'

"The curé, much astonished, motioned to his little clerk to retire, and sat down, after having closed the door of the sacristy. Mademoiselle de Colobrières then knelt down, and after relating what had occurred on the preceding night, she told him the resolution she had taken, and the purpose for which she was come. The case was novel and embarrassing. Mademoiselle de Colobrières was an orphan, and had attained her majority, so that she could dispose of her own mind; nevertheless her family was legally empowered to resist such a *mésalliance* as she was about to make. Besides this, it was necessary to fulfil the previous formalities required by the ecclesiastical laws in all but extraordinary cases. The good priest refused at first, hoping, perhaps, that Agathe would abandon her intention, and allow him to convey her back quietly and without scandal to Colobrières. But upon the first word he uttered to that effect, she rose and said, resolutely, 'No, Monsieur le Curé, I did not take this step with the intention of afterwards receding. I will go with Pierre Maragnon wherever he chooses to take me, and he will marry me when it shall so please him; but it is for you matter of conscience to let me depart thus. Since I am resolved to go with him, were it not better he should take me away as his wife and not as his mistress? Alas! if we both commit such a fault, it will be sorely against our will.'

"This way of putting the case alarmed the curé. He was a truly religious man, of a timorous conscience, but of an upright and decided character. 'Mademoiselle,' he said, after some reflection; 'I consent to marry you; God in his mercy grant that you may live afterwards without regret and remorse! After the ceremony, I will go and see M. le Baron de Colobrières. No doubt they are searching for you at this moment, and any

surmise will have been adopted by your family rather than a suspicion of what is actually occurring. I will intercede for you, but I fear it will be without avail. For the last time, I entreat you to reflect: are you fully resolved thus to for ever separate from your family, who will never think of you, perhaps, without anger and shame?

"My greatest desire is that they may forgive me," replied Agathe, with mournful determination; "but I do not hope they will, Monsieur le Curé; and when I left Colobrières, I knew well that it was for ever."

"The curé motioned to her to kneel down again, and after praying with her and duly accomplishing all that should precede the religious ceremony, he told her to go and wait for him in the church, and meanwhile to send Pierre Maragnon to him. The little clerk went by the priest's desire and fetched two of the old men who were sitting in the porch, to act as witnesses; and a quarter of an hour afterwards Pierre Maragnon and Agathe de Colobrières were married. On coming out of church they met the whole caravan which had just arrived, and Pierre going up to the young man we have seen before, said to him, with a face beaming with proud joy as he pointed to Agathe, 'Take her hand, Jacques; she is your sister.'

"That same afternoon, whilst the new married couple were on their road for Marseilles, the curé proceeded to Colobrières. The baron and his wife were still busy with conjectures: they had found Agathe's wedding presents on the window-ledge, but could not tell what to make of them, and their wits were perplexed with a host of conjectures, none of which approached the truth. When the curé had given a plain statement of the facts, the baron burst into paroxysms of rage and indignation, and the baroness shed tears. In spite of her natural gentleness and indulgent disposition, the good lady was also incensed against her sister-in-law, and cried out in a comical transport of anger and distress: 'Mademoiselle de Colobrières the wife of Pierre Maragnon! That she should have been guilty of the weakness of loving him is what I might, perhaps, conceive; but marry him—never!'

"The Baron de Colobrières renounced his sister Agathe, cursed her, and expressly forbade that her name should ever be uttered in his presence. After this solemn declaration he had a bonfire made of brushwood in the great court, and when it was well lighted, he sternly flung Agathe's presents into the blaze. The baroness sighed piteously when she saw the brave tissues vanishing in the flames, and mentally computed the number of new dresses that might have been made out of what was soon but a handful of ashes. But she knew her husband too well to venture on the least remonstrance; she knew that the worthy man would rather have seen his children clad in lambskins, like the pictures of little St. John, than decked in garments made of Pierre Maragnon's wedding presents. With a heavy heart, she locked up the six livres fifteen sous which had been found untouched in the purse; and considering that all this disaster had come of the unlucky wish to spend her savings, she made a vow that she would be wiser in future. Agathe's example, moreover, was a warning to

her respecting her daughters. None of the first five saw their eighteenth year under the paternal roof, but were shut up in a nunnery, and had made the last vows long before the age when their aunt had chosen to marry a roturier rather than take the veil."

ART. X.—*History of the Indian Tribes of North America, with Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of the Principal Chiefs, Embellished with One hundred and twenty carefully colored Portraits, etc., etc.* By T. L. MCKENNEY, Esq., and JAMES HALL, Esq. Philadelphia: Rice and Clarke. London: C. Gilpin.

IN turning over the leaves of the magnificent picture-book before us, we rejoice at the opportunity it affords us for departing from the tone of censure in which we have too often felt compelled to speak of the works and deeds of our kinsmen across the Atlantic. For once, at least, they cannot accuse us of scornful disrespect, or of insular prejudice, when, according to our best ability, we recommend nationality in Art, as the one thing beautiful, desirable, and needful for its permanent existence. Towards this point we would have our American friends strain every nerve: They have already proved themselves steady and enthusiastic pilgrims along the world's highways. We may mention the names of West, Washington Allston, Leslie, Sully, in proof that they can take rank among the most admirable Europeans, when they deign to paint in the European fashion; nor can the Londoners or the Florentines forget, that in his 'Greek Slave,' W. Hiram Powers has put in a very strong claim for the championship of modern sculpture, one to which the Rauchs, and the Gibsons, and the Schwanthalers, and the Baily's would find it hard to offer a rejoinder. In all revivals and adaptations, however,—in all workings after this antique, or the other tradition, there is an unsoundness, and a want of satisfaction, the end of which can be but mediocrity. It needs but to walk the rounds of the churches, galleries, and studios of Munich, to ascertain the limits of modern, when imitating ancient Art. There has been no want of earnest study, no want of unselfish devotion to a purpose, no want of sympathy and patronage: and here and there industry, ingenuity, and sincerity have 'tossed and turned' themselves, have accumulated and wrought, till the result is all but a creation,—all but a work of genius. Yet the impression, on ourselves at least, of

these vaunted works is saddening. It is painful to see that sympathy will not keep pace with effort; painful to be compelled to admit (as one is compelled to do, a score of times every hour, by some flash of recollection of the glories of the ancients), that we are only looking at an elaborate mistake; painful to anticipate a not very distant period, when Glyptothek and Basilica, *Fest-bau* and *Aller Heiligen Kapelle*, will be reviewed by the connoisseurs, as so many monuments of respectable pedantry, and school exercise; more praiseworthy for intent, but little more so in fact of artistic merit, than the follies of Louis Quinze, or than the Library built after the fashion of a chest of drawers with which the great Frederick of Prussia chose to diversify the main street of his show capital!

We have dwelt upon Munich because the name of this city is in everyone's mouth; but it is only an illustration of the spirit of the times; not a solitary instance. The worthy personages, who imagine they are advancing the cause of devotion and authority, by attempting to bring back church music to the barbarianism of the Gregorian chant, offer another. Why are these things? Does that old superstitious fear yet linger on the earth, which mistrusted creation and discovery as irreverent? Is Orthodoxy maintained by not a few, because it saves the trouble and cost of original thought? These questions sound almost monstrous: yet much of the artistic criticism, and the motives held out for artistic effort in the present day, when stripped of the verbiage in which canthers of all classes love to involve them, have no wiser principles for kernel. Yet, digressing for a moment, let us thankfully remark how—in spite of all this laziness and pedantry, this appeal to a spurious devotional spirit, which overlooks the glorification of God in the Present, no less than in the Past—Genius is vindicating itself: how the necessities, the materials, and the social arrangements of the world are unconsciously calling forth and shaping productions, which Posterity may admire as models. Those whose connoisseurship and enthusiasm, being merely an affair of precedents and synods, can see nothing of the poetry which belongs to every effort of human ambition, of the beauty which bears company with every step of civilisation, will deride us as utilitarian, or denounce us as at once visionary and materialist, if, by way of illustration, we venture to assert, that in the magnificent structures which steam conveyance has originated, we have more chance of a new order of architecture, than in all the porings and prying of the Pugin school of artists, who sanction every anachronism and inconsisten-

cy of past, half-instructed ages, on the score of a mystical sanctity, and demand the sacrifice of Criticism at the altar of Faith. Let all memorials of the past be reverently preserved, but preserved as memorials, not models. It should be our task, as it is our privilege, to go forward.

Viewed under their two-fold aspect, especially, seeing that anything entirely new stands, for the present, at so heavy a disadvantage, whatsoever the enchantment of distance may do for Posterity—all collections with regard to the aboriginal inhabitants of America have a value, which every year will only increase. Perhaps never has savage life worn a form so inviting and poetical, as in the annals of the Indian tribes. Though hardly disposed, with the *prospectus* of Messrs. McKenney and Hall's work, to admit the Red-jackets and Mohongos as 'Ciceros and Cæsars, Hectors and Helens;' though human conservatism, or human simplicity, could never, in their most stiff or sickly vagaries, dream of a revival of wigwams, of an extension of the picturesque birch-bark and quill manufactures; of encouraging, after the fashion of 'Young England,' the dances and the ball plays, with all their distinctive forms of full-dress and *un*-dress (the latter, as a lady tourist has told us on some festive occasions, a mere simple osprey's wing),—though it would exceed the boldness of any Benedict to speak even leniently of *squaw*-dom as an 'honourable condition,' in days like these, when The Schoolmistress is abroad arousing and inspiring the 'women-kind,'—there is still, under every point of view, for the studious or for the sympathetic, for the antiquarian or for the artist, for the wild sportsman or the closet philosopher, a dignity, a charm, and a poetry about the Red Man, to which, not the whole library of trumpery of which he has been made the subject can render us indifferent. The Americans, then, are justified in calling attention to this, as a great national work. Few rate more highly than ourselves the magnificence of Audubon's collections; the artistic power, which he has thrown into his drawings, giving his ornithological subjects the attractiveness of some professed picture by Snyders or Landseer (distancing, let us add, Hondekötter, the court painter of Poultry, by many a rifle's length),—few have enjoyed more heartily the admirable pages which detail his wanderings, and describe his specimens; entertaining (to quote Johnson's anticipation of Goldsmith's *Natural History*) 'as a Persian tale,' and poetical as one of Christopher North's most eloquent rhapsodies when '*Ebony*' was young; yet, in right of subject, we must give the handsome volumes on our ta-

ble a yet more distinguished place. Nor can we attempt to glance at their contents, without a word or two on a less important point, in which the Americans may legitimately take pride. Their manner of production and publication is most praiseworthy. Mr. Whittingham of Chiswick, it is true, might suggest that the type was too heavy for the paper; and it would strike Mr. Hullmandel's experienced eye, we doubt not, that in some half-dozen specimens, among the lithographs, the grain of the chalk is too coarse and woolly to pass muster in these perfected days of the art. But the above objections are trifling:—hinted, peradventure, merely to keep up our character as just critics, whose habit it has been, from time immemorial, to indulge their spleen by declaring 'that the picture would have been better painted, if the painter would have taken more trouble.'

It seems an Irish beginning to open the third volume first; but the reason is ready in the 'History of the Indian Tribes' contained therein, and our visit is merely a passing one. For if the physiologists, philologists, and other 'cunning men' of Science, have failed to ascertain, past contest, whether the American Indians were or were not of the Tartar stock,—if the signification of the great coincidence between the word '*ha, ha,*' as a definition of an English park ditch, and the same appellation given by the Sioux to the falls of St. Antony, is still far from being duly appreciated:—if antiquarians are not precisely agreed how far the hieroglyphical paintings of the Mexicans, and the uncouth symbols and effigies which emboss the Yucatan temples, 'coincide' with the patterns rather than drawings on the buffaloeskins of the Western Indians,—if, to quote the author of the Introductory Essay before us, 'nothing can be more uncertain, and more unworthy, we will not say of credit, but of consideration, than their earlier traditions, and probably there is not a single fact, in all their history, supported by satisfactory evidence, which occurred half a century previously to the establishment of the Europeans;—wherefore should we vex our readers with splitting theories, and spinning disquisitions? Again, to touch the modern history of the Indians,—were it ever so sketchily,—would lead us into a review of Mr. Schoolcraft's interesting collections, and Mr. Stone's spirited and elaborate histories and biographies;—into glancing over such memoirs of the war-time as the Mrs. Grants and the Mrs. Bleeckers contributed (since Woman's testimony has always its special value, as embracing points which her lordly master disdains to observe). We should have to *crystallize* into the smallest solid

space the amount of facts and features to be got out of the writings of Fenimore Cooper, the Irvings, and Bird. A more romantic library still remains to be ransacked, that of missionary enterprise, somewhat sentimentally opened, some fourteen years since, by Mr. Carne; but containing, we apprehend, abundance of matter, for the thinker, or the painter, or the philanthropist. Enough on the present occasion, then, to say, that the variety of materials seems in some degree to have puzzled the writers of the Prefatory Essay, as well as ourselves. The days of laborious concentration are gone, and perhaps it were too extreme to expect that they should be revived for this occasion only, when the task to be done was merely to make up a handsome introduction to a picture-book. If, as we believe Sir Harris Nicolas would tell us, our Lodges have sometimes 'forced their facts,' in writing the biographies of our Illustrious Personages,—if Corneys poke their heads out of remote corners to prove that our D'Israelis are somewhat given to the Japanese fashion of *mermaid-making*, when busy over their 'Curiosities of Literature,'—far be it from us, on peaceful thoughts intent, to do more than hint, that here or there is a flimsiness or an inaccuracy, or a want of that grasp of the whole subject, for which the memory of a ripe scholar, and the hand of a finished artist, are alike demanded. Better than picking of notes, than complaining of facts carelessly collected, or of style left in the unweeded state of nature, will it be to offer the reader a sample of the introductory matter to the volume. The following, however, is not so much a part of the history, as one among the *pièces justificatives* upon which it has been founded. We have rarely met with a more touching and complete illustration of the strength and weakness of savage life:—

"Certain murders were committed at Prairie du Chien on the Upper Mississippi, in 1827, by a party of Indians, headed by the famous Winnebago chief, Red Bird. Measures were taken to capture the offenders, and secure the peace of the frontier. * * * Information of these movements was given to the Indians, at a council then holding at the Butte des Morts, on Fox River, and of the determination of the United States' government to punish those who had shed the blood of our people at Prairie du Chien. The Indians were faithfully warned of the impending danger, and told, that if the murderers were not surrendered, war would be carried in among them, and a way cut through their country, not with axes, but guns. They were advised to procure a surrender of the guilty persons, and, by so doing, save the innocent from suffering. Runners were dispatched, bearing the intelligence of this information among their bands. Our troops were put in motion. The Indians saw, in the movement

of these troops, the storm that was hanging over them. On arriving at the portage, distant about one hundred and forty miles from the Butte des Morts, we found ourselves within nine miles of a village, at which, we were informed, were two of the murderers, Red Bird, the principal, and We-kaw, together with a large party of warriors. The Indians apprehending an attack, sent a messenger to our encampment. He arrived, and seated himself at our tent door. On inquiring what he wanted, he answered, '*Do not strike. When the sun gets up there*' (pointing to a certain part of the heavens) '*they will come in.*' To the question '*who will come in?*' he answered, '*Red Bird and We-kaw.*' Having thus delivered his message, he rose, wrapped his blanket about him, and returned. This was about noon. At three o'clock, another Indian came, seated himself in the same place, and being questioned, gave the same answer. At sun-down, another came, and repeated what the others had said."

We must proceed with this romance of savage life, as told by Mr. McKenney, in a private letter to Mr. Barbour, the then Secretary of War. The wildness of the incident acquires an additional local colour from the prosy and florid style of American narration, which we would not destroy nor lessen. The reader, then, must excuse something of prolixity, for the sake of character.

"You are already informed of our arrival at this place on the 31st *ultimo*, and that no movement was made to capture the two murderers, who were reported to us to be at the village nine miles above, on account of an order received by Major Whistler from General Atkinson, directing him to wait his arrival, and meantime to make no movement of any kind. We were, therefore, after the necessary arrangements for defence and security, &c., idly, but anxiously, waiting his arrival, when at about one o'clock to-day, we descried, coming in the direction of the encampment, and across the portage, a body of Indians, some mounted, and some on foot. They were first, when discovered, on a mound, and descending it, and by the aid of a glass we could discern three flags, two appeared to be American, and one *white*; * * * * and in half an hour they were near the river and at the crossing-place, when we heard singing: it was announced by those who knew the notes, to be a *death-song*, when presently the river being only about a hundred yards across, and the Indians approaching it, those who knew him said, '*It is the Red Bird singing his death-song.*' On the moment of their arriving at the landing, two *scalp-yells* were given, and these were also by the Red Bird. The Menominies who had accompanied us were lying, in Indian fashion, in different directions all over the hill, eyeing, with a careless indifference, this scene; but the moment the yells were given, they bounded from the ground, as if they had been shot out of it, and running in every direction, each to his gun, seized it, and throwing back the pan, picked the touch-hole, and rallied. They knew well that the yells were *scalp-yells*, but they did not know whether they indicated two

to be taken, or two to be given, but inferred the first. Barges were sent across where they came over, the Red Bird carrying the white flag, and We-kaw by his side. While they were embarking, I passed a few yards from my tent, when a rattlesnake ran across the path: he was struck by Captain Dickeson with his sword, which in part disabled him, when I ran mine, it being of the sabre form, several times through the body, and finally through his head, and holding it up, it was cut off by a Menominie Indian with his knife. The body of the snake falling, was caught up by an Indian, whilst I went towards one of the fires to burn the head, that its fangs might be innoxious, when another Indian came running, and begged me for it; I gave it to him. The object of both was to make *medicine of the reptile*. This was interpreted to be a good omen, as had a previous killing of one a few mornings before on Fox river, and of a bear. * * * *

"By this time the murderers were landed, accompanied by one hundred and fourteen of their principal men. They were preceded and represented by *Caramine*, a chief, who earnestly begged that the prisoners might receive good treatment, and under no circumstances be put in irons. He appeared to dread the military, and wished to surrender them to the sub-agent, Mr. Marsh. His address being made to me, I told him it was proper he should go to the great chief (Major Whistler), and that so far as Mr. Marsh's presence might be agreeable to them they should have it there. He appeared content, and moved on, followed by the men of his bands: the Red Bird being in the centre with his white flag: whilst two other flags, American, were borne by two chiefs, in the front and rear of the line. The military had previously been drawn out in line. The Menominie and Wabanocky Indians squatting about in groups (looking curious enough) on the left flank, the band of music on the right, a little in advance of the line. The murderers were marched up in front of the centre of the line, some ten or fifteen paces from which seats were arranged, and in front of which, at about ten paces, the Red Bird was halted, with his miserable looking companion, We-Kaw, by his side, while his band formed a semicircle to their right and left. All eyes were fixed upon the Red Bird, and well they might be; for, of all the Indians I ever saw, he is decidedly the most perfect in form, in face, and in motion. In height he is about six feet, and in proportion exact and perfect. * * * * His head, too,—nothing was ever so well formed. There was no ornamenting of the hair after the Indian fashion: no clubbing it up in blocks and rollers of lead or silver; no loose or straggling parts, but it was cut after the best fashion of the most refined civilized taste. His face was painted, one side red, the other a little intermixed with green and white. Around his neck he wore a collar of blue wampum, beautifully mixed with white, sewn on a piece of cloth, and covering it, of about two inches width, whilst the claws of the panther, or large wild cat, were fastened to the upper rim, and about a quarter of an inch from each other, their points downward and inward, and resting upon the lower rim of the collar; and around his neck, in strands of various lengths, enlarging as they descended, he wears a

profusion of the same kind of wampum as had been worked so tastefully into his collar. He is clothed in a *Yankton dress*, new, rich, and beautiful. It is of beautifully dressed elk or deer skin; pure in its colour, almost to a clear white, and consists of a jacket (with nothing beneath it), the sleeves of which are sewn so neatly, as to fit his finely turned arms, leaving two or three inches of the skin outside of the sewing, and then again three or four inches more, which is cut into strips, as we cut paper to wrap round and ornament a candle. All this made a deep and rich fringe, whilst the same kind of ornament or trimming continued down the seams of his leggings. These were of the same material, and were additionally set off with blue beads. On his feet he wore mocassins. A piece of scarlet cloth, about a quarter of a yard wide, and half a yard long, by means of a strip cut through its middle, so as to admit the passage through of his head, rested, one half upon his breast, and the other on his back. On one shoulder, and near his breast, was a large and beautifully-ornamented feather, nearly white: and on the other, and opposite, was one nearly black, with two pieces of wood in the form of compasses when a little open, each about six inches long, richly wrapped round with porcupine quills, dyed yellow, red, and blue, and on the tip of one shoulder was a tuft of red dyed horse-hair, curled in part, and mixed up with other ornaments. Across his breast, in a diagonal position, and bound tight to it, was his war-pipe, at least three feet long, richly ornamented with feathers and horse hair, dyed red, and the bills of birds, &c., whilst in one hand he held the white flag, and in the other the pipe of peace."

We hope our readers have Catholicity enough to excuse this Grandisonian minuteness, marvellous in a people so given to *going a-head* as the Americans. But if such is the taste of their Congress orations, how shall their national literature escape? The sentimental touches in the passage which follows (little needed, let us observe, by a scene intrinsically poetic and pathetic), are as oddly characteristic of the most utilitarian nation under the sun, as the above anxious enumeration of the poor Red Bird's toilette trumperies.

"There he stood. He moved not a muscle, nor once changed the expression of his face. They were told to sit down. He sat down with a grace not less *captivating than he walked and stood* (!) At this moment the band on our right struck up Pleyel's hymn * * * when the hymn was played, he took up his pouch, and taking from it some *kinnakanie* or tobacco, cut the latter after the Indian fashion, then rubbed the two together, filled the bowl of his beautiful peace pipe, struck fire with his steel and flint into a bit of spunk, and lighted it and smoked. * * *

"I could not but speculate a little on his dress. His white jacket, with one piece of red upon it, appeared to indicate the purity of his past life, stained with but a single crime; for all agree that the Red Bird had never before soiled his

fingers with the blood of the white man, or committed a bad action. His war-pipe bound close to his heart, appeared to indicate his love of war, which was now no longer to be gratified. Perhaps the red or scarlet cloth may have been indicative of his name, the *Red Bird*."

The above receives a last touch of whimsicality little meditated, as being subscribed by one who 'writes in haste.'

"All sat, except the speakers, whose addresses I took down. * * They were in substance, that they had been required to bring in the murderers. They had no power over any except two, and these had voluntarily agreed to come and give themselves up. As their friends they had come with them. They hoped their white brothers would agree to receive the horses (they had with them twenty, perhaps), meaning, that if accepted, it should be in commutation for the lives of their two friends. They asked kind treatment for them, earnestly begged that they might not be put in irons; that they should all have something to eat, and tobacco to smoke. We advised them to warn their people against killing ours, and endeavoured also to impress them with a proper conception of the extent of our power, and of their weakness, &c."

"Having heard this, the Red Bird stood up; the commanding officer, Major Whistler, a few paces in advance of the centre of his line, facing him. After a pause of a minute, and a rapid survey of the troops, and a firm composed observation of his people, the Red Bird said, looking at Major Whistler, '*I am ready*.' Then advancing a step or two, he paused and added, 'I do not wish to be put in irons, let me be free. I have given my life, it is gone' (stooping down and taking some dust between his finger and thumb, and blowing it away) 'like this * * * I would not have it back. It is gone.' He threw his hands behind him, to indicate that he was leaving all things behind him, and marched up to Major Whistler, breast to breast. A platoon was wheeled backward from the centre of the line, when Major Whistler stepping aside, the Red Bird and We-kaw marched through the line in charge of a file of men, to a tent that had been provided in the rear, over which a guard was set. The comrades of the two captives then left the ground by the way they had come, taking with them our advice, and a supply of meat and flour (!!).

"* * * The Red Bird does not appear to be thirty, yet he is said to be over forty * * *"
—Vol. iii., pp. 36 to 39.

The Red Bird died in prison. We-kaw, as generally happens to the confidant, *alias* the shabbier fellow, and greater rascal of the two, was let off; and comes in, moreover, for a reputation. There are desperate difficulties, we know, inherent in the subject. The uniform of 'Major Whistler and his men' are sad stumbling-blocks in any painter's way, as Horace Vernet could tell us; and it would require consummate tact to rescue the heroic Red Bird and the sneaking

degraded We-kaw, if drawn out in all their bravery as described, from certain May-day and masquerade associations, which no sane artist would care to conjure up. Still we hold that an Allston would have been more honourably and profitably employed, as concerns Art, in trying to harmonize such objects as these, and thus to add to the world's stores of beauty—than in measuring himself against the ancients by once again painting 'Jacob's dream,' or entering the lists against the beauty-painters, who, like 'most women, have no character at all,' by devoting time, pains, aye, and poetical thought, too—to his 'Rosalie listening to Music,' or to the thousandth presentment of 'Lorenzo and Jessica,' the best how infinitely below Shakespeare!

Let us now turn to the portraits, and the anecdotage which accompanies them. The first is properly enough that of 'Red Jacket,' as the white men choose to call the 'Keeper Awake' of the Senecas. Is there not 'an acted bull' in this portrait—an inconsistency which ought not to have escaped the projectors of a national work? 'Red Jacket' was a professed hater of the white men—a contemner, we are expressly told, of their institutions—to the point of 'disdaining to use any language save his own.' Yet here is this stickler for his nationality handed down to posterity in the blue coat and Washington medal of those he abominated! It is true that all over the world we could find other portraits of the uncompromising, in like apparel, were we to seek! 'Kishkalwa,' the second subject in the gallery—nominally and legally head of the Shawanoe nation, is a far more genuine-looking personage, at least in a picture: his nose garnished with a crescent-shaped ring; his ears with cruel-looking appendages; his head with a comb or top-knot of scarlet feathers (with a few civilized 'odds and ends' of riband), as bristling with defiance as Chanticleer Bantam's own! This fiery personage seems to have understood a joke* as little as the editor of

'My Grandmother's Review,' in the days of Byron. Being jeered on the laying aside of his one garment during certain warlike operations, as though he had been a coward who had dropped his 'ineffables' while running away, he undertook a foray or *razzia*; to wipe away this stain on his character: and it was one of the express conditions of the peace which followed his victorious arms, sealed by the present of a beautiful young lady, that Kishkalwa's 'vestment' (to quote the precise noun which transatlantic scrupulosity enjoins) should, indeed, be henceforth remembered among the 'unmentionables.' 'Shingaba W'Ossin; or, Image Stone,' a Chippewa Indian, has, also, a fine, unsophisticated head; though, unlike 'Red Jacket,' he was so far in advance of his tribe, as to encourage investigation with regard to a *Manitou* or object sanctified by superstition—the huge mass of virgin copper, known to all mineralogists and American tourists as existing on the Outanogon River, Lake Superior. A famous subject, too, for the painter, though in a transition state between the 'osprey-wing' style of dress and the adoption of the militia uniform, is Tenskawawaw—'The Open Door.' Though described as a person of slender intellects, weak, cruel, and sensual; despite, too, the loss of an eye, this personage had a bland, agreeable presence. Brother to the well-known chief Tecumthe, 'The Open Door' enjoys an almost equal renown as a prophet. When we read in these Indian annals of a hit so lucky as his fixing the precise day for an earthquake, and recollect how on no stronger grounds our gentry believed in Murphy (not to recall the more humiliating trust of their tenantry in the Canterbury fanatic), we must not appropriate 'The Open Door's' success as a trait of savage life, so much as of universal credulous humanity. We only protest against the 'slenderness' allotted to his wits. The Biographers, however, attribute the contrivance of the juggle to Tecumthe, who, among his other schemes of assisting Indian rights and regenerating Indian morals, including even a temperance movement,

* The 'Book of Offences' (a work which, by the way, we beg to commend to some comic moralist in search of a subject) would receive some of its most curious pages from the history of savage life. It is intelligible enough that the loss of a virile garment should be a sore subject among people particularly touchy in point of valour; but while the crotchet passes through our brains, we cannot resist a far less serious anecdote of Indian offence, which has always struck us as alike whimsical and inexplicable. When the Ojibway party was in London, a party was made (after the fashion of Mrs. Leo Hunter's) for 'Tobacco,' the 'Driving Cloud,' and the rest of the company; not forgetting the ladies. Their behaviour was pronounced to be most discreet and easy; it seemed, too, that they

enjoyed themselves. But in an evil hour arrived Mr. —, the piano-forte player, and by way of ascertaining what amount of musical ear the distinguished strangers possessed, he was requested to perform a fantasia. He complied; the Indians sate, all attention, to the very end. But then, rising up very gravely and with some ceremony, they left the room; went down stairs to the parlour on the ground-floor, resisting all entreaties; and there seating themselves on the floor, waited in dignity the appointed hour of departure. They had been affronted:—nothing further, we believe, was ever explained.

perceived that supernatural influences would make an important figure. Even a puppet, however, must be in some degree stoutly and symmetrically framed to answer to the jerk of the master's hand. And we can hardly reconcile such an assertion as that the Prophet was pronounced by General Harrison to have been the most graceful and accomplished orator he had seen amongst the Indians, with the following paragraph, in which we are told that 'he seems to have exhibited neither honesty nor dignity of character in any relation of life.' The tale of Tecumthe, however, is one of the best in the collection—full of subject.

The portrait of Waapashaw, chief of the Dacotah nation, a sagacious looking man, in an European dress, like the Prophet *minus* an eye, gives his biographers occasion to relieve his tribe from the stigma which has been laid upon it, of a vice no less loathsome than cannibalism. The name of the Keoxa tribe, to which he belongs, meaning 'relationship overlooked,' implies marriages forbidden in the last leaf of the prayer-book; and one admitted practice of questionable reputation (for even among savages it is curious to observe how constantly the dawnings of moral perception touch the same points) may have led to false accusations of another. The Twighees and the Kickapoos (*vide* vol. iii., p. 26) will hardly come out from under the accusation so easily. We are assured that they had a society expressly ordained for the maintenance of the practice: possibly—who knows?—their Hieroglyphic Human Cookery Book! Nathless, let us charitably point out, that exact information on subjects like these—where credulous horror and cunning ignorance meet, the one as willing to be mystified as the other is anxious to mystify—comprehends precisely that branch of testimony which is to be least relied upon. Ferocity or revenge may drive untutored people into exceptional crimes; and the extreme reluctance to admit the fact, which all savages have ever shown, would argue a sort of instinctive averseness, which warrants our generally receiving tales of the systematized practice *cum grano*.

As we advance in the volume, we get deeper and deeper into the wilderness, as it were—among wilder people. Some of the heads are very fierce, initiating us into the mysteries of Indian paint. Wesh Cubb, 'The Sweet,'—whose son was seized with the vagary of fancying himself a woman, and devoting himself to the degradation of feminine employments,—has a most becoming crescent of green spots upon his cheeks:—Caatousee, or 'Creeping out of the

Water,' a square patch of yet brighter verdigris, in which one cruel eye is set as cleanly as a bead in a patch of enamel. Peah-Mus-Ka, a Fox chief (whose *barbette à la Pischek* makes a whimsical disturbance of our visions of prairies, portages, and other features of wild life in the West), has his black handkerchief cap *tied on*, as it were, by a streak of vermilion under the chin, by which also his ear is dyed. While we are on the subject of aboriginal 'paint and patches,' commend us to No-way-ke-sug-ga, the Otoe chief, whose portrait is to be found early in volume the third, and whose citron green chin, with a Vandyke pattern of the same piquant *nuance* across his forehead, 'composes' with the superb cherry-coloured plume of horse-hair or feathers upon his head, so as to form an arrangement of colour of which a Parisian designer of fancies might be proud. There is somewhat of caprice, we are told, in these decorations—a caprice, it seems, constant in the avoidance of 'the stars and stripes,' though not seldom awkwardly emulating the lines of 'the Union Jack';—but we take it for granted, something of symbolism also. And in these days, when reds and blues are mere matters of faith and orthodoxy, when the cut of an aureole, or the frilling and flouncing of an initial letter, become subjects concerning which homilies are preached, and libraries written—we must not be thought absurd in recommending to American *savans*, 'the nature and significance of Indian paint,' as a mystery worth looking into, for the use of historians and artists yet unborn. Out of accidents little less freakish, we take it, did the whole school of what is by some called Christian Art, originally construct itself. At all events, there is now some possibility of obtaining information on these important matters—though at the risk of depriving controversialists in embryo of their life-breath; to wit, matter for controversy. To speak, meanwhile, of a matter of detail, in its order, important,—we are surprised that in a work like this, so carefully and expensively produced, greater descriptive minuteness was not thought necessary. There are many accessories and objects introduced into these portraits, which we neither know how to describe or to name. This ought not to have been.

The portrait of a Rant-che-wai-me, 'Female flying Pigeon,' also called 'the beautiful female Eagle who flies in the air,' reminds us that we have been somewhat remiss in paying our dues to the gentle sex. But this is true forest fashion. The lady before us is mild and gracious looking. We were told she was free-handed to an excess: as her

widowed husband phrased it, 'when the poor came, it was like a strainer full of holes, letting all she had pass through.' She was extreme, moreover, in her tenderness of her conscience, 'often feared that her acts were displeasing to the Great Spirit, when she would blacken her face and retire to some lone place, and fast and pray.' But we take it that so far as any grace which free-will gives can go, 'the female flying Pigeon' was rather an exceptional than an average woman. It is true that, in her charming 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles,' Mrs. Jameson, whose honourable desire to improve the condition of her sex, sometimes leads her into odd puzzles and paradoxes, does her best for the Squaw; trying to prove her condition in some essential points far better than that of the *conventionalized* white Woman (as the jargon of the day runs). And we suppose that social philosophers on the other side of the argument—the power-theorists to wit,—would declare that Man's ministering Angel was in her right place, when hewing wood and drawing water, drudging in the fields, and dragging burdens, leaving 'her master' undisturbed in the nobler occupations of fighting and foraging. But we confess that we are a trifle hard to convince as to the supreme felicity of the Indian woman's lot. The utmost her race has done has been to produce, not a Boadicea, but a Pocahontas. Of this last, 'the heroine of the tribes,' we have somewhat too niggardly a notice. There is a portrait of her, however, in her civilized condition, which an appendical series of documents assure us is authentic: the features wearing an expression of grave and womanly sweetness, befitting one whose name was somewhat prophetically 'a rivulet of peace between two nations.'

But this is not the time or place for us to argue out the great question of the Lady and the Lord, to determine how far (as *Cherub* says) Nature never meant that a Griseldis should be put to the test by her Sir Perceval, or *vice versa*. Ample opportunities to hear New Wisdom against Old Prejudice are sure to present themselves! The mention of 'authentication' and its accompanying assertion that all these portraits are warrantable, recalls to us yet another of the curious peculiarities of savage life: namely, great solicitude and touchiness in the delicate matter of resemblances painted. Queen Elizabeth herself, with her royal command of 'garden lights,' and similar devices which excluded shadows, and other such unpleasing accidents—*Lady Pentweazel*, when big with the purpose of 'calling up a look,' which should take mankind by

storm,—were gentle and easily contented customers compared with the Braves and the Medicine men, whom the founders of the school of American Art have been called upon to immortalize. Mr. Catlin, in his 'Letters and Notes,' gave us some whimsical and touching details of the 'relations' which the court painter of the Indians has to hold with his sitters. Who has forgotten the anecdote of the Chief who came to the artist's tent, with an offer of six horses, and as much treasure beside as the magician chose to exact, so he might bear away the portrait of his dead daughter? The portraying of a Sioux chief, Mah-to-cheeja, 'the Little Bear'—in profile, led to yet more serious results. Mr. Catlin had to pack up his brushes and run to save his scalp; since Shonka, 'the Dog,' found out that the 'Little Bear,' thus presented, was 'only half a man!' The Red Men, as we have seen, do not love jests. The Dog's taunt bred an affray which cost the Little Bear his life. The volumes before us afford us an addition to the above store of anecdotes; which, ere we part from them, we shall extract:—though conscious that it makes against us, and *for* those who consider the Squaw a less suffering woman than the Mrs. Caudles, Mrs. Grundys, and Mrs. Partingtons of our streets and squares, and village-greens.

"It happened," says the memorialist of Young Mahaskah, the son of the Female flying Pigeon, "when Mahaskah was at Washington, that the agent of this work was there also. * * As he turned over the leaves bearing the likenesses of many of those Indians of the Far West, who were known to the party, Mahaskah would pronounce their names with the same promptitude as if the originals were alive and before him. Among these was the likeness of his father. He looked at it with a composure bordering on indifference. On being asked if he did not know his father, he answered, pointing to the portrait, 'That is my father.' He was asked if he was not glad to see him. He replied, 'It was enough for me to know that my father was a brave man, and had a big heart, and died an honourable death in doing the will of my Great Father.'

"* * * The portrait of the Eagle of Delight, wife of Shaumonekuse, the Ottow chief, was then shown to him. 'That,' he said, 'is my mother.' The agent assured him he was mistaken. He became indignant, and seemed mortified that his mother, as he believed her to be, should be arranged in the work as the wife of another, and especially of a chief over whom his father had held and exercised authority. The colloquy became interesting, until, at last, some excitement, on the part of Mahaskah, grew out of it. On hearing it repeated by the agent that he must be mistaken, Mahaskah turned and looked him in the face, saying, 'Did you ever know the child that loved its mother, and had seen her, that forgot the board on which he was strapped,

and the back on which he had been carried, or the knee on which he had been nursed, or the breast which had given him life?' So firmly convinced was he that this was the picture of his mother, and so resolved that she should not remain by the side of Shaumonekuse, that he said, 'I will not leave this room, until my mother's name, Rantchewaime, is marked over the name of "Eagle of Delight."' The agent of the work complied with this demand, when his agitation, which had become great, subsided, and he appeared contented. Looking once more at the painting, he turned from it, saying, 'If it had not been for Waucondamony (the name he gave to the agent of the work, which means *walking god*, so called, because he attributed the taking of these likenesses to him), I would have kissed her, but Waucondamony made me ashamed.'

"Soon after this interview, the party went to King's Gallery, where are copies of many of these likenesses, and among them are both the 'Eagle of Delight' and the Female flying Pigeon. The moment Mahaskah's eye caught the portrait of the 'Flying Pigeon,' he exclaimed, 'That is my mother, that is her face, I know her now, I am ashamed again.' He immediately asked to have a copy of it, as also of the 'Eagle of Delight,' wife of Shaumonekuse, saying of the last, 'The Ottoo chief will be so glad to see his squaw, that he will give me one hundred horses for it.'

There are others, more competent judges of art than simple Mahaskah, will occur to every reader with whom (no offence to their connoisseurships) 'the fan' makes the likeness.

It will be easily gathered from the above hasty notes and illustrations, that to comment upon the entire contents of these volumes would lead the critic beyond all reasonable limits. Having given a fair sample, we must here pause. A parting word is, perhaps, required to assure certain excellent persons, that because we have treated this work crotchet-wise, rather than in the cut and dry 'Encyclopedia' fashion, no disrespect to it has been meant. On the contrary: there are certain subjects more vividly brought home to us by familiar treatment and comparison, than by dissertations *ex cathedra*: and this is among them. The book is a most interesting collection of raw materials, out of which a school of imaginative art might be constructed; but to lecture upon them, appealing the while to 'the principle of the pyramid,' would be to impugn our own common sense, and not to assist either teachers or people. We regard it as a valuable addition to the American's library:—and as full of suggestion to all persons who love to look around and forward as well as to linger with fond reverence among the traditions of the Past.

ART. XI.—1. *An Address, with a Proposal for the Foundation of a Church, Mission House, and School, at Tarawah, on the North-West Coast of Borneo, under the Protection of James Brooke, Esq., Founder of the Settlement of Sarawak.* By the Rev. C. D. BRERETON, M. A. London: Chapman and Hall. 1846.

2. *Proceedings at a meeting held in the Egyptian House, Mansion House, on Tuesday, March 19, 1846, to increase the Means of Religious Instruction for the Emigrants and Settlers in the British Colonies, through the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.* London. 1846.

3. *New Zealand: A letter from the Bishop of New Zealand, to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; containing an Account of the Affray between the Settlers and the Natives at Kororareka.* London: Repository of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1846.

By what is usually called the Religious World, the diffusion of Christianity is often contemplated from an improper point of view. They are apt to regard it simply as the propagation of belief, as the spread of influential doctrines, as the widening of the basis of creeds, and liturgies, and formulas, as the extension, in short, of the dominion of the Church, rather than as the implanting of a new principle in a new soil, and as the gathering into the fold of civilisation of tribes, and nations, and races, deprived accidentally of the life of truth, and only to be purified and elevated by restoring to them their inheritance. Christianity is only another word for modern civilisation. They who consider it a mere cluster of dogmas, misunderstand its nature altogether. It is a combination of the theoretical with the practical, of metaphysics with ethics, of traditional belief with every day duties. To be realized, therefore, it must enter into the whole scheme of our lives, must be co-extensive with our speculations, and form at once the matrix and the impregnating spirit of all our notions and ideas.

Christianity is not housed in churches, or invested with the surplice, or bound up with the fortunes of a sacerdotal order. It is the translation of truth into action, the substitution of benevolence for selfishness, the system which is to effect the reconciliation between the rights of the conflicting sections of humanity, and establish the claims of weakness and ignorance to be treated with paternal gentleness by power.

We look, therefore, with extreme interest on whatever is connected with the extension of our faith—on the labours of the mission-

ary, on the founding of colonies, on the opening up of new channels of commerce. There are on the surface of this globe large regions wrapped in moral darkness, and solicitude for the welfare of mankind must lead us to desire, that as speedily as possible that darkness should be dissipated. On this point our sentiments exactly coincide with those of the religious world. With them we rejoice at the multiplication of the apostles of light, and would make smooth and easy paths for the footsteps of truth to every corner of the earth. On the manner, however, of effecting this purpose, our opinions and theirs frequently differ. They set preaching before teaching, and aim at effecting the work of conversion directly, by an appeal to the untutored mind, by placing the truths of our religion on the apparent level of its apprehensions, and inviting it at once to adopt them.

That even in this way Christianity is erecting itself thrones and kingdoms in the desolate places of the earth, it is impossible to deny. We behold the Scriptures penetrating into the forest and into the jungle, and giving birth to improved morals and civil arts, and political institutions, where erewhile not a single trace of these things was discernible. From east to west, and from the Antarctic circle to the centre of Asia, we see the germs of new Christian communities springing up. All other attempts to unite religion with high civilisation have failed; Llamaism and Buddhism, Bhramanism and Islamism harmonize well enough with the infancy of society. But when men cease to lisp, and are raised by their moral growth to the level of reason, they grow weary of these imperfect creeds, and long for something as vast and flexible as the human understanding itself, something which can keep peace with science, and soar with civilisation, and over-arch its loftiest pinnacles, and invest its Titanic proportions with grandeur and poetry, and project through its whole dimensions a vivifying principle. In other words, they yearn for that which Christianity alone supplies.

No man has yet penetrated the mystery of society, or discovered all the ingredients which cause its several parts to cohere. We know not what constitutes the principle of its growth, how it expands and flourishes, and having reached a certain development, wherefore it decays and shrivels, and lapses again into weakness and disintegration. But the discovery has unquestionably been made, that religion constitutes the vitality of states; so that if the religious spirit can be kept alive in any country, its institutions likewise may be rendered immortal. In the

creation, moreover, of new forms of civil polity, it is the chief agent. With a sort of plastic power it moulds and fashions the infant state, and endues it with a distinct character. All human communities derive their distinguishing features from their belief. Their history, likewise, is but the offspring of their opinions, so that a statesman, profoundly versed in the metaphysics of politics, might trace in outline the future annals of any country, having once thoroughly ascertained all the elements of its faith.

If, therefore, our position be tenable, that Christianity is the religion of high civilisation, we must expect to witness much greater stability in political and civil institutions, than has yet been accorded to any; and as our several colonies and dependencies must almost necessarily ripen successively into so many separate states, it will hereafter be among the principal tasks of history to record what we shall have done for the improvement of mankind. But have we effected all that was in our power? Have we selected the best means for the accomplishment of our designs? Have we, in planning the intellectual subjugation of the world, sufficiently studied the instruments with which we have to work, as well as the elements upon which we have to produce an impression. These questions, we, at least, cannot answer in the affirmative. Nothing can be further from our thoughts, than to pronounce censure upon our missionaries, or to undervalue their labours. They may for the most part, we believe, be regarded as sincere and upright men, who have done much for the diffusion of truth, and who, if they had been under the guidance of a better system, might have accomplished infinitely more. We are not Jesuits, nor the apologists of Jesuits. Yet still we are persuaded that what those exceedingly equivocal teachers compassed in Paraguay, in China, and many other parts of the world, might suggest to us important ameliorations in our own missionary system. The Jesuits were vehemently, but not pedantically attached to their own opinions, and were generally careful when engaged in inculcating them not to alarm their disciples by instantly attempting to overturn the whole platform of their thoughts. To avoid this unwise course, they appeared at the outset tolerant of error, knowing well, that when certain truths are admitted into the mind, they will surely, though gradually, work the overthrow of all antagonistic opinions. The Jesuits were therefore, for example, in China, content to see Christianity passing gradually into the sphere of popular ideas, and operating upon superstitions, as the sun on mists, imperceptibly melting and dissipating them,

and substituting in their place the genial radiance of truth. And, had that remarkable order not been arrested in its operations by the culpable policy of the See of Rome, the vast populations of China would in all human probability have been participating with us in the blessings of Christianity, and of that flexible and expansive civilisation, which in this stage of our being may be reckoned among the chief of them.

Let us not, however, be supposed to hold up the Jesuits as the great exemplars which all missionaries ought to imitate. We have no such intention. All we maintain is, that in the practice of many distinguished members of that order in China, there is much that we may study with advantage. Having no miraculous powers to enforce conviction, and irresistibly to influence the moral conduct through faith in theological dogmas, we must, for some time at least, adopt the opposite course, and endeavour to lead the mind through the avenue of humble and useful arts up to the crowning truths of philosophy and theology. We would bring about our first meeting with the pagan savage on the humblest grounds of utility. We would descend from the pinnacles of our spiritual civilisation to meet him and hold our first conference on subjects connected with the minutest comforts of his hut. We would teach him how to defend himself from the inclemencies of the season, how to protect himself, his wife, and his little ones against wild beasts, how to ward off the inroads of famine, how to mitigate the sufferings inflicted by disease. We would teach him to consider and enumerate to himself his most pressing wants, and then the means by which he might supply them. We would cause him to feel practically that in the white foreigners from the west, there existed a rule of action incomprehensible to his untutored reason, which impelled men to labour, to traverse land and sea, to bid defiance to fatigue and danger, to sacrifice many of the dearest feelings of the heart, to banish themselves from the delights of home, to forsake their country and the society of their friends, in order to carry the germs of knowledge and happiness to rude strangers, incapable at first of appreciating the gift, and rather disposed to treat its bringers with enmity than with gratitude. We would gradually infuse into his mind the belief that he and his brethren were to us as children whom we nursed and cherished, heedless of their waywardness, and looking to find our reward after many days, when they should be competent to measure the benefits we had conferred on them, and to love us for the long years of love which we had bestowed on

them, when they were wholly unconscious of it.

As it is we know of no nobler spectacle than that presented by a Christian assembly held in this great metropolis, which exercises so vast an influence over the destinies of mankind, in order to devise means of imparting religious truth to individuals and tribes of men unknown—nay, even unseen—and whose very existence we only infer from the reports of others. What other motives may co-operate with charity in drawing men together to accomplish such a purpose, we pause not now to inquire. Possibly they may seek each other's good opinion, and desire to obtain a reputation for honest enthusiasm and philanthropy. Be it so. We quarrel not with the defects and imperfections of human nature, and provided our fellow-creatures will do good, make it not our business to creep into the secret chambers of their hearts to find there, if possible, some ignoble incentive to perform what is in itself a good work. Humanity, like tapestry, has a right and a wrong side. With some men, however, it is the wrong side that is turned outwards, while all the glowing and glorious figures which decorate this rich production of God's loom, are reserved for the eye of the owner himself, who, ranging about the chambers of his own heart, is secretly rejoiced that he is better than he seems, that he has riches which others know not of, and if they did would not perhaps prize properly after all.

We say it is honourable to the English people that their charity, still more expansive than their empire, literally belts the whole world, and embraces every race and kindred and tongue and language in its grasp. If, then, charity be allowed to cover a multitude of sins, let us trust that it will veil ours, and preserve us from the condemnation to which we might otherwise be open, of striving to remove the taint of ignorance and heathenism from China, and the islands of the Pacific, while thousands and tens of thousands, afflicted with the same maladies, are pining for a remedy at our own doors. But magnanimity is too rare a virtue to be disparaged on account of its inconsistencies. Living in the full blaze of civilisation, and elated by the sense of power which it invariably inspires, we project our thoughts externally perhaps without sufficient inquiry, but generally with the firm conviction that all our neighbours are as well instructed as we are—that Christianity in this country impregnates the very atmosphere we breathe—as in some sense it does—and that all therefore who nominally share the benefits of Christian

citizenship likewise partake equally of its vivifying light, and need not be subjected to the mechanical processes of instruction.

Some such notion as this appears more or less to prevail at all meetings having for their object the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, and it is sometimes made a reproach to persons that their sympathies take so distant a range, that their aim scarcely ever falls short of the antipodes. But the scheme of Providence is apparently thus fulfilled. The heart of England is large enough for everything. We have societies for all imaginable purposes, and it can by no means with justice be said, that if there be those amongst us to care for the Negro, the Australian, and the New Zealander, there are not also those whose hearts beat warmly for the ignorance and barbarism of St. Giles's, and who yearn to impart to all around them every truth that can benefit mankind. We entirely therefore acquit of blame the patrons of the missionary system. It is our duty to diffuse knowledge over the whole world. It would indeed seem to be that it was for this purpose we were raised up. Our industry, our trade, our political greatness, our struggles, victories, and conquests, advantageous to us in a secular point of view, may be still more advantageous to others. We are but the carriers of the seeds of civilisation, we bear forth the sword to protect our commerce, and our commerce itself is designed, perhaps only as a raft to float the germs of polished and spiritual life to the remotest and most obscure corners of the earth. With our cottons, and hardware, and beads, and mirrors, a civilizing and reclaiming atmosphere appears to travel. In the least known islands of the Indian Archipelago, the spot where British goods are habitually to be found, constitutes a little centre of civilisation, to which the wildest and most ignorant natives of that part of the globe resort for the elements of comfort or display for themselves and their families. To obtain these articles they are compelled to put some restraint upon their passions, to relinquish their habits of idleness, and to apply themselves more or less diligently, to one of those infinite mysteries of industry by which man exalts himself towards the sphere in which he is intended ultimately to move. Nor is the influence to which we allude thus limited. The demand for British goods creates an adventurous race of petty merchants to come in contact with those distant colonists who undertake the task of distributing for the mother country her ingenious and manifold productions over the less favoured portions of our planet. Out of this inter-

course spring various relations, and trade soon acts as the pioneer of religion.

And this lesson, which we learn from experience, suggests, in our opinion, the best means for the diffusion of Christianity. The missionary should accompany the trader, not as a parasite on commerce, but as the merchant's coadjutor, designed to clear and keep open the channels of intercourse, to interpret between knowledge and ignorance, and gradually to raise the latter to a level with the former. *Sic*—we should say—*iter ad astræ*. The base of the ladder of Padænarum rested on the earth, though its summits were lost in the skies. We should take man as we find him, and where we find him, and seek to give a spiritual bias to his thoughts, not violently and ostentatiously, but as the wind gives a direction to trees on the sea-shore, which, by constant breathing upon them, compels to send all their boughs and foliage streaming inwards.

Had we acted on this principle in India, the number of Christians in that country might now in all likelihood have been reckoned by millions, and not by thousands. There can be no cast-iron system of conversion suited to all tempers and all states of ignorance. We must become as Proteus, multiform and ever varying in appearance, if we would really win the heathen from the error of their ways. Among the Hindûs, subtle, acute, accustomed to pile up syllogisms, and singularly partial to displays of metaphysical ingenuity, we should endeavour to bring everything to the test of common sense, by rooting out the taste for sophistry, by undermining the artificial passion for the marvellous, by illustrating the advantage of the practical and the real over the unsubstantial creations of fancy.

They lie too near the clouds for Christianity, which, however lofty may be its speculations, always brings men practically down to the earth, and teaches them how they ought to act towards each other as the primary condition of their religion. But this purpose must be effected, not through the pulpit, but through the school; not through disputation and argument, but through discipline, training, and infusion of truth into the unsophisticated mind. Nor need we even begin with religious truths; the prejudice of the natives rendering them exceedingly susceptible on this point. If the teachers be missionaries, ever watchful to sow the good seed, though concealed sometimes in chaff, the effect must soon become apparent.

Against one opinion too commonly put forward by the advocates of missions, we

beg here to enter our protest. Nothing can be more un-Christian, or, but for its pious intention, more blasphemous; we allude to the notion that by the arrangements of an allwise Providence the salvation of thousands, perhaps millions of souls, is made contingent on subscriptions of money. This, it has been well observed, looks very much like the Romish device of purchasing souls out of purgatory by expensive masses. Of course no enlightened Christian can for a moment admit such an idea into his mind. No more shocking imputation can be cast upon the Deity, nor can a more odious doctrine be preached by the worst superstition to which Christianity is opposed. St. Paul earnestly inveighs against it, and tells us explicitly that it is false, and that pagans are not answerable to the law which they have never heard nor understood. 'For they,' he observes, 'not having the law, are a law unto themselves, their consciences either accusing or else excusing them.'

We trust, therefore, we shall hear no more of this unsound and offensive doctrine, which can only be regarded as a pious fraud perpetrated for purposes of charity. With the ultimate destination of souls we have nothing to do. That is the concern of God alone, nor is it even decorous to speculate upon it. All we require to know is the path which our duty prescribes to us, in order that we may walk safely in it, and not vainly amuse ourselves by the way with announcing the doom of our neighbours. It is enough for us that being in possession of certain truths, we are in a manner commissioned to propagate the knowledge of them throughout the world. For no truth was ever given to man that he might tie it up in a napkin, or bury it in the earth of his own brain, in order that the world might be nothing the better for it. He is to put it out to interest that it may beget other truths, and enlighten other men, and be serviceable to the universal cause of morals. This is the ground on which we would wish to base the missionary system.

A different tone, we are sorry to observe, pervades the speeches of several persons who advocate in public meetings or in churches the propagation of the gospel. They would appear to entertain the belief that the salvation of half the world depends on the subscriptions which may be raised by their efforts. Blinded by overweening vanity, they venture fearlessly upon a course which can lead to nothing but disgrace to themselves and offence to others.

The feeling, however, is far from being universal. The majority appear to be under the influence of those liberal and enlarged

views for which the present age is distinguished above all the ages that have preceded it. There is even in some an approach to that Catholic feeling which alone can impart a unity to the Church, in spite of certain diversities of faith and practice by which its various sections are separated, and too often rendered hostile towards each other. But if a convert be added to Christianity, what does it signify whether the man who effected the conversion be a Papist or a Protestant, or Independent, or a Wesleyan, or a member of the Church of England? As opposed to Mahomedans and Pagans, we of Christendom profess a unity, though as compared with each other there be much difference in our notions. There is nothing noble or elevated in the sectarian spirit. If we were infallible ourselves, we should be for that very reason infinitely indulgent towards the slaves of error, for to be wrath is to be fallible. But being imperfect, having travelled but a short way over the limitless domain of truth, having drunk but sparingly at her fountains, being far too dim-sighted to discern all her majesty, to perceive whither her head reaches, or to what length her beneficent hand extends, being scarcely capable at the utmost to measure the dimensions of her footsteps on the earth, it behoves us, above and before all things, to rebuke mildly what we regard as error, and to impart the revelations which truth has made to us, in a gentle and fatherly spirit.

Look abroad upon the unenlightened nations of the earth. What are they? Children who have lost their way in endeavouring to return to their father's mansion. And shall we blame them angrily when they turn into the wrong path, or when, instead of advancing, they retrograde by mistake? Possessing the clue ourselves, which conducts the soul through this labyrinth, let us show it and invite them to accompany us. If they come it will be for their good and ours. We shall have relieved them from many a bitter pang of uncertainty, and ourselves from the anguish of a vain sympathy. There is no tribe of human beings, however unfavourable may be the circumstances in which they are cast, however unintellectual their habits, however rude their organization, which does not experience a yearning to solve the enigma of the world, to discover or to make somewhere a rent in the veil which separates them from that region of repose for which the spirit of man pants unceasingly, whether in ignorance or in knowledge. The exigencies of this life, however closely they may press upon the savage, however they may tax his energies, or tend to monopolize his time, still leave him leisure to construct

a system of belief, to busy himself with the past and the future, to rise in speculation towards the spiritual, to be concerned about the destiny of his soul. Thus among the savages of Australia we discover traces of the metempsychosis. Was the idea, however, the growth of that continent? Was it conceived or cradled there? Or must we regard it as an indication of the original home of the wild and miserable race which has wandered thither and cherished, through all their degradation and distress, this token that they belong to a religious and speculating race, who once built up a philosophy in the spacious recesses of which their thoughts found tranquillity and solace?

Whatever answers we may give to these interrogatories, we possess, in this strange belief, a key to the intellect of the Australians. If they can rise to the level of such a tenet, it may be regarded as a proof that they are not wanting in mental subtlety, and may be made to apprehend and receive other opinions requiring to be deposited in elastic and flexible faculties. Yet, if we would undertake the task of reclaiming them, we must be careful, after having rendered ourselves masters of all their idiosyncrasies, to infuse into their minds the persuasion that they are to be gainers by the intercourse of teaching and learning. All untutored races have a strong faith in the benevolence of superior beings, though they are too apt to regard them as capricious and capable of occasional evil. Let us, therefore, as often as we come in contact with them make sacrifices, and bestow benefits, and impart knowledge without accepting of any return whatsoever. Let the balance be all on their side. What we have received freely, let us freely give. Of course we here allude to those agents of civilization who devote themselves to the diffusion of Christianity, who carry about with them no merchandise but truth, and such few things as may serve to recommend it to a savage's acceptance.

But after all the actual generation presents not the most promising field to the apostle of truth. His proper domain lies in the future. His best converts are those which are unborn, or have only landed from the bark of eternity upon this shoal of time. The generation that has performed its part, and is flitting off towards the solitudes of the grave, or that is engaged in the heat and strife of worldly intercourse and business, will not listen to, or be much profited by, the exhortation of the gospel messenger. A few may be reclaimed, but the multitude, stunned or rendered altogether deaf by the clamour of their passions, will not be arrested in mid career. Schools, therefore, are the

garden of God, the little seed plot where truths of all kinds beneficial to man are to be planted and matured. We say truths of all kinds, because every truth that exists is akin to every other truth. There is but one family of them. Political or moral, metaphysical or religious, truth under every aspect is divine. It is God that gives it. He is the father of truth, which whosoever is engaged in diffusing puts on for the time a sacred character. We intend this literally. The nations of the earth trace all their miseries to the errors by which their minds are beset; which, by concealing from them the way to happiness, condemns them to a never-ending cycle of disappointments.

To enumerate all the false doctrines which hold captive the minds of unenlightened nations, would almost be to write a treatise on human nature, which it must be obvious would be beside our present purpose. It may nevertheless be observed, that the system which contemplates the diffusion of truth over the world, should be exceedingly familiar with all the forms which its antagonist principle has assumed; otherwise, in attempting the conversion of savages, or, still more, of barbarous communities, the risk will always be run of touching some chord, which, instead of throwing open the door to the understanding, may close it abruptly against all conviction. No science, perhaps, is so difficult as that of convincing men. We begin, tacitly or explicitly, by presuming them to be in the wrong, and consequently by taking up a position of superiority in relation to them. When religion is our theme, we are apt sometimes to be too much elated by spiritual pride, against the influence and efforts of which the objects of our solicitude almost naturally revolt. They are not so much offended by what we say, as by our manner of saying it. To a certain extent, therefore, we are answerable for our own ill success, since, instead of enlarging the domains of truth, we very possibly curtail them, by leading many to desert its standard from disgust at our imperiousness.

We should do better, were we more humble, and our humility would be strengthened by a more intimate acquaintance with the infinite aberrations visible in the career and spirit of our race. There is a philosophy among all men, which represents the sum of abstract truth they have by their own effort acquired for themselves. Look at the Chinese; they have built up many subtle theories, and endeavoured to interweave the fundamental principles of all knowledge with the sophisms and fallacies engendered by sensual and gross appetites, and out of

the whole to mould a sort of philosophy, to serve at once as a guide to action and speculation. That they have failed is what might have been foreseen from the first. There is too much of formality in the constitution of their understandings, too much of Epicurean quakerism in their manners, too remarkable an absence of the ideal and spiritual from their thoughts, to admit of their rising to an enlarged system of philosophy, and originating opinions for themselves. They have, consequently, always been the recipients of external creeds; and if the machinery were well selected, and could be made sufficiently large to embrace the whole population, it would not at all surprise us to behold the millions of that empire thronging into the fold of the church within a comparatively short space of time.

But perhaps there is not a more favourable field in the world for sowing the seeds of Christianity than the great island of Borneo. With such of its inhabitants as have embraced Mohammedanism, it would at first be difficult to deal. There is a charm in the character of Islam for men of powerful imagination. It allies itself easily with many varieties of superstition, and interests the passions in its support and propagation. Further than this, it exercises an influence over the thoughtful and retired, by its great cardinal truths, which connect themselves more or less intimately with the practice of several virtues here on earth. The Mohammedan, who is by disposition charitable, extracts from his creed motives to benevolence which he often practises with boundless generosity and self-denial. Throughout the Mohammedan world, you find examples, though rare, perhaps, of men devoting all their substance to promote the happiness of others, building caravanserais, founding mosques and colleges, constructing tanks, or establishing village schools. These, indeed, are not the common fruits of the system, but they are nevertheless among its results. The whole of Northern India is studded with the monuments of Mussulman piety and beneficence; and though intolerance too frequently accompanied their zeal, it must be admitted, to their honour, that whatever truths they possessed, they were most earnestly desirous to impart to others.

In Borneo, however, a beginning need not be made with the Muslims, but with those pagan natives, who, subjected to the tyranny of few dogmas, may be said to be fully prepared to enter, without difficulty, within the pale of the church. A footing has already been obtained in Mr. Brooke's government of Sarawak, towards which, under another point of view, we have recently

endeavoured to direct public attention. Mr. Brooke is, in some sort, an apostle himself. Elevated from the rank of a private person to that of a prince, he yet seems more desirous to promote the welfare of his subjects, spiritual and moral, than to strengthen his own power. He does not, strictly speaking, preach to those around and under him; but he diligently carries on that process, which must end in rendering their minds malleable and ductile; and ready to take any form which a wise missionary establishment may think it desirable to give them. It would, therefore, in our opinion, be difficult to overrate the importance of an English Mission at Sarawak. Beset, as we are in this world, by secular influences, and political and commercial interests, it is seldom that we can wholly detach our minds from all considerations of human policy. We trust, therefore, we shall be excused, if in touching upon this subject, we venture to refer to matters of mere worldly prudence. Few motives are so completely purified from the dross of mundane passions and affections, as to range in the category of simple incentives to good for its own sake. We are apt in all we do to consider how it will bear upon the interests of our country, whether it will make for or against our party, and in what manner it will affect ourselves. And wherefore should we disguise the truth? Do we, who do not so much as believe in the perfectibility of human nature, affect to aim at perfection, or expect it in others? We are quite ready to acknowledge that our views respecting Borneo, whatever those of other men may be, are not unmixed, but that, while looking to the diffusion of Christianity, we do not altogether lose sight of the advantages to be derived therefrom by the people of this country, through the spread of their commerce, and the consequent encouragement of their industry at home.

Mr. Brereton, in his address to the public, contemplates the subject under much the same aspect, observing how closely the spread of Christianity is connected with commercial enterprise, political ambition, and the spirit of hardy adventure. He has evidently himself a mind not altogether uncongenial with Mr. Brooke; his faith and his profession lead him to refer with genuine satisfaction to the ultimate result of the proposed mission to Sarawak; but he finds it impossible to repress the yearnings of secular ambition, or to be unmindful of the manifold advantages which the decisive supremacy in Borneo, and ultimately, perhaps, throughout the Archipelago, must confer upon the people of Great Britain. A very extraordinary movement has been commen-

ced in that part of the world. One step has led to another; the enterprise of Mr. Brooke has stimulated the phlegmatic Dutchmen to exertion. The projects of these again have operated upon the English merchants at Singapore and Hong Kong, and even upon those of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow; and the result will be renewed and more vigorous exertions to extend British influence and British trade throughout these little known portions of Asia.

Towards accomplishing this great purpose, the establishment of steam communication with the capital of Australia, by way of Singapore, Port Essington, and Torres Straits, will perhaps contribute more than any other step that could be taken. A powerful current of British energy has for several years been pouring towards the East, through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, revivifying torpid populations, awakening almost extinct industries, and shattering and overthrowing those chill and unprolific creeds, which have so long lain like a troop of nightmares upon Asia; but the force of this current has not hitherto sufficed to carry us in most instances beyond the Bay of Bengal. We must now proceed much further, and while linking Australia and New Zealand to the mother country, by a chain of steam, turn aside to rouse the populations of the Indian Archipelago from their civil and religious slumbers.

In accomplishing this great work, Sarawak and Borneo should be made the centre of operation. For some time we shall have to counteract the machinations of the Dutch, who, alarmed by the increasing influence and greatness of Mr. Brooke, have begun vigorously to bestir themselves to take precedence of us in the island. They have suddenly amalgamated all their settlements and colonies there, and placed them under the sway of a governor-general, who is to reside inland, and as far north as possible, in order to meet and counteract the feeling in favour of the British, which is rapidly spreading through the native population. There is, probably, little reason to anticipate that the Dutch will make use of Christianity as an instrument of political aggrandizement. It would suit but ill with their system of colonial policy. If they employ the natives in subordinate offices, it is not to raise, but to degrade and oppress them. They are not ambitious of seeing themselves surrounded by men who aim at being regarded in any respect as their equals. They will, therefore, in all likelihood, beware how they impart to the natives the truths of Christianity, which, by inculcating the natural equality of mankind, might interfere with their plans of

exclusive sway. The same reproof may be addressed to all those colonizing nations, who have systematically withheld the light of the Gospel from their newly-acquired subjects. Even the East India Company, with all its liberality and enlightenment, was formerly exposed to this reproach, under pretence, indeed, that it would be dangerous to meddle with the faith of the Hindú, but whether or not actuated by different motives it is unnecessary now to inquire. Fortunately, public opinion no longer leaves governments a choice in this matter, for if the rulers themselves omit to spread Christianity, associations of individuals step forward and take the task out of their hands. The work, consequently, will henceforward proceed with vigour, but let us be careful that it proceeds also with prudence. At Mr. Brooke's capital of Sarawak we should, as Mr. Brereton very justly observes, erect a church, a mission-house, and a school, which, though constituting a small beginning, would ultimately insure the conversion and civilisation of the whole island. At first, however, we need not look so far. The great point would be to surround Mr. Brooke with a Christian population, which, attached to their ruler by a series of benefits and blessings unknown previously to their race, and unceasingly prolific of new advantages, would watch over him for their own sakes, and rather expose themselves to any other danger, than to that of being deprived of their benefactor.

That the Dyaks, who may, perhaps, be regarded as the aborigines of Borneo, might with comparative facility be converted, and imbued with the principles of civilisation, may be inferred from various circumstances. Existing everywhere, at present, in a state of inferiority, and often of extreme degradation, they would, through a natural impulse, embrace Christianity, appearing to them, as it does, united with power and invested with all the attributes of intellectuality. It is impossible, that comparing Mr. Brooke with the Mahommedan Malays, they should not be sensible of his great superiority in every respect; and they would think that, by adopting his religion, they might rise gradually to his level, and be able to look down upon their former tyrants. Of course, this is a very humble and equivocal motive; but as, even out of evil, Providence generally educes good, so out of motives worldly in their character, great and glorious results may proceed.

In their actual condition, the Dyaks are exceedingly superstitious, which, though in vulgar apprehension it be regarded as anything but a favourable circumstance, we esteem of the highest moment, as indicating

innumerable great qualities in the people, for, wherever superstition abounds among uncultivated races, we find the roots and seeds of those arts and processes which civilisation brings to maturity. Superstition, in fact, is only a proof that all the imaginative and creative faculties are powerfully at work within, and wherever there is a glowing imagination, there is genius. Men of fervid and soaring minds, if left to shape out their creed for themselves, are almost necessarily superstitious, which, in reality, means only that, unable to trace the phenomena they observe to their right causes, they attribute them to causes imaginary, or to such as, though existing, are incapable of producing them. The same minds are, in civilized or Christian countries, religious, because they are much too lofty and capacious to be filled and satisfied with anything short of infinity. For this reason, in the early ages of the church, the Greeks became converts in shoals, as did also the northern barbarians, whose minds, though undisciplined by philosophy, were enlarged by familiarity with peril and adventure; and who, in their antique forests and morasses, their stormy and snow-clad mountains, their harsh climate and cloudy atmosphere, had nourished their fancy with wild superstitions, which occupied, though imperfectly, the void afterwards to form the dwelling-place of a vivifying and ennobling faith.

To the inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago, Christianity will come recommended by circumstances which did not belong to it in its infancy. It was then the religion of weakness contending against strength. It is now the religion of empire, and employs science and commerce as its handmaids and instruments. Yet it nowhere presents itself in an imperious character. It does not say to the heathen be converted or exterminated, but with the humility of truth, condescends to entreat, and advise, and persuade, holding its precious seeds in one hand, and with the other pointing to the luxuriant fruits from which the wisest and greatest men in all civilized lands derive nourishment. It is a most false and foolish notion to regard the planting of a new church merely as the triumph of certain dogmas. Properly considered, the church is the ark of civilisation floating through war and pestilence, and ignorance and barbarism, and preserving within its bosom the germs of all arts and sciences, the rudiments of civil polity, the pledges and guarantees of human happiness. To advance, therefore, the standard of Christianity, is to enlarge the sphere of good. There is no victory like its victories, since, instead of desolating the lands it subdues, it

clothes them with golden harvests, studs them with towns and villages, awakens them to industry, and sheds the light of contentment over their obscurest nooks.

It was with views such as these that Mr. Brooke first landed in Borneo. What motives may have lain secretly at the root of his actions, neither he nor we can possibly explain. But those of which he was clearly conscious, those which he recognized as his great incentives, those for which the present age and posterity will give him credit, were the desire to promote the happiness of mankind, the ambition of legitimate power to be exercised for good; hatred of despotism, sympathy with the afflicted, oppressed, and degraded tribes of Borneo and the surrounding islands. He felt at once what constituted their greatest want. At Singapore, and some other of our eastern settlements, he had opportunities of witnessing all that industry can effect towards insuring the prosperity of states when not guided by those rules and sustained by those principles which Christianity supplies. Interest solely in those cases had attracted men together, and inspired them with a certain lax, fluctuating, imperfect notion of citizenship. But he could see clearly there was no homogeneity in the population, since, in addition to the repelling powers supplied by national prejudice, and by diversity of language and manners, he saw them assiduously cultivating artificial seeds of division in the shape of associations and secret societies, designed by their very founders to foster mutual antipathies, or at least assuming that character in their development. English, Chinese, Malays, Hindus, may contrive to live together so long as they can profit by each other. But the link that binds them is exceedingly fragile. They have no unity of sentiment; they worship at no common altar, refer the origin of the universe to different causes, and, in looking backward over the tracks of their forefathers, discover no glimmerings of one common ancestor or common God. Between such men, by whatever accident brought into juxta-position, an impassable gulf must always lie. They want the first element of fellowship and affectionate intercourse. The very medium of communication, language, reminds them that they belong to different families, that they cherish not the same traditions, that their cradles have stood apart upon the earth, that their mothers knew not each other, that different skies stretched over their infancy, and that if they have come together, it has been merely to satisfy the coarse appetite of gain, and not to co-operate in erecting the noblest of human works, a political community.

Hitherto we possess but a very incomplete record of Mr. Broeke's thoughts and speculations, since fragments only of his journal have been made public. Neither can we be said to be acquainted with all the idiosyncrasies of the Bornean tribes, over whom he rules, and with whom he lives on terms of amity. Our theory, consequently, of what may be effected in that island, must be based in some respects on conjecture, though the facts of which we have been put in possession may suffice to justify our general conclusion. In our opinion the island may be speedily converted and civilized, if the enterprise be undertaken in a vigorous manner, if a body of missionaries full of the spirit of adventure spread themselves through the interior, resolved, like soldiers in war, to succeed or perish. Thousands fall on the battle-field for the furtherance of an earthly interest, to uphold the power or preserve the honour of their country, and is it reasonable to suppose that there are few, who, in the service of eternal truth, and to multiply indefinitely the chances of human happiness, will consent to brave peril and endure hardships, and make perpetual sacrifices? They who put their hands to this plough are unworthy, if they look back regretfully upon the world. A stern sense of duty must sway their thoughts, and subdue their inclinations. They must be satisfied with victory over ignorance and barbarism. Father Ventimiglia, the Sicilian monk, who penetrated into the interior towards the close of the seventeenth century, and preached and died there surrounded by a loving flock, who long, it is said, preserved the house wherein he taught, and the grave that contained his ashes with pious reverence—this enthusiastic father, we say, must be their model. Lukewarmness will effect little. It is true that in the dominions of Mr. Brooke no danger need be incurred, because the sovereign being already a Christian, and the people gentle and docile, the work of the preacher and of the missionary may go on as in a fold from which the wolf is excluded. When the church at Sarawak is built, it will gradually be filled with worshippers, who will carry away the good seed, and plant it among their friends and relatives. To satisfy the wishes of these multiplying converts, new churches will spring up in distant towns, where every missionary performing the double duty of a preacher and a schoolmaster, will subdue the prejudices, and soften the manners of the existing generation, and watch over the opening mind of that which is to follow, and render it completely Christian.

In carrying out these views, some errors should be guarded against, which in other parts of the world have been productive of much evil. Religion, properly understood, implies civilisation, one of the greatest instruments for creating which is language. Now the vocabulary of barbarous races is always too scanty and poor to express all the ideas the aggregate of which is civilisation, and it would require ages upon ages to expand the language so as to enable it to take in this vast and complicated body. It would be a much shorter process to substitute a new language for the old, or, in other words, to teach English to the natives.

From Sarawak, supposing it in this way reclaimed, Christianity would by degrees radiate, and almost mechanically enlighten the other divisions of the island. But we should not wait for this. Enthusiasm is not yet extinct amongst us, and there are surely thousands, who, being provided with a centre of operations, would gladly flock to it, and commence the subjugation of heathenism at the risk of their lives. They would be encouraged by what has taken place in New Zealand, where the fiercest cannibals have been prevailed upon not only to embrace the doctrines, but to practise the precepts of Christianity. Nowhere have the missionaries laboured with more success, though they have often proceeded upon an imperfect system. In the letter of Bishop Selwyn, however, we behold a highly gratifying exemplification of how rapidly savages may be transformed into men by religion. We would gladly, did our limits permit, transcribe the whole of what he says, but there are some passages which we cannot pass over. It will at once be observed, that as the natives were brought into contact with our countrymen in scenes of strife and slaughter, the lessons of humanity they had been taught were necessarily put to the severest test. They had to struggle with their masters for what they conceived to be a right, and that, too, upon their native soil, of which they believed themselves to be wrongfully deprived. All their strongest passions were brought therefore into play. Yet the advantages they had derived from civilisation were not forgotten, but on the contrary, in the very moment of victory, were allowed to temper their triumph. It would be impossible to break up Dr. Selwyn's narrative without destroying its effect. We accordingly copy the whole of his account of the capture of Kororareka:

"Twenty soldiers of the 96th regiment guarded the block-house at the flag-staff, a lofty hill, from which several paths led to the beach, along

narrow ridges, converging at the summit, and intersected by deep hollows, from which the brushwood had been very imperfectly cleared. A body of militia guarded the block-house half-way down the descent of the hill, from the flag-staff to the beach. The main body of soldiers and marines, fifty in number, with the militia of the town, in all about 120 men, garrisoned the stockade-house on the level of the beach, to which the women and children, and the most valuable property of the inhabitants, had been conveyed. A gun placed on a height commanded the hollow valley leading to Matavai Bay, through which the main attack was expected to be made, as it lay in the direct line from the Maori camp. Before daylight on the morning of the 11th, Captain Robertson, with the small-arm men of the *Hazard*, and some of the marines, went forward to reconnoitre this valley, and met a large body of the natives advancing to the attack. A sharp engagement immediately began, in which the natives were repulsed, but a portion of the body, which had been lying in ambush near the church, cut off Captain Robertson from the main body of his men, and a native, coming within a few paces of him, fired a shot which shattered his thigh. At this time he was surrounded by the natives, but his men rallied and rescued him, and he was carried off to the ship. A sergeant of marines also fell with four others. The gun on the height was found to be exposed to a continual fire from the brushwood, and was ordered to be abandoned. The brave seaman who was commanded to spike it, discharged his duty amidst a constant fire of musketry, and at last fell dead by the side of his gun. The repulse which the natives sustained at this point was so severe, that no serious attack was made from that quarter during the rest of the engagement.

"A little before sunrise, while I was viewing the movements on shore with my telescope, my native crew called my attention to a party of natives mounting the hill to the flag staff, and almost before I could direct my glass to the point, they said, 'They have gained it.' A few musket-shots were fired, and a body of soldiers appeared retreating down the ridge leading to the middle block-house, into which they entered and disappeared, a loud voice calling out from the height, 'They have got possession of the flagstaff.' The whole object of the native attack was gained in a moment. I have been informed that the officer in command had drawn off the men to some distance, to strengthen the intrenchments: and that the party which we had seen ascending the hill had taken them by surprise, and cut off their retreat to the block-house. They then killed the sentinels, and rushing into the house, killed a poor little half-caste girl who had hidden herself under some blankets, no doubt supposing her to be one of the soldiers. The keeper of the signals was severely wounded, and his wife and daughter taken prisoners, and conducted to Heké, who sent them down with a flag of truce to our nearest post; the party of natives who conducted them remaining within gun-shot of the fort till they saw the woman and child safely lodged under shelter. At this time there seemed to be a disposition to treat, and a young man acquainted with the native language, was sent up to hold communication with Heké;

but he returned without accomplishing anything; but a white flag still continued flying on the summit of the hill near the flagstaff.

"After a short interval the firing recommenced, and the natives having now the command of the heights, were able to pour down bodies of sharpshooters into the brushwood which had been left in the hollows between the ridges, from whence they kept up a continual fire upon the middle block-house, by which several men were dangerously wounded, and two killed. The *Hazard* then opened a fire of shells upon the block-house on the hill, where a body of natives was assembled, but though three fell on the same spot, not more than a few feet from the walls of the house, no effect was produced. Between the fires a clear native voice called out so as to be heard on board the ship: 'Kia tupato ki te pu huriwhenua!' ('Beware of the earthquake gun!') In the meantime the main body in the stockaded house had remained unengaged, but it was to be apprehended that the natives, having possession of both ends of the town, and the command of all the paths along the hills, would collect their forces and make a simultaneous attack upon the points still remaining in the possession of the English. It became necessary, therefore, to remove the women and children from the fortified house, which was accomplished by the boats belonging to the vessels in the harbour, which conveyed them, together with the wounded, on board the ships, the natives offering no opposition. One woman alone remained, by her own desire, to attend to those who might be wounded. About two hours afterwards the powder magazine exploded, shattering the house to pieces, and causing a fire, by which the whole was totally consumed. Two men were carried in a frightful state of suffering on board the *Hazard*, where they died. The brave woman whom I have mentioned, fell under the ruins, and was removed to the ship with a dangerous fracture. Four corpses, which had been borne into the house from the battle-field, were found scorched and blackened among the ruins.

"The order was then given for all the force to retreat on board the *Hazard*, which was done without molestation from the enemy. About the same time the *Matilda* whale ship sailed into the harbour. Her commander, Captain Bliss, most promptly and humanely offered every assistance to the settlers, and received on board as many as could be accommodated. All the other vessels received their share. The complement of the *Flying Fish* amounted to four mothers and ten children. One gallant lad, of fourteen, to whom I offered an asylum with his mother and sisters, answered, 'Thank you, sir, but I should like to stay with my father.' I could only say, 'God bless you, my boy, I can say nothing against it;' and away he went to rejoin his father in the hottest part of the fire. Happily he escaped unhurt, and is now at St. John's College. The *Flying Fish*, with her infant freight, then shifted her station, and came to an anchor off the mission settlement of Paihia.

"The firing having now ceased, Mr. Williams and I went ashore, to recover and bury the bodies of the dead, fearing lest the barbarous custom, now almost extinct, should have been revived by that portion of the native force which was still in

an unconverted and heathen state. We found the town in the possession of the natives, who were busily engaged in plundering the houses. Their behaviour to us, and to Mr. Philip, King of Tepuna, was perfectly inoffensive. Several immediately guided us to the spots where the bodies were lying, where we found them with their clothes and accoutrements untouched, no indignity of any kind having been attempted. The corpses of those who fell near the church were laid as we found them in the burial-ground at Kororareka, together with the burnt remains, which we found in the ruins of the stockaded house. I buried six in one grave just as the sun went down upon this day of sorrow. Mr. Williams collected five bodies on the flagstaff hill, including the corpse of the half-caste girl, which he carried in his boat to the *Hazard*, where another was added to the number during the night, by the death of one of those who were burned by the explosion. We interred the six bodies in the burial-ground at Paikia on the following day; another of the sufferers by the explosion died at sea, on the voyage from the Bay of Islands to Auckland, and one or two more of the wounded men are not expected to recover. The whole loss by death will probably amount to fourteen or fifteen; and the wounded to about the same number.

"The state of the town after the withdrawal of the troops was very characteristic. The natives carried on their work of plunder with perfect composure; neither quarrelling among themselves, nor resenting any attempt on the part of the English to recover portions of their property. With sorrow I observed that many of the natives were wheeling off casks of spirits, but they listened patiently to my remonstrances, and in one instance they allowed me to turn the cock, and let the liquor run out upon the ground. Another assured me he would drink very little of it. On ascending the hill to the flagstaff, we found the staff lying upon the ground, having been chopped through near the bottom. A few musket shots had buried themselves in the walls of the block-house, but the building was otherwise uninjured. A large body of the natives were resting in the valley below, and other large parties were filing off along the paths over the hills. Altogether there must have been about 500 men on the ground. As far as I have been able to learn they lost about thirty-four men, killed; the number of the wounded I could not learn."

In the letter of the same able and enthusiastic prelate, occur other proofs of the advantages, political and social, which flow from the conversion of our heathen subjects, when what may very properly be termed civil war was raging in New Zealand. The converts, naturally energetic and bold, came forward on several occasions with a view to protect their teachers and benefactors from danger, having by no means lost their energetic propensities with their pagan creed. In fact, the error committed at Tahiti and other islands of the surrounding group will probably never again be repeated by the

missionaries, it being by no means necessary to connect the teaching of Christianity with the formal relinquishment of the use of arms. While human nature continues what it is, no men must be suffered to lose sight of their duty to protect their hearths and altars from profanation. We unhappily do not live in a pastoral world, where people seek only to entertain and benefit each other. Before us everywhere and always lies a career of strife. Competition is to be met by competition, rivalry with rivalry, war with war. We have no choice. It has not yet been permitted us to reach that state, in which every man may sit under his vine and under his fig tree, and leave the protection of his interests to the operation of beneficent and bloodless laws. For all that we hold dear, whether secular or spiritual, whether the possessions of this world or the rights of conscience, we must be ever ready to contend. The enemies of our peace, the envious of our greatness, the plotters against our power are numerous, influential, indefatigable, and, in order to counteract their machinations, it behoves us to wield all weapons, those of justice and reason if they will suffice, if not those of force and steel.

In support of the truth of these views there is no part of the world to the condition of which we could point with more propriety than Borneo. Could we suppose the Dyaks to be all converted to Christianity, and to be in possession of all the arts and refinements of civilisation, but averse to war, and incapable of the exertions it demands, what would be the result? The pirates from the surrounding portions of the Archipelago, whether Mahomedans or Pagans, would make continual descents upon the coasts, and speedily sweep off the whole community. Of this truth, Mr. Brereton appears to be fully convinced. In his address to the public he says, 'force must continue to be used to suppress and overawe the pirates; but however force may prevent the ability, it will not remove the disposition to piracy. The civilisation and conversion of the people is the only effectual remedy. It is the only lasting security for the life of this gentleman (Mr. Brooke)—a life too remarkable in the age in which he lives to be lost or sacrificed. A Christian population around him, which with God's blessing might soon arise, would be a barrier and a safeguard against all attempts of treachery or violence, more effectual than fleets or armies.' Towards creating such a population the first step has been taken, through the exertions chiefly, we believe, of Mr. Brereton, who has organized a provisional committee, and opened a subscription, to which numbers

have already contributed. At the several meetings, moreover, held in this metropolis for furthering the views of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, allusion begins to be made to the importance of that portion of the world. At the one which was held in the Hanover-square Rooms, Dr. Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's, specifically introduced the subject, observing :—

“ But having said this, I cannot help adverting to the other side of the subject, and I would remind you, that were our views as various as those of the most calculating and selfish policy and expediency, still we should have the strongest reasons for persevering in this cause ; the relations in which this country is placed, the commercial and political relations into which this country has been brought with a vast number of the heathen, are relations which admit of being either a great blessing or a great evil. It is in your power to impart to them the blessings of religion, and if this be done, it is perfectly certain, that a torrent of material blessing will follow, that an increase of strength and wealth will result to this empire.

“ Why do I advert to these topics ? It is for the purpose of pointing out to you, that the difficulties of this undertaking are not so great as some people represent them to be. It is an undertaking which requires from us only a beginning, only the setting the thing on foot, which is sure in process of time sufficiently to support itself. I say, we may look forward to a period, when these Foreign Churches, instead of requiring any aid from this country, may be, under God's blessing, in a condition to afford some to us. I conceive that this is no extravagant visionary anticipation, but one which is borne out by facts that have already come to our knowledge. I find, that even among the most recently founded churches, there has already been displayed a disposition to contribute to the support of this cause, with a liberality perhaps equal, if I ought not to say superior in proportion to that which has been manifested here ; and before I drop this subject, I cannot help adverting to what I consider a very remarkable and very interesting illustration of this truth. It is impressed on me the more strongly, because it has but very recently fallen within my knowledge, but I have no doubt it has been long familiar to many of those who hear me. I am alluding to the case of a vast country, situated at an immense distance from these shores, extending to, I believe, somewhere about ten degrees latitude, and half as many longitude, on the whole an immense country, a country situate in a most favourable clime, abounding with riches of every kind, inhabited by an industrious and promising population of native aboriginal inhabitants, but who, till a very recent period, had been oppressed, enslaved, made useless, and wretched by the domination of a horde of lawless pirates. Within that country, under the protection of the British flag, a settlement has of late years been formed, which I believe is now prospering, in which the oppressed inhabitants of that country are en-

joying the benefit of a secure and peaceful enjoyment of the fruits of their industry, and are in expectation of receiving a still higher blessing, which it is our object and our duty to impart to them. I allude to the Island of Borneo, and to the settlement which has there been made by the philanthropic exertions of one individual. Hitherto, I am afraid I must say, he has received no manner of assistance from this country, and therefore he is utterly unable to supply the spiritual wants of that district, which he has happily brought into a condition of internal tranquillity and prosperity. The object for which I refer to this case is simply to ask you, whether our relations with that country would or would not be more prosperous, more stable in every respect, more advantageous to ourselves as well as to the inhabitants of that land, if the blessings of religion had been imparted to them ; and I say, I cannot conceive a stronger illustration of the proposition which I have been offering to your notice, than that case, in which one unassisted individual has made a beginning in so great a work, which promises with the slightest aid, if it can be given from this country, to yield both so abundant a temporal, and a spiritual return.”

From the very earliest ages, even in pagan countries, where civilisation had made some progress, it was felt to be necessary to render the national religion co-extensive with the state. In fact, there is no tie like the tie of a common faith, which it will require the force of extraordinary circumstances at any time to break. But men are often guided less by policy than by instinct, less by what they calculate will prove for their advantage than by what they feel to be for their happiness, and amid errors the most palpable, and in ages the most rude, the claims of religion have for this reason been generally attended to. On this point, there occurs in Lord John Russell's speech at the Mansion-house, a highly philosophical passage, which we shall introduce here.

“ Perhaps you will permit me, in speaking of this subject, to allude to instances of nations not so enlightened as ourselves ; of nations which had not the revelation of the gospel, and of our own nation which has the revelation of the gospel, when it had not our means of information and civilisation, and to look a little to what was done by such nations. There are two lines in Homer describing the foundation of a colony, and it is there said of the founder of this colony,

“ He built houses, he constructed walls around the town,
He divided the fields and raised a temple.”

Is it not plain, that when the founder of that heathen colony built that temple in his ignorant worship—though that worship might be mistaken—though the object of it was not the God who was afterwards revealed to us—yet did wish to feel a desire to give his tribute of worship, of reverence

and of thanksgiving, to the Author of the world, and of his and of our being? Let us look again, to what was done by our own ancestors, in times which we call barbarous, when men, far from having the advantages which we now enjoy, were generally ignorant—even the highest of the laymen were ignorant of the arts of reading and writing,—and to whom the commonest village highway, of our days, would be a matter of surprise and admiration. In those days the land owners took care that in their domains, in their villages, and their lands, while there were tenants who were able to hold the spear and the shield; who were able to go out and fight any enemy against whom they might have to contend, they took care that the village church should be raised, and that in that church should be placed a clergyman who, by his oral instructions, might raise the minds of those poor, simple, and ignorant men to devotion to God and to Christ. I say if such then have been the feelings of pagan founders of colonies; if such have been the feelings of barbarous chiefs, who had but just received and just learned the truths of Christianity, what is becoming to us to do, living in this enlightened age of the world, with all our means of construction, with all our organization, with all our boasts of our superiority, of our enjoyment of the Christian religion, looking back with contempt upon pagan darkness, looking back with contempt upon our barbarous forefathers; I say, does it not become us to use our utmost efforts, that wherever the English people go, that wherever a colony is founded, there should likewise be the means of Christian instruction, and that there should be clergymen and churches fitted to provide that instruction? This I know, that of the various divisions into which the Christian world is unhappily divided, it has come to my knowledge, in the situation to which I have referred, that every one of them is mindful of its obligation to endeavour according to its own views to perform its duty of propagating and maintaining the Christian religion in the colonies. Such is the case with the Roman Catholics, who generally have a bishop in each of the colonies; such is the case with the Baptists and the Congregationalists, such is the case with the Presbyterian established Church of Scotland, such is the case with the Free Church of Scotland, and such is the case with others whom I could mention who have made great efforts in this behalf."

It is now very generally acknowledged that, in founding or extending an empire, though statesmanship may do much with the aid occasionally of fleets and armies, still the church, wisely directed, can do more. Some glimmerings of this truth were, as has been seen, visible to our ancestors, who, both at home and in their colonies, to some extent acted upon this conviction. Thus, as Lord John Manners observed at the Hanover-square Rooms, when Virginia was first settled, the diffusion of Christianity among the natives was put forward prominently among the designs of the British government. But the policy was much too wise

to be properly pursued, under such a monarch as James I., or even by the generation over which he ruled. The world needed the experience it has since gained. Everything was sacrificed at the shrine of mammon, and, though the Puritans who afterwards expatriated themselves to the New World, were careful to carry their religion along with them, it must be owned to their discredit, and we own it with regret, that they attempted to establish a sort of monopoly of religion, and took but slight pains to propagate it among their savage fellow-countrymen. Had a different course been followed, had a new race been grafted on the Anglo-Saxon stock while North America was still ours, it may not, perhaps, be irrational to believe, that the United States, instead of being an independent commonwealth, might still have been reckoned among the provinces of the British empire.

But, it being impossible to reverse the past, all we have to do is to profit by the study of it. Let us not re-enact over again the part, which lost us the finest portions of America, and cast away one after another of our great colonies and dependencies in the East. Our own capital error already alluded to, and the error of Spain, are before us. The immense fragment which has been severed from our empire, and drifted into new circumstances, cannot now be recovered. But let the disaster operate as a warning. Let us carefully consider the career of Spain, and be wise in time. Archdeacon Manning has some observations on this subject which our readers, we feel assured, will peruse with pleasure.

"But it is not only for the power arising from incalculable wealth, but for the power arising from universal relations, for which you are responsible. There is not a land which is not open to you, even China has rolled back her bolted gates, and her language, which has been so long an enigma, now begins to speak articulately. There is not a land, there is not a race, with which you do not hold direct intercourse—with which you cannot commune, and through the channel of these universal relations you are pouring out year by year a tide of life into every land. In the year before last, I saw it only this morning, not less than 30,000 vessels, of our own and of all nations, floated in the river Thames, and this great commerce wends its way to every shore. Does not this intimate what is your duty when it shows you what are your opportunities. The right reverend prelate who opened this meeting referred to the commercial greatness of Spain, I cannot refrain from following in the path which he has opened—we are told in the chronicles of Spain, and the histories of nations are not point-less tales, for though exact forms of events are never reproduced, the analogies of moral probation are changeless and eternal—we are told that

when the fountains of gold in the western world were opened to the dynasty of Spain, wealth flooded the land. It was glutted year by year with gold, until all sober industry grew stagnant; the character of the people was deteriorated; the grave and constant Spaniard lost his self-command; every man's pulse was raised above its natural beat, men were under a fever of expectation; visions of wealth, like the illusions of an Eastern tale, floated before their imaginations. They left off to cultivate the soil, for it was a torpid and sluggish trade. Manufactures next languished, they thought they could not be poor in importing gold, for gold was the raw material of wealth, and to what did it come at last, even to this—their barks were freighted to and fro with the industry of the north and with the gold of America. Spain had not industry to supply one-twentieth of the needs of her own colonies; she became the carrier for other nations, bowing down between two burdens, wafting the gold of her own colonies to England and France, enriching the industry of strangers, and wondering at her own poverty. In the train of commercial decline came public disorders; the monarchy became intoxicated and entangled itself in brawls and conflicts; then came wars of succession and civil strife, and the people were rent asunder, and Spain has declined from that day until now. If there be nothing in the Spain we now see to excite us to imitation, there is indeed much for our timely admonition. If, in the midst of boundless wealth, of vast colonial possessions, of great industry, of maritime supremacy, of resistless power, we should forget that commerce, like empire, is held on moral conditions, and that the God of heaven bestows upon us both empire and commerce for His own high purposes, we too shall be cast down."

There is one feature in modern views of politics that may be said to impart to the science a grandeur, which in many former ages it did not possess. People have learned, at length, to distrust the arts of cunning and hypocrisy, by placing all their hopes on which they have so often suffered shipwreck. Experience has taught them that there is a power in the universe, a power felt too in the mechanism and operations of human affairs, against which no human force can contend, and the influence of which no human sagacity can elude; a power which acts irresistibly where it does act, but which is brought into operation by human errors and delinquencies. This is the Nemesis of politics, to avoid the employment of another name. It is, at length, perceived that actions have invariably their consequences; that virtues build up, that vices pull down empires, because while vice dissolves, enfeebles, and effeminates the mind, virtue gives it that vigour with which in some ancient languages it was confounded. Men are never so adventurous or resolute as when backed by the consciousness that they are engaged in the

performance of their duty. Now among the first duties of empire, and all who make themselves in any degree the instruments of empire, the preservation and embellishment of human life may be regarded as the chief. And what is it that tends most to adorn our existence here, that tends to lift us above the brute, to impart dignity and beauty to our character—is it not the belief that by the eternal laws of Providence we are allied to the divine nature, and destined to exist and be happy in a nobler sphere? Without presuming to determine what must be the effects of our negligence, it is enough for us to know that by the diligent discharge of our duty we may certainly enlarge the circle of human happiness, and add fresh comeliness to the world we inhabit. We cannot, consequently, resist the conviction, that it is incumbent on us to engage in the great crusade against ignorance, which Christendom is carrying on. To this Dr. Thirlwall forcibly alludes.

"The first resolutions, as you remember, adverted to the number of our emigrants, but where they are counted by thousands the heathen are counted by millions. Their situation no doubt, without the blessings of religion, is degrading and deplorable enough, but yet they retain surely some traces, some recollection of better principles and higher hopes; but the heathen have never yet had any at all. Or is it, that in the case of these emigrants, of these foreign settlers of our own blood and language, there has been a desire expressed for these blessings, and, therefore, we are more bound to impart these blessings to them? I am quite sure that this is an argument which will not hold, in the slightest degree, in the mind of any one here present; that there is no one here who will not feel that the silence of the heathen is more emphatic, and has a stronger claim upon us, than the most eloquent and importunate supplications. It is the grossness of their ignorance, which in general prevents them from raising the cry for succour, which binds us most effectually to afford it. The point then to which I wish briefly to direct your attention is this—that this country has risen to a high and a most extraordinary position in the scale of nations, it has risen to this position, but let us remember it has also been placed there; let us not forget that it is the hand of Providence which has raised us to it: it has not been by our own exertions, by our own efforts, that we have reached it, nor is it by any exertions of our own, that we can, without madness, calculate on maintaining it. Then I say, if this be the case, the simple and inevitable inference is, that we have a great mission to execute. And what is that mission? Why, it is a most glorious, a most noble one; but it is one from which, if we would, we cannot exempt ourselves. God forbid that we should wish to do it, for it is nothing less, nothing else than the mission of civilizing, of humanizing, of enlightening the whole world, so far as we are placed in connexion with its inhabitants; of raising all those

countries in which we have gained a settlement, of raising the inhabitants of those lands in the scale of humanity in every way; and we cannot stop short of this object without inconsistency and practical absurdity; our religion forbids us to view these heathen populations in any other light, and for this simple reason, that we must adopt one or the other alternative; if we do not make it our object to raise them as far as we can to the same level of civilisation, of humanity, of religion, with ourselves, then I say we are wilfully keeping them down to a lower standard, and we are treating them, not as our fellow-creatures, but as tools and things; we are using them as despots use their slaves, and as men of commerce use their wares."

And again, speaking of what may be expected from the state, he says—

"That there are great difficulties in the way, that there is a great demand for great exertions and for liberal contributions, and, upon the whole, for much self-denial and self-sacrifice, there cannot be a doubt, but I believe that many people are inclined very much to exaggerate the difficulty, while they overlook many most encouraging circumstances, which ought to be taken into consideration along with it. It is a subject which I approach with great hesitation, because it might seem that I am departing from the letter and the spirit of the resolution I am proposing, and that I am resting our cause upon a basis, upon which I should be very sorry indeed to see it for a moment placed; and although I do not dissent from the opinions which have been expressed, that something more, and perhaps much more, might and ought to have been done by the government for this cause; yet, I must say, there is one circumstance which very much abates any regret I might feel upon this account, and that is, that so long as the exertions which are made for it, are confined to individual benevolence, there can be no suspicion of any sinister view. It cannot be suspected for a moment, that we are pursuing the ends of policy and expediency, under the mask of religion, and, therefore, I must own, I would prefer, and should set a higher value on more limited exertions of such a nature, than on greater efforts which might subject the cause itself to such a degrading and injurious suspicion."

He immediately afterwards adds—

"Let it then be our resolution that as our sound has gone forth into all lands, and our words, our language, unto the ends of the world, they shall also carry with them something of a meaning, something that deserves to be transported so far, not only a little measure of our intelligence, and our industry, and our knowledge, and our arts, but those higher blessings without which all the others have no value. Those which make men to be indeed men, which are the measure and the test of all the good we enjoy, and the source of all temporal and eternal happiness. I will detain you no longer, as the resolution will be read from the chair."

Archdeacon Manning, in the course of the proceedings in Westminster, touched incidentally upon a subject which it is our intention to investigate fully hereafter. That however need not prevent our adverting to it briefly now. We mean, the diffusion of our language and literature in India. Among those who desire to promote the spread of secular instruction among our Indian subjects, there are some who seem to entertain the notion that it is an important achievement to detach the Hindús from their own false religion, though we should be able to substitute nothing in its place. From this opinion we entirely dissent. Even in the least ennobling systems of paganism, there is something which keeps the mind from utterly stagnating, which gives a charitable direction to its sympathies, which breathes a prolific influence over its ideas, whereas the utter absence of faith terminates in pure selfishness, disguised or refined if you will, but productive as a general rule of indifference to the public good, of cynical estrangement from society, of isolated and contemptuous apathy. This truth was made painfully visible in the decline of Rome; where, while the pious pagans bled freely for their country, whose institutions they instinctively, but therefore, the more strongly, loved—the Epicureans, in their fondness for ease and literature, lived retired in their palaces and gardens, cultivating their individual gratification, and looking with scornful pity on the religious or political enthusiasm of the multitude. Or if, as in the case of Cæsar, their innate vigour of character was incompatible with repose, they formed schemes of personal aggrandizement, not to be realized without the enslavement of their fellow-citizens.

Precisely similar results will be arrived at in India if we make Epicureans of the Hindús, who had better far continue to worship Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. We see no reason, however, why we should fall on either of these horns of the dilemma, there being open to us a middle course, in which we may tread with safety to ourselves, and the greatest possible advantage to the people of India. To this Archdeacon Manning alludes, in the following passage:

"In India the extension of the English language, and of English education, is going on with rapid speed. The great company to whose care the commercial interests of that mighty peninsula are committed, is bound by charter to expend in English education a sum I believe fivefold greater than the Church of England expends on Christian instruction. Now observe the effect of this; we are propagating a knowledge of the English language among a people

characteristically intellectual, singularly subtle and speculative; and within the last year a stimulus, hitherto unprecedented, has been given to this work by a public order of the Indian government, by which a preference is to be given to the native where merits are equal, in the distribution of civil appointments. These appointments ramify over the whole of that great peninsula. It is impossible to calculate the number of agents that must be drawn by this means into the civil service. Now observe the effect of this measure. It increases greatly the momentum already impelling the Hindû to the study of English literature, thereby preparing his mind for the reception of the education which is offered to him. The University of Madras, and the institution for education at Bombay and Calcutta, have been founded upon a system which shuts out religious instruction. I am at this moment finding no fault with this policy. It is a question too broad to touch upon now; but what is the ascertained effect? We are told, upon high native authority, that in Calcutta alone 40,000 Hindûs are studying the English literature. I have examined some portions of the answers made to mathematical, metaphysical, moral, and historical questions, in the colleges for education in India, and I do not hesitate to declare them to be in extent, subtlety, and difficulty, quite on a par with the examinations I have myself known to pass in the schools of our universities at home. I also have it upon the evidence of a publication that shows marks of research and accuracy, that it is believed that of the intelligent Hindûs in Calcutta, one-third are inclined to deism or to atheism. But we have not reached the full extent of this evil; be it remembered that in the summits of the remote antiquity of India are the fountains of the original religions of the East; that the minds which bear the nearest affinity to China, are the minds of our Hindû population; that China received the streams of its religious traditions from central India. There can therefore be no nearer approach to the intellectual state of China than through the traditions of Hindûstan; and what we communicate to the minds of the Hindû is a much more facile, direct, and almost inevitable line of communication with the Chinese than we could otherwise possess. We are in this way preparing obstructions to the extension of Christianity, the resistance of which we may hereafter have to lament in useless strivings, fruitless missions, and national humiliation."

It can never be sufficiently repeated, that the great advantage of Christianity lies in this, that it is not the religion of any one stage of social development, but adapts itself to all conditions in which humanity can possibly find itself placed, allying itself with the ignorance of the humblest cottager, and not inereely keeping pace with, but outstripping the science of the greatest philosopher. However subtle therefore the minds of the Hindûs may be, they may find full employment for their powers in investigating the doctrine of Christianity. It will probably occur to them without our prompting, that

the great cause of their inferiority to us, is their paganism, for which, if they would rise to our level, they must substitute not a negation—for scepticism is no more—but an active, vivifying principle, which may pervade the vast mass of society, and quicken, and expand, and purify, and ennoble it. If they can be made to comprehend this, and that they can we are fully persuaded, then the regeneration of India, and along with it the durability of our power, must be regarded as practicable. In no other way, however, can the natives be permanently improved, or our authority firmly established. We must let the Hindûs see and feel that we grudge them nothing, but are ready to impart to themselves and to their children, the possession which we prize above all others, which we regard as the palladium and pledge of our strength. We look therefore, with Lord Glenelg, for the complete triumph of Christianity, not in India only, but among the Chinese, and wherever else our commerce and influence extend. Lord Glenelg expresses his confidence on this point with a warmth and eloquence from which our readers will no doubt derive as much pleasure as ourselves; we transcribe, therefore, the following passage:

"My lord, this is encouraging; but I will not enter upon that subject, because those who have to follow me will do it more ample justice, and it is beyond the limits of this resolution. I cannot, however, refrain from adverting to it, though but for a moment. This society, besides the immediate object alluded to in this resolution, has a higher and wider range. Its desires and designs are not limited by any contracted field, but are commensurate with the limits of this great empire, commensurate with the wants and exigencies of human nature in every part of the globe. The field, indeed, is vast, but we know that the harvest is sure. It may be delayed, ages may pass away, our successors may toil, and labour, and extend their efforts, and yet not be reduced, like the conqueror of old, to lament that there are not new worlds to be subdued. But this we know, that if the British nation cordially support this society, at no period will those efforts be unsuccessful, in the civilized or uncivilized world. Wherever there is distress to be relieved, or superstition to be vanquished, or idolatry to be subdued, or the shadow of death to be dissipated by the light of heaven, there will the efforts of this society extended. Wherever commerce can spread her sails, or ambition spread her conquest, or avarice wind her subtle course, there will the spirit of Christian philanthropy, animated and supported by this great nation—a spirit more daring than ambition, more persevering than commerce, more wise and keen-sighted than avarice—urge her career, and achieve her bloodless victories; victories, the sound of which will be re-echoed, not only by the congratulation of the human race, but also by the congratulation

of those spirits who, we are taught to believe, take an interest in the concerns of this lower world."

However, as we have already remarked, among the fields open to our labours, we know of none more promising than Borneo. Both in India and China we have to break up an organized superstition, encircled by all the prejudices of the people, and invested with traditional reverence. Among the Dyaks of Borneo, superstition, though powerful, has assumed no very definite forms. It might be made, in fact, to serve as a matrix for the new seed. Nothing is easier than to convert a superstitious people, whose opinions are fugitive and flexible, who have not created for the defence of their creed a servile system of dialectics, and who can give no reason for the faith that is in them, but that it has been handed down from time past as part of their intellectual inheritance. The inconvenience of having to do with too simple a people in this matter, may be illustrated by a very singular event which took place in the island of Kissa, in the Indian Archipelago: A Dutch missionary, who had converted a number of the natives there, began to congratulate himself upon his success, when an accident in the march of the seasons happened to interfere with his operations. An extraordinary drought came on, which destroyed the fruits of the earth, and alarmed the Kissans for their safety. Apprehending that it might be a punishment inflicted on them by their old gods whom they had forsaken, they informed the worthy Dutchman that they could no longer adhere to Christianity, and as they persevered in their intentions, the missionary ultimately left them, and passed over to Amboyna.* By a more resolute display of his national phlegm, he might have overcome this difficulty, at least if he was at all careful to cultivate their faculties while purifying their belief.

It is obviously impossible to go over in a single article all points of this great question. We can, on the contrary, do little more than allude briefly to some few points, each of which would deserve and repay a separate investigation. We have not contemplated the subject at all as theologians, but treated it rather as mere politicians, considering what is best for us as a people, and what is likely to prove best for all those with whom as a people we have intercourse. Best, we mean, in all respects both in a secular and religious sense. It is always, in commerce and diplomacy, a fortunate thing to have to

deal with a people of correct habits and honest principles, which enter by degrees into the constitution of the state, and give it consistence and stability. A government truly religious governs wisely, because upright government begets national prosperity, which again, in its turn, reacting on the government, infuses in it a fresh strength. A happy people is always an honest and moderate people, for greediness and immorality are incompatible with happiness. With such a community, who would not desire to hold intercourse? But what if we ourselves had planted the germs of that happiness, had introduced and fostered those opinions upon which it was based, had civilized and refined the people, had given them the taste of polished life, supplied them with literature, instructed them in philosophy, revealed to them the truths of religion? Would not these circumstances constitute between them and us an indissoluble link, would they not respect us, would they not covet our friendship, would they not willingly pass under our sway?

Supposing us fairly settled in Borneo, the Dyaks converted and supplied with teachers, the island studded with churches, its harbours crowded with ships, its schools filled with children, reading Shakspeare and Milton, and Locke and Bacon, and all those great authors who must hereafter represent our character in the eastern world. Should we not have created a seed garden, out of which to furnish all the rest of the Archipelago with opinions, tastes, and practices? And then, look at the material results. To give efficacy to the civilisation which we should have called into existence, the ministration of our own useful arts at home would continually be required. The Dyaks, Malays, and others applying themselves to agriculture, and many other forms of industry, would be able to bring into the market innumerable articles needed by our home and colonial population, which they would barter for our manufactures.

Hence increase of shipping, multiplication of sailors, growth of revenue and domestic prosperity in the mother country. Extend this prospect further and wider; take in India, China, the Burman Empire, and the innumerable islands of the Archipelago and the Pacific, and the mind finds it difficult to grapple with all the mighty results which may be made to flow from one single operation, strenuously and faithfully carried on.

In some parts of the world, indeed, Christianity is regarded as the never-failing precursor of European domination, falsely but not unnaturally, considering what has taken place in so many countries. Thus, when

* Stokes's Discoveries in Australia, ii., 349.

the gospel was first preached in Japan, converts were made with the utmost rapidity, and a large Christian population had already been created before the government took alarm. It then, upon inquiry, made the discovery, that the neophytes were alienated from their native rulers, and eager to take upon themselves the yoke of the stranger. This, at least, was the reason assigned by the government of Japan, for the tremendous policy which it determined to pursue. With the spread of Christianity, it saw indissolubly connected the attachment to European civilisation, to European ideas, arts, and tastes, things all incompatible with the prolongation of indigenous authority. It came, therefore, at once to the resolution to extirpate foreign influence, by assailing the foreign religion, and commenced a persecution, which, for violence, sanguinary cruelty, and ultimate success, was never equalled in any other part of the habitable globe. What atrocities were perpetrated cannot be told. Montesquieu shuddered in his closet, while barely alluding to them. But the Dutch historian of the persecution narrates, in cold blood, all that took place. He reminds us of Dante, to whose phlegmatic tolerance of horror Chaucer refers, in his own attempt to sketch the sufferings of Ugolino. The milk of human nature, however, was too prevalent in the Englishman. He succumbed before the necessities of the stern task, and refers his reader for the remainder to the Florentine poet, of whom :

"In no part will he fail."

So with the Dutchman, who tells the story of Japan cruelty; he shrinks from nothing, but with invincible *sang froid* proceeds from one horror to another, till his recital makes the blood run cold. Ultimately the diabolical rigour triumphed. Christianity, for the time, was extinguished throughout its dominions, or, at least, appeared to be so.

But even Japan would be speedily em-

braced, in spite of exclusive and savage policy, were a proper beginning once made in the Indian Archipelago. Opinions, subtle as the atmosphere, will triumph sooner or later over every obstacle. It travels with the goods of the merchant, it accompanies the sword of the warrior, you cannot keep it out. Even in Japan, the industrious classes are pervaded by the consciousness, that they are robbed of their birthright, that their government is tyrannical, that they would be greatly benefited by carrying on an intercourse with Europeans, and the first accident that brings them into contact with us will shatter the artificial system of exclusion invented by their rulers. Scarcely do a few scattered facts reach us respecting what is actually taking place on those distant scenes, where the light of civilisation is beginning to break dimly upon the gates and pillars of ignorance. But the natives themselves are our pioneers. Numerous Malay prahus, taking up cargoes of British goods at Singapore, spread themselves through these beautiful seas, and, touching at islands where an European has never been seen, diffuse the knowledge of England and her manufactures among the simple, though curious and industrious natives. On a central islet they make a sort of emporium, whither adventurous merchants, from the whole vast circle of the Archipelago, come to barter their commodities for the produce of the British loom. Through the instrumentality of these prahus Christianity may hereafter be diffused, when the natives of Borneo and the neighbouring islands shall have been converted and exchanged their piratical habits for an honest life.

Meanwhile we must once more point out the remissness of our government in omitting to take possession of Labian, and to strengthen more effectually the hands of Mr. Brooke. Some assistance he has, and he may call for more, but the measure is not equal to the importance of the post he occupies or the interests at stake.

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2010-2011